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"GOD BLESS YOU."

BY AGLA.

How sweetly fall those loving words,
Upon the weary heart;
When friends endeared by strongest ties,
Yet doomed by fate to part.
You fondly press the hand of those
Who thus in love caress you,
When forth to other lands he goes,
In parting says: "God bless you."

God bless you. Ah, long years ago,
I heard the mournful phrase,
When one, whom I so dearly loved,
Went from my dreamy gaze.
Now blinding tears fall thick and fast,
I mourn my long lost treasure;
While echoes of the heart bring back,
That farewell prayer—"God bless you."

The mother sending forth her boy,
To scenes untried and new,
Bids not good-bye in studied speech,
Or murmurs forth "adieu."
She sadly says, between her sobs,
Whene'er misfortunes press you,
To thy mother, boy, come back!
Then parting sighs, "God bless you."

It breathes more of expressed love,
Than volumes without number;
Reveal we thus our trust in Him,
Whose eyelids never slumber.
I ask in parting, no long speech,
Set forth in stately measure;
But give to me the dear old words,
So sweet—so sad—"God bless you."

—*Marlboro' Gazette.*

ONE YEAR APART.

Bright sun above a rippled sea,
A tall sail less'ning down the sky,
And low waves singing merrily,
With none to hear but she and I.

A few soft words, "How sweet to float,
Along the line of shining shore,
And slowly, in a sailless boat,
Drift on into the evermore,

"And carry there this picture fair,
The sea and sky and smiling land,
With not a thought of toil or care;
Going, like children, hand in hand."

That was a year ago to-day,
For her the boat has left the shore,
And now her footsteps slowly stray
The bright paths of the evermore.

And I—the sun and sky and sea,
And low waves singing on the sand,
Seem saying that she waits for me
In that far-off, yet nearing land.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

A BRIGHT THOUGHT.

BY J. W. B.

Life was dull—life was very dull for Jack Gerard. A bright, active, well-cultured young fellow, set down by fate in the dullest and most commonplace of little towns, and chained there by the inexorable necessity of earning his living. The idea was odious.

It was raining; the sky was dull, the streets misty, the plank sidewalks slippery with slime. There was a horse mired at the corner; an alarm of fire breaking out, and no fire engine in the place.

Jack sulkily adjusted his cravat as he looked out at the window upon this state of things as existing Homer. What if the horrible little new place burned down, wouldn't it be a good thing? No, that would not do. He must work or starve, and he had been appointed to a very good situation in this objectionable place, this distasteful new Western town.

He took his hat and went down to the office, the telegraph post of which he was operator.

Dismal day—bare, chilly—he was so tired of it! This sort of thing wasn't living; it was existing after the most meagre fashion.

The freight agent came in, whistling. Will Rosely was always whistling, but then Rosely had a pretty wife and a cottage home of his own—all paid for, a nest nest of a place set in nice green lawn and shaded by trees.

'I say, Gerard, you're going to lose your place.'

Rosely stopped whistling to say this to Jack.

'What do you mean, Rosely?' asked Jack.

'Dacy, the superintendent, is going to put his niece in here—Mary Dacy—my wife knows her. She had a letter from Mary herself. She says she's been learning telegraphy and has been appointed to this place. You're to be set aside for the present.'

Jack grew angry immediately, as he replied:

'So much for the equality of the sexes! What if I had a family, now? Support for half a dozen children cut off for a slip of a girl! But I don't believe it is true.'

'But you will,' rejoined Rosely, concisely.

Sure enough he did.

In three days he was turned out of his place to make room for Miss Mary Dacy, the niece of the superintendent. The young lady arrived, and Jack prepared to take his departure.

For he intended departing, of course. Whither, he scarcely knew. There was no other appointment ready for him. An alarming situation—a rainy day in earnest.

And now Homer—poor little Homer—looked desirable. It was a new place, and he was a new man. He had his fortune to make. He had come West, from the wornout acres of his ancestral home, with this end in view. His grumbling and discontent looked very foolish now. He *had been once* well off.

Of course

"To all some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary,"

and he ought to have been pluckly and much better satisfied while he was doing well.

