What Science can do.—Let all the air which enters the lungs pass through a medium of carbon, and you may go to sleep safely under the shadow of the upas tree. The charcoal respirator of Dr. Stenhouse will procure immunity to him who sojourns in a rice-swamp or shoots in a jungle. The betelnut and the pepperleaf chewed together keep half starved races alive in the deltas of the Irrawaddy and the forests of Sumatra. A French traveller "preserved his health during a long and difficult voyage by the habitual use of betel, while his companions, who did not use it, died mostly of dysentry." The nitrogenous compounds to which all nations resort in intermitted fevers have a conservative as well as a curative power: the pepperworts contain "a solid white crystalizable substance, known by the name of 'Piperin,' which is said to equal quinine." The Indian, by instinct, chews the betel and the pepper together; the *rationale* is this, "while in betel chewing the astringent principle of the nut checks the tendency to internal relaxation, the fever-chasing principles of the pepper-leaf preserve the health amid the steaming vapours which the hot sun draws forth from swamps and jungles and irrigated paddy-fields." It stands upon record that a certain military officer, at a certain period critical to health, paraded all his regiments for blue pill at night, and paraded them again for black draught the next morning. See what an additional force is concentrated in a very little knowledge! The time may come when an army shall plunge boldly into the most malarious districts, parading only in the first place for betel-nut and pepper-quid; shall make forced marches of fabulous distance with an "*acullico*" of cocoa-leaf in their mouths; with a similar preparation, or a fraction of a grain of arsenic, shall climb heights like those which the Zouaves scaled on the day of Alma, and arrive at the summit with ample wind for a charge; shall manœuvre to get the weather guage of their enemies, and discharge into their ranks a few rockets charged with cyanides of kakodyle; and, having done this, shall sit down and feast like Britons upon their glory, and, like the Ottomans of Orinoco, upon a roasted ball of potter's earth.

Home Manufactured Guano.—In one corner of your barn cellar, or in any other convenient place where it will not be exposed to the rain, build a bin or mortar bed, and into this collect your wood-ashes the scrapings of your hen house, the fine chip dirt that collects in your wood-yard, frequently shovelling it over, and mixing about the same quantity of well-rotted soil, or muck, if you have it; and you will find this to be a valuable compost for almost any purpose for which guano is used. It will be found almost equal to the best, and far superior to many of the patent manures now in vogue. About half a pint of this to a hill will be enough for most purposes. Two years ago, I tried it in my corn field with good effect. I first ploughed under the manure, and put about half a pint of the compost in the hill without. There was almost double the corn where I planted with the compost in the hill. About eight cords of manure to the acre was plowed under on the whole field. The compost gave it a start that it did not forget the whole season.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Dried Plum Pies.—Soak the plums, and stew them gently; season them with spice; sugar; put a puff paste on the plate; then put a layer of the plums, stewed; roll out a piece of paste thin; cover them; add another layer of plums, and cover for the last time.—You may have as many stories to your pie as you choose.

Type-Setting by Machinery.—John F. Trow, of New York, has at work in his office five type-setting machines—all that have been made. They are the invention of a brother of John Mitchel, the Irish exile, and the inventor gives them his personal superintendence. The New York *Mirror* states that the volume of Bancroft's "Miscellanies" was all put in type by these machines, and they are now at work on Irving's "Life of Washington." The same journal testifies that the type setting is done with remarkable accuracy and great rapidity, and adds:—"In fact, these machines cannot make a mistake if the performer upon them touches the right keys. We shall not undertake to describe this wonderful labor saving invention except briefly and in general terms. It must be seen at work in order to be appreciated and admired. The machine is of a triangular shape, somewhat resembling a grand piano forte, only not as large. It has a key-board corresponding to the letters of the alphabet and the 'punctuation marks,' as the keys of the piano represent the various notes in the scale of music; and the work is done by playing upon the finger-board precisely as tunes are played upon the piano forte. This part of the performance is done by girls, who acquire the art with great facility. The letters are supplied by long gallies, each filled with a single letter, which require constant replenishing; and every touch upon the key sends the desired letter into a long line beneath the machine, from which it is taken by a compositor, broken into lines to suit the width of his page or column, and 'justified.' The 'distribution' of the type is as ingeniously managed as the 'composition.'"

Indian Muffins.—A pint and a half of yellow Indian meal, sifted. A handful of wheat flour. A quarter of a pound of fresh butter. A quart of milk. Four eggs. A very small teaspoonful of salt. Put the milk into a saucepan. Cut the butter into it. Set it over the fire, and warm it until the butter is very soft, but not until it melts. Then take it off, stir it well until it is mixed, and set away to cool. Beat four eggs very light; and when the milk is cold, stir them into it alternately with the meal, a little at a time of each. Add the salt. Beat the whole very hard after it is all mixed. Then butter some muffin rings on the inside. Set them in a hot oven or a heated griddle; pour some of the batter into each; and bake the muffins well Send them hot to the table, continuing to bake while a fresh supply is wanted. Pull them open with your fingers, and eat them with butter, to which you may add molasses or honey.—*Farm Journal.*

A Stare.—"Father, I hate that Mr. Smith," said a beauty, the other day, to her honoured parent.

"Why so, my daughter?"

"Because he always stares at me so when he meets me in the street."

"But, my child, how do yo know that Mr. Smith stares at you?"

"Why, Father, because I have repeatedly seen him do it."

"Well, Sarah, don't you look at the impudent man again when you meet him, and then he may stare his eyes out without annoying you in the least. Remember that it always takes two pairs of eyes to make a stare."