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Baby Land.

How many miles to the Baby-Land ?
Any one can tell ;
Up one flight
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land ?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land ?
Dream, and wake, and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow,
Jolly time they have.

What do they say in Baby-Land ?
Why, the oddest things ;
Might as well
Try to tell
What birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby-Land ?
Mother, kind and sweet ;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

BANGS, THE BACHELOR.

'Get out!'

'Bangs, that is my dog!'

'Yes, I know it. Get out you brute.'

And he shied at him an iron paper-weight.

My face flushed.

'Bangs,' said I, 'excuse me, but I've an affection for that dog.'

'Excuse me, Pills, but I've an antipathy against all dogs. Get out, vermin!'

And he gave my black-and-tan a vicious kick that sent him howling into the corridor. Bangs shut the door and locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

'I wish, Pills, the next time you come to my office, you would leave the brute behind. I've a most unconquerable antipathy against all canines, and—'

Bangs might have said more, but the look on my face must have convinced him that I was seriously angry.

'Suppose we let this pass,' he said. 'I was wrong, I'll admit. I ought not to have kicked your pup; but you don't know how I hate 'em, big and little. Sit down, Pills, and let me tell you something that heretofore has been a sacred secret with me—a secret hidden from the gaze of the cold, unsympathizing world. I feel now that it is necessary for me to make an explanation, in the hope that it may prevent a misunderstanding between two such firm friends as we have been in the past, and, I hope, will be in the future.'

I sat down in the chair Bangs pointed to, and said:

'Go on!'

'I do not know,' continued Bangs, 'that I ever had any particular dislike to dogs previous to the circumstances which I am about to relate. Do you remember the spring I took a trip to the country?'

'Very well,' I replied.

'That was some six years ago. I had confined myself very closely to business ever since my admittance to the bar; and I thought a month in the country would freshen me up considerably.'

'It did not seem to, if I remember rightly,' I said.

'You'll not wonder at it, Pills, when I tell you all the facts. I went down to a little seaside resort called San Marino.—Ever been there?'

'No.'

'Well, it's a queer sort of a place.—There is a very fine stream of water courses down from the mountain and empties into the sea half a mile from the town—although there is no town there, only a little hotel and a blacksmith shop. The stream empties into the sea in winter, during the heavy rains; but in the summer-time the surf banks up the mouth with sand, and forms quite a lake or lagoon. Laguna la Punitas is the Spanish name. The proprietor of the hotel had a few little sail boats fitted up, and they were in constant use by his guests. Game is plenty in the hills about there—deer and quail; the creek is full of speckled trout, and the hotel is just far enough from the sea to render the climate delightful. The San Marino House was filled to its utmost capacity that season. It was a curious kind of a crowd gathered there. City sportsmen, with dogs, guns, fishing tackle, etc., and superannuated old women, for the benefit of the sea bagne; young boys fourteen or fifteen years old, making their first trip from home alone; two or three grass widows; a somewhat-fast Broadway—rode down from the city on his velocipede—and three or four young ladies and a dozen frisky schoolgirls. On the whole, it was as jolly a crew as ever gathered together. With bathing, sailing, boating, fishing and hunting, the time passed rapidly enough. I said there were three or four young ladies, but so far as I was concerned there was only one—Miss Tootie Tusby. Excuse me, Pills, but I cannot speak that name even now without emotion,' and Bangs drew forth his handkerchief and wiped his eyes vigorously.

'I cannot describe all of her charms; but, Pills, if ever there was an angel in this world, she was one. I devoted myself to her from the very first. When Miss Tootie rode, I rode; if she walked I walked; when she went fishing, Bangs went fishing; if she sailed on the lake Bangs was there also. Pills, I loved that girl! And when I think of what separated us, you'll excuse me, but—'

Here the handkerchief again came into requisition, and Bangs' voice left him completely.

'Did you propose?' I asked.

'No Pills—no! Ah! if I only had—if I only had!'

'What prevented?'

Well nothing but my own folly. I was faint hearted when it came to that. I had in my mouth a dozen times, but my tongue failed me. There was another fellow there, too, that made me terribly jealous. She did't show him any particular favors, but that he was a great admirer of her any one could see, and rollly I wasn't certain in my mind which she preferred. She might in time, perhaps, have shown some preference, and my doubts been dispelled, had it not been for the affair that happened which I am about to relate, and which blighted all my future life.'

