

the following by a gentleman who has recently taken stock of the man: "The portrait has a peculiar interest at the present moment," says the writer. "The mightiest statesman in the world is a tall, bald man with some white hair. He wears a military uniform to please old William, but he best likes looser drapery. The man is very upright, very strong, very affable, and so wonderfully elastic in his movements that he might be taken for an India-rubber man. He looks in robust health till examined closely, and then an observer begins to notice painful spasms and contractions of the face which reveal over-exhausted nerves. In a manner he is a rollicking, overbearing man. Wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He will not even listen to remonstrance, still less to contradiction. He strides over his enemies and acquaintances, nodding to the latter as he puts his foot on the former. The man is of giant appetite for work and food. He eats old sausages and black bread, served without a table-cloth, for breakfast. His dinner is of mighty meals in plenty, washed down or floated in large goblets of strong Burgundy. He smokes, and works, and talks perpetually. His home is like a volcano in constant eruption. His secretaries cannot stand his work long; they are obliged to give in from sheer exhaustion. Prince Bismarck is very funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, very imprudent at all times. He is not a far-sighted man, or he would not have rushed into war so abruptly. He is rather an astonished man, who has become mighty in spite of errors, often because of errors, and who believes that everything may be done by courage and opportunity. He is, so to say, a man who has stunted himself by his own noise, and who keeps on bawling because it seems to bewilder people and make everybody shut their ears and give in to him."

ODDITIES.

A Danbury little darkey refused to go to church "kase he didn't want to look there like a huckleberry in a pail of milk."

Mississippi is singularly blessed in some respects. A traveller there says some of the land in that State is so poor that a disturbance could not be raised on it.

The most artless fashion editor yet heard from is the Western young person who closed her remarks one day by saying that she didn't know any more then, but was going to church the next day and would learn something.

The Danbury News traces the secret of Chicago's complacency over her desertion by the fire insurance companies to the fact that any one of her girls could stamp out the next great conflagration that comes along.

A Detroit man about two-thirds drunk, and his back covered with mud, stopped a policeman on the street and asked to be locked up. "Why, you are able to walk home, aren't you?" asked the officer. "Yes, I could get home all right, but I don't want to, and you wouldn't if you had my wife! Take me down, ole feller, and if she comes inquiring 'round just say I've gone to Toledo on 'portant business."

Sunday night, says the Detroit Free Press, a policeman on Baker street, passing a certain house about ten o'clock, saw a man drop from a window and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer, "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well," replied the man, leaving a high, "when the old woman gets her dander up I ain't particular about what road I get out of the house."

When Lord Chesterfield was one day at Newcastle House, the duke happening to be very particularly engaged, the earl was requested to sit down in an ante-room, and "Garret upon Job," a book dedicated to the duke, happened to lie in the window. When his grace entered, and found the earl so busily engaged in reading, he asked him how he liked the commentary. "In any other place," replied Chesterfield, "I should not think much of it; but there is so much propriety in putting a volume upon patience in the room where every visitor is to wait for your grace, that here it must be considered as one of the best books in the world."

Our young friend Parker went round the other evening (says an American contemporary) to visit the two Smiths. After conversing with them for a while, Miss Susan excused herself for a few moments and went upstairs. Presently Parker thought he heard her coming, and, slipping behind the door, he suggested that the other Miss Smith should tell Miss Susan he had gone. But it wasn't Miss Susan, it was old Mr. Smith, in his slippers. As he entered he looked round, and said to his daughter, "Ah, ha! So Parker's gone, has he? Good riddance! I don't want any such lantern-jawed, red-haired idiot foolin' round here. He hasn't got the sense of a turnip, or money enough to buy a clean shirt. He gets none of my daughters. I'll shake the everlasting life out of him if I catch him here again, mind me!" Just as he concluded Susan came down, and, not perceiving Parker, said, "Thank goodness, he's gone. That man is enough to provoke a saint. I was awfully afraid he was going to stay and spend the evening. Mary Jane, I hope you didn't ask him to come again." Then Parker didn't know whether to stay there or bolt, while Mary Jane looked as if she would like to drop into the cellar. But Parker finally walked out and rushed to the entrance, seized his hat, shot down the steps, and went home, meditating on the emptiness of human happiness, and the uncertainty of the Smiths.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A New Breakfast Dish.—Devilled sardines make an excellent and tasty breakfast dish—simply devilled and broiled in their own oil, and served on toast.

