

and they ain't going to keep shop no more, and I'm succeeded to the stock and good-will, ma'am. And what can I please to show you, ma'am?" "Well, I declare!" said old Mrs. Battersby; "wonders will never cease!" And we agree with the old lady.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**MUFFIN RECIPE.**—Two eggs, one quart of flour, a pint of sweet milk, two ounces of butter, a gill of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt.

**MINT CHOW-CHOW FOR ROAST LAMB.**—Take one third onions, two thirds cucumbers, add spearmint, green peppers and mustard; chop altogether, finely; put in a jar and add strong vinegar and salt; work it up, and in a few days it will be fit for use.

**WARMING COLD BOILED POTATOES.**—Slice and put them in a basin with a little milk or water, some cream if you have it, and a little salt. Let it remain on the stove until it is thoroughly heated through, stirring often to prevent its sticking; a bit of fish left from a former meal or some beaten egg is a nice addition to it.

**CREME A CHOUX.**—Take a pint of milk, mix smoothly with a little of it one tablespoonful of potato flour or of maizena, the yolks of six eggs, and pounded loaf sugar to taste; then add the rest of the milk and any flavoring you may fancy. Cook it *au bain marie*, and never cease stirring till the cream is done and quite thick; when cold, it is ready for use.

**TO BRANCH ALMONDS.**—Almonds must not be soaked. They must be thrown into plenty of boiling water, stirred with a skimmer, and drained as soon as the skin loosens. Throw some cold water over them, drain, remove the skins, and throw the almonds into some fresh cold water. Dry them in a napkin, and do not attempt to use them for four hours.

**BUTTERMILK YEAST POWDERS.**—One quart of fresh buttermilk made up with corn meal to a stiff batter, with a tea-cupful of yeast. Let it rise; then add enough flour to make it a stiff dough. Let it rise a second time. Put it on dishes or boards to dry in the shade. Rub it up, and keep it in a bag. To one quart of flour put one tablespoonful of yeast powder.

**ARTIFICIAL OYSTERS.**—Take green corn, grate it in a dish; to one pint of this add one egg well beaten, a small tea-cup of flour, half a cup of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix them well together. A table spoonful of the batter will make the size of an oyster. Fry them a light brown, and when done, butter them. Cream, if it can be procured, is better than butter.

**HOMINY CROQUETTES.**—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy (small grained) add a table-spoonful melted butter and stir hard, moistening, by degrees, with a cupful of milk, beating to a soft light paste. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and lastly, a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten eggs, then cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

**PUDDING SAUCE.**—One quart of boiling water, four large table-spoonfuls of white or brown sugar, two of flour, one of butter, one tea-spoonful of salt; nutmeg or cinnamon to taste. Two table-spoonfuls of currant or blackberry wine or cider are a great improvement. Let the whole be boiled together for about ten minutes. It is necessary to mix the flour with a portion of cold water before adding it to the boiling water.

**FEDERAL LOAF.**—One quart of flour, a gill of yeast, two eggs, one spoonful of butter creamed, making it softer than light bread dough. Lightened in the shape you bake it in. For company invited to tea it is very nice to cut this loaf in slices nearly an inch thick, buttering while hot. Replace the slices when buttered, until the loaf resumes its shape. At right angles cut through the whole, quartering it, and so send to the tea-table, or hand around, as you may desire.

**MADISON CAKES.**—To each quart of flour put half a pint of yeast, two eggs, a large roasted potato, a table-spoonful of sugar, and a little lard; beat the yeast, eggs, and sugar together; mash the potato and mix it in, and then make up the flour with it as for rolls. Roll out the dough when risen, and cut them out in biscuit shape, letting the cakes stand to take a second rise. Bake in a quick oven. They are prettier if you save the white of one egg and glaze the tops of the cakes over when baking.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—To 3oz. of flour and the same weight of fine lightly grated bread-crumbs add 6 of beef kidney suet, chopped small, 6 of raisins, weighed after they are stoned, 6 of well cleaned currants, 4oz. of mince apples, 5 of sugar, 2 of candied orange rind, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg mixed with pounded mace, a very little salt, a small glass of brandy, and 3 whole eggs. Mix and beat these ingredients well together, tie them tightly in a thickly floured cloth, and boil them for three hours and a half.

**RED MULLET'S BAKED.**—Cut a carrot and two onions into thin slices; add thyme, majoram, and parsley, finely chopped, with pepper and salt to taste, and three table-spoonfuls of salad oil; mix these well together, cover each mullet with the mixture, roll it up in a piece of white paper previously oiled, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Then carefully open the paper, place the fish neatly on a dish ready to be served, and keep it warm. Melt a piece of butter, add a large pinch of flour, half a tumbler of stock, and the vegetable, &c., the fish was cooked in. Let the sauce boil five minutes, add salt if wanted, strain, skim, pour over the fish, and serve.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**TREATMENT OF CALICOES.**—Calicoes often fade simply because they are improperly washed. To insure their not fading, infuse three gills of salt into four quarts of water; put the calico in while it is hot, and let it remain there until cold. By this means the goods are made permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washings.

