THE HOUSEHOLD.

Interesting Reading for the Home Circle.

Warming Apartments.

The season has now arrived when the cold of winter has to be combatted in our houses by artificial heat, and a few remarks on this subject may be of interest. One of two methods is generally adoped. The first, that of the open fireplace in which coal or wood is burned, is by far the pleasantest and most wholesome, especially where the chimneys draw well, but it has the inconvenience of being more expensive than the other. The latter is the mode principally used on the Continent, of warming by a stove. It is true that those in use differ much in their construction, for chemists have found in the air heated by some of them appreciable traces of oxide of carbon, a deadly poison. Consequently most hygienists consider the use of stoves, whether in cast or wrought iron, as dangerous, unless they are lined with fire brick or clay, so as to prevent them from attaining a red heat. An almost universal practice is to place on the stove a pan of water, with a view to purify the air by absorbing the carbonic acid contained in it. Dr. Polli, of Milan, who has long been engaged in investigations on this subject, is wholly opposed to this system. According to him the water does not absorb carbonic acid, but, on the contrary adds to it by the decomposition of the carbonate of lime contained in all drinking water in greater or less proportions. The white incrustations found on the sides of the vessels are, in fact, formed by the deposit of sub carbonates and sulphate of lime produced by the evaporation of the water, the principal part of the carbonic acid having been given off to the surrounding atmosphere. M. Polli proposes instead to place on the stove pans containing quick-lime, which, after a few days, augments in volume and is transformed into carbonate of lime by absorbing the carbonic acid in the air. By this means the atmosphere is constantly purified, but at the same time is rendered very dry. To obviate this inconvenience vessels containing water may be placed about the room in positions where they are not subject to the immediate action of the fire, and they will give off, in their evaporation, sufficient humidity to render the air agreeable without adding to the quantity of carbonic acid already present.

Be Agreeable at Meals.

Every one can do something to add to the special life at the table, says Dr. Holbook. If one cannot talk he can listen or ask. Good listeners are as necessary as good talkers. Never argue at the table, but tell pleasant stories, relate or read anecdotes, and look out for the good of all. Sometimes a single anecdote from a paper starts a conversation that lasts during the meal-time. A family table ought to be bright and cheerful, a sort of domestic altar, where every one casts down his or her offering, great or small, of pleasantness and peace, where, for at least a brief space in the day, all annoyances are laid aside, all stormy tempers hushed, all quarrels healed, every one being glad and content to sit down at the same board and eat the same bread and salt, making it, whether it were a rich repast or a dinner of herbs, equally a joyful, almost sacramental meal.

The Empty Spoon.

Children are quite as apt to judge their teachers discriminately as teachers are to understand the children of their charge. The little ones measure pretty accurately the spirit and acquirements of those who are over them, and they know whether or not their teachers are well prepared on any lesson in hand. They talk these things over with each other, and if a superintendent wants to know more than he does about a particular teacher in his school, let him have a chat on the subject with that teacher's scholars. A well known clergyman in this Province gives an incident in this direction as follows:

A friend asked a little girl how she liked her new teacher. "Oh, pretty well!" she replied, "only she tries sometimes to feed us with an empty spoon." It is probable that the remark was not original with the child, and may savor a little of affectation, yet are there not so many such attempts by teachers? No wonder he scholars remain unsatisfied.

It matters less that this remark has been made before than that it was true as applied in the instant mentioned. It could certainly be said over again, without untruthfulness, in a good many Sunday-schools this side of the Canadian line. There are teachers who try to feed their scholars with an empty spoon. They haven't anything else to offer them—anything to dip up with a spoon. They haven't prepared a dish of Bible nourishment for their scholars; and what is the use of a spoon without such a dish? And there are the teachers who bring full spoons to their scholars—but not filled with what their scholars most need. Some are always feeding with sugar and syrup, tickling the palate with sweet story-telling. Some again bring salt and pepper, and other condiments, in bright and sharp sayings which might properly accompany Bible food, but are no substitute for it. Many proffer diluted skim-milk instead of in cream of the lesson. Now and then a sour faced teacher tries vinegar, but the average scholar won't take that many times from the same teacher. Occasionally one fills his spoon with the chopped bones of technical theology which are more likely to choke the children than to nourish them. There are teachers who bring full spoons when a weapon is needed. Their scholars would prefer solid bread or strong meat to "spoon victuals." This feeding of children is a matter which calls for good sense and intelligent thought. It is worthy of attention and study in the Sunday-school as well as at the family table.

Advice to the Girls.

