

BREAKFAST RECEIPTS.

TEA.—One teaspoonful of tea is allowed for each person; pour on a little hot water, and let come to a boil; add as much hot water as is necessary.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Two cups of butter-milk, one egg; piece of butter size of an egg, teaspoonful of saleratus, one pint of meal and one heaping spoonful of flour, a little salt and a spoonful of sugar.

CORN BREAD.—One quart of butter-milk, one quart of Indian meal, one quart of flour, one small teacup of molasses, two teacups of soda, a little salt; then make a loaf in a small milk pan. Bake one hour.

SLAPJACKS.—One quart of milk, one pint of Indian meal, seven spoonfuls of flour, a little salt, four eggs; beat the eggs light; add milk, flour and meal, and bake on griddle or "spider." Eat with syrup.

INDIAN MUSH.—Wet up two cups of Indian meal and two tablepoons of flour with a little cold water; stir them into one quart of boiling water; boil half an hour, or more, stirring constantly; put in about a teaspoonful of salt in the meal. Eat with cream milk or syrup.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—One teacup of Graham flour, one teacup of milk or water; beat for a few minutes, add a little salt; have your cups for baking in the oven heating; take them out and grease them; fill on the top of the stove as quickly as you can; bake in a hot oven.

WHEAT MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, two teacups baking powder, large tablespoon of butter, to be melted and put in the milk; a little salt; add the milk and melted butter to well beaten eggs; lastly, add the flour; bake in muffin tins.

CHOCOLATE.—Put into a pan set in boiling water, one pint of new milk and one pint of boiling water; stir into it three heaping tablepoons of grated chocolate, mixed to a paste with cold milk; boil it fifteen minutes, taking off the scum as it rises, and serve with sugar and cream.

HOMINY AND FARINA.—As a change a dish of hominy or farina is very palatable. Farina should be mixed thin—about like meal mush—and boiled about an hour (over hot water). Hominy should be soaked in cold water over night, and boiled for an hour, with a little salt, in the morning. Eat with sugar and milk, or butter and sugar.

FRUIT.—If possible have some kind of fresh fruit for breakfast—whatever is in season—berries, melons, peaches, pears, grapes or any ripe fruit. In winter oranges are very nice. If these are unobtainable have baked apples, applesauce, stewed prunes or some kind of canned fruit, only never banish the fruit dish from the breakfast table.

COFFEE.—Wash and brown the coffee carefully, grind coarsely and allow for each cup one tablepoonful of ground coffee. Moisten with egg and cold water and pour over it boiling water, cover closely and place on the back of the stove until just before serving, then bring to a boil and add a little cold water to settle. Always put on the coffee the first thing in the morning.

Lady Doctors in India.

Of all the boons which England confer upon India, lady doctors are, probably, the most needed. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Medical Women for India association will receive a liberal support from a discriminating public. This society collects funds for bringing out lady doctors to India, starts dispensaries, and is at present building a large hospital at Bombay, which is superintended by women, and open to female patients only. The Grand Medical college of India has thrown its doors open to female students, and the Bombay university has admitted all female students to compete for degrees on the same terms as male students. The good work was originated by Mr. Ketrledge, an American resident in Bombay, and Mr. Sorabji Shapurji, a Parsee gentleman. Dr. Edith Pechey, the first English woman doctor in India, had nine patients on the first day she arrived at Bombay, in December, 1883. Before a fortnight had passed there were three hundred, and the average number has ever since then remained one hundred a day. As "there is work for twenty lady doctors at Bombay alone" although at the London school for medicine, in Henrietta street, two thirds of the students are preparing for India, the demand will not soon be supplied.

Arms of the Rebels.

A gentleman who has travelled extensively in the Northwest, talking to a reporter on the alleged marvellous skill in the use of the rifle possessed by the halfbreeds and Indians, says such an idea is absurd. He states that he has been well over the prairies, where the fast dying out buffalo roam, and states that the reported "dead shot" power does not exist among the inhabitants. "They have," said he, "no opportunity of obtaining it and do not want it as they have no great game to kill. There are very few Indians who know enough to use a rifle at fifty yards if they had them which they have not. The papers lead to the conclusion that every Indian has a Winchester rifle, which is absurd. There are some old rifles scattered about of an antique rim fire pattern, but not in great numbers. The Indians for the most part use the old brummagen shotguns, and a large portion of these are flint locks. When they go to trade at the Hudson's Bay posts they are compelled to buy shot and powder enough to do their hunting during the season, and this it is sometimes hard to make them do.

