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EYES.

Sweet baby eyes,
That look around with such a grave surprise,
What do you see?
A strange new world, where simplest things
Engender wild imaginings
And fancies free?
A resting-place that is not home.
A paradise wherein to roam
For years may be?
A placid, wondering baby eyes,
The mystery that in you lies
Oft puzzles me.

Clear, boyish eyes,
Whose fearless glance unconsciously defies
Trouble and care;
When babyhood is past and gone,
What is it that you gaze upon?
A land most fair;
A sunny shore with pleasures rife;
And that great, glorious gift of life
'Tis bliss to share.
Oh, happy, trustful, boyish eyes,
Let sages envy, fools despise,
The faith you wear.

The anxious eyes
Of manhood, slowly piercing earth's disguise,
Discover—what?
That life at best is quickly done,
That hopes fulfilled and wishes won
Are dearly got;
That shadows chased in headlong haste,
And golden fruit he strove to taste,
Delight him not.
Oh, restless, doubting, troubled eyes,
To learn in sorrow to be wise
In manhood's lot.

Dim aged eyes,
Gazing across the wreck of broken ties,
What do they see?
Behind—dead leaves that withered fall,
A fading wilderness where all
Is vanity;
Before—to gladden weary sight,
A glimpse, a promise of the bright
Eternity.
Oh, dim and tearful, aged eyes,
If waiting till that dawn shall rise,
Blessed are ye!

—*Leisure Hour.*

DON.

BY E. S. KENNETH.

'You are not afraid?'

'No; I am not afraid.'

Bird Donaldson's eyes were as clear as the starlight under which she stood, slender and supple in her black habit, with her lover and two horses Childreth's face showed pale under the fine black slouched hat he wore, as he tossed her into the saddle. She pressed his hand.

'Do not fear for me. I shall go through. I will go with you anywhere,' she said.

He held his arm about her in the saddle for a moment, trying to say something, but he did not say it. He turned and unhitched his own horse, vaulted up, and the two stepped quietly away over the grass. Suddenly Bird drew rein—her dog was following.

'Go back, Jack—O, go back, dear Jack,' she said, sorrowfully.

The animal lay down on the ground, whining. The girl's lip quivered in the darkness; the old dog was all she had to leave. The gate was open; they passed out and rode swiftly away.

'Faster!' said Chilureth, suddenly.

She heard it too, that faint stroke of a horse's hoot. In her fear, she was mad enough to touch Don with her whip. He plunged and kicked in a passion of anger, and then stood still in stately defiance.

'Don, for God's sake!' she pleaded.—In that fearful moment she heard a fall. She turned her head. Childreth's saddle was empty. She heard him moan upon the ground.

In an instant she was upon her feet down among the wet grass. She lifted his head to her knee, and kissed his face. He had fainted. She broke the branches of dripping fern, and shook the dew upon his face. She could not see when his eyes opened, but she heard him grate his teeth in anger.

'My leg is broken; your horse kicked me;' he said. 'I am helpless, and you must go alone.'

'Where?'

'To a log house on the banks of the Stranger. An old man lives there who will take care of you. Send me help.—Oh, my God!' in agony.

'O, Childreth,' she sobbed.

'You can find it, for the road is straight until you come to the river,' he went on, commanding himself. 'Then show Don the rein; he has been there a hundred times with me. Oh, my child, be quick! This is dread full.'

She sprang up and vaulted into the saddle. They sped forth like an arrow. When the wretched girl heard once again that pursuing footfall, she still sat silent, knowing that her only helper was doing all that could be done. The great cottonwood trees flew by them—Don's breath grew labored. Never once had he faltered, and though growing sick in the saddle, Bird dared not detain him. From behind she heard a measured lope. As it grew nearer, it came close to cutting her off from every happiness in life.

They thunder over a bridge also.—And looking back, Bird could see her pursuer.

She knew then what was almost inevitable. Gordon Churchhill was mounted on a white horse which was the pride of his stables. His pace and endurance were indeed wonderful.

'God held me,' said Bird, in despair.

