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A MODERN SCHOOL DAME.

She sits severe in matron rule,
And holds with easy grace her school.
While pert *asides* around her rise,
And lovers sue beneath her eyes,
Dalrymple, with a portly air,
Transplants a town-bred *daisy* there;
And from each nook and corner, starts,
A pack of knaves, and queen of hearts.
On trembling knees, a sturdy lad,
Sad polishes a rusty *rod*.
While *Lydia*, with swimming eyes,
Sits listening to honied lies.
Under her very nose, the girls,
Are shaking our, coquettish curls.
And one poor lad, on bended knees,
Is *crowing* o'er his a. b. c's.
The *head boy* from his oaken chair,
With ponderous stick, doth loudly dare;
While from a corner, loud and long,
Tom hums a sentimental song.
Romantic Hugh his lot bemoans,
In words that sure might soften stones—
Till *Ben*, in hot ungenerous haste,
Doth scare the *pigeon* from his nest.
Both laughing Tom, and lordly Jim,
Pursue their prey, with equal vim—
And [illegible] answer yes or no.
The one doth laugh, the other *crow*.
Jemima, with her head en high,
On *Whiffles* casts an awful eye;
While Piggy, in turn, doth rare or stare,
As *Brown John* chucks him here and there.
Sure ne'er was teacher sorer tried;
Nor *P's* and *Cues* more oft denied;
One *wonders* how the mastron' face,
Can still maintain its smiling grace.

And if the hubbub and the cries,
Purchance beyond all bearing rise—
She whisks off one and then another,
Mayhap 'tis Hugh—mayhap his brother:—
And from her private sanctum there,
We hear them howl and tear their hair.
Until we wonder who are left—
If both are of their senses reft:
And wait with panic stricken heart,
To see *another* took apart.

Whatever whip or spur she uses,
Whatever power she gains or loses—
Instead of bringing them to quiet,
She seems to prime for fresh riot:
Smiles follow sighs, and *crows* meet giggles,
Until the room seems turned to wiggles;
And sober people like ourselves—
Are gladly laid upon the shelves.

Now blessing o'er her path be strown:
For ne'er was dame more lenient known.
Success attend her efforts here,
And spread her fame both far and near.

—*Written for the Transcript.*

An Unheard-of Event.

It was one fine flourishing village, in the Swabian lowlands, to which the father of our heroine had retired many years before, and where he occupied himself with the farming of his estates. He was a well educated and even accomplished man, wrote poetry and leading articles in the weekly papers, and was—not because he did this, but notwithstanding than he did it—a thoroughly sensible man, who kept himself well up to the spirit of the age without being in any way carried away by it. It was principally for his wife's sake that he had so early given up his profession and settled down on the ancestral estates where she had been born and bred. Although she was quite fitted, intellectually, to be his companion, still her whole heart and soul was in her farm, her hemp and potato fields, her stately farm yard, and her gardens, in which she grew the finest vegetables, the largest quantity of cabbage for the winter store, and always produced lettuce a fortnight before Mrs. Elfner of the parsonage.

