THE HAUNTED WATER.

Hemmed in by frowning Alpine rock
Lieth a still, black pool;
Thither no screaming eagles flock,
And, neath the shadow cool
No weary huntsman comes to lave
His hot, flushed face in the icy wave.

No mirrored form of earth or sky,
The waters dark reveal;
But, should the wayward traveler try
One daring glance to steal,
Reflected from his hidden soul,
He sees his heart's desires unroll.

One came and stood by the rocky wall
In manhood's early pride;
He heard sweet voices on him call,
And turned to the water's side,
Where a passionate glance at its troubled breast
Showed him the one he loved the best.

Fair as of old, though the merry gleam
From her dear brown eyes had fled;
Could it have been in a troubled dream,
They told him she was dead!
Wistful she beckons; a rapturous leap—
And the waves have closed o'er his dreamless sleep.

And another ventured; a hunter brave
Whose heart beat warm and high,
As he stood alone by the fatal wave
And marked with eager eye
The princely deer that calmly fed,
Nor ever raised its antlered head.

A nobler game was never slain;
How still the creature stands!
And a sudden dread o'er the hunter came,
And shook his steady hands.
One cautious step—and the vision fled
As the waters met o'er his drowning head.

And another came to that lonely place,
And with restless, eager eye,
He passed into the water's sullen face,
Then uttered a strange, glad cry;
For shallow and clear shone the waveleta cold,
And they rippled o'er sands of the yellow'st gold

Gold! the immage that filled his soul
And stifled each warmer breath,
Now glitters and gleams as the ripples roll,
Enticing him to his death;
But the glitter fades into ghastly gloom
When the victim lies in his watery tomb.

And another wanderer, forced to roam,
An exile from the land
That gave him birth and his far-off home,
Stood by that sullen strand.
Was he growing mad, that his downward glance
Encountered the vineyards of sunny France!

And a passionate longing fills his soul
As his strained eyes see again
His village church, and he hears the roll
Of the curving, glittering Seine;
And the waters over him meet in foam,
But the weary exile hath reached his home.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

To Preserve Fertility of Soil.

To keep the soil intact no method equal to rotation of crops has yet been found. By keeping stock on the farm, and applying the manure to the crop most benefited by the Indian corn, and by dividing the farm into fields of equal size, in which some crop suitable to it is grown, as well as by using clover and other green crops to be turned under occasionally, the fertility of land may be constantly increased and made much better.

Paint Your Tools.

Keep a pot of paint and brush on hand, and paint your tools. Farm tools wear out more from want of paint and exposure than from the use they receive. After you have used ploughs, harrows, cultivators, and such implements for a few months, the thin coat of varnish will be worn off. They sho'd then receive a good coat of paint. Don't forget the farm wagons while you are about it; the wheels will need less tire setting if they receive an occasional coat of paint.

Treatment of Cabbage.

A New Jersey gardener considers salt necessary to the development of cabbage, especially in places far from the coast. He finds them more crisp, of better flavor, and to keep better when salt is used than without. He uses it as follows:

"A few days after setting out the plants, and when they are damp, either after a rain, or when a dew is on, I take a small dish of fine salt, and walking among the rows, sprinkle a pinch of salt on the center of each plant. When the leaves begin to grow I repeat the salting, and when the centre of the leaves begin to form the head, I apply the salt again, scattering it over the leaves. After this I look them over again occasionally, and if I find plants that do not head well, or appear diseased, I sprinkle the salt over freely. This will save all such plants. A quart of salt is sufficient for 500 plants in a season, although more can be used with safety."

The Best Cows for Small Farms.

It is not supposed that cows kept on a small farm are placed there for the purpose of raising calves for sale. They are placed there for the butter they produce. The question is often asked:

"Which shall they be, blooded or scrub stock?"

