THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE LADIES DRESS-A RECEIPT.

[The following curious poem is reprinted from a rare copy of the Connecticut Guarte of June 28, 1778. printed in New London. It certainly proves that the fashions of a century gone were not considered a whit less extravagant then than now, and that feminine apparel, no matter what form it takes, is always held fair game for the wits of the times.]

Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool, Of paste and pomatum a pound; Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck hor sweet skull, And gauze to encompass it round.

Of all the bright colours the rainbow displays Be these ribbons which hang on her head; Be her flounces adapted to make the folks gaze. And above the whole work he they spread.

Let her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least, Let her curls meet just under her chin; Let these curls be supported, to keep up the jest. With one hundred, instead of one pin.

Let her gown be tucked up to the hip on each side; Shoes too high for to walk or to jump; And to dock the sweeterenture completifor a bride, Let the cork-cutter make her a rump.

Thus finished intaste, while on Chlee you gaze, You may take the dear charmer for life; But never undress her-for, out of her stays, You'll find you have lost half your wife.

TOM'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Did you ever hear of my oriental adven-ture?" said Tom, perching himself upon the counting-house desk. " Your oriental adventure ?" asked Ned

amazed.
"Well, it's worth hearing," said Tom, "if it did happen to me. It was whon I was in Da-maseus, a more attache of a grave diplomatic party, a boy of twenty, who night as well have

been left at home, I suppose."

"I should say so," said Ned. "When non belonged to a diplomatic party, and were in Damascus. You...well?"

"I was in a bazaar," said Tom. "Finglish-

men always haunt bazaars when they are in

men always haunt bazars when they are in Damascus."

"Oh," said Ned, "do they ?"

"I had bought eigar cases and smoking caps and tobacco bags, and all sorts of things," said Tom, "I had slippers and scarfs and a shawl for my mother, and a garment of red slik and gold thread of which I did not know the name. And I was buying a pipe of oriental style, with a lung stern and a water buttle for the with a long stem, and a water bottle for the smoke to puss through, when a great puffy bag of black silk which enveloped a lady paused near me, and squatted down before the slop of a young jewel merclant, for the purpose of examining list bracelets.

"Only the eyes of this figure were visible, but they were blacker and more beautiful than these

of any heroine of the Arabian Nights' Enter-tainments, and they lit on one once, twice, three times, and sent a sensation through my heart to which it was happily as yet a stran-

ger.

"Behind the figure stood the less carefully veiled person of an old female servant. Some yelled person of an old female servant. Some grey hair struggled over a wrinkled forchead, and the veil even revealed the upper part of her high nose. She was the guardian of the young beauty probably. That it was a young beauty thus hid under the silken balloon I had no doubt. It was like an oriental tule.

"The level merchant was here with this

"The jowel merchant was busy with this wares. The merchant of hubble-Jubbles with his and my money. No one but the old woman saw the beauty make me a little sign with her

saw the beauty make me a little sign with her oxquisite hand; but she did it. The sign seemed to say, 'Wait.' I waited.

"What I waited for I hardly knew. I under-stood the customs of the country well enough to be aware that I could not speak to this dam-sel, or be addressed by her, in the open streets; but I understood young women well enough to know that something was in store for me in the way of an adventure. My repertoire of gesture is not large. No Englishman's is. I nodded a "Yes." It sufficed. As she went away, guarded by her old attendant, she repeated the

motion.
"" Wait,' it said again.

"'Yes,' replied my nod.
"There was a coffe-house close at hand, open to the street like all the other shops. There, with my hubble-bubbles in my hand, I squatted on a cushion, and sipped and smoked. 'I also eat something. It may have been the conserve of pomegramates without pepper, of which we read in the Arabian Nights. It was sweet; it melted on the palate. It left behind a delicious taste and fragrance. It was oriental to the last

Near me, one smoked something stronger that tobacco-hasheesh, perhaps—that sent him half open, his hands dropped on their backs half shut, against the cushions, the pipe still be tween his lips.
"Within the coffe shop, a story-teller threw

down a little flat basket for contributions, and began his unrrative with, . In the name of Al-" It was about the genil; but I had little com-

prehension of the tale, my knowledge of the language being so poor.

"In its midst I saw a figure pass—pause—

make a sign to me.

