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THE LIVING AGE.

This is the poet's age of light,
The age of kingly-born desire;
When thought, like eagles, soaring higher,
Breaks through the barriers of the night,
This is the poet's age supreme,
The age of life's ineffable sway,
Whose splendor is no idle dream,
Nor crumbling image of decay.

Sweet light that glows with golden hours,
That floods with fire the dust of years,
Sprung from dark dooms and pallid tears,
Yet soft as breath blown from fresh flowers,
I love thee, for thou art to me
The harbinger of a life whose will
Shall throb in holier mystery,
And make the soul sublimer still.

O age of fearless love and might,
Whose scope is infinite as the air,
Whose sweetness glows through black despair
Like stars through darkening palls of night!
Thou art the towering height of truth,
The radiance of the visible sun,
Faith free as finished desires of youth,
Immensity and hope made one.

Then shall the poet fear to sing
Of man to whom the years have brought
The power, the passion, and the thought,
The world in which each soul is king!
Nay, with unfettered power, his song
Shall burn and tremble, and aspire,
And echo, echo, clear and strong,
Forever higher, higher, higher.

Through dim and ghostly lights we see
The shattered idols of the past;
O living age! thy dreams are cast
In shapes of god-like majesty:
The dreams that burn the soul are thine,
The unison of time and space;
Behold me at thy feet! I pine
For all thy sweetly human grace.

GEO. EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

BLESSINGS ON BOOKS.

Blessings on books! that ever show
What ancient wits and sages taught,
And pour in bounteous overflow
The ever living stream of thought!

Blessings on books! while they are ours,
And souls are reached through ears and eyes,
We're equals of th' immortal powers,
We're partners in the earth and skies!

—*Belgravia.*

A LOVER'S VENGEANCE.

BY JOHN B. HOCH.

There was a great party given at the house of Mrs. G——, in Lexington avenue, and moving as majestically as a queen among the "goodlie companie" was Emily Fulton. She was as beautiful as a poet's dream. Her rich olive complexion was faintly tinged on either cheek by a soft, peach-like bloom, her eyes were as dark as midnight, and her hair fell almost to her waist in luxuriant curls, their jetty hue relieved by a crimson rose fastened near her temple. Her features rivaled in the beauty of their classic outline the finest work of an ardent sculptor. Acknowledged as the belle of the evening by all present, she received the many compliments which were paid her with the greatest coldness and a slight air of weariness.

"How beautiful she is," said one of a group of three gentlemen who were standing near her. "Yes, magnificent, but utterly heartless," replied another. "As arrant a coquette as ever breathed," said the third. "Poor Martin fell in her snares and worshipped at her shrine with the greatest adoration for nearly two years, and at the very moment when he fancied he had attained the summit of his hopes she sent him off as a wayward child would a broken plaything."

"I heard she had rejected him," said the first speaker; yet they seem to be very firm friends."

"May Heaven preserve me from such friendship as exist between them!" replied the other.

"Martin is as hot-headed and passionate as any child of the sunny South, although outwardly he appears as cool and collected as any of us. He knows he has been played with, and he will yet make you fair lady rue the day she first trifled with his affections. See, he is making his way through the crowd toward us.—Who is that foreign looking gentleman in company with him?"

"I do not know him."

"Nor I."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Marsh he reached the group. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Senor Rojas, of Venezuela."

The usual salutations were exchanged, and after a few moments' conversation Martin remarked.

"We must leave you, gentlemen, as my friend is exceedingly anxious to know *a belle* Fulton. By all appearances she has already made a conquest in the person of the Senor."

A slight smile flickered around the mouth of the Venezuelian, as he allowed himself to be led immediately to the presence of Miss Fulton. The introduction being over, the lady made room on the sofa beside her for her new acquaintance, and they became engaged in an animated conversation. He was tall and slim as straight as an arrow. His face was very dark, and he wore a heavy black moustache. His eyes were a gray, and looked as if they could become as cold as marble, or at times scintillate gleams of fire. His dress showed him to be possessed of the most faultless taste.

