Agriculture.

Eggs all the Year Round.

Give your hens a reasonable share of attention, furnish suitable accomodations; get and keep the right breed; save only the earliest hatched pullets for laying; furnish as great a variety of food as possible; feed as much as they will eat; give green and animal food o some kind in winter; keep the hens quiet and comfortable; don't allow them to be worried or frightened; keep clean, fresh water at hand always. These rules applied, says Prof. Corbett, will secure an abundant supply of eggs the year round.—*Ex.*

Salt for Wheat.

It is the strong belief of many farmers, at a distance from the seashore especially, that salt is a valuable fertilizer for wheat. It appears to decidedly stiffen the straw and increase the yield. The quantity applied is from two to six bushels to the acre. The latter quantity will do no harm, but two or three bushels are enough. Fine salt should be used, and care must be taken to sow it evenly. It must be understood that salt will in no wise take the place of a proper preparation of the land, suitable fertilization, or good seed well put in. But *with* these it is a considerable help. It may be applied to winter wheat early in the spring, and is sown upon spring wheat after it is harrowed in and rolled. Under fair conditions, the average estimated gain in the crop from a dressing of salt, is from four to six bushels per acre.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Asparagus Culture.

Prepare the soil in which to plant asparagus as soon as spring opens, by giving it a heavy dressing of well rotted manure, and a deep thorough pulverizing either by the use of the plow or the spade. If grown on a small scale, it is best to trench the land from two to three feet deep. Plant one-year-old plants in rows, one foot apart and nine inches between the plants in the rows. By omitting every fourth row, a walk is formed between the bed on which to pass while weeding and performing other operations, thus avoiding stepping on the plants.

If grown for marketing on an extensive scale, the plants may be set in rows three feet apart, and nine inches from plant to plant in the rows. Set the plants about three inches deep and be careful to spread the roots well, like the spokes of a wheel. By using vigorous plants, on rich land, and giving them careful treatment, a small crop may be gathered the second year after planting. It will be well to cover the beds during the winter with a layer of manure containing a good deal of straw. A well kept bed, on rich land, may be productive for twenty years.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Eggs from Different Breeds of Poultry.

Fanny Field, a lady correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer*, says that after repeated experiments with the different varieties of fowls, and comparisons with others who have experimented in the same direction, she has concluded that the laying capabilities of the principal varieties are about as follows:

Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins—eggs, seven to the pound; lay 130 per annum.

Dark Brahmas—eggs, eight to the pound; lay 120 per annum.

Black, White and Buff Cochins—eggs, eight to the pound; lay 125 per annum.

Plymouth Rocks—eggs, eight to the pound; lay 150 per annum.

Houdans—eggs, eight to the pound; lay 150 per annum.

La Fleche—eggs, seven to the pound; lay 130 per annum.

Black Spanish—eggs, seven to the pound; lay 140 per annum.

Leghorns—eggs, nine to the pound; lay 160 per annum.

Hamburgs—eggs, nine to the pound; lay 150 per annum.

Polish—eggs, nine to the pound; lay 125 per annum.

Bantams—eggs, sixteen to the pound; lay 90 per annum.

She regrets very much that she did not keep account of the cost of food consumed by each variety.

How to Keep Hens.

If one wishes to make money by keeping hens, he should have them lay in winter, when eggs are scarce and dear. This requires pullets hatched in the April or May previous. They must be kept in warm, dry, clean quarter swith plenty of good feed and water. Wheat should be the principal feed. Buckwheat is valuable feed in winter. Corn should be fed occasionally. Meat, green feed, sand, lime and shells must be provided. Carrots, onions, sweet apples and cabbage are the best for green feed. My hens refuse to lay well when fed on corn exclusively. Hens will barely live if fed on oats, and will starve on rye. Potatoes should not be given them in freezing weather. Give a warm mess each morning, with cayenne pepper added occasionally, but feed dry grain for the balance of the day. Hens should not be chased or frightened in any way, if eggs are desired.

