The wine, the coffee, the tea upstairs—all had followed in due course. A few friends had dropped in during the evening. Carriages had come and carriages had gone, and an extra amount of yawning had been performed in the hall. Taking advantage of Master Clive having sobbed himself soundly asleep, Jane had left him in charge of the under-nurse, and descended to get her supper in the servants' hall; but she was not to reach the bottom without her adventure—being caught on the stairs by Mr. James, one of the footmen, who tried to display his emotions towards the fair maiden by passing his arm round her, and stealing a kiss.

The attempt was a signal failure, for Jane gave him a sharp box on the ear, which sent the hair powder flying in a cloud; and when the recipient emerged therefrom, the damsel had gone.

"A hard-hearted creecher!" exclaimed the injured swain.

He probably meant hard-handed; but he said no more—only retired to the pantry, where he administered a few more dabs of the scented starch to his well-oiled locks, and then proceeded to the servants' hall.

No Jane!

Making some excuse, he rose and left his place, going gently down a long stone passage to the front of the house. Here he turned into the housekeeper's sanctuary—a large press-surrounded room, looking upon the area.

It was as he expected. Going close to the window, he could dimly see two figures—one of each sex—talking eagerly together; and Mr. James gave a groan as he stood with clenched fists. There was the secret of the contumely with which his advances were met—there was the reason, in the shape of a man!

James ground his teeth, as he stood watching for a few minutes, and then a spasm seemed to seize him as he witnessed a hasty good-bye, wherein something took place not followed by a box on the ear; and then, as the area gate clanged and the door closed, Mr. James followed the slightly flushed object of his misplaced affection to the servants' hall, breathing hard as he watched her at her supper—always avoiding his eye—eating nothing himself, but drinking freely horns of ale from the great blackjack.

But all this was over. The last guest had departed; and, previous to retiring for the night, Sir Richard was having a cigar in the study, while his lady was dreamily watching the golden caverns in the fire as the cinders fell together with a musical tinkle. Twice she glanced up at Sir Richard; but he was deep in the contemplation of the wreaths of vapor rising from his cigar, and doubtless his reverie would have ended in a doze, had not a loud, resonnant peal at the bell made both start, and gaze towards the door.

The step of one of the servants was heard to pass the door, and then followed the sounds of unbolting, rattling chain, and loud shoot back of lock; and then, as a gust of wind swept through the hall, it brought with it the whispering of eager voices.

A minute or two elapsed, and then, when Sir Richard's patience was nearly exhausted, and he was about to see for himself the cause of this late interruption, the footman appeared at the door.

"Well?"

"If you please, Sir Richard, here's a foreign party as says he must see you."

"A what?"

"A furrener, Sir Richard, and a wom—I mean a lady—with him. Wouldn't give no card, Sir Richard."

"But what's his name?—what business?"

"Wouldn't give no name; and said, as far as I could make out, Sir Richard, as he had no business; but he's a very ignorant party, Sir Richard—couldn't hardly speak English. I did tell him to come in the morning; but he said he must see you now."

"Good heavens, Richard!" exclaimed Lady Lawler, in an agitated voice, as she rose and leaned over his chair. "Can it be———"

"There, I don't know—I will see!" exclaimed Sir Richard, his face flushing with annoyance. "Leave the room, James. No, stop—I will see these people. Show them into the dining-room."

"Yes, Sir Richard."

And the man turned to go.

"What sort of people are they?"

"Rather shabby parties, Sir Richard."

"Show them in here, James," said Lady Lawler, in a tone of voice that made her husband start; for though in some things her ladyship was but woman and water, in others she was spirit itself.

Yes, m'lady," said the man as he backed out; and the next minute he ushed in a couple of closely muffled figures, who stood perfectly still while Sir Richard motioned the man to leave the room, which he did; but not so rapidly but that he saw a portion of that which followed. Nor did he close his ears so tightly that he was unable to catch from his lady the exclamation—

"Good heavens!"