**STRANGE.**—It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are—well, never mind—the loveliest creatures in the world, and that's enough.

**AN UNPROFITABLE SCORE.**—Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office the other night and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a \$15 pair of pantaloons, a \$10 vest, a \$7 pair of boots, and an \$8 hat, while one of the student goes about without a vest, and another roams through the least frequented streets, wearing a very ancient pair of pantaloons.

**WOMAN'S WILE.**—A Brooklyn wife desirous to economize, begged her husband to discharge the man servant. Husband refused. The other day the husband was at the back window; presently the lady of the house issued from the house, talked with the man servant a few minutes, then threw her arms around his neck, and then kissed him heartily a half-dozen times. Man servant got his discharge without difficulty. This new device of economy will doubtless work quite as well in effecting the dismissal of female servants.

**AVERAGE TALK OF A WOMAN.**—A man in average talkativeness speaks three hours a day, and at the rate of one hundred words a minute; that is to say, enough words to fill about twenty-nine octavo pages in moderate print every hour, six hundred pages in a week, and in one year fifty-two pretty large volumes. The American author who got up these statistics, says, that if you multiply these numbers by ten you arrive at about the average talk of a woman. Let us see, that is ten times three hours a day; they have, therefore, apparently thirty hours a day in America. Very go-a-head people, very.

**AN IMPUDENT SLINGER.**—A good joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush, by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees, begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used, but, on rising up, he knocked the dust off his knees, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole House, "It's a dirty house after all!" Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories saw clearly enough that they had failed in the object which they had in view.

**TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.**—It is worth while to know how to stop the bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery that supplies the blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. The two small arteries branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it, and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessels in the nose have time to contract.

**THE REASON WHY.**—The following incident is reported by the *Detroit Free Press* as having occurred between a grocer and a customer:—"Thirty-two cents!" echoed a woman yesterday, when her grocer charged her that sum for a pound of butter. "Yes, 'um," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the Government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level with everything else. Butter is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." The explanation was too much for the customer, and she paid the money without further grumbling.

**ON ONE WHEEL.**—Paganini, one day at Florence, jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Mozse," on a single string. "How much do I owe you?" inquired he of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognised the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "What! ten francs? You are surely jesting." "I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert," Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty Automedon, he said, at the same time handing him a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

**COUNTING A BILLION.**—What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so,

and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 312 days, 6 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Supposing we were to allow the poor creature 12 hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours, and 45 minutes!

**HASTENING THE RIPENING OF FRUIT.**—Acting upon the principle that renewal of the earth immediately surrounding the roots increases their activity, and accelerates the maturing of all parts of the plant, including the fruit, a gentleman removed the earth about an early pear tree, eight weeks before the normal period of ripening, for a space of 13 to 15 feet in diameter, and to such an extent as to leave a depth of earth over the roots of only about 2—2-4 inches, which could be thoroughly warmed by the sun. He was surprised not only by the ripening of the fruit in the middle of July, but also by its superior juiciness and flavor. In another experiment the removal of the earth from the north side of a tree, alone, caused the fruit on that side to ripen several days earlier than that on the south side. Frequent watering was of course necessary in the above experiments.

**HOW PIANOS ARE INJURED.**—According to a prominent manufacturer, they are more pianos injured by improper tuning than by legitimate use and the consequent natural wear of the instruments. The frame of a good piano, fully strung and tuned, is made to resist a tension equal to about seven tons. This severe strain relaxes as the strings recede from the pitch, but is renewed when the piano is tuned; and it is frequently discovered, as a result of the repeated process, that the frame is bent or bellied; and at the hands of an ignorant tuner, or one lacking good judgment, an instrument at this stage is soon injured beyond remedy. With reasonable use a piano is expected to remain in good condition for seven years; and the best makers will so guarantee their instruments, but the incompetence and malpractice of certain so-called tuners set the seal of destruction on thousands of instruments in from two to five years.

**ONE FOR HIS GRACE.**—An amusing story of an English nobleman, recently deceased, is told by the "Man About Town," in the *English Sporting Gazette*: "The Duke," he says, "was once in church, no matter where, when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate or bag, or whatever it might be, began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand in his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him ready for transfer to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he lay by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation; then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly towards his rival, as who should say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket. His grace used to chuckle when he told that story, and I think on the whole he had the best of it."

**PLAYING THE PIANO.**—Our neighbor Chubb (says Max Adeler) has not much of an ear for music, but he has spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day, when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano through the parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked, "D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music." Then there were a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more discordant thumping. "Splendid, isn't it?" said Chubb. "Mary Jane's bustin' the music right out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, she's rastlein' with now. Just listen." We remarked that from the energy displayed Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly right was an open question. "I don't know nothin' about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I kin sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the Maiden's Prayer until it makes me cry like a child." We asserted that, if she played those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute would shed tears. "Listen to that now, will you?" exclaimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. "Isn't that splendid? If I didn't know it was Mary Jane a-tearin' around them fellers who play at the concerts. Let's go over and hear her." We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb, there was a red-haired man, with a fist as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not to tell anybody, and we won't. It is related here in confidence, and must go no farther.