'Bad as that?' I said.

'Pills, you never was in love—you never lost the one heaven assigned for you—you don't know anything at all about it.'

'That is so. Go on.'

'There was a party at the San Marino House one evening—a soiree dansainte, or something like that, they called it. They sent up to the city for music, and went in for a gay time. I was counted out, somewhat—you know I don't dance. The other fellow did. More than that, he danced with Tootie nearly all the time. Pills, you don't know anything at all about it. You never had the girl you love dancing with your rival all the evening right before your eyes, while you sat in a corner like a knot on a log; see him in the quadrilles, when all the rest of the couples simply take each other's hands and promenade—see that fellow just put his arm around that girl, and then go waltzing or polkaing all about the room, every time right in front of you, and that cussed fellow treading on your corns every chance he can get—you don't know anything about it.'

I admitted my ignorance.

'Well I couldn't stand it, it was too much. I rushed out and started off toward the sea. I don't know as I had any intention of suicide, but I was in a desperate mood. The path to the beach led along by the path of a lagoon, and by the time I had gone a hundred yards I changed my mind, and thought I would take a swim in the lake. That is about all the accomplishment I possessed, and one can't show that off before the ladies, you know—not in the way you can dancing. I disrobed under the branches of a huge alder, or sycamore, or some such tree, and struck out for the other side of the lake. The moon was shining brightly, and the water was warm and delightful. Having crossed to the opposite side, I swam along in the dark shadow of the alders until I came to the sea beach. Then I noticed that the moon was getting low. I must return soon, before I was missed at the party. After a short rest, I plunged again, and struck out for the place where I left my clothes. I could find it easily by the large tree growing there; and Pills, I tell you, the situation of things about that time was precarious.'

'How's that?'

'I couldn't find my clothes! Gone sir—every article, except my plug hat! I rushed round among the brush and nettles and poison oak like a setter after a quail. Jerusalem! Whew! I tell you I got a dose that lasted for a month. Not a rag of clothing could I find. At length I happened to look up the path toward the hotel. What do you suppose I saw? A cursed grayhound that belonged to my rival with my white vest, tossing it upon his nose, and dragging it about among the dust and tarweed as though it had been an 'old dish cloth. The situation flashed upon me in an instant. The dog had stolen my clothes in sport, and there I was—out there in the night air—with no possible show of getting into the house without discovery. Pleasant, wasn't it?'

'Decidedly!'

'You don't know anything at all about it sir! That was nothing to what followed. Just as I was wandering how in the dickens I was to get out of the scrape, I looked up toward the hotel again, and saw something that fairly made my blood freeze in my veins. I saw three persons coming down the path, and I at once recognized them as my rival, Wilkins, Miss Tootie and another young lady. They met the dog when about half way between the lake and the hotel. I saw by their actions the discovery of the vest had alarmed them. They all came hurriedly down the path toward the very spot where I stood. Pills, that was a situation I hope never to be placed in again.'

'Undoubtedly! Did you take to the water?'

'I dared not do it; but it would have been better if I had. You see, I had been in the water so long already I was in an awful condition—goose-flesh all over me. There was no time to deliberate long. My first impulse was to spring up into the tree, and I did so. They came rushing down to the water's edge, under the tree just beneath me. I could hear their voices quite plainly. They were discussing the probability of my being drowned. I was roosted up there on a limb, shivering like sin—nothing on but my plug hat, you know.

'By-and-by they began to talk about going back to the hotel and giving the alarm. I could hear one of the young ladies weeping; but hang me if I could tell which one. I was anxious to kow, of course, for it was Miss Tootie, the fact would be significant, at least. In my anxiety to discover which one was crying, I crept noislessly out a few feet further on the limb. I didn't stop to consider that the sycamore is a very brittle tree. Stretching my neck to the utmost, I peered down through the leaves, and crash!'

'The limb broke?'

'Yes sir; and I found myself stretched out at full length on the sand, right in the midst of them! O, Jupiter! Pills, you don't know anything about it! I prayed for an earthquake to open the earth and swallow me up, but it didn't.'

'Well the denouncement?'