To Boil Rice, Carolina Fashion.—To one pint of rice put one quart of water. Cover closely and boil rapidly. When done, each grain will be distinct, well swelled, and very white. Twenty minutes are sufficient for the whole process. Rice should always be picked over carefully, false grains removed, and cooked in a stew-pan clean to a nicety.

Apples and Tapioca.—Peel four or six good-sized apples, take out the core, and fill up the cavity with sugar and powdered cinnamon, putting a small bit of butter on the top of each. Place them in a baking-dish, and strew round them about a cupful of tapioca, raw, mixed with some sugar and some grated lemon-rind; fill the dish with water, and put in a gentle oven until both apples and tapioca are done.

Cheese Fritters.—Slice in half a dozen large tart apples and prepare half as many thin slices of nice cheese. Beat up one or two eggs, according to the quantity required, and season high with salt, mustard and a little pepper. Lay the slices of cheese to soak for a few moments in the mixture, then put each slice between two slices of apples, sandwich style, and dip the whole into the beaten egg, then fry in hot butter like oysters, and serve very hot. These fritters are an addition to any breakfast table.

Cheese Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of excellent cheese; rich, but not strong or old. Cut it in small bits, and then beat it (a little at a time) in a marble mortar. Add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Cut it up, and pound it in the mortar with the cheese, till perfectly smooth and well mixed. Beat five eggs till very thick and smooth. Mix them, gradually, with the cheese and butter. Put the mixture into a deep dish with a rim. Have ready some puff-paste, and lay a broad border of it all round the edge, ornamenting it handsomely. Set it immediately into a moderate oven, and bake it till the paste is browned, and has risen very high all round the edge of the dish. Sift with sugar over it before it goes to table.

Florendines.—These are made of any sort of fruit stewed in its own juice or in sweetmeat-syrup, but when practicable, without any water. A pint of this fruit is mixed with half a pint of fresh butter, and half a pint of powdered sugar stirred together to a light cream, and then mixed with three well-beaten eggs, and the fruit stirred in alternately with the beaten butter and sugar. Have ready-baked shells of puff-paste, ready to be filled with the mixture.

Beefsteak Pie.—Make some forcemeat with 2oz. of fat bacon, 2oz. of bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley, thyme, a small onion, and some mushrooms; add seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, pound in a mortar, moistening with the yolks of two eggs. Take a tender rump steak (or the undercut of a sirloin of beef), cut it in thin slices, season with salt, pepper, and a little shallot. Roll each slice like a sausage with some forcemeat inside. Border a pie dish, put in the beef and forcemeat, fill it up with good gravy, flavoured with Harvey sauce. Cover with puff paste; bake in a moderate oven. Make a hole in the top, and add some reduced gravy. It can be served hot or cold.

Cinnamon Cake.—Cut up half a pound of fresh butter, and warm it till soft in half a pint of rich milk. Sift a pound of fine flour into a broad pan; make a hole in the centre, and pour into it the milk and butter, having stirred them well together. Then, gradually, add a large quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and a heaped teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Beat three eggs very smooth and thick, and stir them in, also a wine-glass and a half of brewer's yeast, or two glasses of fresh baker's yeast. Then mix (having sprinkled some over the top) all the flour into the hole in the centre, so as to make a soft dough. When all is well mixed, cover it, and set it to rise in a round straight-sided tin pan. Place it near the fire, and when quite light and cracked all over the surface, flour your pasteboard well, place the loaf upon it and having prepared in a pint bowl a stiff mixture of ground cinnamon, fresh butter, and brown sugar, beaten together so as to stand alone, make numerous deep cuts or incisions all over the surface on the sides and top of the cake; fill them with the cinnamon mixture, and pinch together so as to keep the seasoning from coming out. Glaze it all over with beaten white of egg a little sweetened. Then return the loaf to the pan, and bake it in a moderate oven till thoroughly done. When cool, cut it down in slices like a pound cake.

