

SOUPS.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Procure a head of liver. Clean the head thoroughly, and split it in two; remove the brains, and lay them in cold water, with some pepper and salt, and let it boil until it is tough enough to take the bones out. Then wash the head in out of the water, put the liver and boil it until it is quite done, after which it must be chopped up very fine, together with the head, adding some onions, parsley and thyme. Then put it on to boil a while, with a few unpeeled cloves, a few potatoes, and some small pieces of butter about the size of a walnut, all beaten well together. A little vinegar or lemon juice may be added, if desired. When sufficiently cooked, take the soup off the fire, strain the brains through a sieve into it, and stir it well. Better put the head on to boil early in the morning, as it requires long cooking before the bones can be removed. Boil gently.

GUMBO A LA FRANCOISE.—Cut into small pieces three quarters of a pound of fresh beef, a slice of ham, a small piece of codfish, or the meat of three crabs and fry it all well. Brown an onion and cut into small pieces; cut into small, thin slices a quarter of a peck of okras; tie small bunches of thyme, and parsley together, and remember that these must be taken out of the soup before it is served. Take the seeds out of half of a green pepper. Put all the ingredients into a saucepan, add as much salt as is agreeable to you, and cover them with boiling water; stew them slowly for five hours, stirring frequently with a silver spoon, and occasionally adding boiling water to them.

GUMBO SOUP MADE WITH GUMBO POWDER.—Make a nice broth (using whatever meat you please), and season it with fried onions and spices. Just before serving it, stir into it well some of the gumbo powder—about two tablespoonsful for three persons—and keep the pot over the fire until the soup thickens; then, if you have them, add some oysters or the meat of crabs.

GUMBO OR OKRA SOUP.—AMERICAN.—Put five pounds of lean beef into a pot with one gallon of cold water; boil it until the scum rises, and then skim it thoroughly. Next add three peeled and sliced tomatoes and a small, finely-chopped onion, two small green peppers, and a quarter of a peck of gumbo, cut into thin slices across the grain. Salt the soup sufficiently, and let it boil slowly, but steadily. The beef should be left to boil about half-past nine o'clock, and the soup should cook from five to six hours. Skim off all the fat very carefully.

GUMBO SOUP—GENUINE WEST INDIA.—Boil four crabs; when cooked enough, take off the claws and outer shells, and whatever is considered unsuitable eating, but keep the bodies whole. Place a pot over the fire, put into it a tablespoonful of lard, and then add the crabs, with a portion of some fat bacon or ham, cut into squares an inch thick; let the whole simmer and fry, without burning, until lamely browned; then add two tomatoes, two peppers, a small onion sliced, and some salt. Have ready some boiling water, and pour a small portion of it in with the ingredients for the soup. After the sputtering subsides, continue to add the boiling water until you have about three quarts of soup in the pot; then add a quarter of a peck of chopped gumbo, and boil it five hours. Serve it without the bacon. Be careful to skim it, so as to remove all the grease.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Prepare a calf's head very nicely, add three or four quarts of water to it, and let it boil until it is perfectly cooked; then take out the bones and cut it into fine pieces. Put it in the water it was boiled in, adding mace, cloves, and pepper, to your taste, and let it boil well. Prepare some well-browned flour (this ought to be attended to previously), adding as much butter as will make it rich, and some chopped onion-peel which has been browned; also, small portions of thyme and sweet marjoram. Stir all together, put it into the pot containing the calf's head, and when you think it is enough cooked, add some vinegar or lemon-juice to it; or, if you prefer, it can be served without the wine. Two or three hard-boiled eggs, chopped, and stirred into the soup, is a great improvement.

The Camel.

The camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel twelve to fourteen days without water, going fourteen miles a day. They are fit to work at 5 years old, but their strength begins to decline at 25, although they live usually until 40. They are often fattened at 30 for the butcher, their flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000. The Timbuctoo breed is remarkable for speed and used only for couriers, going 800 miles in eight days with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall.

Counterfeit Russian Notes.

An enormous quantity of counterfeit Russian notes have been accidentally discovered near Berne, Switzerland. Some children were playing on the bank of the river Limmath, when they discovered an odd looking parcel, which they carried home. The parcel was found to contain several thousand splendidly executed imitations of Russian bank notes. Most of them were of the denomination of three roubles and the whole amount represented on the face of the notes was \$375,000. The Swiss authorities have notified the Russian Government and detectives are on their way here to make an investigation. It is feared that many of the counterfeit notes have already been circulated both in Russia and this country.

