

MISCELLANEOUS

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The following remedy is vouched for by a lady who has used it many years with entire success in driving out and keeping out moths and buffalo bugs from carpets: Sweep the carpets thoroughly, then go over each breadth separately and in all the corners with the following mixture: To three quarts of pure cold water add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine. In this thoroughly saturate a sponge, squeeze it about two thirds dry, and apply to the carpet. As often as the water becomes soiled take a fresh supply.

Put a dessert spoonful of ammonia in three quarts of warm water. Wash the head well with this; rinse very thoroughly with clean and clear warm water. If rinsed in two or three waters the hair will be benefited by the ammonia, other wise it will be harsh and dry.

Melted paraffine poured on top of jellies, jams, etc., also on the top of canned fruit when the covers are discolored, will be all the covering necessary, excepting a cloth or paper to exclude dust. One can use the paraffine many-times.

CHOICE RECIPES.—Hot Cabbage Salad.—Take a firm, white head, shred or chop enough to nearly fill a quart dish, put it in the dish, sprinkle the top with a half teaspoonful of black pepper and two or three tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put half a cup of butter in a spider; when it is brown stir into it the following mixture: Half cup of sour cream, three well beaten eggs, half cup of vinegar; let it boil a moment and pour it over the cabbage; cover and keep in a warm place until wanted.

RICH CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Beat to a cream six ounces of butter, add a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, three ounces of sugar, and by degrees the yolks of eight eggs, with a quarter a pound of grated brown bread. Pound together to a powder a quarter of a stick of vanilla and eight cloves; add those to the pudding, stirring in at the last the whites of the eight eggs beaten to a froth. Butter a mold well, pour in the pudding, and boil an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.

CREAMED POTATOES.—To cream potatoes chop some cold boiled potatoes. Put two or more tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan, when hot rub into it smoothly a spoonful of flour, but do not brown; add a cup of rich milk, and when it boils a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper, and salt, then the potatoes. Boil up well and serve. I have used instead of butter, pork or bacon grease, and sometimes for variety a little chopped onion.

POVERTY CAKE.—Soak three cups of dried apples over night, in the morning chop them fine, add two cups of molasses and cook slowly one hour; when cooled a little add one cup sugar, one of raisins, one of thick sour cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to make a stiff batter, spice, and bake slowly. Frosting is a great improvement.

STEWED CHEESE.—Cut half a pound of cheese into thin slices. Take a clean stew pan and put in the cheese with a small wineglassful of beer, cider, or wine, and stir over the fire till it is melted. Beat up the yolks only of two eggs and a small teaspoonful of dry mustard and a very little cayenne pepper; stir for two minutes over the fire and serve very hot spread upon toast. Do not let it burn and if the cheese is not very rich add a little butter when it begins to melt and spread butter on the toast.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—To make a delicious orange shortcake slice orange and sprinkle with sugar an hour or two before using. To a quart of flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and rub into it two tablespoonfuls of butter or sweet lard, moisten with cold water to a soft dough. Roll, bake in pie tins, split open and put oranges between. Eat with sweetened cream.

STIRRED BREAD.—One quart flour, two large teaspoonfuls baking powder, two teaspoonfuls salt, two eggs, and sweet milk to make a stiff batter; bake in a loaf in a biscuit tin. To be broken, not cut, and eaten hot. Water may be used instead of milk by adding a spoonful of butter.

TO COOK CAULIFLOWER.—Take off the outer leaves and separate the cauliflower into little branches. Put into a saucepan with a little salt and cover with cold water. Boil until soft, then drain off the water, put in a gill of milk thickened with a little flour, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and a sprinkling of pepper. Boil up again and serve hot.

YOUNG MEN.

You are wanted from the street corner, from the idler's promenade, from the place where loafers gather. There is a prize offered you; why not seek it? There are crowns for every honorable head that will push through the opposition and conflict to success. Thousands of young men are idling away golden opportunities which if employed would bring success and position to themselves and honor to their relatives and friends.

Truth, virtue and a manly life calls for champions; and if you enlist in the ranks

and push for the goal you will find unmeasured reward. The field for usefulness is wide and broad, and to be really useful in this life it is necessary for us to make the most of ourselves and the opportunities before us.

Up, then, young man, and gird yourself for the work of improvement, self-culture, advancement and a life of usefulness. You can offer no valid excuse for not making the effort. Your advancement and success do not depend upon wealth, birth or official position.

The thousands of unpainted cottages that dot hill and vale of our land have sent forth the men who have shaped the destiny of our country. Look at our great men of to-day and look up their pedigree, and you will find that nine out of every ten were reared under humble circumstances. They come from the ranks of the poor, and this very fact was the great leverage that brought out and developed their superior qualities. Let no young man feel discouraged because he is poor. If you would track the proudest achievements of our best men, just follow their life, look through its winding pathway, from their present positions of honor, and invariably it leads back to the modest, dim-lighted cottage of poverty. Had every want of these same men been gratified from their youth the world would never have heard of them.