Learn to darn stockings neatly and then always see that you are in order. Do not let a button be off your shoes a minute longer than needful. It takes just about a minute to sew one on, and how much neater a foot looks in a trimly buttoned boot than it does in a lob-sided affair with half the buttons off. Every girl should make the simple articles of clothing. We know a little miss of seven who could do all this and also made the whole of a blue calico dress for herself, and pieced a large bed quilt. She was not an overtaxed child either, but a merry, romping, indulged, only daughter. But she was "smart," and she did not die young either. Indeed, we have seldom known children "too smart to live." Very few ever die of that complaint, whatever their grandmothers may think. So never be afraid a bit of overdoing the business. Help all you can and study over the business daily. Once get in the habit of looking over your things and you will like it wonderfully. You will have the independent feeling that you need not wait for any one's convenience in repairing and making, but that you can be beforehand with all such matters. The relief to your weary mother will be more than you can ever estimate.

A Batch of Useful Recipes.

POTATO PIE.—A common-sized tea-cup of grated raw potato, a quart sweet milk; let milk boil and stir in grated potato; when cool add two or three eggs well beaten, sugar and nutmeg to taste; bake without upper crust; eat the day it is baked. This recipe is for two pies.

TO KEEP BEEF-STEAKS.—Have the steaks cut about the usual thickness. Mix together some salt, sugar and some finely-powdered salpetre; put in an earthen jar, lay a steak and sprinkle it with this mixture; put on another, and sprinkle the same as before, and over all turn a plate with a heavy weight on it. This will form a brine of its own, and the meat will keep sweet in this way for a long time. You can take it out to broil in the usual way. This is a very good recipe for people who live away from cities. Do not let it freeze.

BAKED APPLES.—Cut out the blossom and stem, in the stem end put some sugar, place in dish with small quantity of water if apples are sweet; if sour the juice will be sufficient; bake till soft; serve either warm or cold. For an extra-nice dish, pare and core apples, place in pan, put butter and sugar in cavity, and sprinkle cinamon over them, and serve warm with cream or milk. Or, pare and quarter tart apples, put a layer in earthen baking-dish, add lumps of butter, and sprinkle with cinamon, then a layer of apples, etc., till dish is full; bake till soft.

ICED APPLES.—Pare and core one dozen large apples, fill with sugar and a little butter and nutmeg; bake until nearly done, let cool, and remove to another plate, if it can be done without breaking them (if not, pour off the juice). Ice tops and sides with cake-icing, and brown *lightly*; serve with cream.

APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, core and cut in quarters apples that do not cook to pieces easily, and put on to stew in cold water with plenty of sugar. Cover close and stew an hour or more. The addition of the sugar at first preserves the pieces whole. If they are preferred finely mashed, add sugar after they are done.

BOILED ONIONS.—Wash and peel, boil ten minutes, pour off this water, again add boiling water, boil a few minutes and drain a second time; pour on boiling water, add salt and boil for one hour, drain in a colander, place in a dish to send to the table, and add butter and pepper. Or, about half an hour before they are done, turn a pint of milk into the water in which they are boiling, and, when tender, season as above. Old onions require two hours to boil. Or put them in a salted boiling water, with a little milk added, and boil them until tender (no longer). Then place them in a baking-pan with a little pepper, salt and butter over the top of each and put a very little water in the pan. Brown them quickly to the oven and serve very hot.

HOW TO COOK OYSTERS.—No culinary artist can make a first-rate dish out of even second-rate materials. It is just as impossible to make a first-class stew out of inferior oysters as it is to make a first-class fry. Stewing will, of course, reduce the size of all oysters more than frying; but those which are used in stews should be as large originally as those which are fried. Equally for stews as for fries, select only those real prime oysters which are large, fresh and firm-fleshed, and which, though they will be made smaller by stewing, still remain plump and solid. More gratification and more nourishment will be obtained from three or four of the very best quality large oysters than from thirty or forty of the smaller and inferior quality which is generally served.

OYSTERS PANNED IN THEIR OWN JUICE.—Select a dozen of the freshest, largest and most highly flavored oysters, such as you would for a fry; have a small pan about one inch deep with a handle to it; open into this pan your dozen oysters, also the juice of the same and the juice of a dozen others; in this dish you are to put no water, and no milk, only oyster juice, pure and simple; add one ounce of Chester county gilt edged butter, a little of the best (for there are grades and adulteration even here) of black pepper and a pinch of salt; sprinkle on the top a small quantity of cracker dust; place on a quick fire; when the oysters begin to swell they are done; to cook to this stage will require about five minutes; do not turn out these oysters into another dish, but eat directly from the pan and while they are steaming hot.

ROASTED OYSTERS.—Select the desired quantity of the freshest and best quality of large oysters, such as you would for the finest fry; wash the shells until they are as clean as polished marble; place them in a dripping pan with the round shell down; put in a hot oven about twenty minutes; remove one of the shells, the round one, only when you come to eat them, placing on each a small piece of the freshest and sweetest of table butter, a dash of cayenne pepper and a few drops of a piece of a fresh, bright lemon.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—This is another style of cooking oysters by which you may retain most of their fine native perfume and make a most savory and satisfactory dish. Take your scallop shell or dish and butter and bread it, using only the sweetest of bread crumbs and butter. On this place a layer of extra primes. Season with pepper and salt. Add another layer of oysters. Bread crumb, butter and season again. Add a third layer of oysters; also a little butter and a dash of cayenne pepper and the liquor of the oysters. Place in the oven and allow to remain twenty minutes. Have in readiness a very hot shovel. Hold this over the top until it is deepened to the rich brown of good toast or a cup pound cake.