'The girls looked at me in astonishment a moment and there was a tremendous fluttering of white dresses as they ran back toward the hotel. Wilkins burst into a roar of laughter, and kept it up until I sprang up and collard him, and told him as he valued his life to go to the hotel and bring me my valise, which contained an extra suit of clothing. I made him promise to keep mum, too, until I was clear of the place. He was glad to do it, for if I left he would have the whole field to himself. He brought the valise as he promised and I walked eight miles that night to the next hotel. The following day I took the stage for the city. Miss Tusby married Wilkins, and I have never seen her since that fatal night.'

'And therefore you hate dogs?'

'And who wouldn't? If it hadn't been for that dog, I never should have met that accident. I might have won Miss Tusby, I might now have been the father of a large family, instead of a misanthropic bachelor. I might—'

Here Bangs was interrupted by some one rapping at his office door. He unlocked it, and ushered in a disconsolate-looking fellow, who, on seeing him, intimated a wish to consult him privately. Bang's private office is separated from his reception-room by sliding doors. Bangs invited his visitor in there, and closed the doors, as he thought. But it happened that the track on which they ran was out of order, and the doors slid open about three inches. Unavoidably I listened to the whole conversation.

'You are a lawyor Bangs, are you not?' said the stranger.

'Yes, sir. Can I do anything for you?'

'I think so. I am unhappy in my marriage relations.'

'Ah! that's bad. Thinking of a divorce?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah! perhaps it is best, where two cannot live together happily. Personally, I have always thought the marriage state the only happy one for a man in the world.'

'You are not married?'

'Oh! no, sir—no sir; might have been possibly, had it not been for an unfortunate accident I once—'

'You ought to think yourself lucky, sir,' interrupted the stranger.

'Perhaps so. But let us proceed to this business of yours. On what grounds do you intend to proceed?'

'Incompatibility of temper, first.'

'Can't agree eh?'

'No, sir, could as soon agree with the devil.'

'Anything else?'

'Yes, sir, deception. She claimed to be a maiden lady.'

'Wasn't she?'

'She had been married three times, and was the mother of three children.'

'That was bad.'

'Her reputation, I know now, is not good. She was nothing but an adventuress.'

Let us get this thing in shape. I will take down your statements.'

And immediately I could hear Bangs scratching away with his pen.

'Your name?'

'John Badger.'

'Wife's name?'

'Sarah Badger.'

'Name when you married her?'

'Sarah Tinkham. Tinkham committed suicide six months after their marriage.'

'Name before she married Tinkham?'

'Plunket. Plunket ran away and left her, and she got a divorce from him'

Ah, ha! She's one of 'em, ain't she? What was her name before she married Plunkettt?'

'Wilkins. He lived with her about a year, when he got a divorce.'

'Wilkins!—name sounds familiar. Do you know her name before she married him?'

'Yes, sir. It was Tusby—Susan Tusby—or Tootie Tusby, as she was called.'

I heard a dull thud on the floor, a cry of dismay from the stranger, and throwing open the door, I rushed in.

Bangs had fainted.

☞ A country girl wrote to her lover 'Now George don't fail to be at the singing school to night.' George wrote back that, 'In the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as fale.'

☞ What word is that of eight letters, from which, if you take away five, ten will still remain? Tendency.

☞ Why is a reporter like a pickpocket? Because he takes notes, and must have quick fingers to insure success.

☞ Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

☞ Next to no wife, a good wife's best.

HOLIDAYS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows
The happy days unclouded to their close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows.
White as the gleam of a receding sail;
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air;
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are: a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land we knew not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

SNORING.

There is a wide popular misapprehension as the the true nature of snoring. It is almost universally regarded as a mere weakness of the flesh, whereas it is really a vice, and ought to be treated as a crime Instead of being an involuntary act, it is a willful and shameful outrage. It is true that the snorer is usually a person who lacks nervous force, and whose physical frame not being kept in constant restraint becomes limp and loose during sleep, and thus readily yields to the temptation to snore. The drunkard is likewise a fickle and irresolute person, who is unable to govern his bodily appetites, but we do not accept this as an excuse for drunkenness. It is the duty of every man to abstain from snoring, no matter how strongly he may be tempted. St. Paul remarked that he "kept his body under"—or, in other words, that he did not permit himself to snore, and every person should follow his example. As a matter of fact, it is notorious that no self-respecting person is ever guilty of snoring. Women never snore, except in those rare instances where age has dulled their delicacy, and led them to neglect their hair, and to wear slippers several sizes too large for them. Such women occasionally shock their friends by snoring, but youth and beauty never snore. Among men, snoring must be preceeded by a loss of self-respect, and an indifference to the feelings of others. Weak men and coarse men may snore, but no great and good men ever mocked the calm midnight with the howling of a brutal nose.