THE CZAR'S BASTILE.

Horrors of the Fortress of St Peter and St. Paul.

But first of all something about this bastille of the czar, this inferno of despotism, a building of terrible memories, defiled by more horrors even than its famous prototype which the populace of Paris, nearly a century ago, levelled with the ground. It is huge, hideous, and slab-sided, and surmounted by a thin and tapering spire that looks like the end of a Brobdignagian syringe. The fortress is in the centre of the city and faces the imperial palace. During the day it is in part a public thoroughfare, and people pass through a narrow defile of gloomy and tortuous vaults, where heavily-armed sentinels march to and fro, and stone saints in niches hold aloft burning tapers. But at nightfall all is closed, and when darkness covers the capital and the quays of the Neva are all aglow with gas lights the prison here dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul remains shrouded in gloom, like some huge maw, ever ready to swallow up all that is best and noblest of the unhappy land which is cursed by its presence. Round the fortress reigns a deep silence; but four times in every hour the big clock in the syringe-shaped chapel spire chimes a psalm tune in praise of God and the czar.

The casemates are cells, five paces long and three wide, equal to about seven and a half feet by four and a half—dens into which a little light struggles through a strongly-barred slit. The walls stream with moisture. For furniture the inhabitant has a straw mattress and a thin quilt, a jug, the image of a salnt, and a pail which serves o all purposes and remains there day and night. The air of such a place, surely one of the dark places of the earth, besides being cold and damp, must be unspcakably foul. But even worse than dampness, and foulness, and gloom is the solitude to which the prisoners are condemned, for the fortress is organized on the strictest cellular system. Every possible precaution is taken to prevent them from communicating with each other. They never meet, never speak to each other, are not even allowed to exchange a word with their jailers. A warden is forbidden under severe penalties to answer a question, however meaningless or innocent. To prevent him from obtaining favors or information, either by cajolery or collusion, the turnkeys are made to visit the cells in couples, and, to prevent prisoners from communicating with each other by knocking on the walls, every alternate cell is either altogether unoccupied or occupied by a gendarme.

Once a day the door is opened and the wardens signify to the inhabitant by a gesture that it is the hour for exercise. Silently he rises from his little bed and follows his custodians into a narrow yard, so hemmed in by high walls as to seem like the bottom of a well. Here he paces to and fro for the allotted time, like a wild beast in a cage, and is then led back to his den as silently as he was brought out. The prison is full of people, yet for every inhabitant of its casemates, its bastions, its ravellins, and its curtains there is the isolation of death. No books are allowed in this dismal solitude, not even the Bible. If a prisoner wants religious consolation he may look at his saint and raise his thoughts heavenward, if he can. It is no wonder that men immured in these dark places sometimes go mad. But in spite of every precaution prisoners do occasionally contrive to communicate with their friends. A little money in Russia goes a long way, and even turnkeys have sometimes o wells. So it comes to pass that news from the casemates does occasionally reach the outer world.

A Siberian Prison.

For clothing the prisoners have the gray dress of common malefactors. Instead of shoes and stockings, their feet are wrapped in rags. Even in the depth of winter the cells are seldom warmed, never sufficiently; at least the fuel assigned for the purpose is insufficient and embezzled at that. Hence the cells are always damp. Water streams down the walls and freezes in pools on the floor. So intense is the cold that when the director makes his rounds he never takes off his fur cloak, and shivers even then. All that the prisoners have to protect themselves from the terrible cold are a common sheepskin coat and cap, such as worn by the monjiks. They pass most of their time in bed—what else can they do, poor wretches—and even there they are well-nigh frozen to death, for besides being insufficiently clad they are poorly fed. For breakfast, as for supper, they have a jug of warm water and a lunch of black bread and butter; for dinner they are given a basin of cabbage soup, a cake of buckwheat bread and a pot of kwass, a sort of beer made of water mixed with black bread and fermented. Twice a week they have pea soup instead of cabbage soup; on Sundays the soup is accompanied by a morsel of meat. Nor is the food, scanty though it be, good of its kind; the butter is generally rancid, the meat putrid, and the bread—except the crust—so badly baked that when thrown against the wall it sticks like mortar.

In summer the prisoners are little better off than in winter. It is during the warm months that the prison, built upon miasmatic marshes, develops all its unhealthy qualities, and the hygienic condition of the fortress, the gloom and dampness of the cells, the bad and insufficient dietary, the depression arising from solitary confinement, intensify every unfavorable influence and render the life of prisoners not preternaturally robust one long agony.