The question is easily answered. Keep only such stock as is best adapted for the purpose. Our opinion, and also that of the principal dairymen of the country, is that the Jersey (commonly called Alderney) is above all others the best butter cow. They are easily kept, very docile—a point not to be overlooked—and beautiful, giving milk of superior richness, from which is produced fine colored, solid butter, having an equal texture and flavor. Butter made from such milk has been known to keep well, when placed in a dry—not cold—cellar, without the use of ice, and when taken out was in a hard, firm condition, and was then sold twelve or eighteen cents a pound higher than the best ordinary butter. The cost of Jerseys is not much more than for scrubs, and they will more than make up the difference in price in a few months.

Management of Orchards.

There is a popular notion that trees get into an unproductive condition by a neglect of pruning, and that a thorough pruning is all that is needed to restore them to a healthful and fruitful state. This is a mistake. They have really been brought to their poverty by starvation, and their great need is food. This being supplied, pruning, scraping and other treatment may come in to aid.

Manure being the first thing needed, the fertility of the orchard may be brought up by a generous application of barn-yard manure, spread upon the surface and turned under by shallow plowing. In the absence of sufficient manure, then green crops, buckwheat or clover may be sown, to be turned under with application of lime or ashes.

In pruning a tree it should be done with a definite object. If branches are broken or are partly decayed, if the head is so crowded that light and air cannot enter; if limbs cross and chafe one another; if the head is one-sided, or if for any other reason a removal of a portion of the top will be beneficial, then use the saw.

The preferable time for pruning is when severe weather is over, and before vegetation has started. Use a pruning saw or other narrow-bladed saw, with the teeth set wide; smooth the wounds with a drawing-knife, and then cover them with melted grafting-wax or thick paint.

Scraping or washing the old bark is useful. If the tree produces indifferent fruit, then, besides the renovation already mentioned, it should be grafted with some good sort, but it will be of little use to graft more than about one-third of the head each year, beginning with the branches in the center of the tree. The time is just as the buds begin to swell.

A Few Hints on Gardening.

In sowing either vegetable or flower seeds, there are some leading requisites which must not be overlooked. The soil should be in good condition, or sufficiently dry to be well pulverized, and not left wet, to form clods. It is better to defer work some days than to be annoyed the whole season with baked soil or hard lumps. Much depends on the previous condition of the grounds; if old manure and vegetable mold have been fully applied and well mixed in, they will tend to give a fine friable soil.

In sowing the seeds of vegetables three chief cautions must be attended to: 1, to have a fine, mellow soil; 2, to cover shallow, and not too deep; and 3, except for the hardiest sort, to wait till the soil is warm.

1. The importance of a finely pulverized soil is obvious.

2. The more shallow the covering, provided the moist condition of the seed is preserved, the sooner and more certainly the seeds will come up. Seeds must have three requisites for growth of air, moisture and warmth. If buried deep they cannot get air. As a general rule they should never be covered deeper than four or five times their diameter. We have known seeds of different kinds buried by ignorant gardeners four or five inches deep, when they should not have been over an inch, or an inch and a half at the most. They were beyond the reach of air, and did not come up; the seedsman was denounced for fraud. In one instance a neighbor had buried his beet seed four or five inches deep, as he thought, with great care, and none made their appearance, to his great disappointment. The remaining seeds from the same package were then covered an inch, and plants came up in thick profusion.

3. Hardy vegetables, like peas, may be planted as early as the soil will admit. Tender sorts, as beans and corn, would rot if planted too early, and are to be planted when the soil is warm. The same precautions must be observed with flower seeds. Those which are hardy, and which the frost will not kill easily in autumn, may be put in earlier than such as are cut by frost.

Thorough drainage is one of the most important requisites for successful gardening. Wet feet will spoil any plant. Asparagus beds are sometimes killed by water under the surface. A cold, wet subsoil cannot produce early or good crops.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Marvelous Invention.

