A Cyclone in Mid-Ocean.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Hist!

The night was dark, with heavy black clouds lying close down to the water, along whose restless mass of foaming, phosphorlit waves the wind soughed with that peculiar tone which surely foretells of a deepening of the tempest.

We were riding out a cyclone in the middle Indian ocean, and the bell had struck four, telling that the first watch was half gone, when this word was uttered close to my ear.

The voice was that of my chum, Jack Walsh, as good a sailor as ever trod a deck. Standing by my side during the two preceding hours, he had watched with me while the Northern Light, the ship of whose crew we formed a part, drove wildly on through the mad tumult of the waters.

"Hist! that was a gun."

A cold shudder swept over me, and for a moment my heart stood still, for if the sullen boom we had heard was, as Jack said, the report of a gun, it meant but one thing, which was, that near us somewhere amid that turmoil of wind and wave men like ourselves were battling against a death that stared them in the face.

And we were not the only ones who had heard and recognized the message, for as we stood straining our eyes to see if we could discover the vessel that was signaling the mate on watch joined us.

"Did you hear a gun?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Jack.

"And could you tell the direction of the sound?"

"No but it must have been somewhere to the windward."

"Let us watch for the next discharge, for if anything can be done to save life the Northern Light will not prove a laggard in the work."

Again our eyes turned to the rough ocean lying about us and we watched the dark expanse with an intentness that was painful.

"There!"

It was Jack again, and as he spoke a sudden light flashed and faded along the waves, and the dull boom sounded out again, nearer to us, and clearer than before.

"Quick! answer with our starboard gun, and let the poor devils know that friends are near. I will go aft and tell the captain.

Jack and I struggled over to the gun, which was loaded, and removing the tarpaulin that covered it, threw back the lock and pulled the lanyard. The sharp report that followed brought the watch below up from their snug quarters in the forecastle, and the next moment we heard the captain's voice shouting out the orders that quickly brought the ships head close to the wind, and held it there for the Northern Light worked like a yacht.

The wind allows no leisure to those who battle with it, and knowing this we worked on, giving no heed to the vessel we sought to help. Enough for us was the knowledge that our officers were determined to clear the way for arescue, if this were possible.

When the ship was laid to we turned our eyes to the windward, and just at the moment that a broad glare of light shone out illuminating a large vessel tossed on the crest of a large and angry wave.

We could see that she was not of Canadian build, and that her fore and mizzen masts were gone, and that she was laboring heavily. We knew, too, though we could not see this, that the seas had made sad havoc with the hull, and though we could not distinguish the faces of those moving about in the circle of light we felt that they were filled with anxious forebodings.

"Burn a red light," cried the captain, "and men lay aft to mainmast."

We did so, and even before we were all gathered at the place named, the second mate had the red light blazing on the quarter.

"My men," said Capt. Skewet, as he joined us at the main fife-rail, "you have all seen the ship yonder, and know that her people are in danger. It is a bad night, and a worse sea, what shall we do?"

"Save them if we can, and make the effort at any rate," said Jack Walsh, and several of the men responded.

"Yes, that is the way."

"I knew you would be true to the flag and the reputation our sailors have won, and now I want twelve volunteers for the life-boat."

We all volunteered.

"Thank you, my men, but some of us must stay behind to keep ship, and be ready to help those who go in the boat. I shall go with them, and if you agree will choose the crew."

We all cried out for him to do this, and he said: "You, Walsh, will act as coxswain," and then he took half of the crew from each watch, and when all was chosen told us to man the boat.

The Northern Light carried a new and thorough life-boat, with a patent apparatus for lowering, but even with this the danger of tempting the sea and wind on such a night would have been apparent to the veriest landsman.

Still while we looked with anxious eyes to the dark and restless turmoil about us, we grasped our oars firmly, and waited for the word that would place our lives almost within the jaws of death.