New-fashioned breeds are of small consequence. If you keep hens to "look at," keep pure bloods; if for profit, breed from laying hens, changing cocks each season, and if these are of a different breed, no harm will result. I am not afraid of crosses, and have now the nicest lot of pullets that I ever owned; but they have been crossed until one can hardly find two that look alike, and yet they are laying finely, which is the great object. My rule is to keep a large flock of young hens through the winter and sell off most of them in May, reserving only enough old hens for breeding purposes. When one raises chickens, of course about one-half of them will be cocks, and if these are hatched early and well fed, they can be sold in July or August, at good prices. Selling chickens early and eggs in winter, is the only way I can keep hens profitably.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Domestic.

How to Cook Rice.—Soak a cup of rice for several hours in cold water; then cook slowly without stirring it, till perfectly tender. Be careful to have as little water left as possible. Add one pint of rich cream, one cup of white sugar; three eggs and lemon to taste. Let it boil up two or three minutes, and it is ready to dish up.

Cold Meats.—Cold boiled ham, or any cold boiled meat or fowls, can be made into very dainty dishes by mixing cold boiled potato with the meat after it has been chopped fine; season with salt and pepper, and moisten with beaten eggs; make up into balls, roll in beaten eggs, then in rolled cracker, and fry in butter or fat. Serve as soon as done.

Politeness at Home. — Little things make up the sum of domestic happiness, and yet how often do we see in the family-circle an utter lack of all those sweet amenities that are the charm of home.

When there is such neglect of these courtesies it may not arise from a want of affection but from the training which by precept, but more by example, leads the members of the family to suppose that any form of slipshod manners will do for home; that the polish of high-bred politeness is only to be worn as a holiday garment in our intercourse with strangers.

To begin with husband and wife: If they allow themselves to indulge in contradiction, or fault-finding, or short, snappish answers, or perhaps no notice at all of a pleasant remark, it is not surprising that the children will imitate such manners.

Perhaps it may be considered absurd to say that parents are often guilty of breaches of politeness toward their children in their imperious mode of commanding, in using rough language in the intercourse of daily life, imagining that the parental relation invests them with the power of calling children by rough names, of treading on their warm young hearts by the harsh language of reproach or the chilling frost of neglect.

If we would have happy firesides let us pay attention to the thousand nameless acts of courtesy towards each other that tend so much to bind human hearts together. The pleasant "Good morning" at the table, the sweet "Good night," the gentle word, the cheerful smile, courteous thanks to the little one who hands us a chair, or who would entertain us by some artist's story. These are the little things that make home happy. They do not cost much, but they do bring back such sweet returns of domestic happiness.

But in these days there does seem such a lack of this high-bred politeness, where children are allowed to engross the conversation in the presence of their elders, to be rude to each other, rude to servants, utterly regardless of what they owe to the world around them.

Let us all be careful to cultivate home politeness, gentleness, kindness, courtesy in every word and act, so that our presence may be like sunshine in the home circle, our very best, most polished manners for the domestic fireside.—*Harriet B. McKeever.*

Household Receipts.

Earache.—Cotton wool, wet with camphor, or paregoric and sweet oil, hot, and the ear bandaged, will give relief.

Frosted Feet.—Frosted feet may be cured as follows: White oak bark, taken fresh and boiled in water to a strong liquor. Bathe the feet in the liquor. It is pronounced the best of all remedies.

Cranberries.—To keep these berries whole while stewing, prick each one with a pin; lay them in sugar over night, and cook very slowly. They cook much nicer in this way than when stewed all to pieces.

To Polish Tortoise-shell Combs. —Make a paste of jeweler's rouge and a little sweet-oil. Put it on the comb, and when quite dry brush it off. Then polish the comb with wash leather. In some cases this will restore polish. The use of sal-volatile, instead of sweet-oil, is also recommended for mixing with the jeweler's rouge in forming the paste.

Whites of Eggs.—In many households there are often whites of eggs to spare which are usually thrown away. If they are put in a jam pot and placed in a saucepan with boiling water in, and boiled for a quarter of an hour, they are most useful when cold, to be cut in strips for salad.

A Milk Test.—A German paper gives a test for watered milk which is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting-needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure, some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but, if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

Scientific.