The thread of the silkworm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread. But that of the spider is finer still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach 400 miles.

Deadly Foes of the Salmon.

Stephen Ellis, who made the first fly that caught a salmon in California, and who has, probably, as much experience in salmon-fishing as any other man on the coast, is able to give some facts with relation to the destruction of fish which confirm opinions that have for a long time been held by the fish commissioners. The source of greatest destruction is, in his opinion, the seals. In the Columbia river, where he has fished for many years, he has often had the entire catch of a net destroyed. He has seen seals pursuing fish, driving them from one end of the net to the other, and biting pieces from their bodies. It is seldom that they take more than one bite, and that is usually from the neck, and the wound is of so serious a character that death usually ensues. As a seal will eat at least thirty pounds of fish a day, the number of fish destroyed to procure this amount must be very large. But even when a seal has appeased his hunger he still continues to inflict wounds on the salmon in simple sport. Mr Ellis has seen seals bite pieces from salmon and then throw them from their mouths, having already eaten enough. In his opinion seals destroy at least one-third of the salmon that seek entrance to the river through the golden gate. Another source of destruction exists in the fine nets set along the banks of the river, in which the salmon fry, from four to six inches long, are caught as they come down from the spawning grounds. Millions are yearly caught by Chinamen and Portuguese and dried for export. They never come to this market and are not only virtually lost, but their destruction constantly diminishes the number of fish by which our waters must be stocked. These two causes alone are sufficient to account for the constantly diminishing number of salmon in the Sacramento and Columbia rivers.

How Circus Children are Trained

A correspondent writes: I once went into a well-known circus in the daytime—it is a far better known circus than Ginnette's, but I shall not name it, as I do not wish to be obliged to prove my words in a court of law—and I saw a poor little devil of about eight or ten years of age going through his morning drill in the ring. He had nothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and he had to make a certain number of somersaults, five or six, without stopping, from one line drawn in the dust to another. In order to come back to his starting line he had to pass every two or three minutes, giddy and panting, between the cushioned ring and a gentleman, one of the proprietors of the circus, who held in his hand a long heavy cutting whip, such as I imagine a cow-boy might use to subdue a buck jumper. If the little beggar performed the prescribed number of somersaults, Mr. Merryman let him pass with a smile and one—only one—long playful cut across the shoulders, a facetiousness which always elicited a howl from the victim and a grin from the grooms. But if he failed in one of his somersaults, if, as often happened, the little arms were too weak to support the body in the reverse position, then the cruellest jockey that ever sat down to finish by a neck was an angel compared to Mr. Merryman. The long cutting whip travelled, with an indescribably horrible sound, from the nape of that child's neck to the calves of his legs, and the flimsy cotton shirt and ragged breeches were little or no protection. I was only a boy then, and could do nothing but go away sick. From that day to this I have never been able to go to a circus, though I hoped, until I read Mr. Whittington's letter, that the system had disappeared along with a great many other barbarities. Now I shall never go into a circus again, for whenever the young gentleman in pink tights and spangles should appear smiling, his hollow cheeks smeared with rouge, somehow or other a horrible vision of a waled back would come before my eyes and the swish of that terrible whip would sound in my ears.

The Use of Artillery.

Bombardier C. E. Long, of A Battery, speaking of the use of field guns in fighting Indians, said to a reporter: "It is a mistake to suppose the guns will be no use against people who fight under cover and are all said to be sharpshooters. In the first place the very sight of field guns is enough to strike terror into the Indians. Besides, it is reported that the halfbreeds have six guns, which will be the smoothbore. Suppose they were to bring them to bear on a company of infantry? They could hold the infantry at bay in spite of the latter would have nothing to fear. All the men in both the mounted and garrison divisions are well trained—in fact we do nothing else—and a well directed shot from one of our Armstrong nine-pounders at a distance of 300 yards, with common shell, would completely shatter any of their gun carriages and disable them from further action, at the same time covering a retreat or breaking a charge on our infantry. We have on board four nine-pound, muzzle-loading rifle guns of the Armstrong make; we have in the shape of ammunition common shell, shrapnell shell and case shot. The common shell is used for breaking the enemy's carriages, storming stockades, stone forts, or fighting men under cover or in the brush or woods; shrapnell shell is used against a body of men advancing, and is arranged to burst about twenty yards in front of a column, causing great destruction. Case shot is brought into requisition when troops are within 350 yards; it consists of a tin case, containing 110 bullets, which bursts in the barrel of the gun and scatters the bullets. No infantry is ever going to get any nearer than 350 yards without being all cut to pieces. Each gun is manned with nine men. The garrison division is all armed with short Snyder rifles, and the mounted division with carbines and cavalry swords.