The "Fluid Resisting Neutralizer" is its name, and the inventor, J. Q. A Danforth, was explaining it to divers citizens of Covington, yesterday, with a view to raising a stock company with shares at five dollars each, fixed at this low rate so that any one, rich or poor or neither, can identify his name with the greatest hydrostatic invention of the age He had an offer of $25,000 from Capt Vint. Shinkle, and one of $45,000 from Capt. Coffin, in cash to be paid when he proved the efficiency of his invention. He intends to compete also for the $100,000 prize offered by the Erie canal commissioners.

Mr. Danforth explains this invention as follows: Three revolving cylinders are fixed in front of the boat, in a manner similar to the screws of a propeller. These cylinders are connected by rods with propelling screws at the stern of the boat, in a manner similar to the screws to a propeller. These cylinders are connected by rods with propelling screws at the stern of the boat. When these rods are revolved the wheels in front will throw the water to either side, thus making a trough for the boat, and the wheel behind has only to push the boat through the air. Even with hand power the inventor thinks he can drive a boat at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, while with steam a speed of 137½ miles an hour, or sufficient to cross the Atlantic in twenty-four hours can be maintained. To utilize the tornado which will sweep along the decks, a peculiar apparatus, styled by the inventor an "auger shaped windlass," will convert the motion into propelling power to overcome the resistance of the air.

The inventor has spent a great portion of his life in China as a missionary, we understand, but returned because the climate did not agree with him. He has also invented a perpetual motion machine, he thinks.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Soup.—One pound of beef, two quarts water, one cup rice or barley, salt to season; put in a soup-pot, let it boil slow and steady for two hours; in another vessel have a good soup bone, leek, parsely, one onion, a potatoe, half a carrot, some turnip; let it boil as long as the meat; when ready to set on the table, strain the soup off the the bones and vegetables into the other; stir up when ready to put on the table; take two eggs, beat well in the soup tureen, and add the eggs gradually so the eggs will not curdle. I always boil bones and vegetables separate, and strain them, and always have a good as well as cheap soup.

A WESTERN WOMAN'S PLUCK.

Her Prosperous Career as a Nebraska Herder.

A letter from Chicago to the Madison (Wis.) Journal contains the following: "Six years ago, a gentleman who had been a war governor of one of the Upper Mississippi States, was afterwards minister to a European court, and subsequently at the head of one of the most important departments of the government, and a member of the National Cabinet, died, leaving a wife with from $15,000 to $20,000, and this mainly in an unproductive homestead in Southern New York. Through the advice of a supposed friend of her husband, this lady was induced to sell her property and put the proceeds in a herd of cattle in Southwest Nebraska. She came out to look after her investment, and finding the condition of the herd unsatisfactory, assumed $13,000 of liabilities and bought out and took the management into her own hands. In a few months the herd was in a good and thriving condition. But at the same time she found herself suffering from pecuniary embarrassment, and appealed to her Eastern friends for aid. They looked upon her venture as a visionary one, and declined to assist her, but advised her to give it up, save what she could from the wreck, and return to them. She did not believe there was any such word as fail, and applied herself all the more diligently to her business. She rode to the herd every day, except Sundays—sometimes in a buggy, but generally on horseback—16 miles each way—and gave the most minute instructions to her men. Her troubles she kept to herself. Her help or her neighbors did not know but she had a bank to draw upon for all the money she wanted.

"At the end of the year she sent for the father of her late partner, and they divided the herd equally and settled, with a loss to her of over $3,000, which she paid to get the partnership dissolved. She then borrowed $6,000 to enable her to pay some small debts, make some improvements in buildings, and start afresh, entirely unembarrassed.

"At the present time her liabilities are only $3,000. She has a herd of over 1,000 head of cattle, has an abundance of convenience for them, and no stock farm or range within 100 miles is provided with as good barns, sheds, corrals and ranges for cattle. Her herd is clearing her over $6,000 a year, and constantly increasing in size. At the railway station, where she resides, she has a farm of 140 acres, on which are a good dwelling, barns, sheds, cheese factory, corral, etc., all in perfect order. The farm is all under fence; she buys all lumber used herself, and has every improvement, large and small, made under her own eye and as she directs. In truth, she is her own superintendent, and personally looks after everything both on the farm and at the cattle ranch. At the ranch she has a comfortable house, which she occupies when her business confines her there. She visits the ranch about five times a week, generally on horseback, and goes and returns the same day. No business man in Nebraska is in better credit than this enterprising and excellent lady.