Sophy was her only daughter, light of foot and light of heart, now and then, it is true, rather shy and awkward; but from her dark eyes shone such a fresh and living spirit that it was readily excused. Still she was not all that she ought to be; and the Mayor's Mathilda and Paulina, the Vicar's daughter, from the neighboring town, often talked very seriously about Sophy's want of cultivation. She had not read any of Schiller's works, and had scarcely so much as heard of Goethe, though they were in her father's library; and when Mathilda wanted to lend her Frederica Bremer's last work, she said, 'Well you know I have really so much to do during the day that I don't care to read in the evenings, besides.' Even her mother, though she could scarcely boast of a very classical education herself, was troubled about this total indifference to her mental improvement on account of which Sophy was so very much behind the demands of the age, and thought it would be well to send the girl for a year to Stuttgard. But her father saw this wild r[illegible] and climb unrestrained [illegible] sible i[illegible] ness o[illegible] at the same time an obedi[illegible]nt child, was the joy of his heart—how [illegible] the birds, now comforting the screaming children of the neighbors, whose mothers were out in the fields, or [illegible] with them on the [illegible] while cousin Clara was [illegible] duets with the [illegible] reading novels with [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] the squire's niece, had been ser[illegible], and found a home under [illegible] had a fine full figure, and [illegible] and [illegible], and thought [illegible] a year or two older than Sophy, was much more cultivated. She had been two years at Stuttgard, and had learned dancing and esthetics, dressmaking and millinery, and had also heard a course of lectures on literature, of which she still had certain indefined recollections. She dressed herself well, worked samplers and carictured flowers; and in society, when she was not exactly able to join in the conversation, she at any rate gave herself airs that looked as though she knew much better than any one else, and did not care to give others the benefit of her superior wisdom, so that all the world thought it quite natural that the young medical man who had lately settled in the nearest market town, had been engaged as family doctor by the squire, should pay particular attention to Clara, more especially as she was supposed to be an heiress. He had not, indeed, as far as was known, expressly paid court to her, but, still, he was to be found the live-long day at the Hall. Never before had every slight indisposition of any member of the household received such a thorough and lengthened course of treatment.

A splinter which Clara had got into her finger, required a week's attendance, and the good mamma was obliged to have a wart on her nose removed with costics and compresses, whose existence she had long ago forgotten, and which had long ceased to derogate from her beauty; and once Kate, the old housemaid, told with a fit of laughter how the doctor now thought she must have a sprain because she had got her foot slightly bruised.

The neighborhood was so rich in medical men thas it was not to be wandered at that the doctor, notwithstanding his well known ability, should devote so much time to this one household. He was tired of playing at chess with his druggist for half a day at a time, and bewailing the healthiness of the population; and it was most likely on account of this want of practice that he kept his intentions about Clara so long in the background. Clara, who had an excessively quiet heart, (if indeed she had a heart at all), was very well contented to pass for the doctor's adored one, but did not further trouble herself about the matter.

The doctor, a cheerful and enjoying, companion, was always welcomed by young and old at the hall; and even Sophy, who could seldom be prevailed upon to take part tamely and quietly in cultivated society, let herself be seen when he was there, and occasionally made remarks which were even more sensible than cousin Clara's airs, so that her mother thought that if it ever came to the point with the doctor and Clara, they must send her over to them for a time; the doctor would best be able to make something of her.

It was a most remarkable occurrence when one day Sophy herself looked pale, and complained of a headache after a sleigh drive, in which the doctor had driven Clara, who could no longer find room in the squire's old sleigh.

Notwithstanding her extreme unwillingness to allow it, her mother sent for the doctor, who as might be supposed, did not make lighter of this than of former illnesses in the house, he thought of all kinds of serious turns that it might take, and ordered all kinds of remedies and preventatives. The mother would not let herself be hindered from sitting up with Sophy, who, however slept like a top, and awoke fresh and rosy in the morning. But her mother positively forbade her getting up until the doctor had seen her. He came early in the morning, and notwithstanding the minutest examination, found but few symptoms of illness

'Only her pulse is rather quick, and this high color in her face seems to me rather serious. I think, at any rate, we had better apply six leeches.'

So poor Sophy had to atone for her deep blushing, on the entrance of the young doctor, by the bites of a half dozen leeches.

One evening, not long after Sophy had recovered from the dangerous illness the young doctor came, in especially happy state of mind, to tell his friends of his having at last got an appointment he had long coveted, with a very remunerative salary. They congratulated him heartily on his good luck, the squire was only sorry to lose such an agreeable neighbor. The mother thought:

'How vexatious that Clara would go to the Casino to-day, when the doctor would most likely have wished to have made an offer,' and pondered in her mind whether she should have the people work at the hall for Clara's outfit, or send everything out to be done.