The Thermachion.—An Invention for Producing Unlimited Heat Without Fuel.—A correspondent of the Peoria *Transcript* says that Mr. J. Chellew, of Glasford, Peoria county, Ill., is at work on a machine for producing heat by mechanical means. Mr. Chellew said: "It is well-known that heat was a kind of vibration or motion of the molecules of matter, and that, therefore, it was possible to produce it by mechanical means. Iron, for instance, can be made hot by hammering it; heat can be produced by rubbing two sticks together, and many other illustrations of a similar nature may be given, all showing that heat was a mechanical effect." Starting with this idea, he went to work to construct a machine which would produce heat.

His first attempt was a success; the machine produced a low degree of heat. The motive power being the works of an old Seth Thomas clock, the trouble with the machine was that the vibrations were not regular, hence the low degree of heat; but he felt encouraged; that heat could be produced by a machine was evident, with better machinery more heat could be produced. He then purchased as good a Seth Thomas clock as he could find, having a compensating pendulum and other improvements, and went to work on a new machine, which he calls a thermachion, it being the one the writer discovered him at work upon on a previous occasion. He was very reticent in showing this thermachion, as he wishes to secure a patent on it; but I can say that it is a wonderful machine. It consists of a plain wooden box about two feet square and three feet high, and attached to one side, like an addition, was a box made out of thin boiler plate, being the same height and width as the wooden box, and about a foot deep; in the wooden box was the motive power, and in the iron box the heat was generated. The essential part of the heat-producing apparatus was a plate which Mr. Chellew calls a "model plate." Mr. Chellew requested me to insert a small wire through a small hole in the iron box, after previously starting the works. In a few seconds I withdrew the wire, and it was too hot to touch with the hands; he then took a small tincup of cold water and put it in the iron box; in two or three minutes he withdrew it boiling hot. Of course it is as yet very imperfect, being deficient in many details. The highest degree of heat yet attained with it is about 250 degrees. But Mr. Chellew expects that when certain improvements he is now experimenting upon are attached, to show 500 degrees of heat or perhaps higher, and with other improvements and discoveries, to generate heat to any required degree. The same instrument will produce a high or low degree of heat as may be required, which will be controlled by a "regulator."

It is extremely portable, and as there is no smoke or gas emitted from it, it can be placed in any room. The expense of running is nothing, except the ordinary wear of the machinery. It can be adapted to any purpose for which heat is required. It may be used in cooking or heating; being so portable, it may be taken from one room to another. It may also be used for generating steam for any engine, and who can say the amount of saving it will effect?

Scientific Notes.

Phosphorescent paper, writing or print on which can be read in the dark, is the substance of a late European invention.

The Brazilian Government has granted a privilege to a gentleman for the manufacture of paper from the wild fig tree.

Some of the spots (craters) in the sun are one hundred thousand miles in diameter, and one such would easily swallow up the whole of the planets, Jupiter himself only making a mouthful.

A new kind of rocket for land service was lately tried at Shoeburyness, England. The heads of the rockets are charged with gun cotton, and their destructive effect is stated to be very great. Instead of being discharged, as usual, from a sort of trough, these rockets were fired from a tube like that used in the navy, and as great precision of aim was thus attained, it is probable that the old land-service trough will be discarded at an early day.

Some interesting facts in the early history of the petroleum trade have recently been put into print by a gentleman of New York State. The first petroleum for illuminating purposes was introduced by him into New York City in November, 1857, under the name of carbon oil. The supplies were obtained from Tarentum, Allegheny Co., eighteen miles from Pittsburg. The entire production at that time was about 60,000 barrels a year. Some idea of the increase of production since that time may be gained from the reports for the month of October, when the average daily shipments by the United line were 36,077 barrels.

Humorous.

—Why is a spoon in a cup of tea like a young miss of 18? Because it is interesting.

—When people come to what is commonly called high words they generally use low language.

—Colloquy between new acquaintances: "I once sat on the judge's bench in Texas." "That's so! Where was the judge?"

—A very fat man sent an order to the office for two seats in the coach for himself. The clerk engaged him one seat outside and the other inside.

—Extract from a romance: "With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

—"Where will you put me when I come to see you at your castle in the air?" asked a gentleman of a witty girl. "In a brown study," she replied.