Mrs. Mary J. Aldrich, in an article in the Iowa *Investigator* upon the ribbon temperance movement and the necessity of union in the work, says:

"These strong human attachments, if not guarded, create jealousies, provoke rivalries, and foster dissensions that weaken our cause by dividing our efforts. The enemy knows this full well, and rejoices as he sees in the workers not only diversity of methods but diversity of purpose; making the object sought not simply the advance of the temperance cause, but to increase Reynold's name and influence; to add to the fame of Murphy's work and power; to secure the triumph of the red ribbon over the blue, or *vice versa*. We felt it to be one of the greatest utterances of Mr. Drew to which we had yet listened, when not long since he said: 'It seemed to him sometimes that people lost sight of one fact it was well to bear in mind—that is, that this temperance work wasn't any man's work; it was God's work. People talk of it as Reynold's work, or Murphy's work, or Drew's work, but the workers are the smallest thing about it. The work is God's. When John W. Drew is forgotten, when Reynolds has passed away, when Murphy is gone and the eloquence of a John B. Gough even is remembered no more, this temperance work will move on and on; the men will die, their names will pass out of mind, but the work will live, for it is the Lords.' And I thought if all of us could feel this, how self would sink out of sight and the advancement of the cause become everything! How easy it would be then to unite workers instead of separating them and trying to marshal the rank and file of this great temperance army under different heads! We need in Iowa, and indeed everywhere, the most perfect harmony among temperance workers, unity of purpose and concert of action. In union there is strength, and we ask the women especially to stand by each other in this warfare and work together. We are confident that the women will work far more efficiently if united in a State organization than otherwise, and it is a matter of rejoicing that the auxiliaries of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are increasing in number and in membership throughout the State. It is to be regretted that some of the women's temperance societies seem to care only for their own town or city, and that some organizers of Reform Clubs are willing to divide the efforts of the women in this work."

Scene, an astronomical class: Student (loquitor)—"Professor, when you speak to us of the limbs of the sun and the moon, which are we to understand, that they are arms, or legs?" Professor—"We have scriptural warrant for supposing them to be legs. Job speaks of 'the moon walking in brightness.'"

In what two cases are precisely the same means used for distinctly opposite purposes? Why, bars, to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

Lacustrine People.

In the winter of 1853, it happened that the waters of the Lake of Zurich sank lower than they had ever been known to do before; and the people of Meilen, who had seized this opportunity of completing some building along the shore, made the discovery that here too, were numerous old sharpened stakes, as well as pottery and articles made of stone and bone. The news soon reached the ears of the scientific world, and much zeal was shown in exploring the bottom of this and the other lakes of Switzerland; and the result was that much light was thrown upon the "Pile-building period," as the German scientists have named it, an age which dates back more than 5,000 years before the dawn of history, and had until now been completely hidden from us. More and more discoveries were made. As soon as the dwellings of that time had been reconstructed—by no means an arduous task—the domestic utensils and hunting weapons, and the remains of plants and animals, all seemed to find their proper places. No doubt remained, as to the manner of life led by these ancient people, and although we may have no positive assurance as to their name, we are able to divide the time of their existence into three well-defined ages, called respectively the Stone Age, Bronze Age, and Iron Age, according to the materials of which their weapons and implements were successively made. The Stone Age, of course, was the earliest; the Bronze age showed some advance in civilization; and with the Iron Age we come to the time of the Romans.

