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MY BROTHER.

Who was it picked up all the chips,
And strewed the floor with strings and whips
And in the washtub sailed his ships?—
My brother.

Who was it ate the current jell,
And threw my kitten in the well,
And made me promise not to tell?—
My brother.

Who was it taught me how to skate,
And sat me on the ice to wait,
While he went home with Cousin Kate?
My brother.

Who was it when he older grew,
To tops and marbles bade adieu,
And tried, but could not learn to chew?
My brother.

Who does a tiny moustache wear,
And oils and colors it with care,
And in the middle parts his hair?—
My brother.

Who is it tumbles up my curls,
And buys me bracelets, rings and pearls
And flirts with all the pretty girls?—
My brother.

Who talks to me about his clothes,
And all my little secrets knows,
And teases me about my beaux?—
My brother.

Who is it that I love the best,
Of all the boys in East or West,
Although he is a perfect pest?—
My brother.

MY SISTER.

Who was it climbed the tallest trees,
And raised a most delightful breeze,
By hiding oft the schoolroom keys?—
My sister.

Who was it stole the lemon pie,
Hid on the pantry shelf so high,
And gave me half upon the sly?—
My sister.

Who was it in the millpond fell,
And threw her thimble in the well,
And cried for fear that I should tell?—
My sister.

And who at last long dresses wore,
And had of beaux a half a score,
And voted boys a dreadful bore?—
My sister.

Who sews the buttons on my clothes,
And with me to the opera goes,
And then neglects me for her beaux?—
My sister.

Who coaxed me once to go to bed,
Because she had an aching head,
And then sat up with cousin Fred?—
My sister.

Who was it cried the other day,
Because Fitzgerald did not stay,
But went off home with Jennie May?—
My sister.

A n who, with all her crimps and curls,
Her airs and graces, rings and pearls,
Is just the very best of girls?—
My sister.

THE HAPPY COLLISION.

A Love Story Founded on Fact.

BY ST. CLAIR.

Written Specially for the Baltimorean.

It was one of the sultriest days in August that Ernest Merton sat fanning himself with a large palm-leaf in his dusty law office. He had only passed the Bar a few months ago, but already gave promise of future success. As he sat reading and the fan, with gentle breathings lifted his auburn hair, no one could fail to mark the intellect stamped upon his brow, or picture anything but a career of usefulness and success from his appearance.—But his studies were suddenly brought to an end by the entrance of a young man, the very antidotes of Ernest, in every respect. Gay and trifling in the extreme, Harry Sherwood lived a butterfly existence of thoughtless pleasure. Good natured and rich, of course he had troops of friends, ready to follow him into any amount of dissipation and extravagance. Harry existed only for the passing hour, and followed the poet Longfellow's advice: "Look not mournfull into the past: it cannot be again," but he did not "wisely improve the present," but went "boldly forth to meet the future," as all persons do with unthinking minds.

'Well, old fellow,' he exclaimed, 'still plodding over those musty books: you look pale, need sea air; what say you to a trip to Cape May.

'Oh! I have no time just now for a trip,' said the young lawyer; 'you know that case of Bolman's comes up in a day or two, and I think there is money in it; and I must be in town until after the trial.'

The entrance of the postman put an end to the conversation, and Earnest read four business letters before speaking, but on glancing over the fifth, hurriedly exclaimed:

'By Jove! I wish I had received this sooner; my aunt is ill, and wants me to draw up her will; I am to start in the four o'clock train to meet the carriage, which will be waiting for me at the depot. It is now half-past three and I have not dined.'

'You can easily catch the train if you hurry, Ernest; I will fly down to the restaurant at the corner, and have a lunch boxed up for you of devilled crabs, while you pack your valise, I'll be back in a twinkling..

So saying, Harry Sherwood disappeared, and his friend commenced cramming a few necessary articles into an old Russian-leather valise.

At the expiration of ten minutes Harry returned, with a large box of crabs, and thrusting them into Ernest's hands, declared he had just twenty minutes to catch the train.

Off he flew, valise in one hand and crabs in the other, when just as he rapidly turned the corner, he came with such sudden force against a young girl, who was walking pretty fast in the opposite direction, that the crabs were scattered broadcast over the pavement, and the breath nearly knocked out of one of the prettiest girls Ernest had ever seen.

'The clumsiest man I ever saw in my life,' muttered the young girl, as soon as she recovered breath, and looked with sorrow at the beautiful China vase shivered to pieces on the pavement at her feet.