We enjoy the blessings of life just in proportion to the effort necessary to secure them; and if we put forth great effort in the direction of securing these golden prizes, then the enjoyment of their possession will be great.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE COSTS.—The drink bill of the people of the United States—that is to say, the sum spent in the purchase of intoxicating liquors, to be used as a beverage—is estimated to be \$900,000,000, a year. This huge amount is worse than wasted, since the liquors bought and consumed entail enormous evils upon the consumers and their families, in many cases pauperizing them, and in others leading to the commission of crimes. If we suppose one-half of this sum to be the annual outlay for these liquors made by the working classes, then their drink bill each year amounts to \$450,000,000. If we again suppose them to save this amount by not spending it for liquor, and not wasting it on any foolish or unnecessary luxury, they would in a single year do more to improve their condition to make life happy, than can be done by all the strikes that can be gotten up for the next 100 years. It is not so much what a man earns as it is what he saves from what he earns, that tells the story as to his condition. Let him cut off his drink bill and his tobacco and cigar bill, both of which are worse than useless, and thus save these items of annual expense and in a few years he will find events working in his favor. Any man can do this; and if all the working classes would do it, they would have no occasion to strike for higher wages. The conflict between capital and labor is far less serious than the conflict between rum and a successful life. Rum has a much harder heart than can be found in the bosom of any employer, and is vastly more exacting in its demands.

FOR THOSE MATRIMONIALY INCLINED.—London supports, or did until recently, a journal devoted to the promotion of matrimony. It was filled with advertisements in which persons of both sexes described their various attractions, with the hope that they would draw the attention and meet with the approval of desirable opposites. In these descriptions the advertisers did not spare themselves, but told without reservation just how alluring they were; youth, beauty, health, wisdom riches, and all sorts of particular recommendations were related by the writers with as much ingenuousness and freedom as though they had been describing others instead of themselves. Frank and untrammelled as these confidences were, however it is doubtful if any of them ever quite equalled the confessions of a man in Georgia who recently advertised for a wife. He is, he exuberantly declares, a skilled rat-catcher and tanner of dogs' hides, with a bald head and a cork leg, and an income which fluctuates between three and five dollars weekly. He wishes to share these blessings with a woman of good health and disposition, who is capable of being satisfied with a sufficiency, and who does not desire the whole earth.

'These fancy farmers that come out from the city with more money than brains make me laugh,' said a passenger from Elgin; 'a chap like that started in near our place not long ago. He bought a lot of pigs for \$40, purchased \$65 worth of corn to feed them with, and then sold the lot for \$62. 'I didn't expect to make any money on the corn,' he said; 'it was in hogs that I was speculating, and I have come out with a profit.'

A schoolma'am has the following juvenile composition among her school-house manuscript: 'A codfish is the only Annyal that ain't got no neck. There ain't but one kind of a fish in the World that lives on the land and Flvs round in the air, and that is a fish-hawk. A codfish has a large mouth, and my Sunday school Teachers got a large mouth too. Two kids got fiteing in the vestry one day and one of em pulled quite a lot of Hare out of the other kids Hed and the Superintending pounded one of his Eers with a book and so they quit. A fish would look funny if they had legs and could run.

Goodness is beauty; and beauty cannot stay inside; like the sap in a tree, it must come out in fresh leaves and buds and blossoms. Good, pure, kind, generous thoughts light up the plainest face, and make it beautiful and youthful.

Nothing but a steady resolution brought to practice, God's grace used, his commandments obeyed and his pardon begged—nothing but this will entitle you to God's acceptance.

HOW A MISSOURI SCHOOL WAS MANAGED.

I taught school one term, exclaimed a well fed and well dressed man, the occupant of the president's private car on one of the western railroads, addressing the officials of that line and a St. Paul *Globe* writer.

It was the toughest school that I ever heard of, and, as a result of my good management, I had the choice of the school for a second term, but felt that I had enough of the good things of this earth, and was willing to share that school with anybody who desired. It was in Missouri, not far from Hannibal. Right after the war the district schools in that section were attended by a great many grown boys who had been off in the army, and coming home, wanted to catch up with their education. This particular school was noted for its bad boys. They had run out no less than five different teachers within the preceding two years.

Of course, I had no difficulty in getting the school, although the directors looked at me in a pitying kind of way as we completed arrangements. One of them asked me if I was acquainted at all in the district or had ever heard of the school. I answered in the affirmative, as I happened to know an old farmer living there who moved out from Pennsylvania, my old home, and he told me about the school, but of course did not tell me of the trouble the teachers had to hold it. I knew all about it however, before school opened, and acted accordingly.