An Indian Curry.—We venture to say that no one who has ever tasted this recipe will care to try another curry. First, a good plateful of onions (about two or three good-sized onions), well browned in a stewpan in a good lump of butter, next about two teaspoonfuls of Madras curry powder, stir well, add the meat, which must be raw, best mutton or beef, cut up into fairly small pieces, stir well again, then throw in two cloves of garlic, chopped small, salt to taste, and about half a coffee cup of cold water, and let the whole boil up. After this, let the curry simmer, adding cold fresh milk whenever it becomes too dry, and, just before serving, a goodly squeeze of lemon. The curry ought to be commenced three hours before dinner.

THE GOSSIP.

HOME ATTRACTION.—Some one writes, both gracefully and forcibly, "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and beautify the house and grounds about it, they are paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible to enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily on fine clothing and jewellery for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time from home—that is in those places where they can attract the most display."

THE CHAINED FOX.—A fox that had been caught young was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that fowls and geese approached it without fear.

"Pretty thing," said the mistress. "It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar and let it run about. Scarcely, however, had she turned her back than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking around, she saw the fox scampering off with her plump pet thrown over his shoulder.

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain," cried the woman, "and I thought you were so good."

"So I was, mistress," said the fox, "so long as I was chained."

There are many little foxes that need chaining. There is the put-off-studying-your-lesson-till-the-last-minute fox that runs off with your good marks at school; Master Reynard "speak-without-thinking," which is always getting its owner into trouble; and Sly-boots "nobody-will-see-you-do-it." Chain them up! Chain them up with strong yet tender chords of loving discipline. That's the only way to manage them.

SPINSTERS.—It was, in early times, in England, a custom passing almost into a domestic and social law that no young woman should be married until she had, with her own hands, spun a full set of linen for her body, her table and her bed. Hence all unmarried women were called "spinsters," and in all legal documents they were, and have been since, so denominated.

What would we do with that appellation as applied to marriageable young ladies of the present day? To be sure, the need of spinning by hand is passed; but how many of our damsels who think themselves ready for matrimony can even make a good, sweet, healthful loaf of bread? There are a few, thanks to a motherhood not quite extinct; but far, far more can spin, if the spinning be confined to street yarns and idle gossip.

Look ye, fathers, do as a father of my acquaintance did, who had a family of growing daughters, which daughters were sure, in time, to want gold watches.

"My child," he said to each in turn, "when you will present to me a loaf of raised wheaten bread, made by yourself, which you would not be ashamed to set before any company as your own handiwork, I will give you a gold watch."

Two of those girls, to my knowledge, have a received their watches, and I believe they will make good wives.