FRICASSED OYSTERS.—Parboil fifty of the freshest of extra prime oysters, not in water but in their own juice. One good scale is sufficient. Remove the scum and strain off all the juice. Put in a hot tureen with cover, and set aside in a warm place. Rub well together six ounces of the choicest of table butter, three-table spoonfuls of scalding hot cream into a fine, smooth paste, entirely free from lumps or grain. Place this in a quart of hot cream in a stew pan on the fire and stir constantly. Add three full saltspoons of salt, two each of ground white pepper, allspice and mace. Stir all until it is thick. Now add the well-beaten yolks of fresh eggs, brought in this morning from the barn. Strain the whole through a fine sieve. Pour the same over the oysters Cover thickly with fresh bread crumbs. Place all in a quick oven, where allow to remain until the top is deepened to a rich foxy brown. Serve piping hot.

FRIED OYSTERS.—To fry them is one of the best ways to spoil good oysters; but many cooks will so serve them, and many people like them; for these the following advice is seasonable and reasonable:

Forbid peremptorily the use of hog's lard for dyster frying. Even the most refined hog's lard is still too gross and rank to be applied to so gamey and delicate meat as the oyster. Fry them only in the very best of sweet oil. Avoid another prevailing mistake of frying too much; fry not to a dark brown, but only to a rich golden brown. The former course tends to make the oysters tough, while the plan of frying only to a deep, rich yellow, leaves them far more tender and with a much higher oyster flavor.

HOW TO PRESEVE FRESH FLOWERS.—Carefully dip them, as soon as gathered, in perfectly limpid gum water, and after allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them to suit yourself in an empty vase. The gum will gradually form a transparent coating on the surface of the petals and the stems, and figure and color will be preserved long after they have become crisp and dry.

CURE FOR FRECKLES.—Wash in buttermilk every morning, and rinse the face in tepid water; then use a soft towel. Freckles may also be removed by applying to the face a solution of nitre and water. Another good wash for freckles is made by dissolving three drams of borax in five drachms each of rose water and orange flower water. There are many remedies for freckles, but there is none that will banish them entirely.

ARROWROOT FOR SICK PEOPLE.—The following I often use for my patients: I take a dessert spoonful of arrowroot and add a teaspoonful of milk; wet and rub it smooth. To this I add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Heat a half-pint of good rich milk and bring it just up to the boil. Then, when it boils, stir in carefully the arrowroot and sugar. Allow it to boil three minutes, and give either warm or cold.

FURS IN SUMMER.—Furs or woollens may be kept safely from moths during the summer by brushing thoroughly so as to eradicate all the moth eggs; then wrap them up in a newspaper so that every part is covered entirely. This is unfailing if the clothes or furs be well brushed beforehand. Some thin gum camphor put with them is desirable, but I have used only the newspaper, and never had any trouble unless the moths were there when wrapped up in it.

MUFFINS.—Flour, one quartern; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes; then further add, flour, one quarter of a peck; make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them into a warm place, and when the white dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins; turn them when half done, dip them into warm milk, and bake into a pale brown.

TO EXTRACT ESSENCE FROM FLOWERS.—Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers which have an agreeable fragrance; card thin layers of cotton; which dip into the finest Florence or Lucca oil, sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers alternately until an earthern vessel or wide-mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top close with a bladder, then lay the vessel in a south aspect to the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away, leaving a whole mass quite equal to the high-priced essences.

HOW TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.—Spread the fresh leaves and press them in a suitable dish, with alternate layers of fine sand, which is thoroughly dry and as hot as the hand can bear. When the sand has cooled they may be removed, smoothed under a hot iron, dipped for a moment in clear French spirit varnish, and allowed to dry in the air.

The biggest ferry-boat in the world made its trial trip in California twelve days ago. The Solona was built for the transportation of passengers and freight across the Straits of Carquinez from Port Costa to Benicia. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 424 feet; length on bottom—she has no keel—406 feet; height of sides in centre, 18 feet 5 inches; height of sides at each end, from bottom of boat, 15 feet 10 inches; moulded beam, 64 feet; extreme width of guards, 116 feet; width of guards at centre of boat, 25 feet 6 inches; reverse shear of deck, 2½ feet. She has two vertical beam engines of 60 inch bore and 11-inch stroke, built at Wilmington, Del. The engines have a nominal horse power of 1,500 horses each, but are capable of being worked up to 2,000 horse-power each. Upon the deck of the Solano are four tracks extending her entire length, with a capacity for carrying forty-eight loaded freight cars, or twenty-four passenger coaches of the largest class. The rudders are worked by an hydraulic steering gear, operated by an independent steam pump. These rudders are connected with the ordinary steering gear, so that in case of any disarrangement of the hydraulic apparatus, the vessel may be guided by it. The advantage of this improvement is that the immense craft can be handled with ease by one man, whereas, if the ordinary wheel and system of steering were used, six men would be required at the wheel.