Emily Fulton had at last found a foeman worthy of her steel. She listened to his stories of his country, with the most breathless interest, her face glowing with admiration as she listened to him.

The social party broke up at last, and Senor Rojas handed Emily to her luxurious carriage, which was driven rapidly home.

"He shall be mine!" articulated the beauty to herself, as she rolled quickly along.

As the South American turned after the carriage was driven away, he met Martin face to face. For a moment the two men gazed in each others eyes. The face of Martin was deathly pale from excitement, while that of the Venezuelan wore a cold, sneering smile.

"I shall succeed," said Rojas.

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly; I seldom fail. I am somewhat fatigued, so I must bid you good night. I will call upon you tomorrow."

"Good night," replied Martin.

After the night of the party in Lexington avenue Senor Rojas was a welcome visitor at the residence of Emily Fulton. He was her constant companion to parties, balls and the opera. Go where they would, Martin always followed them. He seemed to haunt them like a spirit.—People who knew Emily said that she had found a new victim. Months rolled on, and still the Venezuelian paid his *devoirs* to the fair Emily, much to the disgust of her matter-of-fact uncle, with whom she was residing, and who incessantly grunted out:

"I can't see what you can see in this cold, yellow-faced fellow to admire. I want to see my brother Tom's orphan child married to an American."

But Emily had a will of her own, and, what was better a large fortune in her own right, and, therefore, she regarded her uncle's comment with the supremest indifference.

One bright spring afternoon, Emily was seated in the magnificent parlor, arrayed in all the beauty of a splendid toilet, when the Senor Rojas was announced, and in a moment after the South American entered the room. Soon there was a pause, and then Rojas said very abruptly:

"At last, Emily, I am able to return to my own country."

Emily Fulton gave a sudden start and involuntarily laid her hand upon his arm. The old, mocking smile played around the lips of Rojas, but it was unperceived by the startled girl who sat beside him on the sofa.

"Why not remain here?" exclaimed Emily.

"Remain here! Is it possible that Miss Fulton can feel an interest in one like me, so unworthy of you? Oh, Emily Emily, I have loved you from the first night I saw you—loved you with my whole heart and soul. Can you, will you return my love?"

There was no answer, but a lovely face rested upon his breast, while his arm stole around a yielding form.

"But why should I talk of love? I, who am as poor as man can be!"

"Dear Rojas, I have riches. I have enough for both."

"And would you leave home, kind friends, all that you hold most dear, to share the fortunes of a poor exile like myself?"

"All, dear Rojas, all!" The coquette was conquered. His face was flushed and his eyes shone with their wonted fire, as he said:

"Then be it so. Together we will reach our far-off home. Once there our future life shall be one long dream of love."

A week after this conversation they were married, and then took their departure for Caracas, where they arrived in due time.

Time sped on its winged flight, and Emily became conscious of a change in the manner of Rojas. His demands for money became more and more pressing. Soon his absence from home began to grow longer and longer.

One day while Rojas was lying on a sofa in his chamber, smoking a cigar and enjoying himself, the door of his room was suddenly thrown open, and his wife rushed in with the air of an enraged tigress. All the fire of her passionate nature was aroused within her. In her hand she carried an open letter. The senor smoked unremoved; although he surmised something terrible had happened. His coolness maddened her.

"Rojas!" she cried, in a voice almost choked with passion, "Rojas, you are a villain! You have ruined me! I received this letter a moment or two ago," she cried. "Tell me, sir, are its statements true or false?" and she placed the letter in his hands.

Rojas removed the cigar, and read the letter, without moving a muscle of his countenance while so doing. It read as follows:

NEW YORK, January 6th, 1875.

DEAR MADAM: Allow me to congratulate you on your choice of a husband.—In accepting him you not only pleased your own fancy but mine also. I chose him for you. Know you that your husband, Senor Enrico Rojos, is no Venezuelian, but a New York adventurer, his real name being Joseph Parker; his profession, gambling. You spurned my love, and I am now avenged for the slight you put upon me. I wish you every happiness with your dear husband.

Your old friend,
HARRY MARTIN.

"Well, sir, is that letter true or false?" said she.