The gossip is great in asserting his own innocence of intention. He repudiates altogether the classification which would include him in the category of the slanderers—those conversational assassins against whom we make special supplication; and, when he is brought to book on the charge of spreading abroad false reports and bearing his part in shying stones at his neighbours' houses, answers demurely: "I did not mean to do any harm; I only told so and so to Mrs. This and That, and she had no business to repeat it!" This only telling so and so is just the whole burden of the mischief. Mrs. This and That is a great gossip as himself—as much of a sieve; and when two sieves are put together to hold water, how much will be left for a thirsty soul to drink by the end of a summer's day? And again, Mrs. This and That's promise of secrecy is no valid plea for condonation. The things we cannot keep for ourselves we have no right to expect others will keep for us, and we only play monkey tricks with our conscience when we pretend to believe that everyone else is more trustworthy than ourselves. Grim experience tells us that gossip is never kept, how sacred soever the promise, and that no methods have been as yet invented which can padlock the wagging tongue and check that fluid speech which is worse than the letting out of many waters. We know that we have simply ensured translation and passing it on with additions, when we gossip to our friends under promise of silence, and that we have been sowing seeds of evil whereof no man can foretell the ultimate deadly growth.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The female fashion-books, says a writer in the children of the present day, are amusing by reason of their extravagances—the oddities to which purveyors of costume have recourse to please the fashionable world. It is too late to assume the part of censor with regard to those costly enormities when they relate to women, but it is not too late to refer to them with indignation when they are attached to children. Once it was only adult women who were bedazzled by fashion makers, but pictures now are common of children overlaid with ridiculous trickeries to which names that are both ludicrous and incomprehensible are given, and which it is a profanation of a reasonable woman's mouth to pronounce. The poor child, bearing a load of finery into a ball-room, thinks herself as good a woman as the rest, and endeavours to play a part like one; but the spectacle is saddening. "It does not much matter," says the Scotch critic, "if a young man selects a little girl of eight for partner; even in these precocious days she is too young to be much harmed by his pretty speeches (I am not so sure of that); indeed she probably hardly understands them, but it is a very different matter with her sister of fifteen. She fully comprehends the compliments, though she does not understand that they are as often as not made in jest to 'please the child.' She enjoys them thoroughly, imagines herself grown-up, often fancies herself in love, and at any rate looks with distaste on the school-room life to which she must return. Instead of enjoying her studies and seizing eagerly every opportunity of improving her mind, she is fretful and discontented, longing for emancipation and the permission to plunge into the whirl of dissipation which appears so delightful." Amatory fancies ensue. The music-master or the dancing-master is in imagination an immaculate being, endowed with seraphic qualities; and it fortunately happens that music-masters and dancing-masters are generally honourable men—otherwise mischief would occur. Before Miss is out of her teens, she may be an old woman in experience and in misery.

HOW MUCH WE TALK.—It is well that all we say is not written down, not only because some of it might be rather against us, but because there would not be room for it. A curious Frenchman has lately been making a calculation, which is that a man talks on an average three hours a day, at the rate of about twenty-nine octavo pages an hour. This would make eighty-seven pages a day, about six hundred a week, which would amount to fifty-two good sized volumes every year. And then, multiplying this by the number of years in a man's life, what a library he would have if it should all be printed! And, too how very little of the whole would be worth preserving, and how much he would be so glad if it had been left unsaid!

NOVELISTS' GIRLS.

If the fabulous prince who had never seen a female were a real person, and if he could be obliged to expound to the world his idea—to be entirely derived from modern novels—of what a girl is, the result would be funny to contemplate. The bewilderment of Mrs. Todgers when called upon by Mr. Peckniff to define her notion of a wooden leg would feebly represent the state of a candidate for examination on the question,—"What sort of creature is a modern girl?" Certain of our novelists—they are those whose works are more or less tainted and suspect—avoid girls, except when their casual introduction is a necessity of the story, as a foil for the seductive young married women who do all the real business of the plots; or they take them simply and above board from the French ingénue school, in which everything remotely resembling reality is rejected, and the substituted ideal is intolerably foolish and insipid. Novelists with a purpose give us the puppets of their predilection, which