SHOWING HIM BROWN.

What a Jealous Husband Overheard in His Own House.

There is a man in Bloomington who would give almost anything if somebody would take him out in the woods and commit suicide on him. He is ludicrously jealous of his wife, and is always prying around the house at hours when she thinks he is off on a duck shooting expedition or something, trying to find out if she has any callers. The other day he got a letter for her from the post office, and when he had adroitly opened it by the aid of steam from a tea kettle which he keeps on his office stove for the purpose, he discovered to his dismay that some female friend—evidently a go-between—was going to send Brown up to stay with her the very next time he—her husband—should go out of town, and she desired to be informed when she should send him. He then revealed the letter and delivered it to his wife who smiled complacently as she read it then he told her he was going ducking that afternoon and would not return for several days. He hung around the house, however, and late in the evening a man with a large dog came, and both entered the house by a back door. He watched that door for hours, but no man came out, and about midnight he slipped in the front door with his latch key and was quietly working his way to his wife's room, when the dog began making a fearful racket.

"He is there!" exclaimed his wife under her breath, but loud enough so he heard her. "Oh, Brown, save me!" Wasn't he mad, though? He listened again and heard:

"Be quiet, Brown. Don't make any noise, dear, and maybe he won't know you are here. If he opens the door, you can catch him by the throat and choke him to death."

Great heavens! His own wife plotting to murder him! How the jealous husband's blood did boil! He listened again, however, and his wife went on:

"Don't make a bit of noise, dear. Be a good fellow, now, and lie down by me, and in the morning I will give you the best breakfast you ever had."

Then all was still. The jealous husband was so angry he could scarcely contain himself, but he was too cowardly to enter his wife's room, and he stood there and shivered, waiting for the morning to dawn and his enemy to come out where he could shoot him, and heard his wife speaking words of endearment to Brownie all the rest of the night. When his wife came out with the dog in the morning, he sprang through the door and cried:

"Show me Brown. Let me get at him and kill him, and then I will kill you, base woman!"

When he learned that Brown was the dog, and that her sister's husband had brought him up to protect her in his absence, and had gone out the front door while he was watching from the rear, he felt bad and he has not yet recovered.

A Story Concerning a Corpse.

The latest sensational occurrence, and need it be said, it is positively vouched for, about which the public is talking, is as startling as it will certainly seem to most people improbable. The story concerns a corpse, and the narrator of it is described as a person whose veracity is beyond suspicion, and who is no believer in the supernatural. This lady lost a dear friend recently, by name Mrs. Fossett, and the body was laid out for the grave, the lady friend of the deceased "watching" by it during the night preceding the funeral, as is the custom in certain parts of America. She was sitting near the body, she relates, gazing sadly at the familiar features, when, moved by her feelings, she asked in a low voice, "Where are you now?" Certainly she did not expect an answer to the almost involuntary question. But it came. "At the sound of my voice," the lady relates, "the body turned on its side and sat up. The eyes opened; and the body that had been dead lived and spoke." Mrs. Fossett said she had been in heaven, where she had met her mother and various departed friends—in short, she gave a graphic description of her experience in the spirit-land to her astounded watcher. Then the voice grew fainter, the body fell back on the bed, and death resumed its rights. Of course, without casting any reflection on the lady's good faith, we should say she had been dreaming, and that the surroundings were responsible for the character of the dream or vision. But the narrator of the story maintains the contrary, and says it was "all a reality."

A Successful Lady Speculator.

Mr. Jay Gould has, it seems, a female rival in Wall street, whose success will furnish another argument to the advocates of women's rights. This is Mrs. Harriett Green, who is said to be worth at the present time \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000. She inherited from her father, E. M. Robinson, a large shipowner and speculator, the very respectable sum of \$9,000,000, and further secured by law another nice little property of \$4,000,000 at the death of her aunt. But she inherited with those fortunes other still more valuable matters—a really extraordinary faculty for speculation and a passion for economy. Mrs. Green is, in fact, an accumulator of the old school. No palaces in Fifth Avenue, no Meissonier pictures, no \$250,000 steam yachts for her. Even now she never spends no more than 5,000 a year out of an income of upwards of a million. When she married her husband she was already worth nearly \$20,000,000; but Mr. and Mrs. Green both had their own ways of carrying on business, which they did separately. But the husband was not so successful as the wife, for he lost money in his speculations, and ended by getting into debt for \$800,000.