—Mr. Moody says there are no free passes or death-beds on the celestial railway. This is bad for editors and preachers.

A RETIRED EXPLORER.

Colonel Long and His Adventures—His Service in the Egyptian Army—A Sinecure With Difficulty Exchanged for Active Life—Geographical Researches—The Only Hope for Central Africa.

Leading a quiet and studious life in New York is a man who ranks among the foremost of African explorers and whose career has been remarkable for romance and adventure. His name is Charles Chaille Long, and he is an Egyptian Bey and an ex-colonel in the Khedive's army. A native of Maryland, he served in the Union army during the rebellion. In 1869 he went to Egypt, and was the first American officer to enter the service of the Khedive. While in that service he carried the Egyptian flag 4,000 miles south of Cairo. He visited King Mtesi a year before Stanley, and brought a daughter of the King back to Egypt, where he placed her in a Catholic convent. He explored the river connecting the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas, discovered and named Lake Ibrahim, which lies between those great inland seas, and was the first white man who ever followed the course of the Nile from its source in the Victoria Nyanza all the way to the Mediterranean. Afterward he twice invaded the Soudan with an army and fought with the man-eating tribes, and at the head of a military and naval expedition bombarded the forts of the petty chieftains along the east coast of Africa until stopped by the British at Zanibar. Colonel Long was one of the chief agents in carrying forward the magnificent scheme of annexing Equatorial Africa, which the late Khedive annexed while at the zenith of his power. It is of his achievements as an explorer, however, rather than of his military exploits that he speaks with most pride. Those achievements are much better known and more highly valued in Europe than in this country. There the geographical societies sift the work of African travellers carefully, and are not carried away by the newspaper notoriety some men have been able to gain for themselves into overrating their accomplishments or underestimating those of others. The results of his African journeys were embodied in a book published about two years ago by the Harpers, called "Naked Truths About Naked People." He is now studying law with the view of returning to Egypt and practising before the international tribunal.

Like most great explorers Colonel Long is of rather small stature and slight physique and of a highly nervous organization. It is nervous strength and the will power and courage which go with it, that carries men through severe and prolonged physical hardships. Big, bony, beefy fellows seldom make good soldiers or daring travellers. He has keen hazel eyes, thin brown hair, a sharp prominent nose, and a complexion that has suffered from the heat of African suns. He is a vivacious talker, and a capital raconteur, and to hear him describe the lazy, luxurious life of Cairo or relate his adventures in the mud country of Central Africa is a rare pleasure to those who succeed in getting him launched upon the subject of his life and travels abroad. He does not believe in the possibility of civilizing Equatorial Africa and opening it to the commerce of the world. The same causes which have made it a sealed Continent in the past will, he says, operate in the future to repel the efforts of modern enterprise. The air teams with deadly malaria. Between Upper Egypt and the hill country about the great lakes there is a mud belt 1,500 miles wide, and even the lake region, high as it is above the sea, abounds in poisonous jungles and morasses. The rainy season lasts six months, during which time the negroes scarcely go out of their huts and thoroughly miserable. It would be impossible to operate a railroad into the interior of Africa because the rust would eat up the rails and the ants devour the ties. A railroad could, however, be built up the Nile Valley as far as Khartoum, from which point steamboat navigation is practicable up to Gondacora, from whence most points of the interior can be reached by caravans in the dry season. Colonel Long does not think there is enough in the country to make profitable a costly effort to open into commerce. Nature has cursed it, he says, with a climate fatal to white men, and dreadfully uncomfortable to the native blacks.

If the heart of Africa is ever reached by civilizating influences Colonel Long thinks the work must be done by intelligent colored people from the United States. They if anybody, could keep communications open, introduce trade and gradually train the natives in habits of systematic industry. Last Spring when public attention was attracted to the exodus of negroes from the Southern States, Col. Long wrote a letter to the King of Belgium, who is President of the principal European society for exploring and civilizing Africa. In that letter he proposed that the King should stimulate through the medium of his society, a movement to take a large body of the discontented blacks from our Southern States and settle them in Central Africa, opening with them a line of trade and missionary posts from the west coast to the lake country. Col. Long believed that thousands of the most industrious and best educated colored men in the Gulf States could be induced to go. Their presence in Africa would create no great surprise or hostility among the natives, and they would soon acquire influence over the native tribes and start the work of civilization. In this way the experiment of opening the dark Continent would be tried under the only conditions that afford the least promise of success. King Leopold wrote in reply that the project deeply interested him, and that he should give it his careful investigation, but nothing further has been heard from him. Col. Long says it would cost a great deal of money to carry out the scheme, but the African exploring societies in Europe could raise it if they tried. He is not enthusiastic about the success of his plan but is confident that is the only one not foredoomed to failure. Equatorial Africa, he insists, will never be civilized by white men.

GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

The Ex-Premier's Campaign Against the Conservative Government—An English Gulliver Bound by Liliputians.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—Political warfare is raging all over the United Kingdom. Dukes are at loggerheads with marquises; Mr. Gladstone has entered upon his campaign in Scotland and been presented with black cloth enough to make a coat and vest, and "shepherd's plaid" tweed sufficient for a pair of pantaloons. These gifts he held lovingly in his hands while he addressed the crowd, and, no doubt, he will shortly display them, properly fashioned, on his own person, in the halls of Lord Roseberry, at Dalmeny, where he is an honored guest. So, at last, Gladstone has matched presents with his great political rival. If Beaconsfield can point to his wreath, Gladstone can produce his pants. The wreath, it is true, never graced the brows of the Premier, while the shepherd's plaid certainly will adorn the legs of Mr. Gladstone; but in all human probability they will some day both find a resting place side by side where the wreath now is—at Mme. Tussaud's, in the Chamber of Horrors. Probably most of Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Scotland, or at least the pith of them, has been cabled over to you, but for such readers as may like to glance at specimens of the style of the great political orator's speeches, I quote a few extracts. He made his chief assault, of course, upon the foreign policy of the Tory government, and, in his happiest vein, he compared the effect of their policy upon the country to the machinations practised upon Gulliver by the Liliputians

GULLIVER AND THE LILIPUTIANS.

"The conduct of the government," Mr. Gladstone said, "in making so many Imperial engagements and acquisitions all over the world reminded him of a little incident in a book which is at once a great ornament as a work of literature, or of fancy, and is full of profound good sense—I mean the travels of 'Gulliver.' Under the form of allegory is here conveyed, with infinite fun and humor, a lesson of profound political wisdom. When Gulliver lands among the Liliputians he is a man of six feet; he lands among men of six inches. He goes to sleep, and the Liliputians, you would say, would have no chance in dealing with such a man; but they tied him down with their greatest cables, which are about the thickness of packthread, and by using an enormous number of these cables, which are packthreads in our point of view, and by fastening them in the ground by the most powerful rivets they could get, which were nearly as large as our pins in a lady's toilet, they contrived to fasten him down to the ground, so that it was only with the utmost effort that he could liberate one of his arms, and as to the other arm or leg he thought the best thing was not to try to liberate them at all. That is the way in which we are being tied down."

ENGLAND'S LATE WARS.

Regarding war in general Mr. Gladstone said:—"I am not here as one of those who has ever professed to believe that the state our society has reached permits us to make a vow of universal peace, and to renounce in all cases the alternative of war; but I am here to say that a long experience of life leads me to a deeper and deeper conviction of the enormous mischief of war, even under the best and most favorable circumstances, and of the mischief indescribable and unredeemed of causeless and unnecessary war. Look back over the pages of history and consider the feelings with which we now regard wars that our forefathers in their time supported with the most tenacious enthusiasm, of which we have had some development in this country within the last three years. Can you credit, for example, that the American war, now deemed foolish by 999 men in every 1,000 in this country, was a war which for long years was supported, and for some years was enthusiastically supported, by the mass of the people? See how powerful and deadly are the fascinations of passion and of pride, and if it be true that errors of former times are recorded for our instruction, in order that we may avoid their repetition, then I beg and entreat you to be on your guard against this deadly fascination. Do no suffer appeals to national pride blind you to the dictates of justice. Remember that the rights of those savages, as we may call them, and the sanctity of the life among the hill tribes, and the happiness of their humble homes amid the winter snows of Afghanistan, are as sacred in the eyes of God as are your own. Remember that He who has united you together as human beings of the same flesh and blood, and has bound you in mutual love; that such love is not limited by the shores of this country nor limited by the boundaries of Christain civilization; that it passes over the wide surface of the earth and embraces the meanest as well as the greatest in its wide scope."

A SPEECH TO THE LADIES.