Sophy had escaped away unobserved, most likely because she thought it would be proper to congratulate the doctor, and and did not know how to do so, and it was not until he was preparing to depart, after having lingered much longer than was proper, that she turned up. She lighted him down stairs, and then the still hesitating visitor begged her to show him her young hares (Sophie always had a little menagerie.) Although it was rather late Sophy good-naturedly complied, and went down with him to the little room where she kept them. The mother thought it was not quite suitable, but the squire only laughed, and told her to let them alone.

Not long afterward they heard the doctor shut the front door and gallop away as fast as he could, although he had come on foot. But Sophy rushed up stairs with cheeks hot and glowing, and dashed into the room.

'What is it? What is the matter? What has happened to you?' asked the squire.

'Oh, such a thing never happened to me all my life!' screamed Sophy.

'Well, what then?' asked her mother.

'The doctor wants to marry me!' Sophy burst out, and began to cry because she did not know what to do.

'Well that is a nice fellow,' said the squire, pretending to be very angry, 'talking of marriage to an innocent child, and making it weep such bitter tears, I will tell him directly what I think of it. I will write him such a letter that he won't stick up in his looking-glass,' and off he went to his room in a great rage.

He had not been there very long when Sophy came in, she had already dried up her tears.

'Father,' she began, very timidly 'I think you should not exactly send an express messenger to the doctor, it—it—'

'Why? Why not? you poor injured child?'

'It would cost too much,' said Sophy, in the greatest embarrassment.

'Oh you careful child,' laughed the delighted squire. 'What a good housewife you will make. Well, well, we will leave it for the present, until we can tell the doctor face to face that one must not talk of marriage to children of seventeen.'

'Yes; but grandmama was only 16,' said Sophy, and she took to her heels as as fast as she could.

Well, the doctor came, and they talked over the matter faced to face, and he did not order Sophy any more leeches, though her face had still deeper crimson than before.

The marriage was very properly delayed a little, but there was a merry betrothing feast before the doctor left. Clara was of course very much astonished, but still contrived to bear the loss of her lover with dignity and resignation; she made a pretty bridesmaid, and soon after comforted herself by the side of a long-legged conveyancer.

I don't know if the doctor got Sophy to read Schiller or Gœthe; but this I do know, that she never regretted the unheard-ofevent which happened in her rabbit-room, and that she never repented having spared that messenger's fee.

☞ Would you have wealth? Go to work then like a man for it; go to work bravely and you will succeed. Would you have fame? Go to work and win it.—With a stout heart and untiring perseverance, you cannot fail to win the prize.—Don't say, I can't; if you do you will certainly fail. Remember that true courage never stops to talk of fear. Would you be wise? Begin to day and get wisdom. Don't put it off until to morrow; it never has existed and never will exist; it is but a phantom, and imaginary pleasure that will be still ahead of you if you follow it until you die; if you would be truly good; and if you would try to be good; begin right now. Remember that time is our master if we sleep our servant If awake at our post faithful and true.—If thou hast ought to do; if thou would win thyself a name; be great, or good, or wise, or powerful, then seize the golden moments as they pass. The living moments of to day are thine, nor thou nor angels know what lies beyond.

☞ An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whiskey for a young warrior, who had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

"Four quarts!" repeated the agent in surprise, "as much as that?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, 'four quarts. Snake very big."

☞ Said a Delaware, O., pastor to his flock the other Sunday:

"If twenty-five cents be one quarter dollar, if fifty cents be one-half dollar, if one hundred cents be $1, then to stamp the words "[illegible] dollar" upon a ninety two cent c[illegible] an eight cent lie."

☞ Faith may sometimes exceed reason but not oppose; and belief may be often above sense, thought not against it.—Beware, therefore, not only of an implicit faith but of being tied too closely up to reason, where faith is required.

A critic whose nose was wrung by an irate pianist whom he had severely expleted upon, said afterwards that his method generally was poor, but his style of finish was particularly bad.