At the sound of her voice, Don broke his pace and turned. To her horror, he rushed straight toward her foe. He raised himself and towered above the great gleaming, white horse, who threw himself upon his haunches. He grasped him by the shoulder, tore him from the saddle, and throwing him back, literally shook the life out of him. The man dropped from his mouth to the ground, senseless forever.

And Bird looked down at the black heap in the road, knowing that the man was dead. He was her half-brother. As a child he had struck her bare shoulders with the riding-whip. He had knocked her down. And yet, as her guardian, he would have force her to marry him. She loathed the very air he breathed, so she looked down at him, and said from her heart, 'I am glad that you are dead!'

On, then; two miles more. She never knew what the road was. Don went as he would—snatched a mouthful of water at the river, as he turned along its banks, and carried his rider under its boughs of trees, through thickets of purple fragrance, which she knew by its scent, up to the door of a low, log house. A light instantly appeared, and old Jim Allen came to her horse's head.

'Is it you, honey, all alone?' he said.

'It is Miss Donaldson. Mr. Childreth is hurt, and is lying in the woods on the turnpike. You must go to him instantly."

Old Jim peered up at the face whose owner told such news in such a calm voice. He put up his arms to her. She dropped into them in a swoon.

In the gray light of morning she raised her head from the bed of the hunter's blankets, where she lay, and saw from the window old Allen leading two horses up to the door. One of them was Churchkill's white horse, and he helped bear the litter on which Childreth lay all but dead. They brought him in, ghastly and senseless.

'Shake up a good bed, wife,' whispered the old man to his crone of a wife.—'He'll lie by for weeks.'

Bird heard. She stood silent, looking dawn on the unconscious, death-like face.

'Who is going for a doctor?' she asked.

'I am,' said old Allen.

'When?'

'As soon as I can put a good horse over five miles of hilly road.'

'Bring also a clergyman.'

'Good gracious, child, what for?'

'To marry us.'

'The young lady is crazy,' exclaimed mother Allen. 'Why, yer foolish young thing, yer may be a widder in an hour or two.'

'Do as I tell you,' with quite determination to Allen. 'I must be his wife, and take care of him, whether he lives or dies. We were to have been married here today, any way. Now he needs me more than ever. Bring a clergyman—I must have my way.'

At sunset three horsemen rode up to the door. One was the master of the house, who introduced the others. Another was a good physician. The third was the clergyman of the nearest parish. All were rather bewildered by the calls made upon them, of course, but each was prepared to do what was required of him. A wedding was almost followed by a funeral, but not quite. A good constitution and untiring nursing brought Childreth up from death's door. In four weeks both left the country, and never knew the fate of the body left on the turnpike.

ANNALS OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND HIS MEN.

BY MAJOR H. KYD DOUGLAS.

He never called a council of war: when called into council by Gen'l. Lee, with Longstreet and Stuart and the Hills, he let the others do the talking. If he made suggestions he did it briefly, and never attempted to sustain them by argument. He advised the flank movement at Chancellorsville, which resulted in the defeat of Hooker and his own death; when it was vigorously opposed he did not defend it. Gen. Lee adopted it, and, as at other times when a hazardous movement was to be undertaken, he ordered Jackson to execute it. I question whether he could have discussed his plans satisfactorily if he had desired, or persuaded any one of the wisdom of those unprecedented and eccentric movements of his, which violated all the rules of war and always ended so brilliantly. His reticence, his mystery, were necessities of his nature, as much as the result of his unparalleled self-reliance; a self-reliance which can only be appreciated by those who know that the courage necessary to go through a battle is not to be compared with that necessary to inaugurate it. "Audacity, audacity, always audacity," was the motto of Danton. So thought Jackson, too. After the defeat of Banks at Winchester, and before he moved forward to Harper's Ferry, he knew that McDowell and Fremont were moving against his rear and what their design was; and yet he marched boldly into the trap prepared for him, and then broke it into pieces and escaped. But as a soldier he was guided by another principle which he once tersely expressed thus: "Mystery, mystery is the secret of success." The mystery was not an affectation; it was a policy, a conviction. He was compelled to take his staff and his general officers into his confidence, and when he did so he did it without reluctance or distrust. But they never attempted to force his confidence, and once he ordered one of his body-guard to be dismounted and 'put under arrest as a spy,' for repeating to him an ill-timed question about the movements of a division.