"Madam, it is all true," was the cold reply.

"True! My God!" groaned the wretched woman sinking into the nearest chair."

"Every word," replied Rojas.

"Villain, villain! you have spoiled me of fortune, robbed me of my virtue, but you shall rue this yet! I have a home yet!"

"Then seek it at once. I have no desire to detain you. I have no claim upon you; you are not my wife."

"Not your wife? Liar!"

"Not so, for when I married you, my first wife was living. I never loved or cared for you. You were rich, I was poor; your fortune was a stake worth playing for; and I played for it and won it."

While he was speaking the eyes of Emily rested on a small daggar which was lying on a table near her. Possessing herself of this weapon, and as the last words passed his lips, she sprang madly forward and plunged the daggar in his bosom. Rojas uttered a loud cry and fell forward on his face, a corpse.—Emily stood for a moment viewing the body, with eyes that gleamed with fire of insanity, and then plunged the daggar into her own body, dying instantly.

Harry Martin was terribly revenged.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

MEMORANDUM OF COL. WALTER H. TAYLOR, GEN'L. LEE'S ADJUTANT GENERAL—STRENGTH OF THE TWO ARMIES FROM THE RECORDS.

Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., who was Adjutant General of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia during the late war, has contributed an interesting paper to the Southern Historical Society in regard to the battle of Gettysburg, the strength of the two armies engaged, etc., of which the annexed is the material portion:

The design of Gen. Lee in invading the Northern States was to free Virginia of the presence of the enemy—to transfer the theatre of war to the enemy's country, and to take the reasonable chance of defeating his adversary there—knowing full well that to obtain an advantage there over the enemy would operate more powerfully in our favor than to discomfit him in Virginia. He sought an encounter with his opponent, but upon his own terms as to time and place. He justly felt great confidence in his army, and hoped to select a favorable position where he could receive the attack which the enemy would be compelled to make, and from which, if successful, he could seriously threaten the Federal capital. The condition of the army at this time was excellent; never was I so impressed by its *morale* as when the two corps of Hill and Longstreet passed through Chambersburg.

Now, as to the battle itself. The first great disadvantage experienced by Gen'l. Lee was the unexpected absence of his cavalry. Certain discretionary power had to be left with Gen. Stuart as to where he would cross the Potomac. It was arranged that the movements of the enemy and his own judgment should determine this, but he was to connect at once with Gen. Lee, keep on his flank, and advise him of the enemy's movements. After crossing the river Gen'l. Stuart consumed some time in pursuing and capturing a train of wagons, and when he turned to join the main column of the army he found that Gen. Hooker had interposed between him and Gen'l. Lee, and so was compelled to make the circuit of the federal army. He did not join Gen. Lee until the evening of the 2d of July. On approaching Gettysburg, where General Lee had directed a concentration of his army, a force of the enemy was encountered near that town by the advance of Hill's corps on the 1st of July. This was the first intimation that Gen. Lee received of the proximity of the enemy's infantry. The first encounter was unexpected. Hill's troops became engaged; Ewell, whose orders were to concentrate at Cashtown or Gettysburg, heard the firing and turned towards Gettysburg. His advance divisions—Rhodes' and Early's—became engaged. The engagement now involved two of Hill's divisions and two of Ewell's—all of both corps then up. The result was a success of no small proportions to the Confederates. On the side of the enemy two corps were engaged besides Buford's cavalry. The forces were about balanced in strength as to infantry—23,000 to 24,000 each. The maximum average of Lee's divisions were 6,000 each, 24,000; but at this date the four divisions had not 22,000 present. Gen. Butterfield, chief of staff, Army of the Potomac, testified that the first and eleventh federal corps had 24,000 on the 10th of June. Page 428, vol. 1, Conduct of the War.

