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Domestic Diplomacy.

She was watching at the window,
As I hurried down the street,
In the simple brown merino
That I fancy looks so neat,
And her smile I thought portentious—
It was so exceeding sweet,

Then she met me at the threshold
With a very loving kiss
That recalled the early stages
Of our matrimonial bliss—
And I felt at once a tremor—
Was there anything amiss?

No! the children were all quiet,
And the hearth was very bright,
And my pet—our roguish Charlie—
Was quite vestal in his white;
Yet I braced myself for something,
Be that something what it might.

My chair was near the fire,
And my slippers by its side—
My pipe was very handy,
And my papers open wide;
And she wore a pretty breast-pin
That I gave her when a bride.

The dinner was perfection;
It was lavish without waste;
The soup was vermicelli,
And exactly to my taste!
While the desert was a triumph
Of artistic skill and paste.
And when the meal was over,
And the inner man at rest,
She drew her chair beside me,
With the baby on her breast.
I felt, and so I told her,
I was one among the blest.

Oh, the smile of tender radiance
That illumined all her face,
As I clasped her to my bosom
In the lovers fond embrace;
It was then she softly whispered,
"Won't you let me have that lace?"

Kind Words Beget Brave Deeds.

AN ENGLISH CABMAN'S STORY.

We are like the insects caught by the
Poo gli ter ng of a garish flame,
But, O, our wings once scorched,
The brightest star lures us no more,
And to the fatal light we cling till death.
—*Lady of Lyons*

The above quotation formed a portion of a letter received by me some years ago. The epistle commenced as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I am only a poor cabman, and with no education to speak of, but I have managed to copy the above lines and send them to you, sir, thinking that as you are in search of characters, and as my wife is the best and truest of women that ever belonged to a theater, and as these lines apply to her, you might give us a call some day and hear our story, and the happy end it has come to. I got your address, dear sir, from a man in our ranks; he has often had you for a fare, and knows that you are writing for the papers, therefore, if you like to see us on Sunday, as I don't ply for hire on Sabbath days, and all owing to my dear wife, we shall be very glad to see you; and I am, dear sir, your very obedient servant, L. L.

The whole tenor of the letter struck me as remarkable, and I determined to pay them a visit. Accordingly, on the Sunday following the receipt of the above, I presented myself at No.— Paddington Green, and found my friend and his wife at home, and very glad to see me. They lived in a neat little cottage, clean and comfortable. Everything about them gave evidence of home comforts and quiet contentment. The wife was a neat and particularly good-looking young woman of about twenty-five years of age, and the husband evidently three or four years her senior.

We entered into the purport of my visit without any hesitation on either part.

"Thank you kindly for calling," said L——, "but you see sir, although we have no particular desire to let the world know our troubles or our joys, we thought you might like to know yourself, and if you wanted to publish them we would not object, for you see, sir, some folks might take a warning by me, and some wives who are not so kind and considerate as my darling here, might do the same."

At this point the wife left us and went into an adjoining room.

"You see, sir, those lines of poetry that I sent you are so feeling and true like, that I have learnt them off by heart. Do you believe they are true?"

"Bulwer Lytton wrote them," said I, "and put them into the mouth of a tender-hearted though proud woman, and Lytton was no mean judge of human nature; besides, he had a soul 'attuned to fancies bright.'"

"Well, sir," said L——, "I will tell you my own story my own way, and you can alter it to suit your taste. I was originally intended by my people, who are farmers in Shropshire, to become a tradesman. But in an evil hour I fell in with bad and wicked companions, and they learned me to drink, smoke and play at skittles. The upshot of that was that I began to prefer play to work, and after a time was dismissed from the office for irregular conduct, and—I am ashamed to say—drunkenness. Then I got a job whenever and wherever I could, and at last I couldn't get any job at all, for, you see, I spent too much time at the public-house, and was too fond of cards and skittels.

"One fine day I found that I had been and used up all the old people that would employ me, and there was nothing left for me but to look about and see if I couldn't turn my hand to something else. I fell in with a livery-stable keeper and cab owner, and he took quite a fancy to me and promised to employ me if I would keep steady. This I promised, and I kept my word—for a time, at least. After doing odd jobs about the stable for some weeks, there was a vacancy for a driver. One of our men was taken bad and died, and I got his place. It was a 'shoful,' or what you would call a four-wheeler. But I shall always bless that cab; for had it not been for it I should never have seen my wife. You must excuse my rough style of speaking; I ain't much of a scholar, but I'll just tell the story my own way.