—"I have a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they were killed by being studied too hard."

—A Cincinnati dyer said he could dye Mrs. Patterson's dress plum color, but he dyed it green, and had to pay $18 and costs of trial for being so far out of plum.

—When a young Scotch farmer proposed marriage after a single week's acquaintance, she answered,—' Deed, Jamie, I'll tak' ye; but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that.

—"The class in grammar will please stand up and answer this question—How do you parse the word dollar?" "Please, sir, if it's a trade dollar, you parse it for ninety-five cents."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Man may be the noblest work of creation; but he dosen't think about it, and he doesn't look it, when, on hearing his name called in the street, he turns and finds it is only somebody calling his dog.—*Courier-Journal.*

—What his visits were like.—"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing on William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica.

"Why so?" inquired William Henry.

"Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly, and have become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

"Yes," said William Henry, bracing up, "and after we are married, we will issue an extra—"

"Sh—h," said Angelica, and then they went out for a stroll.

—A member of the bar was recently in one of our thriving interior towns on business. In the hotel he was accosted by a very agreeable gentleman, who finally wanted to know where he was from.

The legal gentleman, not exactly relishing the stranger's familiarity, answered shortly, "From New York."

The next question was, "For what house are you travelling?"

"For my own."

"You are? May I ask your name?"

"You may."

Pause—enjoyable to the lawyer, embarrassing to the other.

"Well," (desperately), "what is your name?"

"Jones."

"What line are you in?"

"I don't understand you, Sir."

"What are you selling?" (impatiently).

"Brains" (cooly).

The mercantile traveler saw his opportunity, and looking at the other from head to foot, he said, slowly, "Well, you appear to carry a deuced small lot of samples."

The Widower and the Widow.

When Mr. Thomas Thompson was courting the widow who became his sixth wife, said he, taking a pinch of snuff and looking wise, "I will tell you what I expect of you, my dear. You are aware that I have a good deal of matrimonial experience. Ho-hum! It makes me sad to think of it, and I may truly say that my cup of misery would be running over at this moment if it were not for you. But to business. I was about to remark that Jane, my first, could make better coffee than any other woman in this world. I trust you will adopt her recipe for the preparation of that beverage."

"My first husband frequently remarked," began the widow—

"And there was Susan," interrupted Mr. Thompson. "Susan was the best mender that probably ever lived. It was her delight to find a button off; and, as for rents in coats and things, I have seen her shed tears of joy when she saw them, she was so desirous of using her needle for their repair. Oh, what a woman Susan was!"

"Many is the time," began the widow," that my first hus——"

"With regard to Anna, who was my third," said Mr. Thompson, hastily, "I think her forte above all others was in the accomplishment of the cake known as slap-jack. I have very pleasant visions at this moment of my angelic Anna as she appeared in the kitchen of a frosty morning, enveloped in smoke and the morning sunshine that stole through the window, or bearing to my plate a particularly nice article of slap-jack, with the remark, 'That's the nicest one yet, Thomas. Eat it while it is hot.' Sometimes, I assure you, my dear, these recollections are quite overpowering." He applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and the widow said:

"Ah, yes, I know how it is myself, sir. Many is the time that I see in my lonely hours my dear first hus——"

"The pride and joy of Julia, my fourth, and I may say, too, of Clara, my fifth," interrupted Mr. Thompson, with some apparently accidental violence of tone, "lay in the art of making over their spring bonnets. If you will believe it, my dear, one bonnet lasted those two blessed women through all the happy years they lived with me—they would turn them and make them over so many times! Dear, dear, what an unhappy, changing world!"

"I say so to myself a hundred times a day, sir," said the widow, with a sigh. 'I frequently remarked to my first hus——"

"Madam," said Mr. Thompson, suddenly and with great sternness, "oblige me by never mentioning that cheap man again. Are you not aware that he must necessarily be out of the question for evermore? Can you not see that your continual references to him sicken my soul? Let us have peace, madam—let us have peace."

"Very well, sir," said the widow, meekly. "I beg your pardon, and promise not to do it again."