RECOVERED RELICS.

Ordnance Sunk at the Siege of Gibraltar Taken From the Deep and to be Preserved as Mementoes.

Some interesting mementoes of the siege of Gibraltar have just been landed at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, from the steamship Wye. They consist of three guns and a mortar which have been recovered from the French and Spanish ships sunk in the bed of the Mediterranean. These vessels were no doubt sunk by the fire of the British under General Elliott, between the years 1779 and 1783. They are in a very fair state of preservation. Two of the guns, which are about nine feet long and of six and eight inch bore respectively, have on the breech a shield bearing a cross, the whole surrounded by a wreath of laurel leaves. On the cascabe of one of the guns is a griffin with extended wings and claws, there being a band of ornamental griffins round the muzzle and an eight pointed star on the chase. On the breech is a representation of a man's face with a large moustache, the mouth forming the touch-hole. These guns bear no inscription. The third gun is a long brass nine-pounder, and has the words "Le Flambeau" on the chase, and round the breech is a partly effaced inscription of which the words "Strasbourg le 17 Xbre 1767 par J. Biedarteln, Commisre des fontes de"—remain legible. The mortar is of brass and is highly ornamented. On the breech is a shield surmounted by a crown and surrounded by field pieces and trophies of war. The war trophies thus singularly recovered after great lapse of time have been brought home by order of her Majesty's government to be preserved as mementoes of one of the greatest sieges on record.

Don't Hurry to get Married.

Girls, don't be in a hurry to get married. If you are but 16, don't allow such an idea to get into your head for at least four years. Don't ever run the risk of it by permitting any young man to get so far as proposing the point. Fight them off, and make them wait or go to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first love-sick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate, and sagacious. There is a world of happiness for you between 16 and 20. The world would be a dreary old world if it were not for the sweet faces of young girls with their piquant sayings and melting smiles. After you have reached 20 it would be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness. Then, if you have learned to think and deliberate you will probably make a suitable selection, and marriage with a worthy young man is not only a woman's privilege, but, unless married too young, her best and highest development, mental and physical, can be attained in this state. Men and women were made for each other, and a very old but nevertheless true truism is that a happy marriage is the very Garden of Eden. An unhappy marriage is the very reverse, and the greatest of all calamities that can befall a pure, affectionate, and noble woman.

Cuban Cigar-Makers.

The Cuban cigar-makers are mainly colored people, although man creoles and Spanish emigrants engage in the trade. The cigar-makers form the roughest and most miserable part of the population of Havana. Their conduct is regulated by the good or poor yield of the tobacco crop. If the yield is good and abundant there is hardly any way to manage the men properly, as a great want of workmen is then felt. If the crop is poor there are plenty of hands, and with the reduction of wages they become quite tractable. When high wages are paid the cigar-makers become unmanageable, and manufacturers use every means to entice laborers from one house to another, often bribing and loaning money with no prospect of ever being repaid. Hundreds of dollars are spent sometimes in inducing a single workman to leave one place for another. In times of scarcity of hands the state prisoners are released. In 1851 the government freed eight hundred convicts to supply the wants of tobacco manufactories. One great nuisance, that in this country we do not feel, consists in having to pay to employees, their earnings three times per day.

Got Through It Nicely.

Young ladies in America need have no fear of becoming queens—before they are out of their teens, or afterwards—and they can be thankful for being saved the trials that royalty brings. Fancy the shattering of sentiment it must cost a girl who has made up her mind to marry, to be obliged to go alone before a crowd of men, and tell them of it, and the favored young man's name. Queen Victoria, however, got through that kind of ordeal very nicely.

In the lately published Croker Papers, a pretty picture is given of the scene in which Queen Victoria announced to her eighty-three Councillors her intention of allying herself in marriage with Prince Albert.

"Her majesty was handed in by the Lord Chamberlain, and, bowing to us all round, sat down, saying, 'Your Lordships' (we are all Lords at the Council Board) will be seated.' She then unfolded a paper and read her declaration. "I cannot describe to you with what a mixture of self-possession and feminine delicacy she read the paper. Her voice, which is naturally beautiful, was clear and untroubled, and her eye was bright and calm, neither bold nor downcast, but firm and soft. There was a blush on her cheek, which made her look both handsomer and more interesting, and certainly she did look as handsome and as interesting as any young lady I ever saw.