Poisoning.

In the year 1881 there were 569 deaths recorded in England alone from poisoning, which for the year 1882 shows a record considerably in excess of this, viz., 599, or one in every 863 of the total deaths registered. Fully two-fifths of these cases are classified under the heading "Accident and Negligence;" the remainder are suicides; and as it is not too much to assume that in nearly every instance such cases are preventable, we purpose calling attention to some of the more common causes of these fatalities, in the hope that the suggestions and warnings thrown out may not be without their influence in producing more care in the handling and use of these dangerous substances. Glancing over the various poisons, we find that the well known preparations of opium, laudanum, and morphia—opium itself being included—head the list, having caused 85 deaths through accident or negligence. This might have been expected from preparations so largely used in domestic remedies; but the 78 deaths from lead poisoning which followed do surprise us, in view of the fact that the conditions which produce as well as the conditions which mitigate or counteract the effects of this subtle poison are now so well known. Lead is followed by the four stronger acids—hydrochloric, nitric, sulphuric, and carbonic—which among them have caused 34 deaths under the same category. Arsenic, again, caused 9; phosphorus, 11; chloroform, 6; chloral, 14; chloroform, 4; soothing syrup, 4, with a host of casualties from substances of minor importance. Reading between the lines of the Registrar-General's report, which it is not difficult to do with the help of the medical journals, we will find that there are two prolific causes of these accidents—first, the giving or taking of overdoses of certain remedies containing poison, and, second, the substitution of one bottle or substance for another, as, for example, where a number of substances are congregated together, as in the case of the domestic cupboard. In the first case may be instanced the giving of overdoses of opiates or soothing preparations to children; the taking of overdoses of narcotics or soothing compounds, such as chloral, by habitual drinkers, and the general familiarity which the handling or using of these powerful agents frequently begets in those habitually using them. In the second class may be instanced such mistakes as the substituting of one bottle containing, say, a poisonous liniment for a mixture intended for internal administration; the hasty and foolish practice of quaffing off a draught from any jug, bottle, or dish without examining the contents, and, lastly, mistakes caused from accumulating within easy access powerful medicines in the hope that they may come of future use.

HAVE A SMILE.

Feminine instinct is nearly always unerring. This is why all women choose good husbands, and why they always know that their own boy is in the right when everybody else thinks he is in the wrong.

"No," said the dying punster with a grim smile; "no, I don't object to flowers, but don't have any violets, please. I shouldn't care to have my grave violeted, you know." It was immediately agreed that it was best that he should go.

A Texas man made a bet that he could invent a question to which fifty people would give the same answer. He won the bet. The question was: "Have you heard that Smith has committed suicide?" The answer in each case was: "What Smith?"

A young lady whose very best young man lived over the way with his parents, took a seat by the window one cloudy morning. "Why do you sit by that window such a chilly morning, Laura?" asked her mother. "I'm waiting for the son to come out, ma," she replied.

An English magazine contains an article entitled: "What Dreams Are Made Of." As the author fails to mention mince pie, pickled pigs' feet, fruit cake and several other indigestible things, it is evident he has tackled a subject upon which he lacks information.

"Bric-a-brac is fast disappearing from fashionable mantle-pieces," read Mrs. Crimsn's break from the daily papers the other evening. "I'm glad of that," replied her husband, looking up for a moment; now a fellow will have some place in the house to put his feet.

The passion for sealskin saques, which was exclusive two or three years ago, has been working down among the people until they are discarded by the elite and are worn by carters' wives and the green-grocers' daughters. There seem to be some objects which carry the female mind away from its moorings, and among them is the sealskin saque.

The head of the house has been in the habit of occasionally taking home a ready-made pie, believing that "pie and civilization go hand in hand." Last Sunday a home-made one was put on the table. The crust was not as brown as that of the others had been, and little Rilla, examining her section with a critical eye, said: "Mamma, this ain't a laundry pie, is it?"

Language of the Shop.

The language of the shop and the market must not be expected to be very exact; we may be content to be amused by some of its peculiarities. I cannot say that I have seen the statement which is said to have appeared in the following form: "Dead pigs are looking up." We find very frequently advertised, "Digestible biscuits"—perhaps digestible biscuits are meant. In a catalogue of books an "Encyclopedia of Mental Science" is advertised, and after the names of the authors we read, "invaluable, 5s. 6d.;" this is a curious explanation of invaluable.—[Macmillan's Magazine.

THE GRIFF HALL MURDER.