They were married, and their lives were as bright and peaceful as they could wish.

The One Choice.

Nothing is more natural than that a young girl should "lightly turn to thoughts of love," and that, watching for her young prince, she should often ask herself the question, "When will he come?" Who can answer her? Her good grandmother would probably reply, "When Heaven pleases, just as by-and-by the day of your death will come." Some more worldly person might reply, "When you have learned the art of angling for a husband." Be it as it may, at last "he" proposes and "she" accepts. "Is this he for whom I have watched," the girl asks, "or is it not?" But she only can answer the question—and let her be very careful how she answers it. If he is a good man, if there are no evil stories told about him, if he is neither a miser nor a spendthrift, if he is respectful to women, dutiful to his parents and upright in his business dealings, it will not harm her to begin to think her mate may be coming. If she feels that she could love him, and knows that he loves her, it will be happy for her to feel that her mate is coming. If he has a fresh heart and a constant soul, and in both a niche that she can fill—if she is willing to put her hand in his and say, "Where thou goest I will go, and thy people shall be my people," there being no man she would prefer to him, nor any woman he seems to prefer to her—then she may say he has come, and meet him modestly, not across the threshold, but within it.

Iridescent Glass.

Much of the old glass brought to light from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, from Roman tombs, and more recently from the treasuries of the Cypriote cities or temples, possesses the curious property of iridescence, by means of which it reflects light with all the colors of the rainbow. There has been some dispute as to whether this glass was iridescent when made, or whether it acquired this quality subsequently by some natural agency. The more reasonable conclusion and the one adopted by Mr. Peligot, the celebrated French chemist, is that the glass, originally plain, became iridescent from long exposure to the action of air and moisture at a high temperature, these conditions being admirably fulfilled in the old Roman tombs, where most of this glass is found.

All glass has a tendency to become iridescent under certain conditions, but in some kinds this tendency is more strongly marked than in others. In glass for optical instruments a tendency to become iridescent is a serious fault, and different kinds of glass are combined to form a perfectly colorless lens. Modern chemists and glass makers have long been trying to discover the art of making glass iridescent by some more speedy means than that of burying it in a damp soil for the benefit of a thankless posterity. With all the progress made in kindred branches of the art, nothing of note was done in this direction until two French chemists quite recently succeeded in artificially producing this iridescence. The process they make use of is said to consist essentially in submitting the glass under a considerable pressure and at an elevated temperature to the action of water containing fifteen per centum of hydrochloric acid. Only certain kinds of glass are suitable for this operation. The action of this acid is thought to be analogous to that of the elements upon the older glass, in dissolving the alkaline silicates, and leaving the surface of the glass finely ridged or corrugated, and thus capable of refracting the light with prismatic or rainbow colors, like those of mother-of-pearl.

The modern glass stands any amount of rubbing or cleaning without losing its curious property, but if the exposed surface be cut or ground off the effect is instantly lost, showing that its cause is merely superficial and not structural, as is the case with mother-of-pearl.

The Bohemian glass, so far, seems to be the favorite for embellishing with the new iridescence. Bohemian glass will resist a much greater heat than any other kind, and it is made in graceful shapes, and is clear and transparent. At present the leading Bohemian factory is producing a good deal of this iridescent glassware, principally for the European market, as the American public is hardly, as yet, acquainted with this novel and beautiful glassware.

One of the greatest charms of this new glass is its infinite variety and freshness. No two pieces are alike in color, and no piece remains the same when placed in a new position or regarded from a different point of view. All show a greater or smaller range of the spectrum, curved or bent, according to the shape of the glass; but while some pieces flash with red and yellow, others are tender, with a silvery blue or rich gold gray, and still others exhibit all the colors of the rainbow.—*Crockery and Glass Journal.*

The Jews in Roumania.