"One night about three weeks after I got my cab, I was taken by a gentleman to drive him to the Surrey Theatre. It was the pantomime season, and I thought I should like to see the show and enjoy myself for once. So I got a young fellow to mind the cab, while I went into the gallery and saw the play. When the play was nearly over, it came on to snow tremendous, just for all the world as if all the saints in the clouds had rebelled and ripped open their beautiful warm feather beds to spite the angels like. So, thinks I, 'Here's a go! I'll go and look after my cab and try and get a fare back if I can.'

"Well, as soon as I got back to my cab I gave the young fellow that had minded it sixpence, and stood a quart of half-and-half besides. Just as I got on to my box, and had the ribbons in my hand, who should come up but a young woman carrying a small bundle, and looking quite cold and frozen-like.

"'Says she to me, says she, 'Cabman how much will you charge me to take me to Drury Lane?'

"I looks at her and winks, then I looks at her again, and touches my hat, for I seed she was quite a respectable young woman like. "Two shillings is the fare, miss, and though I might ask more on a night like this, I'll take you for that." So she got into the cab, and away I drove.

"When I got to Drury Lane she put her head out of the window, and says, 'stop please.' I stopped and wondered why she didn't get out, I thought maybe she couldn't open the door, so I got off my box and opened it for her, and there was she looking first in her pocket, and then under the cushions of the cab, then under the seat, and at last she says:

"'O, cabman, I have lost my purse—I have indeed! I had it this evening when I went to the theater; but it is gone now!'

"I looked in her face, and says to myself, 'If tha.'s a do, I'll never believe in human nature again.' So I says, "Where do you live, young woman?'

"'Close by, says she. 'Ryder's Court, and if you'll come with me, I'll get my landlady to pay you.'

"So I went, and sure enough the landlady paid me the fair. She was quite civil like, and as nice-spoken a body as one could find. Quite a motherly sort of woman. I took quite a fancy to my fare, and told the lady so when she went down stairs with me to open the front door like.

"'And she's as good as she's good-looking,' says the old lady; 'she's quite a respectable and better sort of girl. She is a horphan, and is engaged at the Surrey Theater in the ballet. Her father was a scene-shifter in the same place, and her mother used to let lodgings, and keep the place tidy.'

'After I got home that night I couldn't for the life of me get my fare out of my head, and the next day, and the next. She was always in my mind, and her sweet, childlike face quite haunted me in my dreams, as I have read in the penny journals. On the Sunday I had a fare to the Strand, an old gentleman with gold spectacles, and a paunch as would have delighted a alderman or the lor mayor hisself.

"'Strand,' says he.

"'Yes, miss,' says I, 'never mind if you've lost your purse.'

"The old swell frowned at me, and I suddenly recollected that I was not speaking to the young woman. But my thoughts were running on her, so when I had taken him to the Strand and been told by him, 'Young man, you've been drinking,' I determined to call and see the girl. I couldn't get no flowers, being Sunday, else I would have brought her the largest bunch in the Garden. But there was a pie shop open in Drury Lane, and in I went and bought as beautiful a pie as you ever see. Then I knocked at the door, and while I was awaiting for them to open it my heart have three or four great big knocks too, and I felt quite queer and nervous like. Who should come to the door but my Nancy herself. Nancy Bell is her name, but in the bills she was called Miss Rosamond Mountjoy. She blushed when she saw me, and I blushed when I saw her, you may be sure; but I took off my billy, and says I, 'Miss, I've taken this here liberty to call and to see as how you didn't catch cold the other night;' and then I felt somehow as if my arms and legs were not my own, and as if I had become one of them wooded marionette figures like. I couldn't control them no how. All at once I drops my hat, and in stooping to pick it up down came the pie; and then I felt as if my cheeks were coals of fire; and she laughed and helped me to pick up the pie, and looked so wicked and roguish like that I took courage, and out with it at once."

At this stage of his narrative he became quite excited, and as his excitement rose his grammar receded.

"'May I hoffer you this here pie?' says I.

"'Who's that you're talking to, Miss Rosamond,' says a voice from upstairs.

"'It's the young man as drove me home from the theyater the other night,' says she.

"'What's he want?' says the voice from above.

"That was a corker, and no mistake. But I was equal to it; so I says: 'Begging your pardon, ma'am, could I speak to you?'

"'Come, that's a good un,' says the voice, 'speak to me, and me not half through with my twilight. Ask the young man to step into the parlor.'

