#### MAMMY'S STORY.

(With a Moral.)

Ah, well do I recall how, in the happy olden I sat beside the nursery fire and saw the hickory blaze:

While I heard the wind without, and the splashing of the rain. And the broad magnolias tapping at the drigping window-pane,

When Mammy, rocking slowly, with the baby on her knee. Told many a wondrous story-'jus' ez true ez true could be?

"Well-once dar wuz two leetle boys, name Jeemes and Johany Wood; Jeemes wuz bad ez bad could be-an

Johnny, he wuz good. Deir Ma, she had a bag o' gol' hid in de cubby-An' Jeemes he foun' it out, an' all dat heapo'

money stole!

An'den he run away so fas' he los' a rubber shoe. An' let' his Ma an' br'er so poo', dey dunno

"Well-Johany for his poo" Mamma he wacked de bes' he could. Tel once she sent h m to de swamp to chop some oser wood:

An dar a lot o' 'gators come-er free, er Fo', er An' de bigrest gobbled Johnny up, an' swol-

lered him alive An' dar, ins de de critter's maw, why, what did But de oder Injy-rubber shoe, an' his mudder's

"Well-den he tuck his leetle axe an right ter. "If father will not receive us, baby and I, Tel he chop a mons'ous hole right frough de

'gutor's ugly back! Den out he pop, an' nebber stop tel he reech his mudder s doo' An' poured de shinin' money dur, right on de

Now, honey! min' an' 'memberd's, from de tale you jes been tel'— De bas, dey allus comes to bas—an' de good, dey

-Susan Archer We'ss, in St. Nicholas.

# The Remance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By Manda L. Crocker. COPYRIGHT, 1830.

CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED.

"Father!" cried she, deprecatingly. The a red face, despite its angry expression, had touched a long-silent tender chord of affection in the heart of the woman so sally estranged from naternal love, and with confleting emotions she uttered the endearing

Fura moment Sir Rupert's face lost the hard lines; it was evident a long-silent chord of his heart was also touched, and he



"REGONE" BEGONE" HE SHOUTED turned away, hiding his head behind a

column, lest any should see the conflict waging between love and pride. Miriam made a step forward hoping-she

ateness born of Satan he fell back on the evil in his soul, ever sufficient to the Mirlam paused; was there reconciliation beaming on that paternal face! No. Den't come near me; don't call me that,'

he cried, vehemently; "don't call me 'father' after-after-' His voice failed him, and he clung to the

column nearest him for support, tooking the defiance he could not utter from sheer ex-The little group on the flags were silent

and almost terror-stricken at the fury of "I have gone far enough, it seems," said Miriam, after a long silence, in a choking

voices. Then in an undertone she continued talking; partly to herself and partly to the white-faced group around her: "Father will not forgive me unless I beg for the boon, and that, of course, I shall

never do. I had thought to come back to Heatherleigh if Sir Rupert cared to have me do so, and had fondly dreamt of making his remaining days pleasant, if I could. But to beg admittance to the accursed doors that never had but frowns for me is more than a child of the Percivals will ever do. I shall never grovel in the dust for loverather the hatred."

A wave of proud, cold defiance swept her pale face for a moment and the fine eves kindled with an angry, insulted expression. The child, trightened at the loud tones and angry imprecations and gestures of his irate grandfather, sought his mother's eyes with a troubled look on its dimpled face, only to see a sternness there that chilled his trusting heart with childish terror. Hidingahis perturbed, frightened eyes in the folds of his mother's gown he was ready to cry.

"You swate little darlint," moaned Peggy, kneeling down beside him. "An' ye's don't know at all how mane the warruid kin be whin it tries, me pet; an' its yer havthunish gran fayther that mought be so proud of ye if the divil hadn't such a therible hold of his hard old heart."

The child turned quickly, seeming to understand by intuition that a great wave of went in, shutting the door softly after him: sympathetic love was setting in toward him, and in a trice he had thrown his dimpled arms around the neck of the demonstrative Peggy. Putting his fair, baby cheek up lovingly against that of the housekeeper, he began cooing and caressing her old face in | The very shades of death seemed to gather the appreciative love of his tender little

Pegry's warm soul could stand no more. ound, classing the fatherless innocent to her great heart, she burst into teers.