THE session of the Reichstag was opened on the 5th inst. with a speech from the Throne, delivered by imperial commission. The Emperor regretted that he couldn't attend the opening in person. He enumerated as among the principal measures to be submitted during the session, bills relating to the army, press, trades' unions and marine jurisdiction. The speech concluded with assurances that all the nations of Europe are resolved to preserve peace.

**HOW JOHN BROUGHAM CRIED QUARTER.**—A good story is told of John Brougham, who was once at the first rehearsal of a new piece, where the actors were reading their parts from a somewhat ill-written manuscript. John, when his part came round, somewhat surprised his brother actors by shouting at the "wrongful heir" in the piece. "And thou bad quarter!"

"What's that?" interrupted the stage manager.

"So set down in my part," replied the comedian, referring to his manuscript.

"No such thing—I never wrote that," said the irate author, who was present. "It makes arrant nonsense of the speech. Bad quarter, indeed."

"See for yourself," said the actor, handing the manuscript to the author.

"This, why," said the literary man, adjusting his eye-glasses, "this reads, 'thou base counterfeit!'"

"Ah! is that it?" said the comedian, with a sly twinkle of the eye. "Well, the terms are synonymous. A 'bad quarter' is a 'base counterfeit!'"

**FRENCH PICKPOCKETS.**—French pickpockets carry on their business with great system as well as great cunning. The following story is related in a French journal:

"A physician officially connected with the prison of La Force, and much beloved by his light-fingered patients, perceived on leaving the Variétés one evening that his pocket had been picked, and that his opera-glass was gone. Next day on meeting the denizens of La Force he expressed his displeasure at the occurrence. "It is all very well," said he, "for you to say I am popular among you, but I am treated just as others are. Some of your friends contrived to relieve me of my opera-glass last night at the Variétés." "That was only because they did not know you, doctor," replied a prisoner. "Who was on duty at the Variétés last night?" he inquired, turning to a comrade. The answer was given in a whisper. "You shall have your glass to-morrow," he added. Next day a person called on the physician's wife. "Here," said he, "are all the opera-glasses stolen two nights ago at the Variétés; please to point out the doctor's." The lady having done so, the obliging pickpocket handed it to her, restored the others to their cases, and disappeared."

**SKATING COSTUMES IN DRESDEN.**—The skating season in Dresden was just begun, and is participated in by Americans and English with enthusiasm. For costumes English velvet or velveteen is the material used, and gray the favorite color. Ribbed velvet for the tunic and jacket, and plain velvet for the skirt, which is trimmed with narrow flounces. The long tunic is bordered with a worsted ball fringe, and likewise the casaque, which is double-breasted and has wide plaits at the back, with a small pocket at the left side for the bouquet. A bow of light gray watered ribbon fastens the casaque at the throat, and there is a similar bow with ends at the back. These are the useful skating costumes, but more elegant ones are made of dark blue and myrtle green velvet, both skirt and tunic trimmed with either feathers or fur. Violet velvet costumes are trimmed with feathers of the natural color; the tunic is tied at the back with wide ends, and the casaque is bordered to correspond with the tunic. The hat worn with this costume is called the "page toque." This is made of velvet, which is not stretched tightly over the stiff net form, but *châtonné* with much grace; a bow is placed in front, and from it a long natural feather escapes. The toque is surrounded with gathered velvet and a band of natural feathers. It is very becoming, but can only be worn on youthful heads.

**A PARISIAN "DAY OF REST."**—In an open space of the Montmartre quarter, Paris, an animated scene presents itself every Sunday, which would make the hair of many of our sombre Puritans curl were they to see it. Revolving swings carry men and their sweethearts briskly up and down. Wooden horses on great wheels bear women and children, whose faces gleam with pleasure. On platforms in front of rude little theatres whole companies of each disports itself to attract visitors; the woman in short skirts of faded silk, with nude shoulders, at intervals beats the bass drum; the heavy man or *matamore* shows his brawny limbs in his most attractive pose; the Turlupin of the hour—the buffoon in old finery and rusty spangles—struts, twists, and turns to the d-light of the blouse-folk, as he cries out, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; there was never anything like it for the money—the drama of 'The Bloody Flend'—real sword-fighting and killing on the stage—the woman, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds—a mountain of flesh, *quod!*—in extraordinary contrast with the living skeleton, who will stand alongside of her—the dancing dog, who has danced before all the crowned heads of Europe, to say nothing of the President de la libre Amérique—walk in," &c., each harangue being followed by a few notes from a wheezy clarinet and the boom boom of the bass drum.