"So we went into the parlor, and there we got cozy like, and by and by the voice from upstairs being dressed in her best Sunday clothes, with a beautiful new front, and a bunch of ribbons in her cap, came down, and when she sees me she says: 'Good morning, young man; delightful weather if it doesn't rain,' and then drops a courtesy, just for all the world as if she was Queen Victoria, and I the Emperor of Rooshia. Then she saw the pie, and says she: 'Who's that for?' I told her, and she says: 'Young man, is your intentions towards this here young woman honorable, for I am like a mother to her, and, though but a lone widder, will look after her like a mother.'

"After I told the old lady all about myself and my prospects, she wanted me to stop to dinner, but I couldn't leave my cab, so I said good-bye, and promised to come the following Sunday. I used to go regular every Sunday for three months, and at the end of that time I married her. I made her leave the theatre, and we took this very house to live in. After our marriage I thought I was the happiest fellow in London, and so happy was I that I wanted to be happier still, so I went into company, took to drinking, and lost my situation. Then I drank all the more wherever and whenever I could get it; and one night I came home quite drunk, and—God forgive me—struck my wife because she refused to fetch me a quart of beer. She bore it quite patient-like—only looked at me with those dove-like eyes of hers and said, 'O, Lawrence (that's my Christian name, sir), I couldn't have believed it of you!' That only made me more savage. If she had only punched my head, or thrown something at me, I wouldn't have cared. Well, I got from one state of degradation to the other, till nobody would have anything to say to me. But the little woman always stuck to me, and when we were nearly starving, she returned to the theatre and so kept things together at home. I only got worse, for now I got jealous, and thought of the many temptations thrown in her way like at that place. So one day after a touch of the horrors, I determined to reform, and went and signed the pledge. My darling, when I showed her my temperance card, cried for joy, and I went on my bended knees and promised to reform. I got another cab, and after a few weeks I made her leave the theatre. All went well, and though I felt rather queer at first, I soon got used to it, and managed to do better without the drink than with it. Shortly after this I got a severe cold, and after trying all sorts of things without their doing me any good, I thought I would try a glass of rum hot before going to bed, as a medicine like. I thought I was strong enough to resist the temptation of taking a second glass, but I wasn't as yet, and that night I got drunk again, and never shall I forget my poor wife's face when she saw me. I kept on drinking for weeks, and at last got delirium tremens, and was taken to Hanwell Asylum. All this time my poor wife kept on at the theatre, earning enough to keep them from selling off our home. She came to see me regularly on visiting days, and always comforted me with the assurance that the doctors said I would soon be well and able to leave the asylum. I won't tell you what I suffered in that place, but at last I was discharged as cured. My little wife came to fetch me, and when we got home I fell on my knees to Heaven for strength to redeem the past, and taking poor Nancy in my arms I swore to her to be a better husband to her in the future. But the taint of the drunkard and the double stain of the drunkard and lunatic clung to me, and nowhere could I get employment. But still the little woman worked bravely on, attending the theatre and earning extra money by making up dresses for the actresses. The very first Saturday after my release from the asylum she came home and put her earnings in my hands. I felt very queer when she did this, but she only looked at me with those soft, dove-like eyes, and says, 'Lawrence! I trust you.' Those words made me what I am. I took the money that was left after paying the rent and went out into the park to think. 'I will be a man, thought I, 'and will wrestle with temptation.' Then I prayed to Heaven for strength to do so, and my prayer was answered, for no man ever prayed to Him in vain. I felt a kind of joy in trying my own strength. I went into one public after the other. Felt an almost insane desire for drink, but always tore myself away from it. I returned to my brave little wife as sober as when I left her. She saw me, took my hand; I clasped hers, and there we sat for three mortal hours, feeling so happy and contented like."

"Kind words," said I, "beget brave deeds."

"You are right, sir."

What is a "Team?"

The Court of Queen's Bench were recently called upon to give a legal definition to the word "team." A tenant of an English duke had agreed, as a part of his rent payment, to furnish at sundry times "one day's team work with two horses and one proper person."

On one occasion the duke's manager desired the farmer to send a cart to fetch coals from a railway station to the ducal mansion. The farmer offered to furnish two horses and a man, but insisted that the duke should supply the cart. "There can't be a 'team' without a cart or wagon," said the manager. "Oh, yes, there can!" replied the farmer; "the horses are the team."

Both parties were honest, and both were obstinate, and so the law was asked to decide which definition of a "team" was correct, the duke's or the farmer's. A jury said the duke's, but the farmer asked the Court of Queen's Bench if the jury were not quite as incorrect as was the duke.