In Roumania a Jew cannot own real estate. He can own the house in which he lives, but he cannot own the ground on which the house stands, and under no circumstances can he become a landed proprietor. By this stipulation, and others of similar purpose, excluding the Jew from any natural investment of his money, the law itself has made him a usurer; and he has not lacked customers. The prodigality of the Roumanian nobility is proverbial, and often verging on madness. It is a very common affair that a Roumanian magnate goes to Paris and squanders in one or two seasons the revenues of ten or twenty years, and, in order to achieve this feat, he must have recourse to the Jews, with whom he makes a transaction of a very curious character. As the legal interest on money is very low in Roumania, the noble loan taker receives only $1000, but binds himself to pay interest on $10,000, and, as security for this fictitious sum, he gives the Jewish money lender a mortgage on his estate. He can do so with perfect safety, for, in the hands of the Jew, this mortgage is a rather harmless instrument. It may help him to get the interest, but it is of no use to him in getting back the capital. If he determines to foreclose the mortgage, and put the estate of his debtor under the hammer, he gives occasion only to some merry-making. All the friends and clients of the magnate assemble, and the auction begins under general carousal. Nobody bids, and if anybody did, he would be shot down immediately, as has happened more than once. Under shouting and yelling the mock proceedings go on until, finally, when the feast is at its height, the magnate puts in his appearance in person, riding on horseback and attired in splendid apparel. Haughtily he moves up to the table and bids five cents. The bid is accepted by the representative of justice, and toasting the Jew, perhaps condescending to pull his beard, the magnate rides away under wild applause, having thus cleared off his debt. Of course, this is outrageous. But would the State be better if the article of the treaty of Berlin, which gives the Jews in Roumania a full citizen's right, was executed to-morrow? By no means; the swindle would only be turned in the opposite direction. The mortgage which to-day represents an illegal interest would then suddenly be transformed into a legal claim on an entirely fictitious capital.—*N. Y. Times.*

"Restorations" in Westminster Abbey.

The *Manchester Guardian* of a recent date gives the following discouraging account of the consequences of some of the recent attempts to arrest the natural course of decay in Westminster Abbey:

The solution used on the paintings in Westminster Abbey, and which has been reported to have had such disastrous consequences on the wall paintings in the Chapter House and on a portion of the cloister, is simply shellac dissolved in spirits of wine. This solution was recommended by Sir Gilbert Scott himself for use in the Abbey, and has been chiefly used on the pillars of the arches in the nave, also on the tympanum on the arches at the entrance of the Chapter House, and on the wall pictures within the arcade work surrounding that building inside it. The effect has been to make a coating of dark color, whose darkness intensifies with age, on the surface of which it is laid, and destroying all individuality of whatever it touches. This effect on the entrance of the Chapter House resembles that of the inside of a chimney. It is believed that it has kept the surface together and somewhat retarded the sub-lying decay, but it is feared that the surface may fall off in patches some day as the ultimate result of the treatment. The appearance is bad and utterly deceitful as a restorative or preventive process, except for a short period. It is believed it will be found that decay has been going on underneath the coating, and will probably result in heavier and more irreparable mischief than if it had never been temporarily stayed by the use of the solution. As to the wall paintings, the mischief done to them has been, in the opinion of some, much aggravated by the place being thrown open constantly to the people and the boys, and that old enemy of art in the metropolis, the smoke of London. The shellac has covered them with a varnish surface like that on pictures, and the surface has cracked and become corrugated, and so far has done damage to the picture below as cracked varnish does in an oil painting; but it is suspected that in this case, if the shellac should be removed, the paintings would be found to be almost unharmed.

—The Superintendent of the Hartford Library Association says that, as a rule, boys and girls "read too much. Our accounts show that one boy has taken 102 story books in six months, and one girl 112 novels in the same time." The books taken between Sept. 1 and Nov. 30, show the average reading of Young America. They were in the following proportion: Fiction, 71 per cent.; arts and sciences, 5½; biography, 5; history, 4½; travel, 4; poetry and drama, 2; theology, 1; miscellaneous, 7.

Three Brave Women.

Appoloma Jagiello was a beautiful Polish woman. When the Revolution broke out at Cracow, in 1846, she was but nineteen years of age. Fired with a spirit of heroic patriotism, she resolved to throw herself into the contest. Attired in the dress of a Polish soldier, mounted on horseback, in company with a few men, she fought bravely against a powerful enemy. When the struggle of 1848 commenced she left Cracow, and going to Vienna took part in the conflict, believing that the fate of Poland was involved in that of Hungary. In the Hungarian battles she served as a volunteer and was made a lieutenant, acting with great bravery.