We heard the captain give directions concerning a whip to be placed on the cross-jack yard, and a line that was to be boomed out from forward, and then he climbed into the boat, and the first and second mates took the falls and at his command, lowered away promptly. Fortunately the boat had swung on the lee side, and we got away safely, but now came the struggle, for the wind and sea were both against us and often we seemed powerless to stem their strength.

The captain helped, and Walsh kept a steady hand on the steering oar, and we knew that, though making but little headway, we were nearing the stranger, for the wind was drifting her down toward us.

"Here she is," cried the captain, "and a sailor commands her, for see, he has brought her to, and formed a lee for us to work in.

A bright blaze flashed out, and burned steadily, and as its radiance ran on and showed us, a cheer came from the ship and a voice hailed, "What shall I do?" it asked.

With a rapid glance our captain took in the situation, the main yard was still across, and preventer brace was up.

"Let me have the end of your main preventer," he cried, "and keep the standing part fast, to bows, and look out for the line."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the people of the ship were as quick to do what had been shouted to them, and in a little time the end of brace was grasped by four strong hands.

"Now let the strokes lay in their oars, and the rest of the crew keep theirs going: watch your line, my men, and keep the boat steady, and you, Walsh, manage her, for I must look out for the people."

Clear answers told him that all was as he wished, and then he shouted to the captain of the wreck: "Now throw me a line from your bulwark and let your people slide down it. How many have you?"

"There are but eight left, and two are women."

"Send them on."

"Aye, aye! I will, look out."

A rope fell across my arm as the word came, and I grasped it.

"Now hold it firm," cried the captain, "and I will look out for the people."

This was to the after oarsmen, of whom I was one, and we grasped the line with a firm hold.

"Here comes one," said the captain, "by Jove, that skipper is a trump."

The words were barely uttered before a woman's form came swiftly down the line, sitting in a bight attached to a block that had a whip ready to haul it back, and it was this arrangement that had elicited our captain's approval.

"Cut the sling," shouted the commander of the wreck, "I have others ready!"

It took but a short time, following this direction, to get all of the stranger's people into the boat, and when the captain, who came last, slid down the rope and was hauled in by our skipper, the later said: "Now stand by to put off, get out your oars strokes. The bows will keep theirs in, and be ready to take our line; stand by to let go from the wreck. Now, give way with the starboard oars! Give way together! Let go!"

And swinging around, the boat swept out from the protection she had found in the lee of the drifting ship, and began her strife with the sea once more.

And now came the hardest part of our toil, for with her heavier load the stout craft was less buoyant, though she rode the sea well and seemed to know that more human trust relied on her strength than had put faith in such a craft before.

Capt. Skewet had taken his position by side of Walsh, and kept his eye on the light that shone a lurid guideon the bow of Northern Light.

Suddenly a heavy squall struck us, and the wind swirled and shrieked about us until it seemed that it would wrench the oars from our hands.

"Bend to it, boys," cried the captain, and then, as we put all of the strength we possessed in our effort we heard him say to Walsh: "My God! I have lost the light."

A shudder, cold as the keen wind that brings the first snow, chilled us. What if we should be swept past the ship, and carried on into the seething hell beyond. There was but one end to such a fate, and that was death.

The darkness had grown in density, but the great force of the wind helped us, beating down the sea. We knew that this would last but a short time, and that a madder frenzy of the water would follow, and oh, how we longed for a gleam that would help us.

The tension of mind that was ours in those few moments is seldom equaled.

Where was the Northern Light?

Had we passed her?

There was no reply to those questions, unless it was the high shrieking of the squall.

Then, in one of those rapid transitions that seem the result of divine love and care, the sky changed, and, as if torn by the wind, a huge rift parted the clouds, letting the clear radiance of the full moon shine through.

It showed us two things that will never be forgotten—one the Northern Light, lying just ahead; the other the wreck, which, as the moonlight came, suddenly settled by the head, lurched, and disappeared from sight forever.