SWIFTNESS IN EXECUTION.

His most popular virtue was swiftness of execution. With him action kept pace with design. He was the most rapid mover in the South, and from the very outstart of the war, his old brigade and division were known as "Jackson's foot cavalry." "What sort of man is your Stonewall, anyway?" said one of Pope's men; "are his soldiers made of guttapercha, or do they run on wheels?" And when the raid once began or the battle had been joined, he never hesitated, and rarely changed his first plans. He sometimes went at his object with such apparent recklessness, that he marched into battle by the flank and commenced the fight with the first file of four. This kind of movement would not stand the test of military criticism, but it always succeeded. "The fate of a battle is the result of a moment, of a thought," said Napoleon. The deplorable weakness of indecision, which has wrecked so many military reputations, was unknown to Jackson. Golden opportunities lost have changed many a shout of victory into a cry of defeat, and from Carrick's Ford to Gettysburg, the track of war is lined with the graves of brave men, who died while their Generals were deliberating. In absolute freedom from this weakness Stonewall Jackson deserves a place by the side of Napoleon, the Archduke Charles, and Frederick the Great.

General Jackson was never elated by victory, nor depressed by disaster. It might be said of him as was said of Massena, "He was endowed with that extraordinary firmness and courage which seemed to increase in excess of danger. When conquered he was as ready to fight again as if he had been conqueror." Always victorious, with one exception, Gen. Jackson was not often called upon to illustrate this virtue. But at Strasburg when he determined to wait for Winder, as Napoleon did for Ney in Russia, while Fremont and Shields were closing in on both flanks, and escape seemed almost impossible, his face as pale and firm as marble, his thin lips shut, his brow thoughtful and hard; or at second Manassas, where his little corps struggled for hours and days against the army of Pope, and Longstreet did not come; when the sun seemed to stand still, and night would not fall, Jackson spoke not a word of hope nor fear. If he sought counsel of Heaven, he asked none of man, and no man dared offer it. Such confidence and faith were contagious. His soldiers believed he could do anything he wished, and he believed they could do any thing he commanded. "Jackson's men will follow him to the devil, and he knows it," said a Federal prisoner, and that was the philosophy of his success.

HIS MILITARY CAREER.

It is not practicable to attempt here any discussion of the campaigns of Gen. Jackson. True, his career was very short. On May 2d, 1861, he took command at Harper's Ferry as Colonel in the Virginia service. On May 2, 1863, he fell at Chancellorsville, as Lieutenant General in the Confederate army. For these two years he monopolized the admiration of the continent; never blundered, never failed, and perished in the execution of his greatest achievement. No wonder his success bewilders criticism. Where in all history was great renown so quickly won?

It is an interesting study to follow the successive steps of Jackson's military career and watch his development as occasion required. There is no more exciting page in the annals of modern warfare than his campaign of thirty days in the Shenandoah Valley. Its strategy, battles and results justify the tribute paid to it by Col. Crozet, who served under Napoleon, and pronounced it "Extra Napoleonic." In Jackson's military life there was no dangerous precociousness. He never sought promotion, but never expressed a doubt of his ability to manage any command given him. He put forth no useless strength. What was in him we shall never know, for he went to the grave with the richness of the mine unexplored. He was equal to each new occasion as it arose, and in his movements there was no monotony, except in success. Had he survived Chancelloreville a new field of trial awaited him. Whether it be true or not as stated, that the order had been written assigning him to the command of the Army of Tennessee, it is more than probable that he would have been sent to take command of that unfortunate army. Had he gone there, with the prestige he had gained and the hopes he would have inspired, who can say to what end the war would have been prolonged. Thus the shot which struck Jackson crippled both armies of the Confederacy, and from that day it tottered to its fall.