Later on, Mrs. Gladstone having been presented by the ladies of Midlothian with a tablecloth and congratulated on her domestic virtues and the possession of such a husband, Mr. Gladstone remarked:—"You, Mr. Provost, have referred to the domestic relations in which I have had the happiness to stand, and the inestimable blessing, not from my own deserving, that has been permitted me through a long life. These family relations have been a source of unequalled and unvarying consolation without a break, without a shadow, without a doubt, without a change. I look at the inscription which faces me on yonder gallery. I see the words, 'Peace, Retrenchment and Reform.' All these words are connected with the promotion of human happiness in what some would call the desert of this world, and the political world would be an arid desert indeed if we could not hope that our labors would tend to increase human happiness, to diminish the sin, the sorrow of the world, to do something to reduce its grievous and overwhelming misery, to alleviate a little the burden of life for some, and to take out of the way of struggling excellence those impediments at least which the folly or the greater offence of man has offered as obstacles to its progress. These are the hopes that cheer and ought to cheer the human heart amid the labors and the struggles of political life. But of the three words, 'peace,' 'retrenchment' and 'reforms,' the word upon which I would say a few more special words to you on this occasion is the word 'peace.' Is this, ladies, a time of peace? Cast your eyes abroad over the world, think what has taken place in the last three or four years, think of the events which have flooded many a hill, many a plain with blood, and think, with regret and pain, of the share which you, not individually, but which your country collectively has had in that grievous operation. If we cast our eyes to South Africa we behold that the nation whom we term savages have in defence of their own land offered their naked bodies to the terribly improved artillery and arms of modern military science and have been mowed down by hundreds and by thousands—(cries of shame!)—having committed no offence, but having with a rude, ignorant courage done, and done faithfully and bravely, what were for them the duties of patriotism. You may talk of glory, you may offer rewards for the gallantry of your soldiers, who, I think, are entitled not only to our admiration of their courage, but to our compassion for the nature of the duties they have been called upon to perform."

GLADSTONE'S PEROGATION.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his latest public speech, sarcastically inveighed against perorations and called Mr. Gladstone's beloved ancient Greeks to witness against the practice. To his speech to the ladies of Midlothian, however, Mr. Gladstone added a peroration too curious and beautiful not to be quoted wherever the English language is spoken:—"Do not suffer appeals to national pride to blind you to the dictates of justice. Remember that the rights of the savage, as we call him, remember that the happiness of his humble home, remember that the sanctity of life in the hill tribes of Afghanistan among the winter snows are as sacred in the eyes of Almighty God as your own. Remember, again, that He who has united you together as human beings in the same flesh and bound you by the law of mutual love, that that mutual love is not limited by the shores of these islands, not limited by the boundaries of Christian civilization, but passes over the whole surface of the earth, and embraces the meanest being with the greatest in its wide scope. I think that in appealing to you ungrudgingly to open your own feelings and bear your own part in a political crisis like this we are making no inappropriate demand, but are beseeching you to follow a duty which belongs to you, which so far from involving any departure from your character as women is associated in the fulfillment of that character and the performance of its duties, the neglect of which would be to you in future times a source of pain and mortification, the accomplishment of which will serve to gild your own future years in several remembrance, and to warrant you in hoping that each in your own place and sphere have raised your voices for justice, and have strived to mitigate the sorrows and misfortunes of mankind."

EXTENSIVELY MARRIED.

A Young Woman Who Has Already Had Six Husbands.

The town of Welland had an interesting case for consideration last week. The particulars we learn from the *Tribune*. A rather good-looking woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Inker, was arraigned before Mayor Swayzie, on the information of a man named John Inker, with bigamy. The complainant is an Englishman about twenty-five years of age, and from the subsequent proceedings and from the evidence, seems to be a brutal and treacherous ruffian. From the evidence given by Inker it appears that he married defendant on the 1st of May last, on a license obtained from Mr. Burgar, of Welland, and the Rev. Mr. Fife, of Fenwick, performed the ceremony. At that time he said she was the wife of Joseph W. Disher, of St. Catharines, and produced a marriage certificate signed by Jacob Henning, J. P., of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., the witness being George Stoll. Besides Disher, she had other husbands, he said, named respectively, Spear, Connor and Hendershot. Inker could not produce his own marriage certificate, saying that the defendant had burned it. A witness named Allan Rice deposed to having seen the marriage certificate alleged to have been burned. Mrs. Thomas Crow said both Inker and defendant had told her they were married, and the woman had told her that Disher had deceived her, and just as soon as she found out he had a wife living, she left him. Inker, she said, had never supported the prisoner, and had grossly abused her and once threatened her life.

The prosecutor here asked to have the trial laid over until Monday, when Mrs. Inker swore out a warrant against him for assault. After a stout resistance he was finally overpowered and locked in a cell. The bigamy case was subsequently called up, and there being nothing against the woman except her previous marriage with Disher, who, it appeared, was a married man when witness was united to him, it was no marriage at all.

The woman's statement is to the effect that she acknowledged to being married to Spear, Hendershot, Disher and Inker, and explains in justification that Spear has been a resident of some other part of this or some other sphere unknown to her for many a year. She next married Hendershot, who departed to the great hereafter where there is no marrying, leaving her a real as well as a grass widow. She then turned for consolation to Disher, who, she says, deceived her into a bogus marriage, and she, virtuous woman, left him after a short but interesting honeymoon of four months. Then comes Inker, "the unlucky fifth one," whose marriage has already been shown. She is now living in Welland with a man named Bowenstead, but denies being married to him. She says she is working for him by the month. Another husband, said to be named Connor, has not yet turned up. The woman is charged with having six husbands in all. The Mayor, in discharging her, advised to be a trifle more cautious in her matrimonial enterprises hereafter.