School opened and the attendance was quite large, including all the big boys. I happened to be a very good shot with a revolver, and to put a bold face on and carried my revolver to school and placed it in plain sight on the desk. I said in opening the school that I had heard of the troubles of former teachers, and proposed to run the school through the term if I had to kill all the scholars. The first thing I noticed was a bent pin on my chair. I called up the biggest boy, a fellow just my size, and asked him to sit down in my chair. He hesitated, and with one sudden spring I forced him down and held him there. When he got up he was pretty sore and greatly surprised.

At recess I went out and gave them an exhibition of my marksmanship, and hit everything I shot at. The next day the big boy who had sat on the pin was not at school, but his companions meant mischief. I saw it. A rain coming up, it became very chilly, so I ordered a fire made in the stove. At recess a second big boy got up in the loft and disconnected the stovepipe for the purpose of smoking me out. He remained up in the loft. I kept piling in the wood until I worked him out, and, when he attempted to come down, I hit him with an immense stick, accidentally breaking his leg with one of the blows.

After that I had no trouble with scholars. They were afraid of me, but it kept me on the watch all the time, as I knew they would try to down me. I taught through the term, and quit. My successor was the big boy, or man rather, who sat on the pin.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS.

In a very curious article which James Sully has published in the *Nineteenth Century* he adduces evidence which seems to establish not only that precocity is not necessarily a sign of disease, but that exceptional capacity, especially if it is of the original kind which comes within the scope of the word 'genius,' is very apt to be precocious. He shows that out of 287 great musicians, artists, scholars, poets, novelists, men of science and philosophers, 231, or four-fifths, were precocious children, giving signs of their unusual capacity in their special line of thought long before they were 20; indeed, in some cases before they had emerged from comparative infancy.

Mozart was exhibited as a pianist before he was 5, and Mendelssohn's first cantata was written at 11; Beethoven at 9 had outgrown his father's musical teaching; Raphael was a scholar in the studio at 12; Titian painted a Madonna

at the same age; Morland was an accepted portrait painter, highly paid by his customers, at 10; Landseer exhibited his pictures at 13, and Flaxman carved busts at 15; Goldoni at 8 sketched out a comedy; Calderon wrote a play at 14; Goethe was a poet at 15; Beaumont composed tragedies at 12, and Cowley's epic, written at 10, is said to be 'an astonishing feat of imaginative precocity.' Scott invented stories at 12; Dickens was a charming raconteur, the delight of his companions, at 9, and Charlotte Bronte wrote stories, as well as poems and plays, at 14. Grotius was a scholar at 12; Porson could repeat the whole of Horace and Virgil before he was 15, and Macauley at 8 put together a compendium of universal history. Newton was a mechanic at school; Paplace, while a mere lad, was a mathematical teacher; Pascal at 18 invented a calculating machine; and Leibnitz thought out difficult philosophic problems before he was 15. These are mere selections from much longer lists; and as in many cases the capacity must have appeared and have escaped either notice or record, we may take it that with men of genius, precocity, sometimes of the most unusual, occasionally of an almost miraculous, kind has been a rule.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Every street has two sides—the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass but that which surpasses them they censure.

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil.

A virtuous man is ever in unison with nature's works.

Indulge no doubts—they are traitors. The good can well afford to wait.

If what is done be done in faith some good things will come out of our mistakes even, only let no one mistake self-will for that perfect thing, faith.

It is oftenest the simplest, one might almost say the softest, nature which refuses the world's seal, and wears its own to the end.

That sort of half sigh, which accompanied by two or three slight nods of the head, is pity's small change in general society.

A man's good breeding is the best security against the people's ill manners.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.

DIVORCE AND MARRIAGE.

My marriage was a very romantic one, said a Chicago gentleman at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, who is on his bridal tour. The lady's former husband was an intimate friend of mine. He is a good fellow, but he didn't use her well. Although a gentleman in most respects, he was so unfortunate as to have the drinking habit, and occasionally while in liquor he raised the deuce in the domestic circle. Both he and the lady were accustomed to come to me for advice after these affairs. Get a divorce, says I at last. Agreed says they, and shook hands on it.

Then they separated, pending the result of the legal proceedings. I visited the lady in her retirement several times. Frank said the husband to me, don't you think you had better not call on Lizzie while this divorce business is in progress. Why, Bob, says I, what the mischief have you to do with the matter?

I don't like it, says he. But, says I, as she is getting a divorce from you and you are consenting, what difference can it make to you who calls on her? Frank, says he, looking me straight in the eye, do you mean to marry Lizzie?

Well, Bob, says I, the idea never occurred to me before, but now that you suggest it, I don't know but what I will. Do you think she'll be likely to favor the idea herself? I'm blessed, continued the Chicago man, if the fellow didn't begin to fight the divorce from that minute. We downed him, of course, but he's still cool, and I even refused to attend the wedding.