I cannot refer to the resignation of Gen. Jackson in January, 1862, by which the Confederacy nearly lost his services. This step was caused by the insubordination of Gen'l. Loring, who now holds a command under the Khedive of Egypt. Gen'l. Loring had served in Mexico as Gen. Jackson's senior in rank, and he was impatient at being his subordinate now. Being ordered to Romney by Gen. Jackson after the "Bath trip," he prevailed on the War Department to countermand the order. Gen'l. Jackson promptly resigned, and there was at once a storm. The army became excited, the people of the Valley indignant; Jackson was cool and immovable. The Governor of Virginia interposed and the Secretary of War yielded. Loring was sent elsewhere, and Jackson resumed his command, and this was the last time the War Department ever undertook to interfere with his proper authority.

THE SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY.

There are one or two incidents connected with the campaigns of Gen. Jackson, which press upon me for recognition. I ought not to omit to say a word in justice to the memory of Col. Miles, who fell just before the surrender of Harper's Ferry to Gen. Jackson in September, 1862. Indignant and chagrined as the North justly was at the capitulation of 11,000 troops, and the surrender of such immense stores, without a decent defence, it sought to make a holocaust of Colonel Miles, and charged him with both cowardice and treachery. That officer died with his face to the foe, and he should be a man of many scars who calls him a coward. Baser still was the charge of treachery, for baser would have been the crime. It was said that he had communicated with Gen'l. Jackson, and had surrendered according to their agreement. To make such a charge without proof is like stoning the dead. Having been very closely associated with Gen. Jackson in this movement, it is more than improbable that any serious communication could have passed between him and Col. Miles without my knowledge; almost impossible it could have been held without the knowledge of some one of the staff. And yet no one at headquarters ever heard of it; no one in our army ever believed it. The ungrateful charge cannot be true. Col. Miles was incompetent, but he was no traitor. He was too feeble for the responsibility which fell upon him, but he was too true to his commission to betray his army. The surrender of Harper's Ferry was a deep mortification to the North. If the charges were true, it ought to be a greater.

Scarcely in the same connection, but as illustrative of the credulity of the people during the war, I recall attention to the beautiful legend of Barbara Fritchie. There are few things among Whittier's poems more touching than this story of the war. It is as tender as the ballad of Maud Muller—and about as true. It seems like iconoclasm to break the poetic image which Mr. Whittier has carved, and if he had not thrown his chippings over Jackson's grave I would not care to look beyond the beauty of his work. The facts are few. Gen. Jackson's headquarters in Maryland were three miles short of Frederick, and except when he passed through it to leave it, he went into the city but once—on Sunday night to church. On the morning he left I rode with him through the town. He did not pass the house of Barbara Fritchie; nothing like the fiction of Mr. Whittier ever occurred, and Stonewall Jackson and that historic old lady never saw each other. I understand Mr. Whittier has said that if the story, as he has told it, is not true, it will go down to posterity as such until it gets beyond the reach of correction. *Exegi monumentum*—pardonable loyalty, questionable ambition. It may be suggested with diffidence that the name of Stonewall Jackson will live as long as that of Mr. Whittier and his poems, and history will teach the poet's children that the army of Virginia did not make war upon flags when waved by old women.

THE DEATH OF JACKSON.

The death of Gen. Jackson was characteristic in its singularity. At night, when the battle had ended, just as he had achieved what he believed to be the most successful movement of his career, he, whom the enemy began to believe both invulnerable and invincible, fell at the hands of his own people. It is needless to repeat the painful story of his wounding and death.

On Friday, the 15th of May, 1863, his body was taken for burial to his home in Lexington. He had not been there since he left it two years before, at the beginning of the war. Only two years, and yet how like romance is the simple story of his growth in fame. And now he lies buried as he directed, "in the Valley of Virginia," and among the people he loved so well. It were better so. He could not have saved the South, and it was merciful that he should perish first. The tender memory he left behind in the army, and the stern sense of duty he bequeathed his soldiers, will be told by this little incident, with which I close this unworthy sketch: The army of Lee was on its march to Gettysburg, and the commanding general had given strict orders for its discipline in Pennsylvania. An officer riding to camp from Chambersburg late at night, was halted by the outposts. Having neither pass nor countersign, in his dilemma he bethought him of an old pass in his pocket-book signed by General Jackson, whose recent death hung like a cloud over the army. He found it and handed it with confidence to the sentinel. The trusty fellow managed to read it by the light of a match, and as he did so he seemed to linger and hesitate over the signature. And then, as the light went out, he handed it back, and, looking up toward the stars beyond, he said, sadly and firmly, "Captain, you can go to Heaven on that paper, but you can't pass this post."