The conquering potato bug has invaded Asia, and Alexander-like, he may be seen on top of a corn stalk wiping his eyes with an [illegible] and weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer.

It is rather curious to observe a maiden of doubtful age pick up a book printed some seventeen years or so back, and say with unconscious innocence: 'Just to think that this book was read before I was born.'

Education is sometimes a positive disadvantage. This is particularly the case when a young man shows uncommon intelligence and clearness of statement in describing the feelings of a man who has had the jimjams.

☞ The mostest fun for the leastest money is having a pretty girl kiss you on both cheeks, and then say she thought it was her cousin Tom.

☞ "The rich," said a dutchman, "eat venison because it ish deer, I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

☞ Subscribe for the Transcript.

The Tell-Tales.

They walked along the yellow sands
And gathered shells with idle hands—
Talking of far-off foreign lands.

The stealthy tide came up the beach
Unto their feet—within their reach—
Unheeded and unseen by each.

The lonely sands are wide and dry;
The shells again upon them lie—
The moon is in the evening sky.

But each of all the listening waves,
The lovers' whispered story saves
And tells it to the keel it laves.

—*Kate Williamson.*

THE DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT

IN NEW ENGLAND.

When the lamentable superstition of witchcraft had overrun the whole of New England, and, for the time being, destroyed nearly all the relations of society, there were still to be found amongst the ruins both men and women who stood up nobly for the truth, and who denounced openly the terrible doctrines of the period and the men who propagated them with so red a hand.

It was during the absence of Sir Wm. Phipps in England that some of the leading persons in Massachusetts were denounced and cast into prison; and so hot and fiery the persecution that even Lady Phipps became suspected, and it was only because of her being the wife of the absent governor that no public proceedings were taken against her. It was, however, supposed on the return of Sir William she would be denounced and his excellency coerced into signing her death warrant. This dreadful conviction was, of course, entertained by a few fanatics only: for those who knew Sir Willam felt that, great a friend as he was of Cotton Mather, any move in this direction would be the death-knell of the superstition or the tocsin of a civil war.

The number of persons hanged and burned on the mere verbal testimony of some of the so-called witchfinders was alarming, and now another holocaust was waiting in jail the return of the governor who was expected to sign a number of death warrants on the moment of his arrival.

There was a clamor for more blood, and so fierce was it, that the day after Sir William landed, he was beset by witchfinders and other fanatics, who, one and all, urged him to make short work of those now condemned to the rope or stake, otherwise some dreadful calamity would befall the country. He listened to their superstitious ravings, and especialfy to those of a most forbidding-looking wretch—a petty officer of the law—whose eyes were absolutely aflame with cruelty, and who had a special interest in seeing the death-warrants signed and executed; for amongst those lying in jail was a truly Christian young lady, a distant relative of his, who had refused to become his wife, perceiving that it was her fortune that prompted his suit, and being, besides, satisfied of his evil disposition and sordid nature. On discovering that his case was hopeless he managed to get her denounced; and now, though as pure as snow, and as free from guilt of any description as mortal could well be, she lay in a loathsome jail under sentence of death, and hourly expecting to be executed.

Somehow, Sir William speedily became aware of the particulars of this case; but promised to have everything in relation to it and to others forwarded that night to the authorities who had the prisoners in charge, so that they should, as he termed it, "be led forth" the following morning. In the meantime he had caught some whispers of the intended charge against her ladyship, his wife, and began to ruminate on the[illegible]

When the prisoners had become aware of the return of the Governor, they felt the hour of their doom had arrived, for Sir William had been deeply tainted with the prevailing superstition, and was prompt in his descent upon it wherever he supposed it to exist. Contrary to the general idea, the beautiful young creature who had been the victim of the foulest conspiracy, declared her opinion that the God whom she had served and whom they all acknowledged to be just and merciful, would save them from the dreadful death which seemed to stare them in the face. Upon this she exhorted them to singing and prayer, after which a strange peace seemed to fall upon her and all her companions.