'What a fool!' mentally anathematizing himself. He only wished he had lost his situation, he would ask nothing better for the present. But there was no use in idle regrets, he would try not to whine. And he wouldn't treat Miss Dacy like a bear. He would go down and say good-bye to her. She had been polite to him.

So he walked down to the office in the spring sunshine. As he entered the door, the familiar clicking made him a little homesick.

Miss Mary Dacy was employed with the reception of a message. She was a slight little thing, with braids of her own natural hair and some bits of curls hanging above her eyes. But a more dignified little lady he had seldom seen. She understood her business perfect, too, undisputably.

When she was at leisure she turned and spoke to him.

'Miss Dacy, I called to bid you good-bye. I am going East in the morning,' said Jack.

Miss Dacy did not speak. She looked troubled, Jack colored a little; he thought she was proud.

But suddenly she looked up, with sweet regretful eyes.

'Mr. Gerard, it seems very hard that you should be turned out of your situation. You see, I know how it is,' she said.

Jack did not know what sort of a reply to make at this.

'I am very sorry,' she murmured, looking at him.

'I needed the place,' replied Jack, bluntly.

'And I needed the place, too, she answered, earnestly. 'And I am a woman.'

'Women ought not to be doing public service; they ought to be taken care of, exclaimed Jack.

'By whom?'

'By their husbands.'

'But I haven't any husband.'

They looked straight at each other.—Miss Dacy a little indignant, Jack a little frightened by what he had said. But through the alarm and bewilderment and pain of the moment, Jack saw how sweetly pretty Mary Dacy was, and—Jack had a bright thought—he nerved himself, and took a leap in the dark.

'Miss Dacy, you might have a husband. Will you marry me?'

Mary Dacy looked at him penetratingly. He had a handsome, manly face of his own, had Jack. He heard her catch her breath; but then her answer came calmly.

'Possibly I might.'

Jack did not leave Homer. The next week he was reappointed He is there now. Mary Dacy is his wife. Wasn't it a bright thought? For they are both so happy.

JEROME BONAPARTE'S WIFE.

Mme. Patterson Bonaparte's story is well known in its main features, that is to say; but these, interesting as they are, are not more interesting than the countless incidents which have from time to time been given to the public by her friends of three generations. There is a most readable article concerning this venerable lady, whose beauty, vivacity and wrongs have inspired so many writers and so much sympathy, of whom Lady Morgan has aptly said, "She belongs to history; she lived with kings and princes, philosophers and artists; and there is about her a perpetual curiosity and romance," in Lippincott's Magazine for September.

She was the daughter of William Patterson, son of a Donegal farmer, and clerk to a Philadelphia shipping merchant, who with $80,000 acquired by importing powder and ammunition in the early days of the Revolution and in the West Indian trade, laid the foundation of his million-dollar fortune in Baltimore. He was—notwithstanding the complacent self-laudation of his will—a man by no means impeccable in morality, and in his family close and arbitrary.

He gratified his wife's wish by importing a carriage, and because there was no mention of horses in the contract it remained in the coach house till his death. This wife came of the sturdy, independent Scotch-Irish race, that has done so much to build up Pennsylvania, and, tender, religious and well-cultured, she made Mme. Patterson Bonaparte familiar at an early age with French and English classic literature, so that, not having seen the book for three-quarters of a century, the latter could repeat whole pages of the "Night Thoughts," learned at ten, and Rochefoucauld's "Maxims" by heart. She possessed a quick, logical mind and prodigious memory, while years developed wit, fascinating manners and woman's crown of beauty. This gifted child was repressed by her father with strange bitterness. She had barely reached womanhood when she made the marriage on which his heart was set. Previous to her marriage she said to her father: "Suppose the First Consul should refuse to receive me?" "Do not fear," he replied; "you shall come back to me an honored daughter."

While in Martinique Jerome Bonaparte said to a former resident of Baltimore: "Ah! il me faut un marriage de covenance." "Not so," rejoined the lady; "and I know the most beautiful woman in the world, whom you must marry—Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore." The wooing was ardent, but Patterson, wise in his generation, sent Miss Betsey to Virginia, which ruse had the desired effect, piquing the lover into an immediate declaration on her return. Mrs. Patterson yielded a reluctant consent. The marriage, the preliminaries of which are historically familiar, was celebrated in her father's house on Christmas Eve, 1803. There were only two bridesmaids, the Misses Brown, great folk of that day, and no groomsman.