—An exchange gives an account of a woman who "had laudanumed herself." If this sort of thing is to go on, we shall hear of persons prussic acidating or Paris greenifying themselves ad infinitum.

—The latest tramp lament is: "Yes, mum; wuth a million a week ago: lost it all in stocks. Haven't eat anything for a month." (A tramp always gets thrown when he wrestles with chronology).

EUGENIE IN PARIS.

How the Ex-Empress was Received in the French Capital—Viewing the Scenes After Nine Years of Exile.

PARIS, Nov. 21, 1879.

Paris has been called the caravansary of Europe, and M. Daudet has shown us the great men of the earth and the kings of different countries in exile within the gates of the modern Babylon. Paris opens its arms to every one; the Sultan of Zanzibar is as welcome as the King of the Belgians, and no more attention is paid to his Majesty of Holland, who is still fond of music and the lyric stage, than to the Emperor of Brazil, although both of them may be frequently seen wandering up and down the wide boulevards. The aristocratic looking young man who sits of an afternoon sipping his coffee at Tartoni's or dines quietly at Bignon's, under the eye of Henri, is the Duke of Cumberland, the heir to the crown of Hanover. He may be seen of an afternoon during the fashionable hours of five to seven driving round the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. The observer who takes his stand near the pathway leading down to the waterside and to the ferryboat, where an aged Charon paddles the lovers across to the restaurant, and scrutinizes the faces of the occupants of the different carriages passing by, will be convinced that the sorrows of the great are very real. Don Carlos is in England, but even in his absence the spot is well worth a visit, with the ex-royal family of Naples, her ex-Majesty of Spain, German grand dukes who have been annexed to the chariot of the conqueror, Russians who prefer Paris life to the nihilist intrigues, Turks who have fled from their enemies, Persians and other races from the east, where war is now threatening or being carried on. M. Caudet had not far to go to find matter for his realistic writing, and though the "kings in exile" may not feel flattered at the license taken by the author who has attempted to indite their biographies, replacing at times facts by fertile and romantic creations of his own imagination, there is something in the book recently published which is calculated to entertain the reader and to prove to him that the great ones of the earth have to bear their trials and crosses. The future Queen of Spain quitted Paris this morning for Biarritz. Within a few days she will be among her new people, listening to the shouts of the crowd of Madrid, who will acclaim her as she enters the capital. Everything seems pleasant for her, and her almost triumphant journey contrasts strangely with that being made by another angust lady whose last hopes lie buried in the vault at Chiselhurst, and who, broken down with grief, is now hastening toward the land of the Spaniard to receive the benison of a dying mother. The stern rule of the Republic which proclaimed imperial *decheance* has been relaxed at the request of the English government. Every vestige of the Empire has been removed, and the twenty years of prosperity of France enjoyed have been effaced from the memories of a time-serving people which has uprooted the landmarks of the once popular *regime*. Few know that the President of the Republic and the Ministry had sanctioned the request made, and that General Fleurs had taken with him to England permission for the ex-Empress to pass through Paris on her way to Madrid to visit the Countess de Montijo. The inner room of the station was cleared some minutes before the train arrived in Paris, and a strong body of police was in attendance. The landau of the Duc de Mouchy was drawn up opposite the door, and behind it was a cab for the police escort, composed of M. M. Caubet and Boucher-Cadart, with four of their myrmidons. Beyond a dozen people who were among the crowd waiting for friends and relatives, no one in the yard of the station knew that the Empress was about to visit Paris for the first time since she quitted the capital in 1870. The travellers most of them English, stood aside to let a lady, dressed in very deep mourning and closely veiled, pass. Her Majesty appeared to lean heavily on the arm of the Duc de Bassano, who raised his hat several times in acknowledgement of the tributes of sympathy and respect paid to the august and unfortunate lady whom he accompanied. The two employees who stand at the door and levy the municipal dues on the different articles enumerated in the tariff stood for a moment and then they appeared to recognize the lady, and forgetting that they were officials belonging to a republican government, they removed their caps and abstained from asking whether the lady or gentleman had anything to declare. Not a word was uttered, not a cry was raised as the Empress, seemingly overcome with emotion, walked slowly along the line of people to the carriage awaiting her. Heads were bared as she passed by, and tears stood in the eyes of more than one person when those who knew the Empress years ago, when she was in the zenith of her beauty and influence, contrasted her present widowed and childless position with that she once held in Parisian society. The carriage, containing the Empress, a lady and the Duc de Bassano, drove straight to the Boulevard de Courcelles, the residence of the Duc de Mouchy. The landau was followed by the hack cab, containing the police, and the latter took up their positions outside the mansion of the Duc as if to prevent any manifestation. Those who saw the Empress say that her late trials have greatly altered her, and that sorrow and grief have left indelible marks on her handsome countenance, once so happy and full of hope. Her Majesty quitted Paris early this morning. The carriage which drove her to the station passed by special desire along the new road the Paris Municipal Council has opened in front of the ruins of the private garden. What must have been the feelings of the august lady as she saw the blackened ruins of the place where she had lived and spent so many happy hours? There was the walk where some dozen years ago a boy, who was the idol of his parents and the hope of his country, rode round and round on his bicycle, laughing and talking with his comrades. On the left of the carriage was the Salle des Marchaux, with the legend "Honneur et Patrie," written in letters of gold against the scorched and blackened wall where kings and princes had been received in 1867, and where balls had been given rivalling in magnificence the splendor of some Eastern tale. Nine years ago her Majesty left the Tuileries in exile.