And from his master the words—

"Monsieur Rivière."

(To be continued.)

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select thoroughly ripened fruit, cut them in halves; sprinkle over the cut half with bread crumbs, sugar, salt, pepper and butter. Place them in a baking pan cut side upwards and bake in an oven for two hours. Serve on a platter, garnished with curled parsley.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO PREVENT PUTREFACTION IN MEAT.—Mr Jacquez, of the French Academy of Sciences, states that a solution of five parts of borax in 100 parts of water in which meats shall be dipped prevents the putrefaction process for a considerable time. Flesh dipped in the mixture and then dried resists the usual process of decomposition. Mr. Jacquez considers that the process is important, inasmuch as it is economical and harmless, and adapted for use in dissecting-rooms and for persons engaged in preparing cabinet specimens or animal tissues, and valuable also to the taxidermist.

DR. KEDZIE, of the Michigan Agricultural College, gives the following account of the injurious action of salt on trees; "On the college grounds there formerly grew a fine, vigorous specimen of common sassafra apparently in perfect health. A quantity of strong brine was inadvertently thrown beneath this tree, forming a stagnant pool in its immediate vicinity. In a very short time the tree began to manifest signs of decreasing vitality. The salt was absorbed unchanged in such immense quantities, that entering the circulation, it effloresced upon the surface of the leaves as a white crystalline deposit, and the tree soon after died."

NEW FUEL.—Mr. L. Banks, of Hulle, proposes a new manufacture of fuel. The invention relates to the combination of the following matters:—1. The refuse which accumulates round the mouths of coal-pits. 2. Small coal. 3. Turf, peat, or such like matter. 4. Mineral pitch. 5. Coal-tar. 6. The scum or refuse from cotton seed after obtaining oil-cake therefrom. The coal-tar and the mineral pitch are prepared by being mixed whilst hot, and after being boiled in the ordinary manner in equal proportions. The two are then run together; before use they are re-boiled and mixed with the other ingredients before named. The whole are then compressed together by steam-power or otherwise, and the composition is then ready for use.

PERPETUAL PASTE.—The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to break up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will lay on a dime, and throw in a dozen cloves to give a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. In a very few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthern or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put it in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve months.

A TEST OF PURE WATER.—An English technical periodical points out an easy way of testing whether water is good and fit for general use. It says: "Good water should be free from color, unpleasant odor, and taste, and should quickly afford a lather with a small portion of soap. If half a pint of the water be placed in a perfectly clean, colorless, glass-stoppered bottle, a few grains of the best white lump sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water becomes turbid, it is open to the grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remain clear, it is almost certainly safe. We owe to Heisch this simple, valuable, but hitherto strangely neglected test."

POTATOES PROSCRIBED.—Several German writers upon races predict that nations, far from improving, will deteriorate both in physical and mental characteristics, if potatoes become a principal article of diet. The celebrated Carl Voight says that "the nourishing potato does not restore the wasted tissues, but makes our proletariats physically and mentally weak." The Holland physiologist. Mulder, gives the same judgment when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes, and coffee and tea by the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations. Leidenfrost maintains that the revolutions of the last three centuries have been caused by the changed nourishment; the lowest workmen, in former times, ate more flesh than now, when the cheap potato forms his principal subsistence, but gives him no muscular or nervous strength.

FAMILY MATTERS.

FRIED EGG PLANT.—Take a large, ripe, purple egg, and cut it in slices of half an inch in thickness; strew a little salt over each, and lay on a plate for ten minutes or more to let the water run out; then dip each slice into a well-beaten egg, and then in cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in hot butter or lard as you would oysters, and the plant will taste like fried fresh.

HEADACHE is the bane of many a person's life, and it arises from such a variety of causes that remedies are difficult to find. The following is said to be worth trying: "Put a handful of salt into a quart of water, one ounce of spirits of hartshorn, and half an ounce of spirits of camphor. Put them quickly into a bottle, and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirits. Soak a piece of cloth with the mixture, and apply it to the head: wet the cloth afresh as soon as it gets heated.

SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Boil a small potful of potatoes and bathe the part affected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, as hot as can be applied immediately before going to bed. The pains will be removed, or at least alleviated by the next morning.

Some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have lately been cured by one application of this novel and simple remedy.

COLCANNON.—This popular Irish dish is usually made with cabbages and potatoes, but cauliflower will make a more delicate dish. Take half as much cauliflower as potatoes, both of which must have been boiled previously and completely cooled. Chop them separately and very fine. Put a little milk and butter into a saucepan, and when boiling hot, turn in the potatoes and cauliflower well mixed together. Place a flat tin or dish over them, and let them warm through. Then remove the cover, and add salt and pepper to taste; make the dish boiling hot, and serve. Another way is to prepare it with strips of salt pork. Cut the pork into strips an inch long as a narrow as possible, and fry it to a crisped brown; then turn in the chopped cauliflower and potatoes, and mix well with the pork strips and fat. Heat very hot, and serve on a platter. It is a delicious dish; and a little vinegar is considered an improvement to it.

PERMANENT LEMONADE.—Some competent sanitary and bibulous authority asserts that when people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should then purchase several dozens at once and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acids, especially citric and molic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps — to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cool, healthful drink.

GLOSSY SHIRTS.—Attention to the following directions will secure the much-desired gloss on shirts. First put a little common white wax in your starch — say, two ounces to the pound; then, if you use any thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm otherwise the wax will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold. To polish shirts, starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice—that is, starch and dry, then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at a good finish. Don't lift the plaits. Your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirt-board, made of hard wood, and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polishing iron which is flat and beveled a little at one end, polish gently with the beveled part, taking care not to drive the linenup into wave-like blisters. This requires a little practice; but, in a short time, with perseverance, you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

IT now passes into the domain of fact and history that the good cook is sure to become very aged. Good victual and vicious life are not compatible. Instance: a man aged one hundred and twenty-seven has just died in Russia; he had been cook to the great Empress Catherine II. The Emperor Nicholas granted him a yearly pension of 700 rubles, which enabled him to keep the pot boiling. He has a little boy aged ninety-eight.

GROWTH OF FINGER AND TOE-NAILS.—A scientific writer says: The finger-nails and toe-nails upon the human body grow at the rate of one-hundredth of an inch in ten days. This information induces reflection. Methuselah lived for 969 years. Now, suppose he had never cut his nails, he would have gone down to the grave with sixty feet of finger and toe-nails curling about his venerable person. If Adam had lived until the present time he would have had about 1000 yards of nails about his person. When we think of these things, how deeply ought we to be impressed with the wonders of nature, with the strange and awful mystery of the human body.

IT is certain that Shakespeare's idea of the toad was inaccurate in two respects. The toad is not "ugly and venomous," and does not wear "a precious jewel in its head." The Rev. J. G. Wood, that excellent naturalist and charming writer, assures us that his children had a troughful of tame toads, each of which answers to its own particular name and comes when called. The children, he says, carry them round the garden, and hold them up to any insects they may chance to fancy, to enable them to swallow it, which they do by a lightning flash of their glutinous tongues. Nay, more; their tender care for their unlovely pets is so great that they bathe and kiss them daily, he declares, just as they themselves are treated by their nurse. Upon one occasion one of the children, who had received an orange, was seen with her own especial toad seated on her hand, partaking with his mistress of the orange in alternate sucks or bites.