Near the town of Settle, in Yorkshire, England, stands Griff Hall. Edward Strongtharin was the occupant. He was the brother of the former occupant, whose only daughter, Eveline, was his sole heiress. On her father's death she was left to the guardianship of her uncle, and at the time of which this narrative treats was on a visit to a relative in Somersetshire.

On the evening of Dec. 17, 1884, a carriage drove to the main entrance of the hall and three gentlemen alighted and asked to see Mr. Strongtharin. One of them, who gave his name as Mr. Lovett, said he was a lawyer of Gloucester, and introduced another as Mr. Shotwell, a London attorney. The other a youth of about 23, was not introduced until later on.

"We have come," said Mr. Lovett, "about a very peculiar affair. Your late brother married here, I believe, about the year 1876, and has one child, Eveline. Were you aware that he was married previous to that time? We have evidence incontrovertible that in June, 1860 he was married near Cardiff, in Wales, to one Eleanor Lewis, by whom he had a son, who is alive and heir to his father's estate. This is the young gentleman—Mr. Charles Strongtharin, named after his father."

Mr. Lovett with a wave of his hand indicated the young gentleman referred to. "Now," said Mr. Lovett, "I may say that this young gentleman's mother, the lawful wife of Charles Strongtharin, still lives."

"I know not," replied Mr. Edward Strongtharin, "what to answer. At the best it would be but a temporizing one, as, of course, Miss Eveline and her legal adviser would have to be consulted."

After further talk the visitors rose to depart, but on reaching the door was informed by the coachman that one of his horses had gone lame and it was impossible to use them, and there was nothing left for Strongtharin to do but to offer them shelter for the night. When the servants arose at Griff hall the next morning they found their master in his bedroom with his throat cut. His strong box had been broken open and its valuable contents, consisting of its old family jewels and silverware and a large sum of money were missing. The library had been ransacked and other places where anything of value was likely to be had been visited, and a magnificent sword studded with precious gems of priceless worth, presented to an ancestor of the family by Charles II., was among the articles missing. It is needless to say that the three visitors of the evening before could not be found.

Detectives from London began a very thorough investigation. The fact was ascertained that the carriage which had passed through the neighbouring toll-gate at about 7 o'clock in the evening returned at 3 o'clock in the morning. It had avoided the main road for some distance, and was then heard of at Castleton, on the great north road. At Castleton the men had departed and gone away singly, and all search for them was in vain.

After the death of Mr. Edward Strongtharin the heiress, instead of returning to Griff hall at the end of her visit in Somersetshire, went to London to reside with her grandaunt, Lady Ainsworth, a woman advanced in years and of great wealth. Among her aunt's domestics Eveline saw a woman named Harper, whom she fancied she had seen before, and, after some reflection, it suddenly occurred to her that the woman had for some time been employed in the laundry at Griff hall, just before Eveline's departure for Somersetshire. The woman evidently did not recognize the person of Eveline, but on learning from her fellow-servants that the young lady was the niece and ward of Mr. Strongtharin, who had recently been murdered, she grew nervous and excited, and in a few days afterwards gave notice that she intended to leave, on the ground of ill-health and want of rest.

"She is pretty well off," Eveline's maid said to her mistress, "for she has plenty of money in her trunk, and I have seen her with jewelry in her possession fit for a queen. When I asked her where she got them she replied that one of her old mistresses gave them to her at her death. One of them is especially beautiful—a griffin of carbuncles and garnets with emeralds and diamonds mixed, set in silver."

Now, this was an exact description of one of the pieces of family jewelry stolen from Griff hall on the night of that dreadful crime. Eveline communicated the fact to Lady Ainsworth, who considered it of such importance that she immediately drove to her lawyer's, who went to Scotland Yard and consulted with the authorities there. The result was the examination of the contents of the servant's trunks, unknown to her, and identification beyond question of the silver griffin and of a small gold watch made at Florence, and studded with pearls, as part of the jewelry stolen from the hall. The same evening a notorious outlaw, known as the Hawk, was discovered prowling in the neighborhood of Lady Ainsworth's dwelling, and in a little time the servant Harper came out and joined him. They were traced to the great Turnstile, in Lincoln Inn Fields, and there the perpetrators of the Griff hall murder and several of their associates, wanted for other crimes, were captured.

The three men engaged in the crime at Griff hall were tried at hall assizes in 1886 and convicted, and in twenty-four hours paid the penalty of their misdeeds. The woman was sentenced to penal servitude and dispatched to Botany Bay.