Jerome had imported for her a superb trosseau, but her bridal attire was a simple India Muslin, costly with old lace, a row of pearls encircling her throat—"a gown I had frequently worn, for I particularly wished to avoid vulgar display; and truth to say, there was as little as possible of any gown at all, dress in that day being chiefly an aid in setting off beauty to advantage." These bridal garments are still preserved, as well as Jerome's wedding suit of laced and embroidered purple satin—the white satin-lined pointed skirts reaching to his heels—knee-breeches and diamond buckles.

In 1805 she induced her husband to front Napoleon's wrath, and they sailed for Europe to be wrecked before reaching the Capes. Her courage saved the party, for she insisted that the vessel should be deserted. She fell into the sea while endeavoring to reach the boat, but was fished out and reached shore, where, to her pious aunt's horror, instead of thanking Heaven, she fell to a hearty meal of roast goose and apple sauce. Setting out again, they reached Lisbon, where Jerome deserted her. Apprehensive of personal peril, she sailed for England, where Pitt sent a military escort to keep off the crowds that pressed to see her disembark. At Camberwell her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte was born, and his father sent her a thousand guineas, with which she began life anew, as her father refused, when two months later she returned to Baltimore, to keep faith with her as to her marriage settlement.

Hardship and poverty did not daunt her spirit. When Jerome, after his marriage with the Princess Catherine of Wurtemburg, offered her the principality of Smalcald and $40,000 a year, she made the witty answer that "Westphalia was doubtless a considerable kingdom but not large enough to hold two queens," an answer which so pleased Napoleon that he asked what he could do for her, gave her $20,000 and an annuity of $12,000 (paid regularly till his abdication) and promised to make her a Duchess. Her condition of acceptance was the signing of the receipt "Elizabeth Bonaparte." Jerome complained of her refusing aid from him to take it from his brother, received the retort that she preferred "shelter beneath the wing of the eagle to suspension from that of the goose." Mme. Bonaparte now applied to the Maryland Legislature for a divorce, which was at once granted, an action as a matter of policy questionable since she could better have guarded her son's interests by ignoring Jerome's alliance with the Princess, the Pope stoutly refusing to nullify the previous marriage.

Mme. Bonaparte always expresses enthusiasm for the Emperor. During her residence in Paris after the Restoration Louis XVIII. made known his wish to see her at court. This honor she declined, "not wishing to pose as a victim of imperial tyranny. She had accepted the Emperor's kindness, and ingratitude was not one of her vices." Napoleon spoke of her talent with admiration tinged with regret for the shadow he had cast over her life. Mme. Bonaparte bore no malice to Jerome. What touching professions of fidelity he sent her!—letters unsurpassed in tenderness. "Jerome loved me to the last," says Mme. Bonaparte. "He thought me the handsomest woman in the world, and the most charming. After his marriage he had made a portrait of me, which he kept hidden from the good Catherine." Among the throngs of lovely women who entered Paris after Waterloo she was no inconspicuous figure. Portraits and contemporaries represent her as uncommonly beautiful, and she was one of the social sensations and successes of the time.

Mme. Becamier was anxious that she should know Mme. de Stael, but Mme. Bonaparte declined, "for the authoress of 'Corinne,'" said she, "would find me a pretty fool, and I don't want to be killed off at Paris with such a *mot*." De Stael however, saw her, looked at her fixedly for a moment, said, "yes, yes, she is very, very pretty," and walked away. At Paris she met Wellington. "short, erect, spare of figure, with long, pale face, thin lipped, obstinate mouth, small light eyes, high, sharp, angular nose, the head disproportionately large and as squarely flat as an Indian's reverence and benevolence being undeveloped. Coldly quiet in voice and greeting, simple and highbred in manner, there was in his reticence a suggestion of reserved force exceedingly attractive."