"Never mind, Peggy." Miri m said in a tender, soothing tone, putting her hand riage until the trees of the winding ave lovingly on the gray hairs of the bowed head. "We all know just how it is, except baby," she continued in a low, confidential tone, in order that Sir Rupert, who still stood looking at them, might not hear. "Yes, yes, we all know, and I trust there is a one burt very much by this show of bos- | carriage side and

while, as by so doing you can not remedy the matter. See! I am calm enough, Peggy; take pattern from my tearless face.' Clarkson raised her tearful face and searched the eyes of her long-lost mistress

What did she see in those clear, dark depths? Beyond the haunting sorrow of her great bereavement there smoldered the old, proud, willful, unrelenting spirit. Yes, it always had been, always would be, in spite of death, sorrow and the grave, shaft for shaft with father and daughter. Sword to sword when a Percival aroused the evil in one of their own blood had been a saying, and Peggy remembered it plainly now. The vengeful fire in the eyes of Miriam confirmed the truth of the adage, and promised balefully that the breach existing could never be healed. Truly the woman was not much changed from the proud, rebellious child in its nurse's arms.

Miriam read the innermost thoughts of poor, simple-hearted Peggy in that momentary upward gaze.

bent kindly on her.

"You are startled, taken aback, Clarkson, by my heartless coolness after my long absence; but think a moment, Peggy; what have I lost here, beside my sainted mother! I have not misused any paternal confidence nor crushed any fatherly affection, having never been the recipient of that much-tobe-desired blessing. Surely I have lost nothing and am none the less miserable for my independence to-day.
"I have forfeited my right to Heatherleigh,

it is tre, but with me that is a minor mat-

because of the name we bear, why, all reconciliation is at an end at once, as I shall not beg forgiveness for imaginary sins and to please Sir Rupert's love of authority. Never!"

The shapely hand covered with its black glove clenched itself in defiance, and the hot blood of vexation and inherent dislike surged up to the smooth white brow and burned in roses on either cheek. A silence as of the grave fell over them as she ceased speaking, for the housekeeper could find no words for reply in the face of such an

impassioned outburst, because of its truth. The irate father still stood silently regarding his children while leaning on the column for aid. Not a muscle of his face moved, but he was thinking, nevertheless. A sweet, pleading face of one long since | well, may bedead seemed to come before him and petition in its old, tender way for reconciliation and atoning love. And a strange mist daughter out there, by her presence, drew his soul toward her in spite of all he could forth. do. Oh! God, that this chasm of bitterness existed between them. If she, his daughto him again, and reach out her arms in that yearning way why, he could not re-

winged over Heatherleigh. But Miriam did not call.

"I must be going now," she said. "I had promised myself a somewhat different greeting from Heatherleigh's shadowy doors. why, I hardly know, but never mind, that is all over now. I fear, however, this day's terly ending this delightful illusion. doings will sit much harder on father bye, Ancil, James, and all; an affectionate good-bye."

She finished in a softened, subdued tone as she gave her hand to each in parting. "She is a Percival to the very center of her proud soul," murmtured John to his fellows, almost gladly. Somehow he felt happy to find that Sir Rupert could be withstood and ignered in his commands of submission, and that, too, by one of his own

Miriam took her little son in her arms, and called across the intervening space in lous change in the master as soon as posa clear, unhesitating tone: "Good-bye, father-a long good-bye!"

Little Arthur, following his mother's example, stretched out his little arms toward the frail, tottering form in the doorway. and piped in clear, bird-like tones: " Doodbye to 'oo, dood-bye; ion' dood-bye!'

When his children's voices floated melo diously to him in these sweet yet sad, sad words Sir Rupert made no reply. But what his thoughts were who could say!

Silent and worldless he stood, gazing after the retreating forms of his hapless could harrily have told for what. Her foot-children; his beautiful, bereaved daughter fall aroused Sir Rupert, and with a desper- and the innocent little grandchild, with its long, bright curls flying in the sweet spring wind. Would be ever see them again! He emergency, and faced the group once more. did not know. Oh! yes, he felt that he did know; he was certain that he never would And-

> Peggy broke in on his sorrowful reverie by throwing herself at his feet and wailing: Oh! masthur, masthur, call her back. Oh! masthur, do, Oi beg!"

> She had rushed forward and knelt at his side on the steps, forgetful of the angry demonstrations she had just witnessed. She was only thinking that she must lose forever, perhaps, her beloved Miriam. And, in her despair, she feared nothing of word or deed from Sir Rupert.

But instead of replying with a torrent of invectives showered on her devoted head, as all the dumbfounded servants expected.



"GOOD-BYE, PATHER -A LONG GOOD-BYE."

Sir Rupert turned away from the kneeling housekeeper with a gesture of weariness, vouchsafing not a word in response to her appeal. A moment of hesitancy, and he then, slowly and painfully, he went sadly up to his rooms and their solitude. There was a strange mistiness about the stairways and a deeper shadow in the corridors as he passed to his apartments around him as he turned the door-handle and went in.