In these days when men constantly travel in sleeping cars, some efficacious prescription for the prevention and cure of snoring is eagerly desired. The most popular remedy for the end in question is a liberal dose of soap—the yellow variety being preferable—inserted in the mouth of the snorer. As a rule, the criminal always lies on his back and keeps his mouth open. If a wedge-shaped piece of soap, of about the size of a piece of cheese, or say a trifle smaller than a piece of chalk is placed in the snorer's mouth he will undergo temporary straugulation, and then sit up and make theological remarks. The trouble with this remedy is that it is not lasting in its effects. The snorer who is soaped will in most cases resume his loathsome practice as soon as he falls asleep. Of course, if he be killed, his snoring is permanently cured, but the sickly sentimentality that is so common in our day renders men shamefully loath to kill even the most abandoned snorer.

The recent treatment to which a snorer was subjected on board a Union Pacific sleeping car was certainly effective, and may afford a useful hint to the traveling public, although it will not, perhaps, prove feasible in all circumstances. The train was bound west, and the rear sleeping car was nearly full. At the usual hour the beds were made, and the travelers climbed into them with comparatively few contusions. Precisely half an hour afterward a man in one of the lower berths began to snore. His was not the brilliant, brassy snore of the New England nose, but the heavy, sonorous, tombone-like snore of the middle-aged German. In range, power, and tone, it was unique, and it instanly awoke the entire company—several of the passengers being impressed with the belief that a collision had occurred, and that a hostile locomotive had entered the car. The noise was endured for a time, with the faint hope that the snorer would strangle himself, but as he settled down to a uniform rhythmic snore, that was evidently meant to last all night, it was felt that active measures were imperatively needed.

The porter was found and bribed to shake the snorer, and to explain to him that his conduct was really intolerable. The culprit awoke with a wild start, made a few feeble remarks in German, and then, sinking back to his pillow, recommenced his refrain. In these circumstances it was plain that the only hope lay in keeping him awake for the rest of the night, and a stalwart Texan, nobly offering to sacrifice his own rest for the benefit of the others, was detailed to constantly prod the German with a stick. Even this plan proved a failure. The snorer could not be thoroughly aroused, and the only effect of the constant insertion of the stick in his ribs was to vary the character of his snors, and to render it rather worse than it had been.

By this time the passengers were convinced that mild measures would never do. A vigilance committee of six members were therefore appointed' and the German, who was a small man, was dragged from his bed and placed on the wood box in the rear of the car. He was now thoroughly awake, and protested with great vehemence against his treatment. A number of shawl-straps were produced, and he was firmly fastened to a staple, and warned that if he indulged in any further language, or ventured to fall asleep again, he would be taken apart with a screw-driver and distributed along the track. Although he was an obstinate man, he did not lack discretion, and so relapsed into silence. Gradually the vigilance committee yielded to the desire to sleep, and at 11 o'clock the snorer was left in sole charge of the noble Texan.—At 11.15 his head sank on his bosom, and he uttered a profane snore that jarred the very frame-work of the car. Grimly the Texan produced from his valise a porus plaster, which he firmly applied to the mouth and nose of the unhappy wretch. The snoring ceased; a few convulsive kicks marred the varnish on the side of the wood-box, and all was still. In the morning the corpse was removed into the baggage-car, and the enthusiastic passengers made up a purse of three hundred dollars which, together with a beautifully engraved copy of laudatory resolutions, was at once presented to the ingenious Texan.

It thus appears that a porous plaster when applied to the mouth and nose of a snorer will effect a permanent cure. The only objectionable feature of this mode of treatment consists in the difficulty of disposing of the body. In a city like New York, the meddlesome interference of coroners would prove troublesome. Still it is something to know that there is a way of silencing the loudest snore, and at the same time doing something like justice to the wretched victim of an atrocious and wholly inexcusable vice.

Splendid Acoustic Qualities.