To Jackson's death this whole land has been speedy to do full justice. In this tribute there has been no North, no South. The one admired him greatly, the other loved him dearly. And coming from over the sea, it is said, an affectionate friend planted on his grave at Lexington a sprig of Laurel brought from the grave of Napoleon. This was most fit; it was appropriate that the greatest General of the Old World should welcome to the tomb and immortality the most brilliant soldier of the New. From his grave, and from kindred others North and South, let us hope that the true spirit of reconstruction, in justice, prosperity, and peace, will come at last.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

When God created the world he rested on the 7th day. There are 7 days in the week, 7 letters in the name of Jehovah, 7 syllables in the Mohammedan formula of prayer—la ill Allah ill Allah. As the flood was to begin on the 7th day and continued 7 weeks. Noah selected 7 pairs of clean animals and birds, male and female, and gathered them into the ark.—On the 7th day the dove returned with its message. Every one is familiar with the 7 fat and 7 lean kine, the 7 fruitful and 7 barren ears of corn, 7 years of plenty and 7 years of famine. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and was cheated with Leah and served another 7 years and received his reward. Seven days he was followed by Laban, his father-in-law.—(That was before the unhappy days of mothers-in-law.) When Jacob died his son Joseph lamented for him 7 days.—Every 7th year the Israelites permitted their fields to remain idle and untilled. (This was called the "Sabbatical year.") At the siege of Jericho 7 priests with 7 trumpets (trom-bones) went around the walls of the city, and at the 7th blast the walls fell. (We have no such dangerous wind instruments in our day, although there would be little difficulty in finding "blowers.") Seven times ten years were the Israelites held captive in Babylon.—Seven ten Hebrew scholars translated the Old Testament into Greek for the Alexandrian library. There were 7 time ten members of the high council at Jerusalem, not counting the presiding high priests.

When Peter asked, "Lord, how many times must I forgive my brother, is it enough 7 times?" Jesus replied, "I say unto you not 7, but seventy times 7."

"A just man falleth 7 times and riseth up again."—Prov. xxiv., 16.

When thine enemy speaketh fair believe him not, for there are 7 abominations in his heart.—Prov. xxvi., 25.

There are 7 attributes of the Almighty, 7 gifts of the Holy Ghost, 7 psalms of penance, 7 supplications in the Lord's prayer, 7 words of the cross, the Catholic church has 7 sacraments. There are 7 wounds of Christ on the cross. In Revelations there are 7 angels with 7 golden chalices filled with divine wrath; also 7 lamps with 7 flames are mentioned there. Who does not know the "7 sleepers," the 7 youthful Christians martyrs who escaped into a cavern near Ephesus and slept undisturbed for 200 years. There are 7 wonders of the world; 7 wise men of Greece. The Mohammedan's paradise contains 7 heavens. Rome has been governed by 7 kings, likewise Prussia, for the 7th is Emperor Wilhelm. During the 7 years' war under Frederick II. history mentions 7 important battles. The war in Spain between the Carlists and Christians lasted 7 years. The Franco-Prussian war lasted 7 months and the 7th regiment was the first to distinguish itself.

On the 28th (four times 7) of September, 1870, Starsburg surrenderdered; on the 28th of October, Metz, and on the 28th of January, 1871, Paris. Rome is built on 7 hills: so are Constantinople, Nuremburg, Bamberg and Lisbon. Ancient Thebes, also Athens, Bagdad and Morocco, each had 7 gates. Seven cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace. There are 7 steps leading to the tomb of Darius, the Persian King; 7 steps to Solomon's throne; 7 arms or branches to the lamp in the temple at Jerusalem; 7 wicks in the prepetual lamp (eternal flame) to the rites of the Greek Church.

The river Nile has 7 mouths (but still remains discreetly silent about its source) There are 7 Canary Islands, 7 Ionian islands, 7 colors in the rainbow; there are 7 tones in the musical scale; 7 precious metals. Pleiades, one of our most beautiful constellations, numbers 7 stars.