Sir William Phipps was as prompt as usual in dealing with the question in hand, and just as night was falling, placed a package in the hands of the wretch already mentioned, with instructions that he should deliver it before morning to the sheriff of the place where those under sentence were confined. As the infamous creature—in surprise and wonder—received it his eyes glowed with fiendish satisfaction and delight, as now the property of the doomed lady was all but in his grasp. It was late when he set out with the dispatch, although he had many miles to ride, but he could perform the journey easily long befor morning, and that was all that was necessary.

About midnight the heavens became suddenly overcast, and he had just entered a rocky defile walled in by frowning cliffs, when the thunder began to roll above him and the lightning to sweep through the gloomy gorge in a manner the most terrific. For a moment his heart quailed within him, as in the fierce blue glare of the tempest he seemed to catch a glimpse of the meek eyes and the pale features of the victim of his avarice and his false testimony. Putting spurs to his horse, however, he soon cleared the narrow pass, and, turning to the right, pursued his way among the rocks until he reached the dizzy building perched upon the summit of the cliffs.

Here he found rest and shelter, and what pleased him quite as well some gloomy and sympathizing spirits who had been the very sleuth-hounds of the terrible superstition, and who welcomed him that he was the bearer of the warrants for the execution of the prisoners that lay under sentence of death for witchcraft in the jail of the neighboring town, now but four or five miles distant.

Long before daylight he was on his road once more and was accompanied by his newly found companions, who informed him that they were certain something fresh was on foot, as a party of dragoons had passed through the gorge about sunset and were now stationed in the town, with a view, no doubt, of being present at the execution.

They were soon at the jail with the proper authorities, to one of whom the despatch was delivered. He read it without manifesting any feeling on the subject; but then he was no wise friendly to the persecution of its agenst. The order, however, was given at once in relation to the prisoners, and ten o'clock was named as the hour as which they were to be led forth. Long before that period the dragoons and authorities were assembled on the usual place of execution outside the prison gates, from which the hymns and prayers of the prisoners could be heard distinctly.

At last the moment arrived when the prison gates were thrown open and the inmates led forth two by two, save in one case, and that was where the young lady, who led the melancholy procession, instead of being accompanied by another prisoner, walked beside a gloomy-browed minister. When they all arrived at the open space already named, where the fatal tree and the fagot had often done their work before, the officer charged with the execution drew forth the document with the safe delivery of which the false witness had been charged, and while the latter fastened his small, fierce eyes upon his victim, with a glare of finish triumph which she met with a look of pity, read aloud the names of all the prisoners, with the full and free pardon of his excellency the Governor, who had become convinced of their innocence and of the criminal and unjust character of the law or superstition under which they had been arrested.

On realizing this act of Sir William Phipps', which was of general application, and which has passed into history, the no longer prisoners fell upon their knees and returned thanks to Heaven for their deliverance, while so overcome with confusion and alarm were the fanatics and the messenger of the proposed death-warrants, that they instantly disappeared from the scene, lest they should suffer at the hands of the advocates of justice and truth, who now began to lift their heads once more, in the full assurance that the long prevailing superstition of witchcraft had received its final death blow, and was no more the dread of the land.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

It was suggested some years ago by Leibig that the use of cod-liver oil would have a tendeney to promote a distaste for alcoholic stimulants. According to the same authority many people had found they could take wine with animal food, but not with farinaceous or amylaceous nutiment. A well known man of science, Mr. Charles Napier, has undertaken to test these assertions, and the results of his experiments are set forth in a paper read before the physiological section of the British Association, and which has attracted much attention in England.