The Countess Helene St. ——(whose name, unfortunately, the relator has not handed down to posterity) was a young Hungarian lady. Her uncle commanded a Magyar corps, she serving as his aid-de-camp. After one of the battles, an Austrian officer, seeing a figure lying at the foot of a tree, approached. It proved to be a corpse dressed in uniform, with the *kolpack*, with plume of heron feathers on the head and sabre by the side. The long hair betrayed the sex of the soldier, who had been shot through the heart. Touched by pity for the fate of the lovely victim, the officer, with the assistance of the soldiers, dug a grave, and wrapping the corpse in a blanket, laid it tenderly in its last resting-place. He then fired a salute over the grave, and bore away a tress of hair and a ring as a memorial of the brave and patriotic Hungarian girl.

Marie Duchemin was a heroic Frenchwoman. She was the daughter of a soldier and the pet of his regiment. At the age of fifteen she was married to a fencing-master, who was afterwards killed in the destruction of the Bastile, leaving a young widow and one son, who was well known in Paris, having died recently. When the Revolution in France broke out Marie enrolled herself as a volunteer, under the name of Joseph Duchemin. Being remarkably large she easily concealed her sex, although she was wounded at the siege of Toulon. At one of the battles of La Vendee she sustained severe wounds, but continued to fight until the conflict was over, then firing the last shot she sank down exhausted. On dressing her wounds the surgeon discovered that Corporal Duchemin was a woman. On this being known she was everywhere complimented for her bravery, and the General obtained permission to keep her name on the muster roll of the regiment. She fought through several successive battles, and was taken prisoner by the English and sent to the hulks of Plymouth; from which she escaped with a comrade by killing the sentinel on duty. Reaching Paris safely she rejoined her regiment, and at the battle of Marengo a cannon-ball took off her right leg. She could fight no more and was admitted as a pensioner into the Invalides. In 1857 this old woman-soldier, accompanied by her son, who had also fought the battles of his country bravely, went to receive the St. Helena medal. She died in 1862, and her son, who loved to tell of the deeds of his heroic mother, used to say: "She was only a woman, but what a soldier!"

—We suppose that ludicrous thing will continue to occur during churchtime. Every body has seen them and smiled at them. The last instance that has come to our knowledge is that of a clergyman in C——, who while preaching a few Sunday evenings since perceived a man and woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each other behind a hymn-book. Instead of becoming excited at the spectacle or losing temper, he beamed mildly at them over his spectacles, and when the young man had kissed her the fifteenth time, he merely stopped short in the middle of "thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of "the young man in the pink neck-tie and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who were profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew seventy-eight." The young woman pulled her veil down, but the young man got angered. Every body else smiled.

—When people run for office they must be careful what they say. Recently, in Indiana, a patriot who for many years had unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain a seat in the Legislature, believed that he saw his way through the Grangers. Therefore he smiled upon and spoke to the Grangers. In the biographical sketch of himself which he introduced into one of his speeches he made this agricultural remark: "Yes, I may truly say, I was born between two rows of corn." At the slight pause which followed, a broad-chested, hairy-faced individual winked his eye at another Indiana man and observed, "A pumpkin, by thunder!" Which so far disconcerted the aspirant that he ceased to talk.

—The Government of Honduras is making great efforts to develop the agricultural resources of the country. Coffee planting has been vigorously carried on, and the Government makes free grants of land to all persons desirous of undertaking the cultivation of coffee, of sugar or of cocoa, and gives free transport of the necessary material and labor to the site of the grant. Besides these advantages, planters are exempt from military service, and all implements and materials necessary for the use or formation of plantations are admitted into the country free of duty. Strangers are admitted to the same privileges as citizens of the republic.

—A school-girl of tender years thus writes to a bosom friend: "Dear Susie: —i shant attend school agin until i Get sum new cuffs, collars and Jewelry dear Mama agrees with me that it is my Dooty to take the shine out Of that Upstart Mary jones, and ile do it if i never learn nothing."—*Golden Era.*

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