'I beg your pardon a thousand times, but I really did not see you,' and Ernest for the first time glanced up at her lovely face, then flew down the street, leaving beauty, crabs and China to their fate.

Arriving at the depot just in time to catch the train, he was whirled swiftly along, and at midnight landed safely in New York, where a carriage and servants in livery were waiting to take him to his aunt's country seat, a distance of ten miles from the city.

As he entered the hall on alighting, he was met by the family physician, who told him his aunt was better, but wanted to see him at once. So ascending the wide staircase, he was soon in the presence of his relative.

'How good of you to come so quickly, my darling boy,' said the old lady. 'I was afraid when I wrote for you, it would be impossible for you to catch the train in time. I am much better, thanks to kind Providence, and good old Dr. Baxter's skill, but let Mrs. Bridges get you some supper. We will talk business in the morning; you are tired and hungry, I am sure. Bessie, show Mr. Merton his room.'

Bessie took a candle from the hall table, and conducted by her, he reached his apartment. A very comfortable old-fashioned one it was, with India matting and snowy muslin curtains, and white covered bed, with lavander scented linen deep window seats, cushioned with yellow damask, dressing cases and easy chairs in gilt and ebony, rare China vases, and statuettes, in every corner, and pictures, writing-desk and book shelves.—The wide open windows admitted the fragrance of jasmine and honeysuckle; the moonlight shone brightly through the vine circled porches.

Altogether Ernest was charmed. What a relief from the hot, glaring city. After a refreshing supper he spent an hour watching the beauties of nature, from his window, and at the end of the third cigar threw himself on the bed to dream of beauty and China *versus* crabs and collisions

All night the fair face haunted him, but the morning light and breakfast bell woke him from his delightful night-dreams, to day and reality.

About eleven o'clock his aunt desired to see him, and as he stood by her bedside told him she had sent for him to make her will; but as she might yet live many years longer, she would not do so. She had intended to make him a present of a hundred thousand dollars, the rest of her property to be willed to charitable institutions, but said the old lady, 'Your promptness in obeying my wishes and coming by the very train I indicated, has pleased me so much, that I now hand you these papers, making you the possessor of the sum I should have willed to you.'

Ernest received the extended documents with bewildered delight.

Accustomed from childhood to struggle with the world, a pennyless orphan, to be made rich and independent in an instant, was almost overpowering. He tried to mutter his thanks, and his aunt seemed to understand his unspoken gratitude, for placing her hand on his head, she gave him her blessings.

'It is my wish that you remain, Ernest, until I entirely recover; it has been so long since you were here: you look pale and thin; a few weeks in the country will do you good, and if you tire of an old lady's company, I will send for little Elsie to enliven us.'

Of course his aunt was vehemently assured of his entire willingness to pass as much of his time with her as she desired. What mattered Bolman's case to him? Was he not in quiet possession of one hundred thousand dollars? So he roamed through the spacious house, lounged in the comfortable library, fished in the trout stream, rowed on the lake, drove the fat, sleek old coach horses thin, and delighted his aunt by looking bronzed and healthy.

He wrote to his friend Harry, relative to his good fortune, and received a reply full of congratulations.

Thus everything passed quietly; each day repeating itself: the same pleasures and pursuits, until our hero began to think of returning to the city and his favorite law books, when one day returning from a gunning tramp of six miles through the woods, he entered the house hastily to go to his room and change his dress for dinner.

As he passed the drawing-room he thought he heard voices, and concluding it was some of his aunt's old country friends, threw open the door and entered, when to his utter surpaise and manifest confusion, who should be seated on the sofa beside his aunt but the fair vision of his dreams—the young girl he had nearly knocked down in his hurry to catch the train.

'Come here, Ernest, and let me present you to my little friend Elsie.'

The young man stood confused in the doorway, but in a moment recovering himself, stepped forward, and with easy grace acknowledged the introduction,—But poor Elsie was dreadfully embarrassed. What must he think of her? Had she not called him "the clumsiest man she ever saw in her life."

The aunt was surprised at their confusion, but wisely abstained from taking any notice of it.

Dinner was presently announced and at its conclusion the old lady retired to her room, leaving the young people seated alone in the library.