She also contracted a warm friendship with Lady Morgan, and many of her letters are to be found in Lady Morgan's "Memoirs." In one she speaks of her sadness, the cause of which she does not know, unless it be the recollection of her sufferings, and adds: "I think the best thing for me is to return to my dear child. I love him so entirely that seeing him may render my feelings less poignant. Any inconveniences are more supportable than being separated from one's children. How much more we love them than our husbands! the latter are often so selfish and cruel; but children cannot force mothers from their affection." Tom Moore she saw, but she did not 'take' with him. "Even quarrels with one's husband," she writes in another letter, "are preferable to the ennui of a solitary existence," and she goes on to speak of her having no useful occupation for her leisure hours, which was the truth, as she never had any accomplishment in any branch of art. Later letters testify to her devotion to her son; of offers of marriage to which she was indifferent; of her narrow escape from ruin by her commercial speculations (1819—when she went with her boy to Geneva); and of the fact of her ex-husband's positive refusal to pay any part of the necessary expenditure on behalf of their child. King Jerome subsequently allowed his son $100 a month for seven years, but ignored him in his will which Mme. Bonaparte vehemently but unsuccessfully contested. (Napoleon III., at the same time, cut off his cousin's pension of $14,000, though he still recognized his relative at court. The gradson, Captain Bonaparte, received his pension of $6,000 till the *decheance.*)

The Duke of Wurtemberg, uncle of King Jerome's second wife, met Mme. Bonapare, who fascinated him, and heard him say to his wife that Jerome had made a mistake—been a fool to quit her. Jerome received his son at Rome, and treated the boy most kindly. He was also received with maternal kindness by the princess, who went two leagues to meet him, and taking his face between her hands said tearfully: "O! my child, I am the innocent cause of all your ills." She evinced always the utmost interest in her predecessor.

Mme. Bonaparte's last meeting with her husband was at the Pitti Palace, in Florence, in 1822, when, in passing through the gallery in all the bravery of those days (a rich silk dress "half way to the knee," displaying dainty prunella shoes; a gauze hat, about three feet in circumference, with high-wired bows; a crimson cashmere shawl and a large, green velvet reticule), she was troubled at the persistent gaze of a handsome man whose likeness to her son was amazing, till it flashed upon her that it was her husband of nearly twenty years before. He asked an attendant who was that beautiful woman. "You should know her; it is your first wife." Jerome started, and with a hurried whisper to the Princess Catherine they left the gallery, the two dis-crowned queens being face to face for an instant. Next day, as Mme. Bonaparte was driving in the Cascino, Jerome nearly fell from his carriage in leaning out to catch a glimpse of her—his last. Mme. Bonaparte's reception at the court at Florence was so kind that, she records, she would have burst out crying but for fear of spoiling a lovely satin gown and making a scene. Diplomats vied in their compliments. "If she were queen how gracefully she would reign," said Talleyrand. "Had she been near the throne the allies would have found it more difficult to dispose of Napoleon," said Gortschakoff, still her friend. "She charms with her eyes while she flays with her tongue," said Count Crillon. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos in his "Memoirs" pays tribute to her talent, piquant charm and "untarnished name;" while her enemy, Prince Napoleon—Plon-Plon—thus characterizes her: "Ambitious, of tireless spirit and stainless reputation."

In 1839, Mme. Bonaparte writes to Lady Morgan from Paris: "Death, time and absence have left me hardly an acquaintance. I have grown fat, old and dull—good reasons for persons not to think me an intelligent listener. They mistake. I have exactly the talent to appreciate the powers of others." "Lady Morgan," says Mme. Bonaparte, "was brilliant in wit, good natured and flattering; short, with sparkling eyes; her hair close cut, in dark curls. "Why is it," she said to me, "that you speak French perfectly, but English with such an American drawl?" "For the same reason probably that yours is a brogue,"—one of the miseries of her life. Mme. Bonaparte is a strong Imperialist. In a letter of 1849 she writes from Baltimore lamenting her evil chance at being born there. "Society and conversation," she adds, "belong to older countries," and she expresses hopes that France will not let her brilliancy be put under the extinguisher of a republic. "I have been an Imperial Bonapartist *quand meme*, and am enchanted at the homage paid by six million voices to his memory in voting an Imperial President; the prestige of the name has elected a Prince who has my most ardent wishes for an empire." Then she goes on to complain that she has all her life been tortured and mortified by pecuniary difficulties, and having been cheated out of her inheritance from her "rich and unjust" father, has an income of only ten thousand dollars. Neither the climate nor "the freezing social *convenance*" of England pleased Mme. Bonaparte, though she was received with much distinctions "Abroad, these fair insulars unbend and are charming," she says, "but at all time. I have found Englishmen of birth the best bred and most agreeable to me in the world."