All the lakes have yielded more remains of the Stone Age than either of the others; but all three periods may be best studied at Neuchatel. By degrees, whole sets of such things as went to make up the furniture of a pile-dwelling were recovered, and are now to be seen displayed in the museums of various Swiss towns. There are stone hatchets and hammers, spears and darts, all made either of flint, serpentine, rock-crystal, chalcedony, or jasper, and sometimes even of rare stones; there are implements made of bone, clubs of stag's horn, daggers of bone, fish-hooks make of the claws and tusks of the wild boar, needles, primitive ornaments for the throat and hair, part of a spindle, even a bundle of flax, yarn for weaving, woven stuff, and netting of various kinds. To complete the picture some ten different kinds of cereals have been found, various sorts of pulse, bits of apple, cherries and raspberries, all of which having been turned into charcoal, are perfectly well preserved. Both the fauna and flora of the period have been accurately determined, and from the bones found in huge quantities around the piles it seems that the enemies and friends of man in those days were the bear, urus, bison, wild-goat, fox, wolf, horse, pig, cat, pole-cat, domestic cattle, and many others besides.

But the men of those days must have had a hard battle for existence with the rough rude elements, the wild beasts, and the hostile tribes "on the other side of the mountains." It was probably their fear of the latter, together with the marshy state of the soil on the shore, which induced them to build their dwellings over the waters of the lake. There could not have been much enjoyment of life; there could have been no light-hearted laughter, no sound of singing, as the lake-dweller in his canoe glided over the waters for the purpose of fishing, or went to the shore either to take game or to pursue the wearisome labor of cutting down wood with his flint axe. The thin walls of his wooden hut afforded him very slender protection against the frequent damp fogs arising from the icy glaciers and all the horrors of a long winter, in spite of having built his dwelling close up against those of his neighbors, in spite of his having filled up the crevices with moss and clay, and in spite, too, of his having covered the roof with a thatching of pine-branches. There must have been a good deal of wind and plenty of thorough draughts, and, in fact, as says the poet:

"The ancient history of Europe must have begun with colds, toothache, and swelled faces."—*London Society.*

Moscow.

The Russians love Moscow. It is the idol of every Russian heart. Her shrines are to him the holiest in the empire, hallowed by seven centuries of historical associations. But grand and holy as it is, it has suffered from the sword, the torch and the plague. Three hundred years ago it was nearly consumed by fire, in which two thousand of its citizens perished. Fifty years later the Tartars fired the suburbs, and one hundred thousand of its inhabitants perished by the flames and by the sword. A hundred years ago the plague so reduced its population that it never regained its former proportions. Within our own century, and to save it from plunder by the French, the people gave up their beautiful city to the flames, the grandest sacrifice ever made to national pride. But when the French retreated, the city was rebuilt, and is to-day "a thing of beauty." Its too frequent reconstruction is the cause of the irregularity everywhere apparent. Only a few of the streets are straight; a palace and a hovel, a state building and a store, a splendid church and a small hotel, adjoin each other, and the rich and the poor are nearest neighbors. Nothing is more noticeable and attractive than the display of colors, red, white, green, gold and silver, with which the public and private buildings are ornamented. Rome has long been celebrated as the "city of churches," having one for each day in the year, an additional one for leap year; but Moscow can boast of nearly four hundred temples dedicated to religion. Although the circumvallation of the city is more than twenty English miles, yet the objects of interest to a traveler are confined within narrow limits. The Moskva flows through the city, spanned by noble bridges, and along its banks are beautiful lawns, shaded by noble trees.—*National Repository for May.*

Those people who are trying to get to heaven on their creed will find out at last that they didn't have a through ticket.

Too long courtships are not always judicious; the parties often tire out scoring before the trot begins.

A Russian Merchant's House.