The Court heard learned lawyers argue, and also discussed among themselves. What is a *team?* Poetry and lexicons were appealed to. One judge quoted these lines to show that the team is separate from the cart:

"Giles Jelt was sleeping, in his cart he lay,
Some wagish pilf'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes and cries: 'Ods bodkins, what is here?
Why, how now; am I Giles or not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not, Ods bodkins, I've found a cart!'"

Another judge quoted a line from Wordsworth:

"My jolly team will work alone for me."

Horses, said the learned judge, might be "jolly," but a cart cannot. Whereupon, the counsel for the duke gave the judge "a Rowland" for his "Oliver" by citing Gray's lines:

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bow'd the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!'

But the farmer's lawyer "capped" that quotation with several citations from the poets. From Spenser:

"Thee a ploughman all unmeeting found,
As he his toilsome team that way did guide,
And brought thee up a ploughman's state to bide.'

From Shakespeare:

"We fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.'

From Dryden:

"Any number, and passing in a line,
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings and cleave the liquid sky.'

The judges decided two to one that the farmer's definition of "team" was correct; and then, as if to add another to the many illustrations of the "glorious uncertainty of the law," said they would hear the case over again.

The case shows the importance of putting down in a written agreement just what is agreed upon, and of eschewing all ambiguous words.—*Youth's Companion.*

Colonel Wild, a Swiss artillery officer, serving in the Russian army of the Caucasus, writes to a Zurich paper that the Russians have lost more men by typhus since the conclusion of peace than they lost by battle during the entire campaign in Asia Minor.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

RHUBARB BAKED.—Many prefer rhubarb baked when served as a preserve. Cut the pieces about an inch in length; weigh, allow as much moist sugar as rhubarb, and bake in an earthenware dish; put into the dish in layers; add a mite of water; cover closely, and bake.

RICE CAKES.—Have your rice thoroughly boiled, then make a batter of two eggs beat up light, one pint of sweet milk, flour enough to stiffen not very stiff, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar, then stir in rice enough to stiffen well, and beat up with a fork.

STEWED SPINACH.—Pick one peck of spinach and wash thoroughly, drain and put it in a saucepan with a little salt and cover with hot water. Boil one-half hour or until tender; when done, pour into colander and press the water out. Cut up fine, season with butter, pepper and salt, and set into an oven a few minutes. Serve with hard boiled eggs cut in slices.

COOKING ASPARAGUS.—Cut the shoots when about three inches high. Let them soak in salt and water until half an hour before dinner. Then have a kettle filled with boiling water. Tie up the shoots in small bundles (because you can lift them out quicker), and boil rapidly for twenty-five minutes, or until soft. Have a slice of bread toasted and spread with butter. Skim out the asparagus with a skimmer upon the toast. Untie the string, spread it out, and serve.

MEAT SCALLOPS.—Take small scallop shells or small tin patty-pans and line them with mashed potato; mince any kind of cold meat, and mix with it a little breadcrumb and minced boiled onion, seasoning to taste, and moistening with a little cold gravy; put a layer of this over the mashed potato in the shell, placing a layer of mashed potato on the top, smoothing nicely and pressing at the edges in scallops; lay a thin bit of butter in the center, and brown in a hot oven. Allow one shell or pan to each person.

Household Hints.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—A solution of ammonia and water, lukewarm, well rubbed in carpets will take out all stains; one part ammonia, three water.

TO REMOVE STAINS WITH BUCKWHEAT.—Mix buckwheat with cold water to a paste; rub this on the grease spots; lay in the sun to dry thoroughly, then brush off with a dry hard brush. This will also remove all stains from mattresses, etc.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Nitric acid of the ordinary commercial strength will remove iron rust from either glass or earthenware. It may be applied by means of a rag tied on the end of a stick, great care being taken that the acid does not touch the skin or clothing.

TO WASH STRIPED TABLE CLOTHS.—Soak in clear cold water half an hour; wring and put in warm clear suds; wash quickly, wring dry; put in clean cold water, adding a handful of salt; soak in this fifteen minutes, wring and starch with very thin starch; hang up soon, and when dry roll in a damp cloth and iron.

CELERY LEAVES.—Most housekeepers throw away the leaves and green tops of celery. There is a better way than this. Dry them thoroughly in the oven, then pulverize to a fine powder, and they make a very delicious seasoning for soup, the aroma and strength of the celery being remarkably preserved. After being pulverized, the powder should be kept in a jar or closed bottle to preserve the strength.

