

HOUSEHOLD.

The Fa- Song Bird.

You may talk about the music of the thrush, Singing from a nest in June; You may tell me of the robin's throat, its melody a tune; You may even praise the chatter of the wren, But to me the sweetest warbling in the world Is the cut-out cut-out.

more the mould in boiling water to within an inch of the cover. The water should be boiling hard when the pudding is put in, and it should be brought back to the boiling-point as soon as possible afterward. Let the pudding boil steadily for at least three hours. Serve it with a hard sauce flavoured with nutmeg and, if you wish, with brandy.

The Road to Fortune.

Dame Fortune's castle, great and grand, Upon a hill doth stand, Yet she invites on every hand, All who may care to come; The rich and poor from every land, Shall have her "welcome home."

A 'Guts Boy.

Among the guests at a large West-end hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. The landlady noticed about nine o'clock every night she would come downstairs, get a pitcher of water, and return to her room.

Dakota Cold.

We don't seem to know much about cold weather here in Ontario. At Pembina, N. D., the thermometer stood at forty-eight degrees below zero one day recently. At Spiritwood Lake, in the same region, the ice is three feet thick, and in cutting it on cold days the saw stuck fast frequently, and had to be cut out with an axe.

Six Times Condemned to Death.

Corsica, which has always been a favorite home of the brigands, is (says the D. M. T. Gazette) keeping up its reputation. The walls of the Court-house at Bastia are just now adorned with a notice calling upon Giacomo and Antonio Borelli better known as Bellacoscia, to surrender to justice for the purpose of being executed, in accordance with a sentence of death recently passed upon them in default. On this occasion the brigands were tried for having sought to kill six gentlemen. Death sentences, however, are an ordinary occurrence in the lives of M. M. Borelli, for each of them has been condemned to capital punishment six times already, and so long as they are very careful that they do not go by default there seems no reason why they should not be condemned to the guillotine many times more.

A Winter Song.

The soft snow whirle like a ring-dove a feather, That is tossed and blown by the breath of May; An eye holds the brook in tether, The sad wind dirges the passing day; But you, love, and I, love, happy together, Laugh through the skies as they pass.

THE PROFESSOR'S SKELETON.

The Professor was a good man, a man of unimpeachable character and reputation—a man who had never been known to make a mistake, and also a man who was thoroughly aware of the fact. So much for himself. For his abilities—he knew his work, and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far as he conveniently could, insisted upon its being done to order. Without going into details, it will readily be understood that, though undoubtedly a useful man in his day and generation, the Professor was by no means a popular one; and it was over one of his latest interdicts that his wife and his step-daughter were conferring one rainy morning in the solitude of the boggy garden.

On Apple Pudding.

An English apple-pudding is a wholesome and hearty dessert. It is properly made with a nut-crust—not with the biscuit crust so much used by American cooks. When will our cooks learn that a crust raised with baking-powder, puff, and light though it is, may pull upon the taste? It is served to us in dumplings, with our soup, in potpie with our ragout, in our meat-pies, in the crust (and a thick, clumsy crust it makes) it retards the gain, like a harlequin with his lightning clasp, as a crust to our apple-puddings; and, alas! it is ever there out of an incompetent pastry maker as a crust for apple-pie. A baking powder crust is a good thing, but a baking powder crust may pull upon the taste if it is served in each of six courses of a dinner. May not a new Talleyrand arise and tell us, with justice that we have 250 religions and but one crust? Yet a biscuit crust, raised with baking-powder, or its equivalent, soda and cream of tartar, seems to be the beginning and end of our cooks' knowledge on this matter.

Supernition assumes some very peculiar forms in Hawaii.

For instance, some of the natives believe that if they cross the threshold of the royal palace with the left foot first, a train of bad luck will follow them in some way, either in health or business. The average Hawaiian would so soon welcome the sight of an ocean of hot lava pouring over the country from Mauna Loa, as to see a foreign warship anchor in the great harbour. The natives believe a warship brings bad luck.

"that is not work for your fingers. Where is papa, that he can't?" "He's counting up the boxes. You know it takes a man—"

"Oh yes; I know all about that," laughed Mary, finishing the refractory straps herself. "Now, mother, we will just go and put ourselves into the first cab, and leave the 'man' to wind up any way that pleases him."

How a Methodist Minister's Wit Turned the Tables on a Baptist Parson.

At a recent banquet in this city there was a neat bit of repartee between two of the after-dinner speakers, which was appreciated by those about the festive board. The first speaker was a State official and member of the Baptist Church, who evidently placed but a small estimate upon his powers of entertaining, as he told the company he would talk simply to save them from the worse fate of listening to the next speaker.

Mr. Grierson I have to look in here for a minute or two." "Then perhaps you will allow me to wait for you? I have several other things to speak to you about."

"Very reluctantly, the Professor gave way; he had the instincts of a gentleman, and could hardly decline as curtly as his own door as elsewhere. 'The house is a deshabille,' he said, opening the door with his latchkey; 'but if you like to wait here for a moment, I will not detain you longer. Leave the door open—it feels uncommonly close inside.'"

How the London Street-Mud is Disposed of.

The mud collected in the London streets is carted to the landing-stage of the canal or the river, and there emptied into barges, whereby it is conveyed to Barking Creek, and Crossness, fourteen miles below London Bridge, where the contents of the barges are discharged. Three new vessels have just been ordered from Lancashire, for the purpose of discharging out at sea the sludge and mud from the London sewers. When these are completed, there will be a fleet of five ships engaged in this work. These will be capable of removing 4,000 tons per week. The mud and refuse removed annually from the London streets amounts to a total weight of two million tons, and the clearing of it away costs £320,000 per year. In order to do this thoroughly, there are employed 1,500 carts, 3,000 men, and 150 barges. These men have to deal with two pounds of rubbish per head of population per day.

Bye; be sure and tell Mary I'll take a run over to see her on Saturday."

"And somehow—into the details of the process it is better not to inquire too closely—the Professor brought himself to deliver the message verbatim. He knew that that same skeleton would be a powerful lever in all coming arrangements."

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