The experience of Mr. Napier's own family had furnished a seeming proof of the accuracy of Liebig's statement. They had for two years adopted a vegetarian diet, and although brought up in the moderate use of alcoholic liquors now felt no inclination for them. More decisive evidence, however, was supplied by the application of the theory to twenty-seven cases, the more striking of which may be briefly cited. The first instance is that of a military officer, 61 years old, of an aristocratic Scottish family, who had contracted habits of excessive whiskey drinking while on service with his regiment in India. We are told that his custom was to eat scarcely any bread, fat or vegetables, his breakfast consisting mostly of salt fish, and his dinner almost wholly of roast meat. During the day he consumed from a pint to a quart of whiskey, and was not sober more than half of his time. By Napier's advice he was induced to return to the breakfast of oatmeal porridge on which he had been brought up, and to adopt a dinner of which peas and beans formed important ingredients. He does not seem to have liked the change at first, and made the significant complaint that he could not "enjoy his whiskey" as much as formerly. About this time there was a panic among flesh eaters in England owing to the cattle plague, and, consequently, the whole family was put on a vegetarian diet. For some weeks the husband grumbled very much, but his taste for whiskey gradually disappeared, and in two months from the time he became an entire vegetarian he relinquished alcoholic stimulants, and, according to Mr. Napier, has not since returned to either flesh or alcohol.

Another case which merits special notice was that of a gentleman of sixty who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbreaks averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seem to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but by the close of the period named had gained twenty eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height. We shall mention but one other of the twenty-seven cases reported by Napier.—It is that of an analytical chemist, 32 years of age, who is described as a person of some talent but of intemperate habits. Upon Liebig's statement being recalled to him, he expressed an opinion that farinaceous food would not suit his own constitution, affirming that he felt he had eaten nothing unless he dined upon flesh. He consented, however, to test the suggestion by a month's trial. His first dinner, which consisted principally of macaroni, was eaten with little appetite, but he persevered, contriving to stimulate a desire for food by vigorous out door exercise and before the end of six weeks was a total abstainer.

It is not pretended that these experiments were numerous enough or performed under such diverse conditions as to completely demonstrate the truth of Liebig's theory; but they certainly indicate that substantial results may be expected from an exhaustive application of them. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as preeminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled, and flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetable are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view, highly glutninous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food.

If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans, or oleaginous aliment, appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, cardon in an alcoholic form. Liebig affirms distinctly that alcohol and fat oil mutually impede the serection of each other thro' the skin and lungs. It is certain that nations living on a diet composed largely of starch, such as the rice-feeding populations of the tropical East, are less given drunkenness than are meat-eating communities. Late statistics have shown that the flesh-eating people of the north of France consume a large amount of alcohol per head, nearly as much indeed as the inhabitants of any part of Europe. Now it is observed that in Normandy and Picardy the bread is very generally raised with vinegar, and there is reason to believe that one class of fermented food attracts another. Finally, it is pointed out by Mr. Napier, as a matter of common experience, that a taste for spicy condiments and butcher's meat is apt to be coupled with a fondness for alcoholic liquors, whereas a taste for plain flavored vegetables is associated with a liking for fats and oils. And here he refers to several persons within the circle of his acquaintance who were in the habit of taking wine daily when eating butcher's meat, but who are constrained to forego the indulgence, partially or wholly, when living on a farinaceous diet. Under the new circumstances the action of the stimulant seems to be too irritating to be borne without the inconvenience, producing, as it does, sleeplessness, headache and even nausea. We need not say that the reality of this phenomenon, as well as the accuracy of other facts here cited, could be easily determined by individual experiment.

☞ "Meissonier never painted a woman." We don't see why he should.—They are all abundantly able to paint themselves.

HOUSEWIFERY.

To Purify Clothes.—When clothes have an unpleasant odor, from being kept in the air, charcoal, laid in the folds, will speedily remove it.

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

Rice Batter Cakes.—Mix one-fourth wheat flour to three fourths of rice flour; add a little salt; raise and bake as buckwheat cakes.

Fried Cakes.—One pint of buttermilk or sour milk, one teacup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of lard or pork drippings, which are better, one egg, a little salt, one tablespoonful of saleratus. Very good plain cakes.