The squall was sweeping by, but it had served us well, for before the wave rose again we had run to leeward of the ship, the man watching having seen us, and our human freight was quickly transferred to the deck.

The comparative smoothness that had been brought about by the fierce rush of the wind, enabled us to secure the boat with less trouble than we had expected, and just as the day broke, finished the work, and as the cyclone had swept by us, we were able to set sail and keep away on our course.

The people we had rescued were the captain, mate, three seamen, and three passengers of the French ship St. Laurent, bound from Havre to Batavia. The remainder of her crew had been lost when the foreyard went by the board, or were carried away by a sea that followed this accident. In falling, the yard had hit the hull, and this accident caused the leak that sunk the ship.

I have been in several trying scenes since then, but never in one that so thrilled me with the nearness and the power of death.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Parnell the agitator and Parnell the Armagh tenant evicter are brothers and between them public attention is being strongly called to the bad features of the land question in Ireland.

Two English idiots recently reported to have been married on an iceberg, or some similarly Arctic spot, are rivalled by the Georgian pair of cheerful ditto who were made one while standing on a gravestone.

There has been a general "kiss and make up" among the family of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and now everything in that particular world wags as merrily as if there had never been hard thoughts and bitter speeches.

Cremation is growing in popular favour in the New England States. A company was recently formed in Boston with a capital of $25,000. The New Englanders sensibly believe that what has to be done had better be done quickly

There is a growing feeling in the United States about the disadvantages of railroad rule. The people are beginning to turn in their sleep. When they get fully awake the magnates, who have so long ruled the roost, will be surprised.

The coffee and sugar planters of Mexico offer a bounty of $25 a head for Chinese laborers. John will find it good policy to go where he would be appreciated. There would seem to be money-making possibilities here.

British politicans during the present crisis are settling right down to the work of speaking plain Anglo-Saxon both to and about their opponents, and when they get fairly started on that tack all that this side of the Atlantic can teach them is not worth knowing.

A little severity of the same kind might prove beneficial in other places besides Chicago where a sewer-builder was recently fined $200 for neglecting to place warning lights at night to mark dangerous openings in the roadway, the consequence being that a carriage was overturned and its occupants thrown out.

U. S. Commissary General Macfeely must have a feeling heart. Perhaps, also, at one time he has suffered the horrors of dyspepsia. At any rate he now recommends that the law provide for the enlistment of cooks and bakers for the army as a means of preserving the health and promoting the comfort and efficiency of the troops.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." A proposal has been mooted to raise a subscription in this country in behalf of the Japanese editor recently fined 27 yen for neglecting to credit the clippings he took from contemporaries. How much a yen is we have not the remotest idea, and frankly confess ourselves too lazy at this moment to find out.

Dr. Dio Lewis is considered somewhat of an authority on certain matters, and when he says that cutting the hair short at the back of the head induces baldness, the girls should think twice before being carried away by the short-haired craze, which, however, we are happy to be assured, is fast dying out. Girls are much too inherently sensible of what becomes them to allow such a fact to be other than very short-lived.

Most of the bridal couples visiting Washington lately have been from the South. Of those from Virginia and Kentucky the average age of the bridegrooms has been about 40, and of the brides about 25. The *Boston Transcript* eloquently explains that "after the war the young fellows of the South were not able to double up, and now that they see bright political prospects ahead they are making a venture, although not quite so young as they used to be."

When the Yankees really get worked up against a rogue they generally make a thorough finish with him. They have sent Ward, "the Young Napoleon of finance," as he was called, to Sing Sing for ten years, and they have likewise made up their minds to get their hands on the million or two of stolen wealth that he has stowed away somewhere. Canadians might very profitably imitate their neighbors in their doings with rascals. There would be a great change for the better then, both in the financial, commercial, social and political worlds.