When a Russian Merchant becomes rich, he builds for himself a fine house, or buys and thoroughly repairs the house of some ruined noble, and spends money freely on inlaid floors, gigantic mirrors, malachite tables, pianos by the best makers, and all other articles of furniture made of the most costly materials. Occasionally—especially on the occasion of a marriage or death in the family—he will give magnificent banquets, and expend enormous sums on gigantic sterlets, choice sturgeons, foreign fruits, champagne, and all manner of costly delicacies. But all this lavish, ostentatious expenditure does not affect the ordinary current of his daily life. As you enter those gaudily-furnished rooms you can perceive at a glance that they are not for ordinary use. You notice a rigid symmetry and indescribable bareness which inevitably suggests that the original arrangements of the upholsterer have never been modified or supplemented. The truth is that by far the greater part of the house is only used on state occasions. The host and his family live down stairs, in small, dirty rooms, furnished in a very different, and for them more comfortable style. At ordinary times the fine rooms are closed, and the fine furniture carefully covered. If you make a *visite de politesse* after an entertainment at which you have been present, you will probably have some difficulty in gaining admission at the front door.

When you have knocked or rung several times, some one will probably come round from the back regions and ask you what you want. Then follows another long pause, and at last foot-steps are heard approaching from within. The bolts are drawn, the door is opened, and you are led up to a spacious drawing room. At the wall opposite the windows there is sure to be a sofa, and before it an oval table. At each end of the table, and at right angles to the sofa, there will be a row of three arm chairs. The other chairs will be symmetrically arranged round the room. In a few minutes the host will appear, in his long, double-breasted black coat and well polished long boots. His hair is parted in the middle, and his beard shows no trace of scissors or razor. After the customary greetings have been exchanged, glasses of tea, with slices of lemon and preserves, or perhaps a bottle of champagne, are brought in by way of refreshment. The female members of the family you must not expect to see, unless you are an intimate friend; for the merchants still retain something of that female seclusion which was in vogue among the upper classes before the time of Peter the Great. The host himself will probably be an intelligent but totally uneducated and decidedly taciturn man. About the weather and the crops he may talk fluently enough, but he will not show much inclination to go beyond these topics.

The Power of Children.

A man was leaning, much intoxicated, against a tree; some little children coming from school saw him there; and at once said to each other: "What shall we do for him?"

Presently, said one: "Oh! I'll tell you, let us sing him a temperance song."

And so they did; collecting around him, they sang:

"Away the bowl, away," and so on in beautiful tunes.

The poor fellow enjoyed the singing, and when they had finished he said:

"Sing again, little girls, sing again, please?"

"We will," they said, "if you will sign the temperance pledge."

"No, we are not at a temperance meeting; there are no pledges here."

"I have a pledge," cried one; and "I have a pencil," cried another. Holding up the pledge, they besought him to sign it.

"No, I won't sign it now. Sing for me."

So they sang again—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me."

"Oh, do sing that again," as said he, he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"No, no more," said they, "unless you'll sign the pledge; sign and we'll sing for you."

He pleaded for the singing, but they were firm, and declared they would go away if he would not sign.

"But," said the poor fellow, striving to find some excuse, "there's no table here, how can I write without a table?"

At this, a modest, quiet, pretty little creature, with her finger on her lips, came forward and said, "Yes, you can spread the pledge on the crown of your hat, and I'll hold it for you."

Off came the hat, the child held it, the pledge was signed, and the little ones burst out with—

"Oh water for me, bright water for me,
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee."

I heard that man in Worcester town hall, with uplifted hands and quivering lips say, "I thank God for the sympathy of those children. I shall thank God to all eternity that he sent those little children as messengers of mercy to me."

White Clover.

It is the opinion of a farmer of high authority and taste, that every pasture should contain some white clover. It will afford more feed at certain times of the year than any kind of grass or clover. It will not flourish on damp soils or those that are very poor. It will do very well in a partial shade, as a grove or orchard, but to make the highest excellence, it should be sown where it will have the advantage of full sunlight. It is easy to secure patches of white clover in a pasture by scattering seed in early spring on bare places, and brushing it in. One pound of seed is sufficient to start white clover in a hundred places in a pasture. The disposition of this clover is to spread by means of the branches that run along the surface of the ground and take root. Having secured a sod a foot square, it will soon extend so as to cover first a yard, then a rod.