COATING FOR WOODWORK. — Lime slaked with sour milk and diluted with water till it is about the consistence of ordinary whitewash, forms an excellent coating for woodwork, protecting the same against the weather for several years. The casein of the milk in combination with the lime forms a permanent film, which dries so quickly in warm weather that heavy rains falling directly after it has been laid on will scarcely affect the work.

Planting Potatoes.

The question has been freely mooted of late as to the best part of the Irish potato to plant. The following experiment will help to elucidate the matter, as made by a New Hampshire farmer, and given by a neighbor to the press:

A few years ago a farmer friend made an experiment with a view to settling a disputed point relative to the best portion of a potato to plant, in reference to its size and the productiveness of its yield. He planted four rows of equal length, side by side, with two varieties of potatoes. In one row he planted only the "seed ends," so called, or those containing the most eye, which included about a third of the bulk of the tubers, and in the next row the "stem ends," the parts of the tubers which are connected with the roots. The two varieties were "pink-eyes" and "peach blows." The yield of the four rows was as follows:

	Pounds
Pink-eyes, stem ends	217
Pink-eyes, seed ends	170
Peach Blows, stem ends	225
Peach Blows, seed ends	189

The potatoes raised from the stem ends were much larger than those from the others, and appeared to be from a week to ten days earlier.—*American Farmer.*

A Female Medical Prodigy.

The death is announced of Amelie Hohenester, a resident of Mariabrunn, Bavaria, a real medical prodigy, who was known under the name of the "Bauerndoctorin" (the peasant doctor). For three years in the beginning of her career she had much to contend with from the opposition of the professional physicians, but the marvellous success of her cures, which had drawn persons of the highest rank to the simple Bavarian village, soon silenced all opposition. The pure mountain air, the use of suitable food for the patients, the application of none but vegetable medicines, taken either internally or externally as the case required, and above all, the marvellous penetration of the simple illiterate woman, who by her accurate diagnosis could cast in the shade the greatest physicians of Europe, were the means of her wonderful success. There was not a shade of superstition or quackery in all this is evidently proved by the social standing of most of her patients, headed by no less a personage than the Empress of Austria, who in 1860 failed to obtain relief in the mild climate of Madeira from incipient consumption, and who is now able to support the fatigue of a fox hunt, for which pastime she goes every winter to England. She takes great delight in this amusement, and is one of the most daring and accomplished horsewomen of the age. Next in rank comes the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia, the emperor's sister-in-law. She resembled a skeleton when she came to Mariabunn, and left in the bloom of health. The Russian minister of police, Count Trepoff, visited Mariabunn, four times, and the hero of Sebastopol and Plevna, Gen. Todleben three times. Gortchakoff and Ignatieff have also been there. Even two princes from the East Indies made a journey to this favored spot. No less than fifty persons underwent regular treatment daily during the summer season, and at least half as many in winter, not counting those who departed after a short consultation. During the winter months several secretaries were engaged in attending to her large correspondence with all parts of the world, especially Northern Germany, Russia and Poland. Even honest adversaries admitted the correctness of her medical diagnosis. The remedies usually applied were either in the shape of teas, baths, besides oils prepared from Alpine plants for rubbing the suffering members. Nearly all her customers have left their photographs in the album of this rural doctress, with a dedication couched in words of the greatest respect and gratitude.

Do Fish Sleep?

The editor of the *Fishing Gazette* proffers some little testimony bearing upon the interesting query whether fish sleep. It is his opinion that the trout sleeps at night; and, as proof, he states that, when entering his fish-house at night in summer time, he has observed all the fish in the tanks lying motionless on the slate bottoms, and has often watched them thus for some length of time. Their slow respiration and analogous movement of the fins indicated a diminished action of the heart and a state of rest, similar to that of the human being in sleep. On striking a light while the fish were in this quiescent condition, they would start as if scared and fly about wildly, exhibiting the same alarmed feeling that a man not uncommonly does when suddenly roused from profound slumber.

This evidence refers to fish in an artificial state; but the writer believes that it applies equally to those which are wild in their native waters. "We may safely come to the conclusion," he remarks, "that repose of the brain, more or less complete, does exist in the piscine world; and certainly, the highest of the organization of the animal, the more need we shall find for some system of rest or reparation of the nervous system." The movement of gills, fins, and tail, which is ever present in fish, the writer considers to be as purely the result of reflex action as that of the beating of the heart; and therefore he regards these movements, when the fish is otherwise still, as no indication that it is not in a state of absolute repose and unconsciousness.

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