For full ten minutes the silence was unbroken, then Elsie looking up at the embarrassed face before her, burst into the merriest peal of laughter that ever was heard. Ernest infected by her gaiety, and seeing the ludicrousness of the situation, laughed long and loud. Thus the ice was broken, and mutual explanations and apologies followed. Again ten thousand pardons were begged, and this time granted, for on more close inspection, Elsie thought in the most remote corner of her little heart, that instead of being "the clumsiest man she had ever seen," he was the most graceful and handsome. She told him she had intended the vase he knocked out of her hand as a present to his aunt, when she made her this visit, the old lady being particularly fond of China ornaments, that she had since searched the city in vain for one like it.

Ernest related the fate of the luncheon, and the pangs of hunger he felt at its loss.

Thus the afternoon wore away in merry chat, and by supper time all embarrassmens had entirely passed.

Meanwhile, days and weeks flew by in happy succession, and the lovers took no note of time. The aunt, well satisfied that her two favorites should be pleased with one another left them very much to themselves, and was not at all surprised, (though the wily old lady pretended to be so, when one morning Ernest told her Elsie had completed his earthly modicum of bliss, by promising to be his wife.

'I am delighted to hear it, my dear boy; she is the girl to make you happy: I insist that the wedding shall come off here in my house, and at no distant date. I never believed in long engagements.'

'The sooner the better, as far as I am concerned,' said the impatient lover. 'I will speak to Elsie at once.'

So the wedding was celebrated a month from that time, and a good old-fashioned wedding it was.

Elsie being an orphan, without brothers or sisters, had no one to consult, but her kind old friend, who gave her the loveliest *trousseau* and on the wedding morning, presented her with the pearl necklace and eaarings, worn in her own youthful days.

Ernest gave his bride a pair of costly Sevres China vases; and Harry Sherwood, who was the best man on the momentous occasion, fastened in her wedding dress a brooch of diamonds in the form of a crab, and ever after this shell-fish was regarded with affectionate remembrance by the young people.

Wood Lawn, Baltimore, Co., August 11 1877.

DEATH OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

A HISTORY OF THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF THE GREAT MORMON PROPHET.

Brigham Young, the head of the Mormon Church, died Wednesday afternoon, August 29, 1877, at Salt Lake city. He was born at Whittenham, Vermont, on the 1st of June, 1801. His father was a farmer, and had served in the revolutionary war. Of Brigham's early life but little is known. His youth and his early manhood were passed on his father's farm in healthful toil, and it was not until he was 31 years old that he first heard preached the doctrines which were to shape his future. The preacher was Samuel H. Smith, a brother of the prophet, a man of rough and homely eloquence, and of much of that animal magnetism which attracts uncultured audiences. Many years afterward, when Mormanism was an established fact, and Brigham had made his way almost to the supreme power, Elder Samuel H. Smith apostatized, not so much perhaps, because the faith was not suited to him, as because he was jealous of the growing power and popularity of Brigham.

In September, 1832, having been previously baptized by Eleazer Miller, Brigham joined the Mormon brethren at Kirtland, Ohio. Shrewd, ready, quick-witted, enthusiastic, and practical, the new convert speedily rose among his new associates. In a community where ignorance was the rule, his ignorance passed unnoticed, while his confidence in himself, his power to read the nature of his fellow men like the pages of an open book, and his devotion to the religion of the Latter Day Saints soon raised him into a commanding position. He had not long been a member of the church before he was ordained an elder, and he began to preach the most stirring sermons that the infant church had ever listened to. His intimate friend, Joseph Smith, the prophet, pronounced him a "chosen vessel," and from that day forth he became a power among the Mormons.

In 1834 Smith led the Ohio colony into Jackson county, Missouri, whence another colony of the saints had just been driven, under circumstances of peculiar hardship. Returning to Kirtland, Ohio, after an adventurous journey, marked with suffering and death, Brigham was received with open arms, and early in 1835 was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, Smith having received from heaven a special revelation, pointing out Brigham Young as one of the pillars of the church. The ordination consisted of the laying on of the hands of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon. It may be mentioned here parenthetically that these three Saints subsequently renounced Mormonism.

When the twelve were sent to preach the Gospel according to Mormon to the outer heathen, Young traveled through the Eastern States, and was the most successful preacher of them all. His presence was commanding, his speech fluent, if not polished, and his vigor and earnestness contagious. If he did not believe what he preached, he certainly acted his part so well that none could discover his secret.