"It was the old woman, the servant of my

mysterious beauty, I flung a coin to the story-teller, and followed her.
"She went on for a long while, until I began to think that she would never speak to me; but

at last she paused under the shadow of the blank vhite-plaster walls of a house in a quiet part of the city, and suddenly letting down a long wisp of gray hair, took from it a letter — a little crooked thing written on bright paper, and drenched with perfume.

· I tore it open. It was written in queer Eng-

lish.
"I a little English know,' it began. 'My
mother she English. Most beautiful! I wait
for you. Come.'"

"When she said 'most beautiful,' did she mean you?" asked Ned, in amaze.
"Yes," said Tom, "of course."
"What do the gentlemen look like there?"

asked Ned. "'Where shall I go?" I asked of the old wo-

"She beckoned. Again I followed. We walked on, she going before, I following, until she paused before a white-plastered wall, in which was a narrow door. Unlocking this, she motioned me to enter, and almost treading on my beels in her haste, instantly slipped in after

me and relocked it. "I found myself in the most beautiful gar-den imagination can depict. A fountain played in the centre, and flowers of the most gargeous colors bloomed in the splendid vases and urns that surrounded it. Beyond it was a rose arbor. Obeying the old woman's motions, I entered the

" It was the girl whom I had seen at the bazaar. I knew her eyes and her hands at once, and I knew also that I had met my fate. I loved her on the Instant as well as she seemed to love

ner on the instant as wen as she seemed to avenue."

"Healther," said Ned.
"I can't make you understand that delicious emotion," said Tom, sighing. "There we sat together, talking like lovers who had been partical for years. She slipped a ring upon my finger, I gave her one from mine. I vowed to bear her away to the land where lovers were not the chart there were those and she promised to slaves they were there, and she promised to meet me at the little garden gate at midnight, when, in disguise, I would convey her ton place of safety, precure the protection of our consul, with whom I was intimately acquainted, and marry her that very night."

"Going it fast," said Ned.
Tom sighed.
"Suddenly, as we sat there," said he, "the
old woman rushed into the arbor. She whis-

old woman rushed into the arbor. She whispered a word to my beautiful lady-love, who wrung her hands in terror.

"If Iy for your life!" she said.

"If Allah spaces my life, I will meet you at the gate at midnight. If not, adleu until we meet in Paradise."

"Then the old woman saized me by the arm."

"Then the old woman seized me by the arm, hurried me to the gate, pushed me out, and locked it behind me.

"The garden vanished. I saw my love no more. I sat bewildered upon a rough stone bench. It had been like a story of the Arabian

mud of which adhered to their udders. Particles of dust thus got into the pull at milking, and thus introduced fungi from the slough, which multiplied in the milk, and spoiled the whole of it—giving it the odor of the foul water. Prof. Law, of Cornell University, finding the

Prof. Law, of Cornell University, finding the cream on his milk to be ropy, examined it with a microscope, and found it infosted with living organisms. On investigation he found that the herd from which his supply came, drank the water of "a stagmant pool, located in a muddy swale." The microscope developed organisms in this water in the same sort with those found in the wilk. The annexate when detected on a in the milk. The same were also detected on a microscopic examination of the blood of the cows. That the cows were in a diseased condition was shown by the thermometer test-they being hot and feverish. A little of the same fifthy water was introduced into milk which proper tests had shown to be pure, and in due time "the same filthy organisms multiplied and took possession of it in vast numbers, pro-ducing the same character of milk as that first noticed."

noticed."

This investigation, made by a careful observer, proves conclusively that the germs of disease and of a milk-spoiling forment can be introduced into the blood and into the udder, by simply allowing the cow to drink unsuitable water. It holds out the plainest possible practical lesson to the dairyman, and if he disregards it, and so misses his opportunity for making good cheese and butter, he has only himself to thank. It shows that the cicanliness of a dairy farm must

and may be bent and twisted so as to form either and may be bent and twisted so as to form either round or square picture-frames for cartes de visite; strips of it may be fastened at the corners with small pins for the rustic style, and knots of the pith can be used as ornaments for top, bottom, and corners. In order to make these frames of suitable thickness, several layers of pith can be gummed togother neatly with white gum-arable. Very pretty ornamental stands are made by taking two small pieces of white risss, either square or oval, and placing between glass, either square or oval, and placing between them some litte photograph of statuary, cut out with sharp selssors so as to have no white paper ground-work left. A little gum on the back of the picture will fasten it to the glass, and the outer edges of the two glasses may be kept together by gumming a strip of white paper or ribbon around over the edges. A little frame of wire, bent so as to form a stand, will enable you to set, it in an unright residion and another

wire, bent so as to form a stand, will enable you to set it in an upright position, and another inyer of pith gummed around will entirely conceal it from view.