The following authentic anecdote in connection with the Drury Lane Theatre, rebuilt by Holland, the architect, in 1794, and by him leased to Sheridan, will, we doubt not, be new to our reapers:

Holland could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He haunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts, but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in in spite of the burly porter and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most apropos.

"I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of the gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre—that in fact the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale and almost staggering back; "why it's the most perfect building for sound that was ever erected! I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan, "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitely, and then have a paragraph on it in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly—perfectly, Mr, Sheridan!"

"Then I wish you a very good morning,"

So saying Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

☞ "Was you ever in Rum?" asked an old lady of a moral, millionaire who had just returned from an European tour.

"No, madam," was a reply, I was never in liquor in my life.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

WHAT HAS THE W[illegible]—The world has had six thou[illegible] to bring on its "more excellent [illegible] hat has it devised, apart from the [illegible] to heal the sores of the broken, [illegible]ded, bleeding heart? What has R[illegible] ages of martial glory, or Greece, [illegible]es of philosophic culture or refine[illegible] done to solve the vexed proble[illegible]hing humanity? What streams [illegible]ort has the rod, wie[illegible]t intellects, extorted [illegible] barren rock? What trees have th[illegible]nted in the world's desert "whos[illegible] shall not fade, neither shall thereof b[illegible]sumed; whose fruit shall be for mea[illegible] the leaf for medicine?" On the [illegible] how many thousands, racked [illegible] pain, tortured with doubt, anxie[illegible] agitated with remorse, darkened w[illegible] bereavement—the sick, the weary, [illegible]ying, have been cheered and comfo[illegible] the everlasting consolation of th[illegible]!

How dear to my h[illegible] goat of my childhood,
When fond recolle[illegible] presents him to me;
The beautiful b[illegible] wherse'er he was riled wo[illegible]
Make everythi[illegible] presence of he.
My mischievou[illegible] the frowiest butter
That ever di[illegible] fence till it fell;
He'd see it [illegible] a scream he would utte[illegible]
Then [illegible] his four legs, and go at it
Oh, he [illegible] buck it! An iron-bound [illegible]
He once t[illegible] it and died in the well.

ANGER.—Let us ever remember that passion has a direct tendency to trouble the understanding and darken the mind. The fumes, which arise from a heart boiling with anger, blind[illegible] reason.—Nothing is in reality [illegible] it appears to be in that unhapp[illegible] Perhaps no two persons ca[illegible] than each other [illegible] man differs from him[illegible] with anger, and when [illegible]d. Correct conclusi[illegible]ived at under the influence [illegible]

☞ One [illegible] College girls discovered a comet a few days ago, and she was so mad when she found that its trail was several billions of miles longer than her own, that she declared that hereafter comets might go shooting through unknown space for ten thousand years before she would discover one of them. The fact that the comet's trail was not trimmed with real point lace didn't seem to act as a balm to her jealousy.—*Norristown Heard.*

☞ There are two periods in every man's life when he feels, deep down in his heart, that if the earth was to open and swallow him up, it would be a pleasure to him—one it when he steals up stairs with the old man's razor to take his first shave; and the other is the first Sunday in a high hat.

☞ Maria is a very popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back fence in a well populated neighborhood, and plaintively calls out, "Maria!" twenty or thirty windows are hastily thrown up from which protrude twenty or thirty feminine heads. wildly answering, "what?"

☞ An exchange encourageingly remarks that the average young man is so unreliable that fathers ought to hide their daughters. What the average young man is afraid of, is not so much that a father will hide his daughter as that he will hide the average young man.

☞ A St. Louis Sunday-school boy gave his teacher this illustrative definition of "responsibility:" "Boys has two buttons for their s'penders so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, there's a good deal of responsibility on the other button."

To lie still after they are dead
Is what most people du;
But Amelia Greth, of Mauch Chunk Pa,
after dying of consumption at the
command of a Catholic priest,
Revived in trance-itu.

☞ "Sides forward," said the prompter at a ball the other evening, and a young man in the hall dreamily passed his hand across his cheek and only wished they would forward. But hope deferred had made his heart sick.

☞ A Rome milkman put a pane of blue glass in the top of his milk can, and when he went to deal out milk to the first customer, found pond lilies and a couple of three pound pickerel in the can. Next.