Since her withdrawal from European life Mme. Bonaparte has lived secluded from society. Baltimore's shrewdest banker says that he knows "no man capable of creating legitimately, with so small a capital, the large fortune amassed by Mme. Bonaparte." She has no kind of accomplishment in any branch of art, and although her love of study remains, her fast increasing blindness deprives her of the resource. Her diary, if ever given to the public, will have the effect of a shower of cayenne; but her *magnum opus*, which discretion will probably forbid seeing the light, is entitled "Dialogues of the Dead," the scene being laid in Hades, where her father and King Jerome rehearse her story. Her wit is still very incisive, her conversation replete with interest, her memory retaining minutely every incident and figure of the wondrous diorama that has unrolled before her eyes close upon a hundred years.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Among the multitudes of suggestions for spending Sunday in a profitable way, we say that Saturday has a close connection with it. Saturday night is one of the resting places in the journey of life, when it becomes every man to settle his accounts.

1. *Settle with the world.* The business of a single week is easily reviewed—its mistakes may be easily rectified, its experience turned to good account. The man of business should some time on Saturday look over his books, examine his outstanding debts and see that all is straight and safe. This is all the more important if his accounts are numerous. Great watchfulness is required if he would escape embarrassment and trouble. He who knows exactly how he stands every Saturday night will not be lightly to live a poor man; or, if he does, he will hardly ever be found in debt or in want.

2. *Settle with conscience.* Let him review his words and his actions, his motives and feeling during the past week.—If anything is seen to be wrong or defective (and who is he without faults?), let the remembrance of it be carried into the next week, that a repetition of it may be avoided. Let him in prayer seek not only forgiveness for what has been amiss in the past, but grace to do better the coming week.

3. *Settle wita the Lord's treasury.*—Every man owes constant returns of gratitude to the Giver of all goods. Is is not meet to finish the settlement of Saturday night by reviewing all the mercies of the week, and setting apart a portion of its profits to serve some good cause that will promote the glory of Him who gave himself for us?" How much better and happier might life be with a down-right honest settlement every Saturday night!—How much brighter would Sunday morning be; how much more profitable the whole day!

DOING AN ERRAND.

There are two ways of doing an errand. One is to go willingly and return quickly, and the other is to go unwillingly, and be as long as you can about getting back Some children never want to do anything for anybody but themselves. If you call them to drop a note for you in the post-box, or run to a neighbor's with a message, they invariably scowl and say, "Can't somebody else go? I'm busy now." And then little sister or brother whose feet are always ready to run on errands, steps up and says, "I'll go. I can do it." What a beautiful spirit the willing spirit is! And it is so lovely in little children.

"Let me do it!" is the keynote to a loving character—longing to be of use to somebody. If you are wanted to do an important erraud, drop everything and go. You need just such kind of exercise If you are not a volunteer you must be driven into the service; but how much pleasanter it is to have the heart enlisted to these friendly offices, than be sent off because it is your duty! Do you ever offer to do an errand for anybody? Or do you wait until you are asked, and then pout and shake your shoulders, and make yourself so disagreeable that it is seldom one feels like soliciting a favor.

Can you find in the Bible an account of a man who, being sent on an errand, wouldn't take a mouthful to eat until he had delivered his message?"—*Observer.*

☞ A countryman in Savannah, Ga., observed that a gang of darkies were working on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one of them why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darkey; "heap of thieves about here, massa."

"HOLD UP YOUR HUSBAND."