We should have occupied the heights that evening. I took the order to Gen'l. Ewell to press the enemy and secure the heights if possible. Later, Gen. Lee rode over to Gen. Ewell's front and conferred as to the future movements. He wanted to follow up the success gained; thought that with Johnson's division, then up, that Gen. Ewell could go forward at dawn next day. Ewell, Early and Rhodes thought it best to await Longstreet's arrival, and make the main attack on the enemy's line. This was determined on. Longstreet was then about four miles off, with two of his divisions. He was expected early on the morning of the 2d. Orders were sent him to move up to gain the Emmittsburg road. He did not reach the field early, and his dispositions were not completed for attack until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In his report General Longstreet says he received orders to move with the portion of his command that was then up, to gain the Emmittsburg road on the enemy's left, but fearing that he was too weak to attack, he delayed until one of his brigades (Law's) joined its division, and that he begun the movement as soon after its arrival as his preparations could be made. It seemed impossible to get the co-operation of the commanders along the line. When Longstreet did attack, he did it in handsome style—drove the enemy and captured prisoners, artillery and other trophies.

So far we had succeeded in every encounter with the enemy. It was thought that a continuance of the attack as made by Longstreet offered promise of success. He was ordered to renew the fight early on the 3d; Ewell was to co-operate. Ewell ordered Johnson to attack at an early hour, anticipating that Longstreet would do the same. Longstreet delayed. He found that a force of the enemy, occupying high ground on their left, would take his troops in reverse as they advanced.

Longstreet was then visited by General Lee, and they conferred as to the mode of attack. It was determined to adhere to the plan of attack by Longstreet, and to strengthen him for the movement he was to be reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, of Hill's corps. These, with his three divisions, were to attack. Longstreet made his dispositions, and General Lee went to our centre to observe movements. The attack was not made as designed. Pickett's division, Heth's division, and two brigades of Pender's division advanced. Hood and McLaws were not moved forward. There were nine divisions in the army; seven were quiet, while two assailed the fortified line of the enemy. A. P. Hill had orders to be prepared to assist Longstreet further if necessary. Anderson, who commanded one of Hill's divisions, was in readiness to respond to Longstreet's call, and made his dispositions to advance, but General Longstreet told him it was of no use—the attack had failed.

Had Hood and McLaws followed or supported Pickett, and Pettigrew and Anderson have been advanced, the design of the commanding general would have been carried out—the world not be so at a loss to understand what was designed by throwing forward, unsupported, against the enemy's stronghold, so small a portion of our army. Had Gen. Lee known what was to happen, doubtless he would have manœuvred to force Gen'l. Meade away from his strong position by threatening his communications with the East, as suggested by ——; but he felt strong enough to carry the enemy's lines, and I believe success would have crowned his plan had it been faithfully carried out.

As peviously stated, I obtained access to the archives of the War Department, U. S. A., and have taken copies of the original returns of our army. On the 31st of May our effective strength was 68,352; but one brigade, Pettigrew's, joined the army after this, and to offset Pettigrew, Coree's brigade, of Pickett's division, with one regiment of North Carolina troops (of Pettigrew's brigade,) remained at Hanover Junction.

Pickett had but three of his brigades at Gettysburg. I am sure that the causes already mentioned reduced General Lee's effective strength at Gettysburg, including Stuart's cavalry, to sixty-two thousand men. Perhaps I had better go more into detail. The return alluded to is the nearest to the invasion—indeed made but a few days before the army advanced. The strength of the various arms were as follows: Infantry, 54,356; cavalry, 9,536; artillery, 4,460—of all arms, 68,352.

At the time of that return the army was divided into but two corps or wings—one under Longstreet, and the other, Jackson's old corps—under A. P. Hill. The former embraced four divisions, McLaws's, Anderson's, Pickett's and Hood's; and the latter the same number, viz: A. P. Hill's, Early's, Rhodes's and Johnson's.

Just before we advanced the army was reorganized into three corps—the first under Longstreet, second under Ewell, and third under A. P. Hill. The first corps embraced the divisions of McLaws, Pickett and Hood; the second those of Early, Rhodes and Johnson, and the third those of Anderson, Heth and Pender.