In 1837, Joseph Smith, who seems to have made his religion subservient and contributive to his worldly prosperity—as Brigham has always done—failed in the great panic. As he was the banker and storekeeper of the Kirtland colony, and as his failure entailed severe loss upon all the saints, there was a howl of indignation which not even religion could calm. At an opportune moment (indeed, while the mob were clamoring for his life) Smith had a revalation ordering him to go to Missouri, and to take Brigham with him. Prior to this, in 1836, Thomas B. Marsh, President of the Twelve Apostles (fancy engrafting an American title upon a board of saints organized in sacrilegious imitation of the New Testament!) had resigned, and Brigham Young took his place, being delegated by Smith to 'preach in tongues.' He did preach 'in tongues' now and then, and although none of the saints understood him his oratory was vastly admired.

In 1838 there were many sheisms in the church. Orson Hyde apostatized and testified against Smith; Phelps deserted the cause, the Pratts were wavering, and Dr. Arvard, one of the Danites, exposed the hidden machinery of Mormonism. Smith was arrested Sept. 14, 1838, and to save his life, Brigham fled to Quincy, Illinois. There he met the remainder of the twelve and some other brethren, and in the next year assisted to relay the foundation of the Mormon temple in Independence, Jackson county, Mo. The laying of the corner stone was done at midnight, and every man who participated in the ceremonies knew that his life was at the mercy of the enemies around him—the enemies who had already razed to the ground the habitations of the faithful. Still, there was no wavering, and not one jot of the ceremonial was neglected.

In 1839 Brigham, still faithful where so many had proved false, was sent by the prophet to preach in England. He was penniless, friendless, and alone, and suffered much during the two years he spent in England. Still, supported by the charity of his audiences, he made thousands of converts, shipped 769 new Mormons to Smith, established the *Millenial Star*, a Mormon organ which lived for many years, and also established a number of churches.

Upon his return to the United States in 1841, Brigham joined his brethren at Nauvoo, being received with great enthusiasm. It was here that he first came in conflict with the prophet; such was his power among the people that he carried his point. At this time he preached throughout the summer and worked in the winter.

In 1844 Smith was shot. Brigham was then in Boston. The twelve apostles were scattered far and wide. Nauvoo was threatened by the Gentiles. Troops were in arms, and rumors of coming trouble flew thick and fast. Sidney Rigdon, who was the legal successor of Joseph Smith, assumed the mantle of the prophet and began to peddle dispensations, confer endowments, and dictate in every way to the saints. It was the rule of a weak man, and was destined to be short lived. Suddenly Brigham appeared, and Rigdon's power crumbled into dust. He denounced Rigdon as a fraud and a hypocrite; declared that his revelations were from the devil: and finally, hurled upon him enathema after anathema. The result was an election that wiped Rigdon out and made Brigham Young the Mormon ruler. Those who had voted against him the new prophet cursed and cut off, and by a well devised system of rewards and punishments he soon inspired love in the hearts of his enemies. Under his rule the temple at Nauvoo was completed, bishops were sent abroad to gather new converts, and the sect rapidly gathered strength.

Even at the time he assumed the leadership, Brigham saw that Smith's prophecies about Nauvoo were not to be fulfilled. He began to prepare his people for migration. The building of the temple still proceeded, but the movement had been decided upon. In 1846, in the middle of winter, the Mormons blindly followed their chief into the wilderness, crossing the Mississippi on the ice, their destination being "somewhere in the Rocky Mountains." Poor and badly provided, but upheld by their belief in their religion and their confidence in their leader, they pressed steadily forward, comparing themselves to the children of Israel. They made their winter quarters in Iowa. Here the lack of money began to be felt. The United States having offered a bounty of $20,000 for a regiment, Brigham ordered certain hundreds of his followers to enlist, and they did so. Thus supplied, Brigham took 143 men and reached Salt Lake on July 24, 1847. Leaving a part of his force to begin farming operations, he returned. Cholera, fever and ague, and other diseases were rapidly mowing down his followers.

On the 24th of December, 1847, Brigham was chosen "President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in all the World," but not without much opposition from many of the members of the church, who held the memory of Smith in deep veneration. His first counsellors were Heber Chase, Kimball, and Willard Richards. His next step was to move his poverty-stricken congregation 1,030 miles through a strange country to the Canaan of their hopes. They made the journey, but they blazed their way with the graves of their dead. Of the trials of the first two years in their new home but little need be said. By unwavering zeal, constant industry, and indomitable pluck, they soon placed themselves in a comparatively comfortable position.

In 1850 the Mormons became anxious for admission to the Union. They accordingly drew up a constitution of a State which they wished to call Deseret, and sent delegates to Washington. Congress granted them a territorial government under the name of Utah, and President Fillmore appointed Brigham the first Governor.