Beautiful crosses are produced by making first a slender wooden cross of the required height, then covering it with white paper, and afterward with pith, laid as closely as possible together, and gummed fast. If a very small and light one be required, let the foundation be of two wires, fustened together by finer wire, the lower and being inserted into a small block of wood for a base. By surrounding the wire with several of those pith stalks it will be entirely concealed. Sometimes it may be improved by the addition of a few white wax leaves or flowers entwined around the base. Of course these ernaments of pith, being so very delicate, will require the protection of a glass shade.

Mr. J. B. BARNETT, a Hebrow scholar, writing in the Jewish Chronicie, contends that the Prophet Jeremiah, with the remnant of the tribe of Judah, migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish reformer and lawgiver, Ollam Fola. The prophet brought with him the Lia Fall, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterward removed to Westminster Abov by King Edward the Third, since which bey by King Edward the Third, since which time all the Kings and Queens of England down stone which the builders rejected," but which was destined for peculiar honours. Mr. Barnett's essay has at least the merit of boing very curious and very learned.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

There is no particular change to note in the condition of the local flour market. Western advices were a little more favorable to holders, and a steadier feeling prevailed. A moderately active demand existed on 'Change, and about 4.30 barrels were sold at about yesteday's prices. The receipts were 4.500 barrels. Wheat was quiet and prices nominal; a carge of No. 2 Spring was sold, but the torms were not disclosed. Provisions and general produce were quiet and tolerably steady at previous quotations. Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

06t. 28, 100t. 29, 100t. 20, 100t. 2

CHERSE, P 1b.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine lie to 111c; Finest new 12c to 121c.

ASHES.—Pots quiet. Firsts, at \$6.571 to \$6.65. Pearls quiet. Firsts, \$8.60 to \$8.65.

to Victoria have been crowned upon it. This stone, Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple at Jerusalem, and was known as "Ja-cob's Stone," being none other than the stone directly apostrophized by King David as "the

Oct. 31, 1872.

Flour.—Superior Extra, nominal, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Extra, \$6.50 to \$6.75; Fancy, \$6.20 to \$6.50; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) \$5.90 to \$6.00; Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat,) \$5.90 to \$0.00; Ordinary Gweller, \$6.00 to \$6.15; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground) \$9.00 to \$5.90; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$0.00 to \$0.00; Canada Supers, No.2, \$5.70 to \$5.50; Western States, No.2, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Fine, \$5.00 to 5.20; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$4.00; Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Mour. \$100 lbs. \$2.70 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Mour. \$100 lbs. \$2.70 to \$3.00; City bags, (dolivored), \$3.12; to \$3.16.

PORK, per brl. of 200 lbs. — Market dull; New Mess, \$16.75 to \$17.25. Thin Mess, \$15.50 to \$16.00. LARD.-Quiet at 11 to to 11 to per pound.



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Wheat.—Market quiet. A cargo of Western Spring changed hands on private torms.

Oatska, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$5.—15 for Upper Canada.

Pkas, # bush of 66 lbs.—Market quiet. Two cargoes changed hands at \$4]c last night.

Oats, # bush of 32 lbs.—Firm at 32c to 34c.

Corn.—Market dull. Nominal quotations are 51c to 52c.

Barley.—Nominal at 50c to 55c, for new.

Butter, per lb.—Market dull. Fair dairy Western 14/2 to 15/2; good to choice do, 18c to 21c; Eastern Townships, nominal.

Cheker, # lb.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine llc to 11/c; Firest new 12c to 12/2c.