☞ What is that which every one wishes to have, and wishes to get rid of directly? A good appetite.

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Rub first with soda and soft soap, then wash as usual with water.

ONE lady in Maine boasts hair eight feet and one inch in length, and that she refused an offer of $2000 for it.

TO POACH EGGS.—Lay small muffin rings in the water and drop an egg into each ring, and the egg will be smooth and the shape of the ring.

INK STAINS can be removed from cotton or linen by washing in salt and water. This should be done before the fabric is washed with soap.

A FEW DROPS of nitric acid in a glass of swetened water, a couple of times daily, is an excellent remedy for hoarseness in singers, speakers and readers.

APPLES are a wholsome fruit, but in general they agree best with the stomach when eaten roasted or boiled. The more aromatic kinds of apples are the fittest for eating raw.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Pare the pumpkin, grate it, and add sugar and ginger to taste, and milk enough to make it of the proper consistency. Then line your tins with pie crust, put in your pumpkin, and bake in the ordinary way.

DOVER CAKE.—Six eggs, one-half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one of cream-tartar, one pound of flour, wineglass of brandy; nutmeg if liked.

SUET PUDDING.—One cupful molasses, one cupful suet chopped fine, one cupful milk or water, one cupful (raisins or currants), one teaspoonful soda, four cupfuls flour; put in buttered pail, cover tight, and steam three hours, eat hot, with sauce.

A NEW way of dressing the hair is to separate it in the back in two long braids, which are joined near the nape of the neck by means of a shell ring. Then the two ends of the ends of the braids are taken up, joined again in the middle of the head, and fastened by a shell-comb matching the ring.

TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Use a double gridiron that folds together; grease the bars, which prevents sticking, then dip each oyster into melted butter, place them on the iron enough to cover it, have a brisk fire and broil; constantly baste with butter; when done, serve on very hot toast on hot dishes. Use no cracker or crumbs of any kind.

RED ANTS.—Wet a sponge with water in which some sugar has been dissolved; squeeze the sponge as dry as possible, saving the sugar water, and set the sponge where the ants infest. It will soon be full of them. Dip it in scalding water, which will kill the ants. Dip it again in the sugar water and set it. You will soon catch all the ants and destroy them.

CORN DODGERS.—One quart of corn meal, a tablespoonful of lard, two eggs, a tablespoonful of salt, scald the meal, with the lard in it, with boiling water, cool with a little milk, add the eggs, beaten light, beat very hard for ten minutes, make them thin enough with cold milk to drop off the spoon and retain their shape in boiling lard; serve hot. Have the lard boiling hot when you drop them in.

LEMON CAKE.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well-beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

TO CURE CORNS.—Bathe corn with strong borax water, then shave it closely, but be careful not to make it bleed. Place over the corn a white felt corn-plaster and wear it constantly until the corn has disappeared. Every night and morning wet the small cavity over the corn (and in the plaster) with a lit[illegible] rax water, or if preferable the pu[illegible] lemon. The corn plasters can b[illegible] cured at any druggists.

TOUGH MEAT—HOW TO UTILIZE IT—A stake that resists the sharp, incisive blows of the pounder or chopping knife; in boiling or frying, increases in bulk, and defies mastication—that steak is beyond redemption. Coax it into a stew. A roast of doubtful tenderness may be improved by adding more water, seasoning higher, beasting oftener, and diminishing somewhat the heat of the oven.

TO ROAST COFFEE.—If you desire to have extra fine flavored coffee, buy the green coffee, pure Java. Pick it over, wash it well, drain it and spread it out on pie pans; roast it in a moderate oven, or on top of the range; stir it often to keep it from burning, and roast it until it is a good brown; then drop a small piece of butter in each pan, and mix it [illegible] just enough to make it shine; grind it fresh every morning. The flavor will then excel the Vienna.

APPLE SHORT-CAKE.—To one quart of sifted flour add two teaspoonful cream of tartar and one of soda, half a teaspoonful cream of tartar and soda, half a t[illegible]ful salt, quarter of a pou[illegible] ter, sweet milk enough to [illegible] the dough rather stiff, ro[illegible] sheet. As soon as bak[illegible] whole cake, spread on [illegible] butter, cover with [illegible] sauce, pour over a[illegible] grate on nutm[illegible] this, great si[illegible] cover with [illegible]

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