To Clean Brushes.—Hair brushes, or any other brushes which become oily, dirty ar greasy, may be cleaned in a few minutes by washing in moderate warm water into which a few drops of spirits of ammonia have been dropped; after washing, shake out the water, and leave the brush in the sun to dry. The ammonia is not only very cleansing, but the bristles will not be softened as when washed in soap and water.—*Country Gent.*

To Clean Iron Kettles.—The taste of iron which is communicated to food cooked in new iron vessels may be prevented by following the subjoined directions: Fill the vessel with dry hay, pour over it boiling water until it is full, and let it boil all day, then empty the [illegible] and grease it thoroughly with [illegible] drippings or fresh [illegible] cess until no more grease is absorbed, then wash it clean and use two or three times for cooking fat meats. By that time anything can be cooked in it without being tinctured with the extract of iron.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Pretty Mantlepiece Ornament.—A pretty ornament may be obtained by suspending a acorn by a piece of thread tied around it within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumblers, or [illegible], and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon [illegible] small roots will seek the [illegible] and tapering stem [illegible] as [illegible] of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, [illegible] care to supply water of the same wa[illegible] bits of charcoal added to it [illegible] the water from souring. If the [illegible] leaves burn yellow, put a grain of nitrate of ammonia in the utensil which holds the water, and it will renew their luxuriance.

Cheese Pudding.—This is a supperb dish and costs twelve cents. Into two quarts of boiling water containing two teaspoonfuls of salt, stir one pound of yellow Indian meal (cost four cents) and a quarter of a pound of grated cheese (cost four cents); boil it for twenty minutes, stirring it occasionally, to prevent burning; then put it in a greased baking pan, sprinkle over the top a quarter of a pound of grated cheese (cost four cents), and brown in a quick oven. Serve hot. If any remains slice it cold and fry brown.

Rye Bread.—Set a sponge over night, with one cupful yeast, six potatoes boiled and mashed fine, with three cupfuls wheat flour, one pint warm water, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, beat up well and set aside to rise; in the morning mix with one quart of warm milk, one tablespoonful salt, one cupful Indian meal, and enough rye flour to make it into a pliable dough, knead well, and let it rise from five to six hours, then work over again; divide into loaves, putting these into well-greased deep pans; this second rising should last an hour; if your ovens are in good condition, one hour should bake the above quantity of bread.

Preserved Quinces.—Pare and quarter the quinces; boil in enough water to keep them whole; when they are tender take them out, and to each pound of quince add a pound of white sugar; let them stand with the sugar on until next day, when you will find the syrup as light ann clear as amber; put them in the kettle and let them boil twenty minutes; they never get hard. The water they were boiled in may be used to make a jully of the parings; add a pint of white sugar to each pint of juice, and boil half an hour.

Charlotte Russe.—Take one fifth of a package of gelatine and one half a cupful cold milk; place in a farina boiler and stir gently over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved; pour into a dish and place in a cold room, take one pint of rich cream and whisk it with a tin egg-beater until it is thick; flaver the cream with either vanilla or wine, and sweeten to taste; when the gelatine is cool strain carefully into the prepared cream; line a mould with lady fingers; then pour the cream in carefully until it is filled; cover with lady fingers and ice the top if you desire it.

Rules for Cooking Meats.—All fresh meat should be cooked in boiling water, that the outer part may contract and the internal juices be preserved. For making soup, when you wish all the juices extracted, put on in cold water. All salt meat should be put on in cold water, that the salt may be extracted in cooking. In boiling meat it is important to keep the water constantly boiling, otherwise the meat will absorb it. Be careful to add boiling water if necessary to replenish. Remove the scum when it first makes its appearance. Allow but twenty minutes' boiling for each pound of meat. In broiling, have your gridiron hot before beginning operations. A heated skillet, heavy of grease, will make a respectable substitute. In roasting beef that is not particularly tough use a brick oven, allowing about twenty minutes for each pound of meat.

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