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A SUDDEN SQUALL.

ot. "Don't ask me what I did with myself during the remaining hours of the day. I know nothing

"At midnight I sat upon the stone bouch again, clad in a coarse oriental dress, but with a platel hidden beneath it. I had resolved rather to die than to allow her to be torn from me. It was love at first sight that I felt, but years could not have made it stronger.

"I waited. The moon arose round and yellow in the sky. The feathery heads of the date palms seemed to not to me. A strange bird uttered a shrill cry. A dog barked. I heard stops within the garden, and shrunk back into the shadow. They were not the steps of women. As I listoned the gate opened, and four black slaves bearing a burden, americal therefore. As the moonlight fell upon them, I saw that

they held the sides of a great sack. "They marched away toward the river. As I watched them, dreading I knew not what, the old woman, with her hair dishevelled, rushed out of the garden, and wringing her hands,

"'What has happened?' I shricked. "She threw into my hand a little note, the counterpart of the one I had received that day. "I tore it open and read these words:

"'Adien! the Caliph has discovered all. was his wife. The fate of an unfaithful wife in this land is to be sewed up in a bag of lime, and cast into the river. Adieu, forever. NAIDA.' "With a wild shrick I rushed after the re-

treating slaves, and—awoke."
"Eh?" said Ned; "awoke?"
"Yes," said Tom. "That was when I was down with that bad fever three years ago, and Sam. had been showing me a Turkish pipe, and my black-haired cousin Belle had read me to sleep with the 'Howadji in Syrin;' and out of those three things, an oriental pipe, a pretty brunette and an exquisite book, my adventure in Damascus with the beautiful maiden was born."

HOW MILK GETS SPOILED.

Mr. Willard, in his Ohio address, gives much weight to certain causes which effect a deterior weight to certain causes which due to the pre-sence of dirt and dust in the pail; the inhaling of foul odors by the cows, at pasture and else-where; and the drinking of putrid water. Instances are cited, in which putrifying flesh (as of dead animals) has communicated a taint to the milk in the bar, by simply fainting the

door of this fragrant retreat.

"On the instant, two beautiful arms were east about my neck, and a voice like that of the nightingale softly breathed these words:

"Oh, how long I have waited for you, joy of my soul!"

"Oh, how long I have waited for you, joy of my soul!"

Nights thusfar. Thow would it end? I knew | be radical, thorough, and all-pervading. No fithy mud should be allowed to dry into a dust that may foul the pall; no foul odors should taint the undrawn milk; and the drinking water should be free of the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump" - cow, milk, and

JOSH BILLINGS ON BABIES.

Babys i luv with all mi heart, they are mi sweetmeats; they warm up mi blood like a gin sling; they krawl up into me and nestle by the side of mi soul like a kitten under a cook-stove. I hav raised babys miself, and kno what I am

talking about. I hav got grandchildren, and they are wuss than the fust krop tew rlot amung the feel If i could have mi way, i would change all the human beings now on the face of the

earth back into babys at once, and keep them

there, and make this footstool one grand nur but what i would do for wet nusses i don't kno, nor i don't care.
I would like tew hav fifteen babys now on mi lap, and mi lap ain't the handyest lap in the

world for babys, neither,

uv a lap. I am a good deal ov a man, but i konsist of length principally, and when i make a lap of miself, it iz not a mattrass, but more like a couple ov rails with a jint in them. I can hold more babys in mi lap at once than

Mi lap iz long enuit, but not the widest kind

any man in Amerika, without spilling one, but it hurts the babys.

I never saw a baby in mi life that i didn't want tow kiss; 1 am wuss than an old maid in this respekt.

I hav seen bubys that I hav refused tow kiss

until they had been washt; but the baby want tew blame for this, neither was i.

There are folks in this world who say they don't luv babys, but you kan depend upon it, when they war babys sumboddy luved them. Babys luv me, too. I can take them out ov their mother's arms just az easy az i kan an unfledged bird out ov hiz nest.

PITH FRAMES, ETC.

The white pith of the cocorus stalks is capable of many beautiful uses. In the spring, when the sap begins to ascend, and the plant is putting forth its carliest leaves the pith may be obtained by pushing it through with a blunt-pointed atick; or if there is any difficulty in this, the outer cuticle may be peeled carefully off with a penknife until no particle remains. This fine white pith, in its fresh state, is entirely flexible,