dance to the pulling of their strings as doll-hoydens, doll-sportswomen, doll-incompraises, doll-models of many varieties, from the vulgar and ungrammatical animals of Miss Braddon's and her imitators' books, to the muscular, breezy, unconventional, ungloved, long-walk-loving, white-lie-hating young woman, unpopular with her own sex, and with a tendency to Joshua Davidsonism, who is undergoing evolution by Mrs. Linton's strong, but grinding and gritty process, in her story called "Patricia Kemball." Miss Broughton's girls would be hardly more intolerable in real life than Miss Yonge's, and the damsels who do nothing but keep journals—unmistakably written by Mr. Wilkie Collins—than those who, according to Mortimer, his namesake, do little else than eat. Miss Thackeray can make girls real and charming, but she does not always do so; the "Old-Kensington Girls" are wreaths of mist. Mrs. Edwards's girls are occasionally on the side of "loudness," but they are, on the whole, capital. Just three of the male novelists who are drawing girl pictures for us at present, are doing so well, effectively, to the life. These three are Mr. William Black, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. James Payn.

CLARA MORRIS ON LADY MACBETH.

Miss Clara Morris has been interviewed by a Graphic reporter to whom she expressed herself as follows as to the character of *Lady Macbeth*:

"I maintain that *Lady Macbeth* was slight, slender, and of a blonde type. I know this is not the accepted theory, but it seems to me very plausible. I do not believe that she coerced her husband otherwise than with that subtle and almost intangible persuasion which is essentially womanly, and which is indicated in some chance expression or look rather than animating every tone and word of converse. Take, for instance, nine out of every ten flirts we see about us. No one imagines that it is because of the man himself that they exercise their arts. No; it is to hear some one say, 'she is irresistible—no man can help succumbing to her attractions.' *Lady Macbeth* found that she could completely rule in this persuasive, womanly way her great soldier of a husband, and it made her drunk! She thirsted for more extended power. Her husband first catches sight of what she would have him do in that simple question *apropos of Duncan*, 'And when goes hence?'—in which by a look, but with no mouthing to point the significance of her speech, she points the bent of her ambition. She longs to see him seated on the throne, and to be seated by his side. The conventional *Lady Macbeth* swoops down upon her lord, and leads him off as though she were the bigger man of the two. And no *Lady Macbeth* that I have yet seen has rendered justice to the sleep-walking scene. You know that a somnambulist has absolutely no fear, but *Lady Macbeth* is always represented as groping her way with difficulty about the stage. This is a very little thing, but I always look out for the small matters, and the large ones come of themselves. Thus hurriedly I have given you some idea of my conception of *Lady Macbeth*. It has been my pet character since I was a child, and I hope to do something with it. At least I can try."

AN ESSAY ON NOSES.

The degree to which this member governs the expression of the human face, and is an exponent of character, is scarcely credible.

The aquiline, when animated by blue blood, quivers in colour with dilated nostrils, like the war-horse. The long, slim nose is generally followed by its owner into a systematic and precise groove in the world, and seldom turns from a settled purpose.

Mrs. Grundy's nose may be said to have an independent respiratory apparatus, and possibly is not unlike an interrogation point?

What shall we say of the pug, the pitiable target for youth's remorseless arrows, and perhaps at that callow season not exempt from membranous agitation; from inhaling of pepper or other pungent cures of an odious habit, applied to the apron-sleeve by well-meaning mothers?

A broad, flat protuberance is sometimes set above a wide, mirthful mouth and solid, square jaws.

A piquantly *retroussé* nose may be charming in coquettish young ladies; but it unhappily oftentimes degenerates with their mother's years and obesity into an elevation of the olfactory organ, as if constantly offended.

A crooked nose does not by any means augur an angular disposition, nor shrewdish propensities.

Another style, seldom possessed by men, is comely enough at the beginning and symmetrical of bridge, but in the culmination is a little, round, vicious ball, which on provocation is exceedingly rubicund and irascible. It is a sort of barometer for internal indignation, and a focus from which sparks of fury scintillate. It would be novel to find persons whose upper lips project, and become nervous and unmanageable when giving utterance to falsehoods, have noses much the same fashion.

It may not be intimated that an insignificant nose is not suggestive of unusual ability and attainments; neither is it always to be taken for granted that prominent ones show marked intelligence; yet we are wont to give the latter the benefit of the doubt.