A woman writing upon the subject of hard times, addresses her sisters in the following truthful language:

"Well, what's to be done about it?—Such times kill energy, hope, enterprise. 'Alas!' you say, 'If I were but a man,' etc. This is the cant of absurd, unfeminine ambition and discontent. Thank God, who has made you a woman; who has placed you in a sheltered position; who has interposed between you and the harsh contact of life and enterprise, the devotion and strength of man. Sit back in your curtained house, where you need see only your own—yours by every tie of affection and blood; yours in tenderness and sympathy—where you are, or may be, as supreme as royalty itself—and glory in your empire! But dare not to be idle there. Your hands, if they are dainty and white, were not made to handle silks and laces alone; nor is the quick brain, which throbs under your smooth brow, or flashes from your dark eyes, to be fed by romance and fiction. Verily, you're a mission outside the domestic requirements of home! Hold your husband up! Yes, even you, who so often feel that you must lean heavily upon his strength and love. Hold him up! The day may come (it comes to all sooner or later) when your hands must do this work—your heart must bear its burden as well as his. A day may come when, in bitterness and disappointment, he will call himself a failure—when he believes men so call him. You know him otherwise—you know him brave, patient, true and good, but not infallible. Men grow strangely weak when they doubt themselves. Now is the time You know him far better than others. Let him see and feel that your judgement, the court above all the rest, indorses him. Show him that you believe in him—that on this trust you rest for your little ones and yourself. Keep his heart warm with confidence and approval. Tell him boldly that with him at the helm, your domestic happiness cannot be wrecked. Keep his thoughts at home. Don't let him look too far out at sea, fearing storms and breakers. More than one man has been saved, helped, rescued by his wife's unfailing faith. 'I cannot be less, than she thinks me,' he says; and new shod, he begins the battle once more. Here is your mission, my sister—here your duty—here your suffrage. Keep the briars of this teasing world from pricking your husband's and brothers' hearts at home. They can't stand the thrust outside, if they know the oil of faith and love meets them within. Beware of pensive looks and plaintive remarks. Beware of the "little foxes that spoil the vines,' and you will find a mission as noble, rights as unlimited, and a form as well platforwed, as any recalcitrant contestant of 'Woman's Rule.'"

THE PRINCE OF WALES' INDIAN PRESENTS.

From a London Letter.

I doubt if Solomon ever saw anything so gorgeous as this collection at Bethnal Green. Fancy a whole large glass case full of gold and silver gems, all ablaze with diamonds! Imagine a bedstead whose coverlet, pillows and curtains are made of India shawls of the finest texture ever turned out from the looms of Cashmere! Conjure up a dressing-gown composed of the plamage off the backs of millions of gorgeous-hued humming-birds! See for yourself a palanquin of tortoise shell, inlaid with gold, with downy cushions covered with strange stuffs whose woof seems as if it were diamonds, its web rubies and emerals. One glass case is full of jeweled swords, all of enormous value and great beauty. The handsomest came from Delhi, and with its jeweled hilt and scabbard and waist belt is valued at $50,000.

☞ One day, in a Scotch country church, a young man in the front of the gallery had stood up several times, and seemed, as it were, to be fond of exhibiting his person to the congregation. Although this is a habit by no means uncommon in such places, it seemed to annoy the reverend gentleman. After looking at him several times, he stopped the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed him:

"Jock, my man, sit doon noo, for I'm sure there's no a lass in a' the kirk that hasna seen twa or three times your new plush waist-coat."

☞ A member of a New York club objected to the publication of the list of the meeting-nights of the club—"Because," said he, "if it's published, we married men will have to account for the off nights." The motion to publish was lost.

☞ It was at the Pavillion, Revere Beach, the other evening, that a thirsty and boosy individual, tramping the corridors round and round to find the bar, exclaimed, "It 'pears to me there's the most piazza and the least rum here of any house on the beach!"

☞ Delicate consideration for the elephant.—Considerate little girl—"Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt him if I give him a currant out of my bun?"—*Punch.*

It is good to respect ancient foundations, but we are not on that account, to neglect founding something in our turn.

HOUSEWIFERY.

Mold on Catsup.—To keep mold from rising on catsup or pickels, add a teaspoonful of ground horse-radish to every quart.