In Paris it is illegal for a newsdealer to lend out a newspaper to any one for reading purposes. If it were illegal in Canada for a subscriber to lend his paper to his next door neighbors, newspaper men would have some little chance of growing rich. Does it ever strike us how liberal we are with our reading matter compared with other things we purchase? Nobody thinks of lending his tea and sugar, his hat, coat, boots and trowsers, his carriage, horses, or any other possession in the same easy off-hand way in which he lends his newspaper.

HEALTH.

Over-Pressure in Schools.

We give the more important points of a paper read at the last annual meeting of the British Medical Association: Children, in order to keep pace with the present code of study, have to pour over their lessons, in some instances, until ten, eleven or twelve o'clock at night. The effect of this application to study at night on the brain, and nervous system takes away the appetite, enervates the child, and stunts its growth; then follow headaches, vomiting, nervous debility, brain fever, St. Vitus's dance, curvature of the spine, heart-disease, myopia (near-sightedness), spitting of blood, and, in some instances, convulsions and death. The dread of the examination, of the inspector's visit, the anxiety to gain a prize, or the thought of not being able to pass the examination, so as to leave the school to work for a livelihood, has each had a share in the production of disease.

Light, position, ventilation and proper warmth are essential to the health of children.

The home lessons have recently been made illegal in some parts of the States, and examinations are now less rigid generally, yet the code is still too high, and as it is futile to imagine that all children can be brought up to the same level, the boasted one hundred per cent. of passes is a strange thing. The head-master or mistress of every school ought to have the option of removing from examination at least seven per cent. of those who can give their whole time to the school, and fifteen per cent. of all "half timers."

Throughout the country the voices of managers, teachers and employers of labor bear witness to the diminished vigor and attenuated limbs of the children of our working population, and ask if there is no way of opening the eyes of our education theorists to the bitter and terrible wrongs inflicted on the young.

Near-sightedness is unknown among savage tribes. But more than half the children in Germany suffer from defective vision, and, in some schools, three-fourths. Twenty per cent of the boys, and from thirty to forty per cent. of the girls, were found to be suffering from curvature of the spine!

In the discussion which followed the paper, Surgeon-Major Pringle said he was much struck on returning to England, after an absence of twelve years, to find so many boys and girls wearing spectacles. Dr. Drydale, of London, said that it was an axiom in his mind that children could not be better educated than they were fed. The same principle might be applied to a proper amount of exercise.

Medical Instruction in Schools.

Such a thing would once have been looked on as absurd. In ancient times the doctor purposely invested his art with mystery. More or less of the same spirit and policy has come down to our own day. Still, both the tendencies and the actualities of things have greatly changed. Not only have other sciences laid richest gifts at the feet of medicine, but the latter has fully entered into their enlarged spirit, and accepted their more accurate methods of investigation. In short, medicine has itself, for the first time in its long history, become a science.

We now understand as never before the nature and origin of epidemical diseases; their relation to bad surroundings in place and person; the prominence of drinking infected water as a source of contagion; the value of disinfectants, as distinguished from mere deodorizers, and which of them alone are absolutely reliable; the still greater disinfecting power of pure air and of sunshine.

We have learned to fight with success a threatening epidemic by concentrating our force on the first solitary case, hedging it around by removal of the well from the sick, or the sick from the well. We understand, too, the importance of good house drainage, and the danger of poor plumbing. We also know that the air of the chamber is never better than the air of the cellar. We have come to comprehend the possibility of stamping out the whole class of infectious diseases. The profession, to their honor, for it takes away their patients, is recognizing the truth of the old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Now all this has rendered it practicable to avail ourselves of our public schools in promoting the public health. This is already being done in the States. For the last year medical instruction has been given in the schools of Bangor, Me, with the result of preventing the spread of disease among the scholars.

Says the *Medical Record*, "The nature of the instruction given is such that the teachers are made watchful and careful in regard to their pupils, and often a so-called 'spunky' fit is seen to be really the precursor of an actual sickness. The practical inauguration of such a plan of instruction is not a difficult matter.

Vaccination.