FANS.—The manufacture of fans in Paris is a very extensive branch of industry, supplying all civilised nations with these useful and ornamental articles. Fans were known in the East from remote ages, and were introduced into Western Europe about the time of the Crusaders: in the sixteenth century they came into general use, being generally made from peacock or ostrich feathers, fixed in a solid handle. In the time of Louis XIV., the folding fan came into use, having been introduced from China by the Jesuits. Paris fans are made at all prices, from a penny to a thousand pounds, one having been made of the latter value for the Emperor of Morocco. The chief parts of a fan are the handle, the brins, the panaches, the ends, and the leaf. The handle is the part where the fan is hinged together, and is made of ivory, wood, or any hard material; the brins are the radiating sticks, from twelve to twenty-four in number, and about four inches long; the ends are the elastic pieces which connect the brins with the handle; the panaches are the two outermost brins, wider and stronger, for the protection of the rest; the leaf is the surface of the fan, cut in the shape of the segment of a circle, and made of paper, vellum, parchment, satin, gauze, or crape. It is the decoration of the leaf which increases the costliness of fans.

THE last personal gossip about the way of life of Pope Pius IX., who has just entered on the twenty-eighth year of his pontificate, is that his health is so fully restored as to enable him to resume his usual food and exercise. He rises at half-past five o'clock, makes his toilet, which includes much shampooing; next follows mass; after which a simple collation of coffee, with four bits of toasted bread; then an ordinary audience; then a short walk in the garden; at noon another audience; at half-past one p.m., dinner, as simply served as its dishes are plain: a meat soup of rice and herbs, a bit of *lesso*—that is, the beef or chicken of which the soup is made; then follows a small dish of *frittho o arrosta*—fry or roast—a favorite Italian dish. No Roman dinner is complete without it; it is made of brains, bits of bread, and young cucumbers and carrots sliced into thin strips, all fried crisply, with a rich amber color, in lard. It is not bad after you get used to it. During all this dinner the Pope drinks only half a glass of wine. He was never in his younger days a wine-drinker, and now eschews all nicety about his wine. Some years ago, when he first began to drink wine at dinner, according to medical orders, he observed that every day a fresh bottle was opened for his use. Then he ordered the wine of the country to be served to him, as it could be bought on draught. *Tre Cannelle* was selected, and as he can not drink a whole *mezzo foglietto* (a goblet ful), the smallest quantity sold, he has this divided into little flasks, a few drops of olive oil poured on the wine, a wad of cotton for cork; then it is fresh for a day or two. After dinner his Holiness reposes for three-quarters of an hour in a *poltrone*, or arm-chair. Then he holds another ordinary audience, after which he walks in the garden, in the gallery, or holds private conversations in the Bibliotheca. Ave Maria and prayers are followed by private audiences, at which affairs of the greatest moment are discussed. At half-past ten o'clock he takes a soup. This is another excellent Italian custom. A little before midnight his Holiness goes to sleep.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TO GET RID OF POTATO BUGS.—Mix Paris Green with water, one tablespoonful to two gallons of water; put it in a pail and take a whisk—such as is used for brushing clothes—and sprinkle the mixture on the vines. Keep the mixture well stirred at the time of applying it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Magazine* writes as follows: "On the 15th of April last a young man, employed near bees, had the misfortune of being stung. No remedy being near at hand, I remembered Mr. Gordon's note on the cure of bee stings at page 461 of the *Gardener's Magazine* for 1872. I recommended him to apply the common soil to the wound, as described by Mr. Gordon, and it immediately relieved the pain and prevented the swelling. Such a receipt is of more value than gold to all who have anything to do with bees. I formerly used common blue for bee stings, but common soil is preferable.

PROTECTION FROM INSECTS.—A farmer from Fremont, O., writes:—I am using a remedy for driving away insects and bugs that works to a charm, and if any of your readers have not tried it, I advise them to waste no time with soot, ashes, &c., but ask their druggist to order for them a pound of carbolic acid, No. 5, which will cost 75 cents. If air-slaked lime is to be had, use a teaspoonful of acid to a quart of lime; mix well, and dust over the plants. One application is frequently sufficient. The cabbage flea (jumping Jack) threatened to destroy my plants of cabbage and ruta bagas, but one dose was sufficient to clear the garden of them. If the lime is not slaked, take one teaspoonful of acid to a pint of hot water, and slake the lime with the mixture.

WATER FOR SHEEP.—It is a great mistake,