There are 7 cardinal virtues: three of these are faith, hope and charity, "and the greatest of these is charity." The Duke of Wellington has 7 marshal's staffs.

The Pope is a priest of 7 churches.

The human head has 7 openings.

The entrances to the celebrated Bible [illegible] are 7 [illegible]

We might continue to enumerate for a column or more, and after we have exhausted our memory, some 7th son of a 7th son might predict a new set of 7 wonders, arising from the Centennial era.

☞An Englishman, stopping at a country inn in one of the eastern States, was continually boasting of the superiority of everything in England and depreciating the productions of America. The landlord, as may be surmised, did not relish this, and therefore thought of a plan to "get square" with the English blower. Procuring a bushel of fine healthy crabs, he poured them in the Englishman's bed, then telling his guest that his room was ready, he lighted a candle and escorted him up stairs. Upon reaching the door the man managed to put out the light. Of course it did not make much difference to the Englishman, so he undressed himself and jumped into bed. Immediately he gave a terrible yell:

'Landlord! landlord! come here! what are these in my bed?'

The landlord, who was outside the door, came in, looked in the bed, and coolly said:

'Them's bed-bugs; can you beat them in England?'

The Englishman left.

☞What a pic-nic would be without hornets is a matter of conjecture, as there never has been a way to find out. A hornet is not denominational. It goes to all pic-nics. And it is a desirable adjunct. It tends to modity greediness, besides adding laagely to the general enthusiasm. Five hornets at a small table will do more to level social distinctions and to promote social intercourse than an awful disaster in a village.—*Danbury News.*

☞Peppercorn's latest is more seasonable than savory:

Talk not of the fragrant rose,
Magnolia's perfume,
Arbutus, woodbine, new-mown hay,
Or violets in full bloom.

Such things may scent the country air,
In springtime and in fall,
But the fragrance of a garbage cart
In strength excels them all.

VARIETIES.

Give the tramps no quarter—unless it's counterfeit.

The young man who boasted he could marry any girl he pleased found that he couldn't please any.

The Russian eagle had two heads when this war began. He now has three. The Turk put the other head on him.—*Boston Times.*

The melons in front of the provision stores suggest a mountain filled with sweetness, light and—cholera morbus.

How does the busy little clam improve each shining hour, and gather sweetness every day in many a seaweed bower.

Spanish mackerel are being caught on the New Jersey coast. This proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is a foreign country.

The first step toward wealth used to be considered the choice of a good wife; but now-a-days wealth is the first step toward the choice of a wife.

Boston street cars have placards to this effect: "This car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye."

The Turkish soldiers attribute their victories solely to Providence—that being the town their rifles came from.—*Ex.*

Fred. May, the hero of the Bennett-May duel, is called the Apollo of Long Brach. Is it because he once "struck the lyre?"—*Lowell Courier.*

Three good-looking young ladies the other day stood beside a grocer's sign, which read, "Don't squeeze these peaches."—*Danbury News.*

A St. Louis man was thrown out of the window by his wife the other morning. In this case, as usual, woman was the power behind the thrown.

Said the little pet of a household, on the last anniversary of her birthday:—"It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma! but—but—I'd been hoping it would be twins!"

"So you like your second wife better than your first?!" "Yes," he said, enthusiastically, "she always puts enough starch in my shirts to save me the trouble of scratching my back."

The population of Egypt is a confused mixture of Copts, Jews, Arabs of different tribes, and Turks. The peasantry and fellahs are the poorest people in the world, in the most fertile of countries.

"Will the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please come up here and get a present of a nice book," said a Sunday School Superintendent in Iowa, but the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

"Are you a Christian?" asked one of Mr. Moody's assistants at an inquiry meeting, of a hard-looking customer who had taken a front seat. "No," he answered, sadly, "I'm a plumber." It was a hopeless case.

Cawe and effect—Crowe and peace.

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO BRIGHTEN GILT FRAMES.—Dip your brush into the white of an egg, and apply it to gilt picture frames.

TART PASTE.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound of flour; add the yelk of an egg, a little lump sugar, and enough milk to mix it properly.