As a general rule, with some exceptions, one attack of an infectious disease protects from a subsequent attack. Hence come the protective power of cow-pox against small-pox, the former being only a modified form of the latter. That it does protect is plain—among other proofs—from the fact that in an important London small-pox hospital not a nurse or an attendant has taken the disease during the last thirty years.

But it is not a complete protection. One attack even of small-pox may be followed by a second. Hence a person who has been vaccinated should not needlessly expose himself. Indeed, a change from one climate to another often ends the immunity.

Vaccination is now general in England, and the great majority of these admitted to the small-pox hospital have been vaccinated!

It is not enough that a person can show a vaccine scar; it should be a *good* scar; distinct, depressed, with a well, or a tolerably well, defined edge. Of two thousand who died of small-pox at the hospital, about one-twelfth had a single indifferent scar. Nor is a *single* good scar enough. Of the same number, nearly four per cent. died having such a scar. Of one thousand four hundred and forty-six having two good scars, about two per cent. died; while of five hundred and eighteen having three good scars, only about one per cent.; and of five hundred and forty-four having four or more, slightly over one-half of one per cent., or one in two hundred, died. Further, of those who recovered, the two latter classes suffered far less, and were far less disfigured by the disease.

Again, no one should trust to a mere belief, however confident, that he has been vaccinated. Of three hundred and seventy such cases of merely supposed vaccination, about one-fourth died of small-pox.

Still again there is reason to believe that the protective power even of the best vaccination in infancy expends itself within the first eighteen or twenty years. Hence no one should fail to be re-vaccinated on reaching adult age.

Those who take this course are very seldom attacked with small-pox, and when they are, have it only in the mildest form. The immunity among the nurses and attendants of small-pox hospitals above referred to is due to the fact that every one is re-vaccinated on entering.

Value of Deep Breathing.

Deep breathing and holding the breath is an item of importance. Persons of weak vitality find an uninterrupted succession of deep and rapid respirations so distressing that they are discouraged from persevering in the exercise. Let such persons take into the lungs as much air as they can at a breath, and hold it as long as they can, they will find a grateful sense of relief in the whole abdominal region. Practice will increase the ability to help the breath, and the capacity of the lungs. After a time the art may be learned of packing the lungs. This is done by taking and holding the long breath and then forcing more air down the trachea by swallows of air. The operation may be described by that of a fish's mouth in water. To those who have never learned it it will be surprising to what an extent the lungs may be packed. Caution at first is needful, but later practice will warrant large use of the treatment. The whole thoracic and abdominal cavities will receive immediate benefit, and continuance, with temperance in eating and good air and right exercise, will bring welcome improvement.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I hold in my hand," said Brother Gardner as he opened the meeting, "a petishun from Mary Ann Johnson of Missouri. She wants to be tooken into dis club as a member. In rejectin' her applicashun I feesish to state for de benefit of woman kind a few fundemental facks:

"1. Woman am good 'nuff in her place.

"2. It am not her fault dat she was'n bo'n fur a man.

"3. As a member of any organizashun like dis she am a kicker.

"4. When man has shown dat he is incompetent to run dis kentry de women will be giben a show. I allus feel to exclaim wid de orators: 'Bress de women!' But I also feel to bress 'em fur what dey am and not fur what some of em wan to be. I hev some times sot down and wondered what we should do widout 'em. It takes a woman's hand to make catnip tea an' mustard plaster, an' to pare 'taters. She kin doctor a sore toe so tenderly as to make you wish you had a broken leg. When you hev traded a seben dollar shotgun for a three dollar dog it am her soft words which soothe your throbbin' soul. While you sleep she sews on hind patches. While you toil an' sweat she am plannin' how to turn your old coat top to bottom 'an make a new garment. De true woman am an angel on roller skates. As for de kind who spend deir time wid gaddin' de street an readin' luv stories—an' dis Mary Ann Johnson probably belongs to dat class—de less we see of 'em de better. Let us now proceed wid de reglar purceedin's."