SERVANT GIRLS.

A Few of the Questions They Ask When Looking for a "Sit."

[Dubuque Times.]

A servant girl of the present day has more gall than a sewing machine man or a book pedlar. Let a lady advertise for female help and she will have a lot of applicants that will reach from here to—where? They come early in the morning, late at night, and all hours to inquire for the "sit." They don't come to go to work, but they come to ask questions. They put more questions to a lady in a minute than two philosophers could answer in one hundred days. It actually puzzles the lady, and she begins to wonder if she is trying to engage the girl, or the girl her. When they are ushered into the presence of the lady they open the conversation with, "I hear you want a girl." "Yes," answers the lady, "I do, but she must be a good one. Are you looking for a place?" Well, yes I am if I can get one to suit me." "What are your terms and under what conditions will you work?" Hereupon the girl presents her questions, and the interview opens.

Girl—How many rooms in your house?

Lady—Only ten. I help to keep them in trim.

Girl—How many in the family, and how much washing do you have; how much linen goods; how about ironing, can I go out whenever I want to?

Lady—Well, our family numbers six; but we have a wash-woman who helps every Monday. And as regards your going out, I can't say that you can go out every time you want to, as I might want to go once in a while myself.

Girl—Well; how about my receiving company; can't I take them in the parlor. O, I forget to ask you who will build the fire for me in the morning, and help me wash the dishes; and what will you pay me if I come and do the work.

Lady—I pay from eight to twelve dollars the first month, ten and twelve dollars in the next, providing the girl gives satisfaction.

This ends the interview, and the girl rising says to herself, "Can't entertain company in the parlor; can't go out every day; must wash the dishes, make the fire, help to wash and become a servant girl for twelve dollars a month. Guess won't come; will go and live off the old folks a while longer." Such is the servant of to day, and the ladies will say the picture is not overdrawn.

A SWEDISH STUDENT'S HOAX.

The other day the Queen of Sweden received an anonymous letter called upon her to send to a given address the sum of 2,000 crowns (about $525), the writer, in case of non-compliance, threatening to shoot the Crown Prince at the first opportunity. The anonymous further declared that if the matter were placed in the hands of the police he would instantly commit suicide, and the Queen would then, for the paltry sum of 2,000 crowns, have the death of one of her subjects on her conscience; on the other hand, he declared that as soon as he was well enough off he would repay the amount by giving it to some charity, and thus lessen his offence. The police were at once informed, and a detective was placed at the post office to watch for the person who might call for the reply. After he had waited several days in vain, a commissionaire finally came, and claimed the letter. He was followed, and when he handed the letter to a young man both were secured, but the commissioniare was at once released. It turns out that the writer of the letter is a student only nineteen years old, who was in want of money to continue his studies. He acknowledged having sent the letter as a "hoax." it is supposed that the King of Sweden will not insist upon the young man suffering the full penalty of his offence.

THE NORTHWEST.

The following letter will doubtless be interesting to many of our readers who think of going to the Northwest or who have friends already there:

BIRTLE, N. W. T.,
Nov. 18th, 1879.

G. M. Carpenter, Esq., Winona:

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just in receipt of yours of the 31st ult., and am only too glad to give the desired information respecting our new home ir the great lone land.

Our little city, Birtle, is going ahead bravely, and no doubt will at some future time become an important trade centre, as its situation is beautiful indeed, and being on the only road in the country will attract a great deal of business.

There are now a number of houses here, and more under construction, which is a very good beginning. We have a post office and a mail every three weeks. Next year we hope to have a weekly mail, which will be a very great convenience. Since you were here every foot of the land in the townships has been located; in fact we had a perfect mob here for a while, and now we have a population of over eighty in the immediate vicinity of our village. Service is held on alternate Sabbaths by Mr. C. M. Copeland, a young man from St. Catharines, son of W. C. Copeland, Esq., ex-postmaster of that place, who has been sent up by the Presbyterian body, and Mr. Rose, who is acting as missionary under the auspices of the Methodist Church. We also have a Bible class on Sunday afternoon, so you see we are not in such an uncivilized state as some may suppose. Thompson has located and built a house on section 34