From 1850 to 1854 the growth of the church was rapid, both as to numbers and wealth. Almost every country in Europe sent its quota to swell the number. Villages grew into towns, towns into cities. The capital, Salt Lake City, daily increased in size and importance. Brigham inculcated constant industry. In his creed, to be idle was to be vicious; and so all worked.

In 1854 a Governor, not a Mormon, was appointed, and Brigham began to show an inclination to resist. For three years the Territory was in an unsettled condition. The saints, acting upon the orders of Brigham, committed many crimes, the most revolting of which was the Mountain Meadow massacre. In 1857 President Pierce appointed Alfred Cumming Governor of Utah, and sent with him a force of 2,500 soldiers. Brigham submitted with a bad grace. As he controlled the courts, the juries, and all elective offices, the power of the new Governor was of the slightest. He could plan reforms, but he could not carry them out.

It was not until the Salt Lake colony had been fairly started that Brigham proclaimed the "celestial law of marriage," which sanctioned polygamy. He said that Joseph Smith had had a revelation in 1843 directing him to promulgate this doctrine, but that he had failed to do so because of troubled times in the church. Smith's widow and his sons pronounced this a falsehood, but the power of Brigham, chiming in with the wishes and inclinations of his people, soon made polygamy an institution. There was a schism in the church, but the Smith faction were speedily driven to the wall.

Of Brigham's later years little need be said. Keen and far-sighted he piloted his people through all their troubles into a haven of prosperity such as no people ever attained in so brief a space of time. He neither spared himself nor others. 'Watch and work,' not 'Watch and pray,' was his motto. Brigham Young was one of the most far-seeing and enterprising business men in the country. He never lost an opportunity. By the establishment of the Zion co-operative stores, the working of mines, the purchase of propesty in places likely to grow rapidly, and by his railroad operations, he accumulated one of the largest fortunes in the United States. Good authorities say that there is scarcely a city or town in the region over which he so long ruled in which he did not own property. By a system of tithe collecting, he made the people contribute directly to his coffers. The tithes were for the church, it is true, but Brigham was the church. In the early days of the Pacific Railroad he took a deep interest in the scheme, and was afterwards a contractor for a portion of it. That he had confidence in the stability of the national Government is shown by the fact that he was a large holder of bonds purchased in the early years of the war.

In person Brigham Young was, until overcome by age, large and portly. In conversation he was pointed but affable, especially to strangers, by whom his courtesy was admired. He talked freely and in an off-hand style, occasionally ornamenting his conversation with some quaint epigram or quotation from the Mormon Bible. Of his pulpit oratory one who knew him well says:

I have seen him bring an audience to their feet and draw out thundering responses more than once. Sermons that appear a mere farcical rodomontade have been powerful when they were spoken by him. His manner is pleasing and unaffected, his matter perfectly impromptu and unstudied. He does not preach, but merely talks. His voice is strong and sonorous, and he is an excellent bass singer. His gestures are easy and seldom violent. He feels his sermons. The people see he feels them. He makes constant and unmistakable allusions to individuals, imitating their personal appearance and peculiaries, and repeating their expressions. Brigham is a good mimic, and very readily excites laughter. Much that tells, therefore, very gallingly to Salt Lake audiences, who understands the allusions and recognize the parties, seems ridiculous when read, even on reading, after denuding his sermons of the ridiculous and obscure, there is an evident vein of strong, practical sense. They are, however, much garbled in printing, and are still more coarse and profane when spoken. Brigham has no education. He never writes his letters, merely dictates them. This was also the custom of J. Smith.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

Melons were found originally in Asia.

The cantaloup is a native of America, and so called from the name of a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

Nectarine is said to have received its name from nectar, the principal drink of the gods.

Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans.

Greengage is called after the Gage family who first took it into England.

Filberts originally came from Greece.

The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China.

The Greeks called butter butteros—"cow cheese."

Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.

The cucumber was originally a tropic l vegetable.

The pea is a native of the South of Europe.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

The tomato is a native of South America and takes its name from a Portuguese word.

The Turnip came originally from Rome.

Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal.

Coriander seed came originally from the East.

The clove is a native of the Malaca Island, as is also the nutmeg.

Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa.

Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.

Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies.

Sage is a native of the South of Europe.

The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain.

Cloves came to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin clauvus or French ekim, both meaning a nail, to which they have a resemblance.

Horseradish is a native of England.

Vinegar is derived from two French words, vin aigre, "sour wine."