THE INFIDELS

Sir Isaac Walpole, who had been requested to investigate the inquiry: "Is Infidelity spreading in this country?" reported that he had made as thorough an investigation as time and circumstances would permit, and would report:

1. Bob Ingersoll hasn't convinced over two men in this country that there is no Supreme Being.

2. The number of people who don't want to feel that there is a land of torment for the wicked are, however, on the increase.

3. The class who believe in Heaven but not in the other location is being added to daily, and the man who lends one of them half a dollar will never get it back.

4. The class who believe that nature is supreme while they are in health, but appeal to the Lord as soon as sickness comes, is holding its own as to numbers.

5. That species of humanity which delights in criticising Christianity and disputing the apostles has picked up in numbers during the last year, but the presence of the small-pox along the Canadian border will doubtless make a change the other way this winter.

THREATS

Samuel Shin sent to the Secretary's desk an anonymous letter which contained threats against his life, and the Secretary read it aloud.

"Brudder Shin, do you feel dat you orter be purtected agin' dis would-be assassin?" asked the President.

"Yes, sah; I feels jist dat way, sah," replied Samuel.

"Does you know of any reason why anybody should want to assassinate you?"

"No, sah, not one."

"Doan' know of anybody who has reasons to thirst fur your b'ood?"

"Not a pusson, sah."

"Well, Brudder Shin, arter you has paid dat nine dollars you owe a butcher on Gratiot avenue, an' dat seben dollars you owe a grocer on Grand Riber, an' dat $22 back house rent you owe an old landlord, dis chile will take all precautions to preserve your waluable life from de bullet ob de assassin. Please tot down."

The Rev. Penstock then called up the case of Elder Walkabout Smith, of Toronto. Some two weeks since the Elder, who is an honorary member of the club, prepared a 'possum feast and sold tickets at twenty-five cents per head. Over fifty colored men sat down at his festive board and ate of the 'possums he claimed to have imported direct from Virginia. Everything passed off in the pleasantest manner, but it was discovered next day that Elder Smith had substituted musk-rat for 'possum and perpetrated a bald-headed swindle on his confiding countrymen. Complaint was at once lodged against him with the Secretary of the club. Brother Penstock's motion was promptly seconded by Shindig Watkins, and the President said:

"De moshun prevails and de case am tooken from the table. It seems to me dat Elder Smith's crime am one of de blackest eber known on de records an' dat it calls fur condign punishment."

"Am dar any way fur us to git hold of him?" asked Waydown Bebee.

"I doan' speck dar am."

"Couldn't we hev him arrested ober dar an' tried fur piracy, arson, perjury or sunthin' of dat sort?" queried Elder Toots.

"I doan' see how we kin. I reckon de only thing we kin do am to bounce him. While dar am nuffin' so werry condign about dat, we kin lib in hopes dat de small pox skeer may drive him across de riber before spring. De Seckretary will cross de name off de rolls an' the customary blue-ink circular will be sent to all honorary members in Canada."

THE LIBRARY.

The Librarian reported the receipt of several interesting volumes from friends of the club in Atlanta, and suggested that the Treasurer be authorized to purchase a dictionary.

"What do we want of a dictionary?" asked the President.

"To find out de hard words, sah."

"What hard words?"

"Why, sah, when Whalebone Howker am readin' one of our books on poultry, and he finds de word 'Discomfiture,' he has to skip right ober it kase he doan' know what it means."

"S'posein' dar am a hundred words which Brudder Howker or some odder brudder can't make out! Am we gwine to pay out $12 on dat account? What bizness hez we huntin' up hard words? Do we need to say 'Discomfiture' or 'Aggregashun' when we ax fur a job of whitewashin' or want to git trusted fur a codfish? De moshun am out o' order, an' de meetin' stands adjourned."

This is a Christian and civilized country, but just as soon as a baby is born its parents are anxious to give it a weigh.