VEAL BROTH.—Stew a small knuckle in about three quarts of water, two ounces of rice, a little salt, and a blade of mace, till the liquor is half wasted away.

TO PREVENT FLIES INJURING PICTURE FRAMES.—Boil three or four onions in one pint of water. Brush your frames over with the liquid. No fly will touch them, and it will not injure the frames.

TO CLEAN COLORED SILK.—Wash in warm soap-suds, rinse in clear, warm water, dry quickly, and iron the wrong side while yet rather damp. If there are grease spots on the silk, press with a tolerably warm iron under brown paper.

TO WHITEN PORCELAIN SAUCEPANS.—Have the pans half filled with hot water, throw in a tablespoonful of powdered borax, and let it boil. If this does not remove all of the stains, soap a cloth and sprinkle on plenty of powdered borax.—Scour it well.

MOCK CREAM.—1. Beat two eggs, one ounce of sugar and a small piece of butter, with a pint of warm milk, then put it into hot water, and stir it one way until it acquires the consistency of cream. 2. instead of eggs, as above, use a spoonful of arrowroot, with a little cold milk.

PEACH COBBLER.—Make a rich buscuit crust; put it rolled thick around the dish; put in a layer of peaches, then butter and sugar, and a very little flour, then peaches, and so on till the dish is full; cover with a thick crust, cut a slit in the centre and pour in boiling water till full; bake in a moderate oven.

ROSSOLET OF COLD ROAST CHICKEN.—Mince the white and good parts, warm the mince in white sauce, well rendered; season with mace, white pepper, nutmeg, and, when cold, roll this up with two silver spoons into balls the size of large eggs; wrap these in thin paste and fry and serve them with fried parsley.

EGGS A LA TRIPE.—Peel, slice, and fry in butter three or four Spanish onions; when done dust in some flour and let it catch to a light brown; put in a little hot milk, salt and pepper, and let the salt reduce; put to this a dozen small hard boiled eggs, quartered; mix them granually with the sauce, not to break the slices; arrange the eggs nicely in the dish.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Boil one bushel of tomatoes until soft; squeeze them through a sieve; add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter ounce of allspice, two ounces of cayenne pepper three tablespoonsful of black pepper; mix these together, and boil not less than three hours; pour in a jar or keg till cool, then bottle; it will keep well; the cloves and allspice put in whole; when boiled strain through a colander.

TOMATO MEAT PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton chopped fine, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs another of meat, and another of tomatoes, then cover with bread crumbs and bake until the crust is done brown; season as you put the different layers in with salt, pepper and small pieces of butter; it will bear high seasoning. Serve hot.

BROILED COLD MEAT.—Cut the cold meat into slices, and place on the gritiron, properly cleansed, and rubbed over with a little butter. Put in a hot dish a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a teaspoonful of catsup: melt them together, and lay the meat from the gridiron on the gravy made by these ingredients as soon as it is done.

BROILED SALMON.—Slices from a fresh salmon, well scaled, cleansed and wiped; two ounces of butter, melted; one teaspoonful of flour; one saltspoonful of salt. Melt the butter smoothly, thicken it with flour, add the salt, and roll the salmon well in it; made a very clear fire, take a perfectly clean gridiron, and broil carefully. Time, ten minutes.

QUEEN PUDDINGS.—Soak a pint of bread crumbs in boiling milk, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten to a stiff froth, with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put in the oven, and bake a very light brown. Flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon.

SILVER CAKE.—Three cups sifted flour one and a half of sugar, one egg, one teacup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonsfuls of yeast powder. Flavor with vanilla or lemon, to taste. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add to it the milk and egg, well beaten, then add the extract. Mix with this very slow three cups of flour in which the baking powder has been well mixed. Bake in a quick oven.

CRABS BROWNED AND SERVED IN THE SHELL.—Leave the great shell whole, mince all the fish, shred some parsley, mushrooms, or truffles, a little young onion; fry these; put in the minced crab, with the inside bruised, some pepper, salt, and grated lemon peel; stir this about, shake off some flour, and add a little lemon juice, with some good gravy; let this simmer up; fill the shell or shells; strew over bread crumbs; brown

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