The last two divisions of Hill's corps were formed by adding Pettigrew's brigade, which had just then joined the army, and Davis's Mississippi brigade (formed for him by bringing together Mississippi regiments from mixed brigades) to the six which constituted A. P. Hill's old division, and dividing the eight into two divisions of four brigades each. The army remained the same as to brigades, except Pettigrew's as before mentioned, and received no additional reinforcements from any source. On the 26th of July, 1863, after our return, the army numbered 41,388 effective, exclusive of the cavalry, of which no report is made in the return last mentioned. Allowing 7,612, a fair estimate for the cavalry, and the effective total of the army on the 20th of July, 1863, was 49,000—showing a loss of 19,000 in the campaign.

Concerning the strength of the federal army. Gen'l. Meade testified before the committee on the conduct of the war that he had a little under 100,000 men in action. He also said that when he assumed command of the army, from returns showed him, he ascertained its strength to be 105,000, including the 10,000 under Gen. French at Harper's Ferry. General Hooker, who was relieved but a few days before the battle, on the 27th of June, telegraphed to Gen. Halleck: "My whole force of enlisted men for duty will not exceed 105,000 men." This would make his effective total (officers and men) fully one hundred and twelve thousand. This communication was sent to Gen. Halleck by wire, and received at 9 o'clock, A. M. Later in the day he telegraphed from Sandy Hook concerning the troops at Harper's Ferry: "I find 10,000 men here in condition to take the field," &c. This dispatch was received by Gen. Halleck at 2.52 P. M. It is evident that Gen. Meade was in error in supposing that the returns showing the 105,000 enlisted men of the army of the Potomac included the 10,000 at Harper's Ferry. Including the latter, Gen. Meade had 115,000 to 122,000 men under his command. He ordered Gen'l. French to Frederick with 7,000 men from Harper's Ferry to protect his communications, and thus made available a like number of the army of the Potomac who would otherwise have been detached for this service. I put the army of Northern Virginia at 62,000, (infantry 50,000, cavalry 8,000, artillery 4,000—62,000,) and the army of the Potomac at 105,000 effective, at Gettysburg, and believe these figures nearly correct.

A DEADLY CURE.

At a large and influential meeting held recently in the Strand, London, Mr. Munroe, of Hull, made the following remarkable statement, which we give in his own words;

"Are not medical men, by the promiscuous ordering of intoxicating drinks for their patients, answerable for much of the drunkenness which is now the great curse of the land? With regard to the prescriptions of alcoholic beverages, I will relate a circumstance which occurred to me some years ago, the result of which made a deep impression upon my mind. I was not then a teetotaler—would that I had been—but I conscientiously, though erroneously, believed in the health restoring properties of stout. A hard-working, industrious, God-feariug man, a teetotaler of some years' standing, suffering from an abscess in his hand, which had reduced him very much, applied to me for advice. I told him the only medicine he required was rest; and to remedy the waste going on in his system, and to repair the damage done to his hand, he was to support himself with a bottle of stout daily. He replied 'I cannot take it, for I have been some years a teetotaler.' 'Well,' I said, 'if you know better than the doctor, it is no use applying to me.' Believing, as I did then, that the drink would be of service to him, I urged him to take the stout as a medicine, which would not interfere with his pledge. He looked anxiously in my face, evidently weighing the matter over in his mind, and sorrowfully replied:

"'Doctor, I was a drunken man once; I should not like to be one again.'

"He was, much against his will, prevailed upon to take the stout, and, in time, he recovered from his sickness.—When he got well, I, of course, praised up the virtues of stout as a means of saving his life, for which he ought ever to be thankful, and rather lectured him on his foolishness for being such a fanatic as to refuse taking a bottle of stout daily to restore him to his former health. I lost sight of my patient for some months; but on one fine summer's day when driving through one of our public thoroughfares, I saw a poor, miserable, ragged-looking man leaning against the door of a common public house drunk, and incapable of keeping an erect position. Even in his poverty, drunkenness and misery, I discovered it was my teetotal patient, whom I had not so long ago persuaded to break the pledge. I could not be mistaken I had reason to know him well, for he had been a member of a Methodist church, an indefatigable Sunday school teacher, a prayer leader, whose earnest appeal for the salvation of others I had often listened to with pleasure and edification. I immediately went to the man and was astonished to find the change which drink, in so short a time, had worked in his appearance. With manifest surprise, and looking earnestly at the poor wretch, I said, 'S——! is that you?' With a staggering reel, and clipping his words, he answered, 'Yes, it's me. Look at me again. Don't you know me?' 'Yes, I know you,' I said, 'and am grieved to see you in this drunken condition. I thought you were a teetotaler.'