The nasturtium came originally from Peru.

Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the heads of the Hercules.

It is a curious fact that while the names of all our animals are of Saxon origin, Norman names are given to the flesh they yield.

When James Buchanan was minister in England, he had ears of corn, hermetically sealed, sent over to him from this country.

The word biscuit is French from "twice baked," because, originally, that was the mode of entirely depriving it of moisture to insure its keeping.

Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab apple is indigenous to Great Britain.

Asparagus was originally a wild seacoast plant and is a native of Great Britain.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians two thousand years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

Quinces originally came from Coriuth.

Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.

Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventh century.

Damsons originally came from Damascus.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

The peach originally came from Persia.

Beer is made of hops, but after a man has drank a quart or so of this beverage there is not much hop in him.

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO BRIGHTEN A ZINC BATHTUB.—Throw in a handful of salt, wet with vinegar, and scour with a flannel cloth.

TO POLISH FLAT-IRONS.—If flat-irons are rough or smokey, lay a little salt on a flat surface and rub them well. It will smooth them and prevent sticking.

TO DESTROY MOTH OR CARPET BUGS.—Sprinkle plenty of powdered borax under the carpet before it is tacked down, then sprinkle plenty all around the edges of the carpet after it is down, and blow or shove it under the surface.

BAKED SWEETBREADS.—Parboil; then let them soak in cold water for fifteen or twenty minutes; wipe them dry; place them in a dripping pan with plenty of butter; baste them often with the melted butter until they are done.

BROILED SWEETBREADS.—Parboil; then cut them into pieces about half an inch thick: dry them well; rub on plenty of butter and broil on a grit-iron; turn them often until they are well cooked; spread on a little butter every time they are turned to prevent them from getting too dry.

DELICATE CAKE.—The whites of four eggs, three-fourths cupful butter, one cupful of sugar, one-half corn-starch, one cupful corn-starch, one cupful of flour, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder together, and whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; stir the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and flour, and, lastly, stir in the whipped egg.

HUCKELBERRY BISCUIT.—Three quarters cupful sugar, one-quarter cupful butter, one cupful milk, three cupfuls flour one teaspoonsful baking powder mixed dry with the flour, one teaspoonful salt, two well beaten eggs, one pint of huckleberries stirred in last of all. This quantity just fills twelve Saratoga roll-pans which should be warmed and well buttered delicious hot for breakfast or lunch.

BLACKBERRY BRANDY.—One pint of blackberry juice, half pound white sugar, teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg and powdered cinnamon, with half as much alspice and cloves; tie the spices up in a cotton cloth or bag, and boil all up together for fifteen minutes; skim well; add two gills of good brandy, and set aside in a covered vessel to cool. When cold strain well through a fine cotton cloth and bottle, sealing the cork.

A CUCUMBER DISH.—Peel cucumbers, cut them lengthwise in half, scrape out the seeds if preferred, boil them in water well salted until tender, which takes usually about half an hour; toast nicely a few slices of light stale bread; lay the cucumbers upon them, and pour over the whole a sauce such as is used for asparagus, which should, of course, be prepared while the cucumbers are cooking.

SARATOGA FRIED TOMATOES.—The following is said to be all there is of the cook's secret for producing those world-renowned patotoes served at Moon's Lake House. Saratoga Springs, every summer: Peel good-sized potatoes, and slice them as evenly as possible; drop them into ice water. Have a kettle of lard, as for fried cakes, and very hot.—Put a few at a time into a towel, shake them about to dry them, and then drop into the hot lard. Stir them occasionally; and when of a light brown take them out with a skimmer. If properly done they will not be at all greasy, but crisp without and mealy within.

☞ Here is a classification of kisses in rhymes:

"There is a formal kiss of fashion;
And a burning kiss of passion;
A father's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move.
There's a traitor's kiss for gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold.
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love.
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss.
A kiss when fond hearts sever.
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part for ever!"

☞ Some short time ago a Vicksburg woman was trying hard to get her husband home, and as she pulled him along the street her words and action were so tender that a citizen halted and said:

"Well, old drunkards' wives haven't your disposition."

"Sh-h-h! don't say anything,' she replied, in a whisper: "I've got to call him pet names to get him home, but wait till he drops in the hall—be there then."

The girl of the period who can devil a crab and bedevil the beaux, is the belle of the season at the seashore.

Printers' ink is the best grease for the wheels of business.

A very narrow aperture—The crack of a whip.

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