A bunkum fence was described by a witness under examination in court, as a fence that is bull strong, horse high and pig tight.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Doughnuts.—A large cup of butter two cups of sugar, one pint of ligh sponge, four eggs, one pint of milk one teaspoonful soda, some nutmeg. Let the dough rise twice.

Butterscotch.—Take one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pint of water, and set over a slow fire; when done add one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter, and lemon juice to flavor.

Scotch Cake.—One pound brown sugar, one pound flour, one-half pound butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful cinnamon; roll very thin and bake.

Portable Lemonade.—Powdered tartaric acid, one ounce; powdered sugar, six ounces; essence of lemon, one drachm; let it dry thoroughly in the sun; rub together and divide in 24 papers. One makes a glass of good sweet lemonade.

Rye Rolls.—One pint of sour milk, three eggs beaten light, a scant teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, and meal enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a quick oven in a roll pan previously heated.

Biscuit.—One pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one tablespoonful of lard, a little salt: rub well together; stir in a cup of milk in which has been dissolved one-half teaspoonful of soda; roll quite thin; cut out with tin biscuit rings and bake in a hot oven.

Corn Starch Cake.—Two cupfuls of powdered sugar, four cupfuls of corn-starch, one-quarter of a cupful of butter, three eggs, a teaspoonful of cream of tarter mixed with the corn-starch, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third of a cupful of milk.

Freoli or Black Bean Soup.—One pint of beans; soak over night; in the morning put in a pot with four quarts of water, three pounds beef, two onions two carrots, some parsley and celery tops; cook slowly all day and let it stand over night; in the morning take off the fat and strain through a colander; then make it hot; put a pinch of cayenne pepper, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, glass of sherry wine, and a lemon cut thin, in the tureen, and pour in the soup.

Beef Soup.—Three pounds of beef, three carrots, one turnip, one bunch of celery, four onions, two bunches leeks, tablespoonful salt, pepper to taste; cut the meat into pieces the size of an egg; vegetables washed, scraped, and cut into small pieces; put all into a large saucepan, with four or five quarts of water; boil very gently one whole day; let it stand all night; carefully take the fat next day; add one pinch cayenne pepper; make boiling hot and serve.

Southern Fried Chicken.—Put one pint of cream into a frying pan large enough to hold a chicken and set it over a moderate fire until it begins to color, then lay into it one chicken nicely dressed and cut in joints, and fry until the under side is nicely browned; when the cream acquires a rich brown hue dip enough to serve as sauce for the dish and set it aside to keep hot. Season the chicken with pepper and salt and turn it over in the pan. Let it brown equally all over. Do not let the cream burn. When done lay it upon a flat dish and pour the cream into the centre.

Lorenzo Dow and Gabriel's Horn.

Lorenzo Dow, whose name is still fresh in the minds of many of the older inhabitants, it is said, was on his way to preach in South Carolina, when underneath an old spruce tree he overtook a colored lad who was blowing a large tin horn, and could send forth a blast with rise and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him:

"What's your name?"

"My name—Gabriel, sir," said the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa, I'se been dar many a time."

"Do you remember a spruce tree on the hill?"

"Oh, yes, massa, I knows dat tree."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow had an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, massa, everybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go to-morrow morning and climb up in that tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes massa, I dun takes dat dollar."

Gabriel was hid away in the tree top in due time. An immense concourse of persons of all sizes and colors assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of resurrection and assize, at the call of the trumpet peals which were to awake the sleeping nations. "Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, suppose this should be the hour. Suppose you should hear at this moment the sound of Gabriel's trumpet."

Sure enough, at that moment the trumpet of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran, and all felt for a time that the judgment was set and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm, till afright abated, and some one discovered the colored angel, who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old tree, and wanted to get him down to whip him.

Then he resumed his theme, saying: "I forbid all persons present from touching that boy up there. "If a colored boy with a tin horn can frighten you most out of your wits, what will you do when you hear the trumpet thunder from the archangel? How will you be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?"

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a lawsuit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.