However, when we get home my wife will manage to smooth him down. She knows his ways, you understand. There's nothing so painful to me as a break in an old friendship, and we both really like Bob very well in spite of his faults.

IN MARRYING A POOR MAN.—An advantage over a poor girl that the rich one has in marrying a poor man is that a woman of the world, who has seen much of society, rarely suffers from that morbid self-consciousness which is of the most frequent form of snobbishness to be found among small gentlefolks, and which makes them ever prone to take offense and to think that every little action of their neighbors is the result of deliberate intention. Half the slights and insults of which such people complain are quite unintentional, and are caused by that forgetfulness which

is the natural outcome of the hurried existence of those busy bees of fashion or of hard work, who are the most usual offenders.

The adaptability of women is truly wonderful, and the poor man's wife will, if she has even moderate intelligence, in a short time emerge from the anxious, over-careful period of her early married life; and, having discovered the scale at which her new income would permit her to live, she will find that her previous knowledge of how things ought to be done will enable her to become that most excellent type of a housewife, one who can combine elegance with economy.

We do not mean to assert that every rich girl is fitted to be a poor man's wife, or that every poor girl is suitable. In every position there are women unlikely to be good wives to anybody, and others who could hardly fail to do their duty in any state of life to which they may be called. But, taking girls of average goodness and intelligence, it will be found that the rich ones are more often happy and contented in small houses than those who have never lived in anything else.

TRICKING A PHILADELPHIA TAILOR.—He went into the store of one of the most fashionable tailors and arrayed himself in an expensive summer suit. Then he said:

I must pay you by check, but as you do not know me I will not ask you to take one of my own. You are acquainted, of course, with the gentleman who keeps the drug store on the corner. Let us go in there. He is a friend of mine and is preparing a check for me.

In the drug store the stranger called out familiarly to the proprietor, who was behind the screen, Doctor, is that ready?

In a moment, was the reply.

Then said the stranger to the tailor. I must go across the street and see that it is all right.

In a little while the tailor was handed a bottle.

What is this? he asked.

Your cough mixture.

I don't want a cough mixture. I want a check.

I knew nothing about a check.

Then it came out that the stranger had ordered at the drug store a cough mixture for his dear friend, Mr. ———, the tailor, who was suffering from a severe cold. The doctor knew nothing about his enterprising visitor, and he has not returned to inquire if the tailor is better.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO GIRLS.—Thirty-nine girls.

In ten years fifteen will have married.

In ten years seven of the fifteen will be widows dependent upon their own exertions for bread and meat.

In ten years fifteen of the remaining twenty-four will be sleeping beneath the sod. And far apart they will be sleeping! One in Georgia, one in California one in Ohio, one in Virginia, another, perhaps, in a missionary's grave in China, another amid the ashes of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, another—but only time will tell where they all will sleep.

In ten years, the nine I have not yet mentioned will begin to lose their sweetness and develop something of the sourness supposed to be inseparable from women that are destined to be old maids.

In ten years, not one of the thirty-nine but that will have tasted of the bitterness that comes in time to all human beings. Hope will be blighted, loved ones will be claimed by that same skeleton you beheld just now, sorrow in a hundred forms will be experienced—indeed, to every one a surfeit of dead sea fruit will be offered.

THE WINDS ON THE HILL.

Oh! sweet is the summer air
Which steals down the chestnut walk,
When the children are playing there,
While lovers wander and talk:
But the wind on the hill for me,
And the mist across the down,
And the bright light over the sea,
And ships coming home to the town!

Oh! merry the sunny strand,
Where waves wash in at one's feet,
And the wives and children stand
And wait for the fishing fleet,
But the winds on the hill for me,
And the mist across the down,
And the strong light over the sea,
And ships coming home to the town!

Oh! sately the castle tower,
Mid its cedars, dark and still,
Where ghosts come back at midnight hour
And the midday sun falls chill
But the wind on the hill for me,
And the mist across the down,
And the wild light over the sea,
And the ships coming home to the town!

And solemn the gray church spire
(I see it, looking down!)
With its weather-vane tipped with fire,
As the sun sets over the town,
But the wind on the hill for me,
And the mist across the down,
And the golden light over the sea,
And ships going out from the town.

There's a grave by the old church door
(That changed all the world one day),
Can it be the mist from the moor
Creeps up as I look that way?
But the wind on the hill for me,
And the mist across the down,
Though the light is sad on the sea
And the ships go out from the town.

I should like to die on the hill
Some day as the sun goes down,
And the wind, blowing strong and chill,
Drives out the ships from the town,
Yes! the wind on the hill for me,
And the mist may lie below;
There's a glad light over the sea,
And a secret for me to know!