Muffins.—Four eggs well beaten, three pints sour milk, teaspoonful of soda, spoonful butter, one ounce lard; bake in small tins.

Burns.—As soon as burned take and hold in clear alcohol, which will take out all the fire, suffer no pain from it, and leaves no scar.

Ginger Cake Pudding.—Three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one lemon, teaspoonful cinnamon; bake, and eat with sauce.

Sugar Gingerbread.—Two cups of sugar, a cup of butter, cup of milk, half sweet and half sour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, ginger; and flour sufficient to roll into sheets.

Remedy for Pneumonia.—Take a flannel wrung out of a strong solution of saleratus water as hot as can be borne, and apply on the chest to the throat, and it will relieve in a short time.

Lemon Pie.—Grate a good-sized lemon, and slice up thin, a cup of sugar, a good spoonful of melted butter, two cups of water, two spoonsful of flour, two eggs. This will make two pies. A top crust on.

For Toothache.—Spirits of camphor, ten drops; oil of cloves, ten drops, chloroform, fifteen drops; spirits of ether, fifteen drops; apply to the cavity, or rub the gum a little. The cure is immediate.

Nail in Foot.—As soon as the nail is extracted apply bruised peach leaves to the wound. Confine with a bandage, and the cure is as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day if necessary. One is generally sufficient.

Chocolate Filling.—One-half cake Baker's chocolate grated fine, a cup of sugar, one egg, milk enough to moisten, a teaspoon vanilla Let all boil together until quite thick, spread between cakes while hot. This is always good.

Tomato Toast.—Stew the tomatoes until smooth and thick; season with butter, pepper, salt, sugar, a pinch of cloves and two of cinnamon. Toast some slices of dry bread until crisp, and brown; butter, lay on a platter, and pour the tomatoes over them.

An Excellent Receipt for Doughnuts.—One pint of clabber milk, one teaspoonful of soda one coffeecup of sugar, and spice to taste—adding a little salt, make the dough only stiff enough to roll and drop into *hot* lard and fry to a light brown. This is an excellent receipt for doughnuts.

Boiled Pudding.—One cup molasses, one cup suet chopped fine, one cup sour milk in which a teaspoonful of soda is well mixed, one cup of raisins or currants and four cups flour; mix, and put in a pudding-bag and steam for four or five hours and serve with sauce.

Cure for a Felon.—Some recommend salt pork and spirits of turpentine; but were we to use the pork we should mix some turpentine with a little water, and when just thick enough spread the pork thickly with that, and bind it around the finger; renewing the application as often as necessary.

Boiling Vegetables.—In boiling beef and vegetables, put in a tea cup of vinegar into the pot when the water is cold, and the beef will be much tenderer, and cabbage and beets better flavored and will not fill the house with unpleasant smell. The vinegar will not affect the taste of the food.

Scalloped Corn and Tomatoes.—Peel and slice ripe tomatoes; place in a buttered pudding dish, with alternate layers of green corn cut from the cob. Season each layer of tomatoes with butter, pepper, salt and a very little sugar: add a litter chopped onion if liked, dust bread crumbs over the top layer of tomatoes, and bake an hour or longer in a moderate oven.

Vinegar from Honey.—Dissove honey in water, in the proportion of four pounds to a gallon, and expose the mixture to the greatest heat of the sun, without closing wholly the bunghole of the cask, which must be merely covered with coarse linen, to prevent the admission of insects. In about six weeks the liquor becomes acid, and changes to a very strong vinegar, of excellent quality.

Crabs Browned and Served in the Shell.—Leave the great shell whole mince all the fish, spred some parsley mushrooms, or truffles, a little young on on; fry these; put in the minced cr with the inside bruised, some pep salt, and grated lemon peel; stir thi bout, shake off some flour, and add tle lemon juice, with some good gr let this simmer up; fill the shell or strew over bread crumbs; brown t a Dutch oven, or with a salamand

Nun's Pie.—Soak one pound codfish in cold water for two ho it on to boil, adding a small red and the skin of one orange. good sized potatoes, pick the pieces, squeeze over the j orange and mash it with the a large lump of butter, pu in a bake tin and crumbs, scatter a fe ter over it, cover and bake one be light a

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