"With a peculiar grin upon his countenance, he answered, 'I was before I took your medicine!' 'I am sorry to see you disgracing yourself by such conduct. I am ashamed of you.' Rousing himself, as drunken people will at times, to extraordinary effort, he chaffingly replied,—'Didn't you send me here for my medicine?' and with a delirious kind of chuckle, he hiccoughed out words I can never forget; 'Doctor, your medicine cured my body, but it damned my soul!'

"You may rest assured I did not sleep that night. The drunken aspect of that man haunted me, and I found myself weeping over the injury I had done him I rose up early the next morning and went to his cottage, with its little garden in front, on the outskirts of the town, where I had often seen him with his wife, and happy children playing about, but I found to my sorrow, that he had removed some time ago. At last, with some difficulty, I found him located in a couple of rooms in a low neighborhood, not far distant from the public house he had patronized the day before. Here, in such a home as none but the drunkard could inhabit, I found him laid upon a bed of straw, feverish and prostrate from the previous day's debauch, abusing his wife because she could not get him some more drink—she standing aloof with tears in her eyes, broken down with care and grief, her children dirty and clothed in rags, all friendless, and steeped in poverty. What a wreck was there! Turned out of the church in which he was an ornament, his religion sacrificed, his usefulness marred, his hopes of eternity blasted, now a poor dejected slave to his passion for drink, without mercy and without hope.

"I talked to him kindly, reasoned with him, succored him till he was well, and never lost sight or him, or let him have any peace, until he had signed the pledge again. It took him some time to recover his place in the church, but I have had the happiness of seeing him restored. He is now, more than ever, a devoted worker in the church; and the cause of temperance is pleaded on all occasions.—*Ex.*

A STATE GOVERNED BY WOMEN.

Among the colonial possessions, or more correctly, dependencies of Holland, there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and the original customs of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent State, politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and since time immemorial, goverened and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his State council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all State officers, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The body guard of the king is formed of the *elite*. These amazons ride in masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The throne is inherited by the eldest son, and in case the king dies without issue a hundred amazons assemble, in order to choose a successor from among their sons. The chosen one is then proclaimed lawful king. The capital city of this little state lies in one of the most picturesque parts of the Island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well kept fortresses.

☞ "There's some mind in this boy of yours," said the new pastor, stopping by the roadside and stroking the curly pate of a youngster whose father, one of the parishioners, was ploughing in the adjacent field.

"And so there be, too," replied the rustic, greatly tickled; "and so there be, sir; you'd just out to see how he can mind sheep!"

☞ "John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"

"A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily.

"Very good. Now what is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply.

"Oh! you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails! did you ever?"

"To be sure," quoth hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made, they would all be *jackets!*"

"Ah, well! I didn't think of that," replied the dominie.

☞ We don't understand why it is that a constable with a search warrant looking for whiskey in a temperance town can search five days and never get a smell, while a dry and thirsty man in the same town steps out of his office, walks briskly away, and in three minutes is seen emerging from an alley and wiping his perspiring mouth with his cuffs.

☞ The printed invitations to a negro ball in Tennessee bore the advice: "Leave your razors at home for fear you may fall on them."

HOUSEWIFERY.

POTATO CRUST FOR MEAT PIES.—One teacupful cream to six good-sized potatoes boiled and mashed fine, and salt and flour enough to roll; handle as little as possible.

SOFT SOAP.—Dissolve one pound of potash in two gallons of hot water, then add two pounds of clean melted grease while stirring. Set aside, and in a few days you will have excellent soap.