John E. Owens, the comedian, who has been seriously sick on his farm near Towsontown, Md., is getting better. He has been much distressed during his illness at the persistence of the papers in calling his town Towzer, and the recent general correction of the press has no doubt materially contributed to his recovery.

"Yes, my boy, you are correct. The file of a minister of the gospel is very laborious. Between traveling in Europe in summer, going to the White mountains in hay-fever time, and arranging his lecture tour for the winter, he has hard enough work to find time to write an occasional sermon. Hey? O yes, son, there are preachers who don't go to Europe, you bet your boots. Some of them only know of Europe as a land a little farther away than heaven, because they do expect to go to heaven some time. But I wasn't speaking of some preachers. I was thinking of some others."

Struck with Lightning

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

HOUSEHOLD.

Common-Sense Receipts.

WHIPPED RASPBERRY CREAM.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and add four tablespoonfuls of preserved (or canned) raspberry juice. Beat until it is very stiff. Lemon flavoring may be added if desired.

CASSINOLE OF BANANA.—Soak one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for an hour. Then add one scant pint of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. To this add a cupful of sugar, and two bananas sliced thin. Turn into a mould and set on ice. Serve with cream.

CHILI SAUCE.—Very nice. Six ripe tomatoes, two onions and one pepper (the onions and pepper chopped fine) one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two scant cups of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Stew gently until done and bottle tight.

APPLE-CUSTARD PUDDING.—Line a buttered pudding-dish with slices of stale sponge cake, or light, white bread; then make a filling as follows: one pint of sweet milk, one pint of smooth apple sauce well seasoned, three eggs well beaten, and enough cinnamon to flavor. This quantity will make two small puddings.

A NICE DRESSING FOR FOWLS.—Take one pint of soaked bread or crackers rolled very fine, add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a tablespoonful of Bell's Spiced Seasoning, (instead of sage etc.,) one tablespoonful of butter or fat salt pork chopped very fine, and one egg thoroughly worked in, this will give stuffing enough for a moderate sized turkey or chicken.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cupful of seeded and chopped raisins; one cupful of sugar; half a cupful of butter; half a cupful of cold, strong coffee; half a cupful of molasses; two and a half cups of sifted flour; two eggs well beaten; one teaspoonful of powdered cloves; half a teaspoonful of cinnamon; one and a half teaspoonful of baking powder.

BAKED APPLES.—Wash, and then wipe dry, five firm apples, and cut out the blossom ends; pack them in a large pudding-dish; pour a cupful of water over them, cover the dish closely, set in a moderate oven, and let them steam until they are tender, and crack open; then put into a cold dish, and pour over them the juice left in the baking dish. Serve cold with powdered sugar and cream.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Cut the chicken in small pieces, and season them with pepper and salt, and dust with meal; then fry them in butter, lay them on paper, and cover to keep them warm; then pour the grease out of the frying pan, and put into a teacup full of cream, a blade of mace, a little salt and pepper, a salt poon full of flour, and a teaspoonfull of butter, mixed together; let these simmer together a few minutes; place the chicken on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over it.

SCALLOPED TURKEY.—Butter a deep dish, line it with bread crumbs, and put in the bottom a layer of bread crumbs seasoned with butter, pepper, and salt, then a layer of cold turkey chopped fine, and so on until the dish is full, adding the stuffing and gravy of the turkey; then beat together two eggs, add to them two tablespoonfuls of milk, butter, salt, pepper and rolled cracker crumbs; spread thickly over the top of the turkey; bake half an hour, keeping it covered for twenty minutes, then remove the cover and brown.

Household Dont's."

Don't stand when you can sit just as well.

Don't put off the mending from week to week.

Don't you know that vinegar will clean the isinglass in the stove doors?

Don't you know your oilcloth can be washed in buttermilk or kerosene.

Don't give little children two languages to learn—first baby-talk, then afterward true pronunciation.

Don't hesitate to place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove; it will clean out the stovepipe.

Don't throw away the nice woolen stockings when the feet are worn out, but cut them down for the children.