At present there are something over 3,000 Indians in southern California.

LITTLE BITS.

An exchange puts it thus: "Lucy—your spring poem is accepted, but its publication is indefinitely postponed."

When the marriage ceremony was over, the parson was approached by the groom with the question: "What's the damage, elder?"

We heard of a man the other day who was said to be mean enough to steal a coat of paint. But he can't equal the party who tried to steal a dog's pants.

Geneva has a man that has moved so often that his live-stock lie down and cross their feet every time a covered wagon stops at the door.

"Oh, don't propose to me here!" exclaimed a young lady, whose lover was about to pour out his avowal as they were riding by a corn-field. "The very corn has ears."

The busy little bee is a tireless worker, but one able-bodied-man with a barrel of brown sugar and flavoring extracts, can make more honey in a day than a thousand hives of bees.

A stump orator exclaimed, "I know no North, no South, no East, no West, fellow citizens." "Then," exclaimed an old fellow in the crowd, "its time you went to school and learnt jography."

"I haven't had a bite for two days," pleaded a tramp. "Is it possible?" answered the woman with sympathy. "I'll see what I can do for you in the way of a bite. Here, Tige—Tige—" The tramp broke a \$2 gate getting away.

An Arkansas man went to church for the first time in his life. The minister had announced through the local papers that he would discourse on the "Lost Sheep" and the man hoped to gain some information regarding a stray ram of his.

"For my part," said Mrs. Partridge. "I'm disappointed in your Charlie. I thought when we went to see the Indians at the circus that Charlie could talk with them, but he didn't know a word of their language, and here he's been every evening for a year practicing with Indian clubs."

"These candidate feelers," cries an exasperated farmer, "can talk pretty slick about the grandeur and independence of farm life, but I'll wager my last year's straw hat that none of 'em ever tried to convince a pig that it ought to go out of the garden by the way of the same hole in the fence that it came in!"

I understand you have been on a sick bed for some time, said Smith, in a tone of condolence, as he shook Jones by the hand. "Not at all," replied Jones: "Not at all. The bed's as good a bed as a man ever lay on. 'Twas I that was sick, not the bed." Smith was so taken a-rack, that he went on without speaking the words of sympathy that he intended.

The Difficulties of Disposing of Land in England.

That land in small parcels should be looked upon as a good security for loans by bankers in Switzerland is strong evidence of the system of transfer and registration of charges. In England and Ireland the possession of land in small parcels remains, notwithstanding recent changes in the law, as Lord Brougham described it, "a luxury which a rich man may indulge in, but a ruinous extravagance in the man of small means. Sir Robert Torrens thus describes the effect of the English system on land considered as a security for a loan: "The value of the land as a basis of credit is seriously depreciated by the curiously fictitious, we may say absurd, procedure in the case of mortgage; the object being to hypothecate or charge the land with a sum of money as security for a loan. Instead of doing this in a straightforward and direct manner, as is done by a dozen lines in the space of fifteen minutes under registration of title, the estate of the mortgagor is conveyed to the mortgagee by deed subject to a right of redemption." In the words of the same writer: "The system of conveyancing in this kingdom is by means of its insecurity, costliness, delays, complexities, and cumbrousness, unsuited to the requirements of this commercial age, and does seriously depreciate the natural value of land." In spite of the undoubted fact that, no matter how ample may be the value of the parcel of land in comparison with the loan, the security of a small plot of land is bad because it is only realizable at very great expense, an urgent demand is made that public money should be largely lent in Ireland on small parcels of land. Little is said and nothing proposed in the way of changing the law so as to make the security good by being easily realizable and transferable. This might be done by bringing land on which public money is loaned, and at the moment when the title is cleared for that purpose, under a system of registration of title and by prohibiting for such parcels the creation of entails, trusts, and such estates as would make the title complicated and not transferable at any moment.

What Number of Meals?

Respecting the number of meals one ought to patronize, that must be regulated by want and habit. To digest well, it is necessary that the stomach should have completely dealt with the previous meal. However feeble and delicate stomachs have need to eat but little at a time, though frequently. Also, to make an intelligent selection of those aliments which refresh, heat and sustain. The aliment which digests best is the most suitable. Digestion is but the preference of the stomach for some things it likes, the attraction of suitable ingredients; it is the sustaining of our organs and their tissues, and if the stomach be healthy and well-constituted, its instinct will never be at fault. "Strawberries and cream make me sad," said Madame de Deffand, but they agreed with her not the less.

