

RANCID BUTTER.—The *Echodu Monde Savant* says: "A farmer in the vicinity of Brussels, having been successful in removing the bad smell and taste of some butter by mixing it with chloride of lime, he was encouraged by this experiment, and he has restored to butter, the taste and odor of which were insupportable, all the sweetness of fresh butter. The operation is extremely simple, and practicable by all. It consists simply in working the butter in a sufficient quantity of water, in which 25 to 30 drops of chloride of lime have been added to every two pounds of butter. After having mixed it till all its parts are in contact with the water it may be left in it for an hour or two, afterwards withdrawn and worked again in clear water. The chloride of lime having nothing injurious in it, can with safety be augmented; but after having varied the experiment, it was found that twenty-five to thirty drops to every two pounds of butter were sufficient. Another method of restoring sweetness and flavor to rancid butter, said to be very effectual by those who have tried it, is to put it into a churn with new milk and work it till the old salt and rancidity is removed, after which it is to be taken from the churn, worked and salted afresh.—*N. E. Cultivator*.

DOG HOUNDS.—Theirs is the sort of form which expresses to me what I want to express—nature not limited, but developed by high civilization. The old savage ideal of beauty was the lion, type of mere massive force. That was succeeded by an over-civilized ideal, say the fawn, type of delicate grace. By cunning breeding and choosing, through long centuries, man has combined both, and has created the foxhound, lion, and fawn in one. Look at that old hound, who stands doubtful, looking up at his master for advice. Look at the severity, delicacy, lightness of every curve. His head is finer than a deer's; his hind legs tense as steel springs; his fore-legs straight as arrows; and yet see the depth of chest, the sweep of loin, the breadth of paw, the mass of arm and thigh; and, if you have an eye for form, look at the absolute majesty of his attitude at this moment. Majesty is the only word for it. If he were six feet high, instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you compare him? Is it not joy to see such a thing alive? It is to me, at least. I would like to have one in my study all day long, as I would have a statue or a picture; and when Mr. Morrell gave (as they say) two hundred guineas for Hercules alone, I believe the dog was well worth the money, only to look at—*Rev. Charles Kingsley*.

SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.—The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from the musket, carries death, will be harmless, if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself, (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very inefficient for allaying thirst.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.