Don't fail to be clean and tidy in every nook and corner, but don't be a slave to a shining stove and carpet.

Don't do unnecessary work because your grandmother did. There was not half so much to be done in her day.

Don't cherish the idea that you will catch cold if you feel a bit of fresh air, or know there is an outlet for heated impure air.

Don't throw away old suspender rings, but sew them to the corners or kitchen holders, serving a better purpose than loops to hang by.

Don't flirt dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting cloth and shake it from the window.

Don't say "micky" for milk, "ridey" for ride; baby will understand "hand mamma your little dress" as readily as if you said "bring his little dess to mamma."

Don't talk servants or family matters to callers, and don't tell them the exact date of their last call. They will be likely to make the interval longer the next time.

Don't fail, in conversation, to occasionally pause and give the listener an opportunity to speak, and don't mistake polite listening, prolonged, for interest in your subject.

To Clean Marble.

To clean marble chimney-piece you should make a strong soap ley, mixed with quick lime, of the consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble for twenty-four hours. Then wash it off, and then polish it with fine putty-powder and olive oil. To clean *papier mache*, use a soft sponge and cold water—without soap—dredge it with flour while damp, and after leaving it thus for a short time, wipe it off, and polish the article with a silk handkerchief. To clean picture-frames and gilt cornices, dissolve a little cream of tartar in spirits of wine, and wet the gilding carefully, quickly wiping it dry again; but lightly, so as not to rub off the gilding.

White Feathers

You may clean white feathers by placing them in a hot lather for some minutes, and shake them about in it, repeating the action to dry them. Curl them with a blunt penknife, commencing from the right hand side of the feather, taking up about six flues, and gently drawing the knife underneath them against your thumb; continuing this all round the feather, drawing some of the flues over them, so as to hide it. Curling over a hot iron will render the curl more lasting.

Jones calls his dog Hickory, because he has a rough bark.

Twenty-five monuments to Napoleon I. are standing in the cities of France, despite the commune and revolution.

The tide in the affairs of men, which, when taken at its flood, leads on to fortune, is, no doubt, the "tied" to a rich girl.

It is said that Gatling Gun Howard is so much pleased with Canada that he intends to settle down in it and make cartridges.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

Educational Item.—"Art is a wonderful thing. The painter Rubens could change the face of a laughing child into that of a crying child by a couple of dashes with his brush," said an Austin lady to a professor of University. "There is nothing wonderful about that. I can do that with one well-directed out of a peach switch. I've done it time and time again," replied the professor of the Lindergarten.

Never Open Your Mouth

except to put something to eat into it, is an an excellent motto for the gossip and the sufferer from catarrh. But while the gossip is practically incurable, there is no excuse for anyone's suffering longer from catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an unfailing cure for that offensive disease. It heals the diseased membrane, and removes the dull depressed sensation which always attends catarrh. A short trial of this valuable preparation will make the sufferer feel like a new being.

Eternal indigestion is the price of pie.

Don't take that "cocktail in the morning." If you have a "swelled head," nauseated stomach, and unstrung nerves resulting from the "convivial party last night." The sure and *safe* way, to clear the cobwebs from the brain recover zest for food, and tone up the nervous system, is to use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Sold by all druggists.

"A California blacksmith is dangerously ill, with glanders, contracted while shoeing a horse." And a Pennsylvania woman is suffering from a sprained ankle, contracted while "shooing" a hen. There seems to be a fatality about this shoeing business.

The only reliable cure for catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A duck of a man generally makes a goose of a husband.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada.

There are said to be 60,000 Waltham watches sold in England every year, and the Elgin Company are going in for a share of the trade.

A striking picture is never dangerous.

Though the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates if grown in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination of local influence, produce a better quality than any others. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

At Acworth, Ga, a few days ago, two persons, about to enter into the bonds of matrimony stood on a tombstone to be wedded.

A. P. 257.

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