VICTORIA'S LITTLE STORY.

How the Empress's Daughter Came to Marry the Coachman.

Notwithstanding the fact that volumes have been written and published about the famous Morosini elopement case, and various explanations made as to how the lady became enamored with her father's coachman, the real facts were never brought to light until they were obtained by a reporter from Mrs. Schelling herself. The story is a remarkable one. Mrs. Schelling, in reply to questions on the subject, said:

"From childhood up it has been my pleasure to roam at will through the forest which surrounded my home. Riding, too, was a great enjoyment to me, not because Ernest drove, for then I had no interest in him. One day I went to ride on the road that winds along the banks of the beautiful Hudson River. From one point on that road, the ruins of an old stone mansion are visible. It stands on the top of a hill at a considerable distance from the road to the right. I had often wished to go nearer to its moss-grown walls, but had always been deterred by some member of the family being with me, or else the sign marked 'dangerous,' which was nailed to a tree in front of it. But this day I was alone and determined.

ERNEST DROVE,

and, notwithstanding his entreaty, I sprang out of the carriage and was soon peering into the great entrance of the old ruin. Arming myself with a stick, I pushed aside the vines and creepers that overhung the open door and stood within the great hallway, which was filled with poisonous undergrowth. The interior presented such a wild and gloomy aspect that I was almost on the point of running away. Had I done so, Victoria Morosini would never have married Ernest Schelling. Being that day

IMBIBED WITH A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, I mounted to the top of a flight of stone steps. There I found a narrow hallway leading into a large room at the back. I started to traverse that hall, but on taking three or four steps forward there was a crash. I felt myself falling, falling, and then I became unconscious. When I regained my senses some days after, I was lying in bed in my father's house, surrounded by anxious friends and relatives, and Ernest (who had rescued me, crushed and bleeding, from beneath the wrecked floor) stood over me with a white face. They were awaiting for the doctor's decision as to my chances for life. I had lingered for days, waning slowly. "It is a serious wound," said the physician. "She has suffered great loss of blood, and I predict her death within an hour, unless the one chance that alone remains for her is taken. It is blood transfusion." All this I heard him say without being able to open my eyelids or speak a word. Then there was another pause. Not one of them moved. Then Ernest Schelling stepped forward, and without a moment's hesitation he

BARRED HIS STRONG RIGHT ARM

and said calmly, yet oh, so determinedly: "Take from my veins the last drop of blood if it will save her life." The blood was transfused from Ernest's arm to mine. He saved my life, for I was strong almost immediately. Then there arose an intuitive attachment between us. How could I resist loving the man to whom I owed my life, and who pleaded for that love—the being whose life-blood courses in my blood, warming me back to life? It was a great debt I owed him, and one I have cheerfully paid—if, indeed, the poor recompense of my willing hand could pay it. He says it has. Our vows, at least, are indissoluble. It is a bond of love between us that is fixed, unaltered, unalterable. Had I thousand years of my life, I'd live it all with him; and now you know why Victoria Morosini wedded Ernest Schelling."

About Oatmeal.

A dish of oatmeal on the breakfast-table is now so much a matter of course in this country that the rising generation who properly appreciate the matutinal porridge will be astonished to learn that this wholesome diet has only come in general use within the last fifteen years. Curiously enough, the merit of its introduction among us is mainly due, not to a native of the "Land o' Cakes," as might reasonably have been the case, but to the business energy of a poor but far sighted German, who, in the nature of things, had practical acquaintance with the excellent qualities of the food which he has been so largely instrumental in giving to a willing people.

The story of this old German, Ferdinand Schumacher by name, who began the manufacture of oatmeal at Akron, O., in the most modest way, and who is now the owner of great wealth, including half a dozen mills, two grain elevators, and several warehouses; with upward of a thousand people employed in his oatmeal business, is remarkable, illustrating as it does the success which sometimes results from a happy idea wisely carried out.

So far there has been nothing but benefit to those who use the morning porridge as a palatable and healthful change from the cakes made of buckwheat and other grains, which were formerly consumed in far greater quantities than since oatmeal made its appearance to share the favor then and still accorded them. Kind nature has dealt so lavishly with us in the variety and excellence of the cereal products that we have not to depend upon any single one of them to round out the pleasures of the morning meal to their fullest proportions. But oatmeal, nevertheless, has given us a new and wholesome dish, for which we are duly appreciative.

A colossal bronze bust of Elias Howe, of the sewing machine, is to be erected on a granite pedestal over his grave.