TO STIFFIN BLACK GRENADINE.—Take one pint mucilage; add one quart cold water; stir well; have a sponge well cleaned, which dip into the solution, and softly brush the granadine, and allow to hang up in a cool place until dry.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, five eggs, one cupful milk, one teaspoonful soda, one small lemon, a little nutmeg, a wine glass full brandy, three cupfuls flour, dredge a quart of huckelberries thickly with flour and add the last thing.

PICKELED PEACHES AND PLUMBS.—To seven pounds of fruit, three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce cinnamon. Scald vinegar and sugar three mornings in succession, and pour on the fruit. The third morning scald all together.

PALE SPONGE CAKE.—To two eggs and one cup of white sugar, well beaten together, add a little extract of lemon, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water, and one and one-half cups of flour, into which a teaspoonful of cream tartar has been sifted; bake on a shallow tin, in a moderate oven.

TO KEEP HAIR IN CURL OR CRIMP.—Rub the soap on a nail-brush to a froth and apply to the hair; when dry will be perfectly stiff, or use bandoline, to keep the latter fresh in warm weather mix twice a week a few quince seeds with hot water and add cologne (the best quality need not be used) when cool.

SCOTCH COLLOPS.—Get two pounds of round of steak, chopped fine; put in a frying-pan a lump of butter half the size of an egg; melt, dredge in a little flour, brown, and then put a cupful of water or more; stir to make a gravy; chop up an onion, put it in; then put in beef steak; stir often, and cook twenty minutes.

DELMONICO HASH.—Take cold roast lamb or mutton; throw away the fat portions; chop very fine, and add cold water enough to make it quite thin; boil in frying-pan; add butter, salt and pepper to suit taste; have ready hot toast which has been well buttered and dipped into cream or rich milk, and spread the hash over the toast, and serve immediately.

GREASE SPOTS FROM CARPET.—First have the carpet well swept, then with a pail of hot water containing a tablespoonful of powdered borax, scrub the soiled or greasy spots well; use a clean scrubbing brush and a very little soap; rinse well with clean hot water and rub as dry as possible with a clean, dry house-cloth; then open the windows and let in the air to dry quickly.

PINEAPPLE DUMPLINGS.—Butter a pudding-dish, and line the bottom and sides with slices of stale cake (sponge cake is best;) pare and slice thin a large pineapple; place in the dish first a layer of pineapple, then stew with sugar, then more pineapple, and so on until all is used; pour over a small teacupful of water, and cover with slices of cake which have been dripped in cold water. Cover the whole with a buttered plate, and bake slowly for two hours.

SWEET PICKELED TOMATOES.—One peck ripe tomatoes, peeled: four pounds brown sugar, one quart cider vinegar, one ounce stick cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves; tie in Swiss muslin bags; boil together until well cooked; put the tomatoes in a colander, keeping them as whole as possible; boil the juice slowly three or four hours until thick; put the tomatoes back; boil up once, with the spice out of the bags; put in jars, and when cold tie up.

CHOW CHOW.—Two quarts of small onions, four of small cucumbers, and three cauliflowers; cut the cauliflowers and cucumbers into small pieces and soak in strong salt water over night; then rinse well and boil in vinegar until quite tender; mix one pound of the best ground mustard and two ounces of the best salad oil with enough vinegar to mix it well; then stir in while boiling; just before taking from the fire add three ounces of fine red pepper; it is then ready to bottle.

PICKLED APPLES.—Take one peck of sweet apples and pare them; boil until tender in a syrup made of four pounds of sugar and a quart of vinegar; then remove them from what is left of the syrup, and make a new one of five pounds of sugar, a quart of vinegar, half an ounce each of the different kinds, of spices, and three large lemons boiled and sliced; boil this syrup half an hour and pour hot over fruit. The first syrup can be used for making sauces.

LEMON PIE WITH FROSTING.—Take one cup or sugar, the yelks of three eggs, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch, the juice and grated peel of one lemon. Beat the yelks very light, add the sugar, rub the corn starch in with the milk, and add that, and then the cinnamon, and beat well together; they will make one pie. Line a pie-dish with a rich paste, and then fill with the custard and bake. When done, take the white of three eggs and beat them with a tablespoonful of sugar to a stiff froth, which spread over the top, and brown in the oven.

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