CHAPTER XIV.

The heart-sick and mystified servants stood speechlessly looking after the car-

nue shut it from their tearful vision A bird, high up in the budding branches broke forth into rapturous song as the carriage passed slowly in the flickering light and woven shadows beneath.

Miriam put a very white face out of the

were in your place. It is not worth the once handsome drive; dead twigs were and stretched it out to the butler in en- Tribune.

scattered about, heaps of brown leaves en- treaty, while an ashen paleness crept over sconced themselves at the foot of the row of stately elms, while the fugitives drifted ed its smiling face along the unused way, and the bird still sang on.

"Ah! well, sing on, little harbinger of bright hours and fair weather," murmured | this strangely-altered man. Miriam, with white lips and brimming eyes. The brave, daring spirit of a few minutes previous had been supplanted now by the

womanly impulses of her heart. "Good-bye, good-bye!" came in sad accents as she passed under the arch of the outer gate, spanned by two bronze lions, stretching their magnificent lengths across

"Drive to Oak Lawn," she said to the solemn-looking lad in front, who had felt a great lump in his throat through it all, and was ready to mingle his tears with those of "the sorrowful lady inside" at the word. Then she leaned back against the cushions and covered her tear-stained face with the crape of the heavy vall she wore.

A sadder company never gathered in the servants' quarters beneath the frowning gables of Heatherleigh than assembled Fairfax was not in the Hall, and he half there that evening after Miriam's coming and sorrowful going.

The old housekeeper was angry with herself, and called on venerable St. Peter to witness if she would "iver knale to the loikes of him again:" no! "not to save her sowl from purgatory wud she ask a thing." Ancil smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, grave and thoughtful, while the rest divided up their opinions in blessings and curses, according to their individual views.

That evening when James stole softly up to the master's apartments with a tray of tempting delicacies which Maria, the cook, had prepared for Sir Rupert's late dinner, the while she wished she might put "a wee bit of suthin' in it," he found his master so changed; silent and taciturn as of late, to be sure, but with such a gentleness of tone and manner as he had never witnessed in a Percival during all his faithful years at the Hall. The bewildered butler rubbed his astonished eyes to see if he were really awake. He had read in old legends of crusty, miserable individuals being spirited away after some crowning act of deviltry by goblins, and milder persons sent to breathe peace in their stead, and may be-

But no; it was really Sir Rupert, but transformed during the last few hours in him, was reality. the solitude of his lonely rooms into a obscured his vision; somehow the womanly passive, mild-mannered gentleman, whom to serve would be his soul's delight hence-

"James, you may replenish the coals and ter Miriam, would only call across the years you please; it seems rather cool in here door, as it had hung for four long solitary notwithstanding it is spring-time."

What a long, friendly speech, and to a pulse her again; the spirit would be servant at that! And he had said "pleasecrushed, and peace would brood white- if you plane." Such a surprise from such a source almost turned the brain of the dumbfounded butler. He never obeyed orders more readily in his life, and he stmost held his breath for fear the spell might be broken and the austere old master might be dropped again before the fire, thus bit-

The coals glowed anew in the grate, the than it will on me. Good-bye, Peggy; good- easy chair glided noiselessly to the most cheerful corner, where the light shot little ruddy gleams through the shadows, and hampy-hearted James felt as if some good fairy had condescended to wave her magic wand over his lucky crown for all time. "Now bring the lights, James," and the

much-changed master of Heatherleigh shut his eyes and leaned back with a sigh. When Sir Rupert dismissed the mystified butler kindly for the evening, awed and bewildered beyond expression, he rushed in among his fellows and reported the miracu-

Amid the confused ejaculations of astonishment which followed the butler's astounding tidings Peggy burst out: "Blissid Vergin! an' Oi was shure the masthur had a heart if he only cud foind it; he's afthur repintin' of his thratement of the puir childers." And in her excited grief she rocked back and forth in her favorite wicker chair, mouning in her grief that it might be "too late to repint."

One by one they were won over to the belief that may be the ancestral curse had been thwarted, and that soon they might have their young mistress and the little one with them again, until it came to old Ancil, who was keeping company with his inevitable old pipe in the corner of the wide chimney. He stoutly refuted all ideas of repentance and reconciliation on the part of Sir Rupert, remembering, as he did, how that Lady Percival had knelt at the master's feet once in the long ago, something as Peggy had done that day in behalf of Miriam, and plead in vain for a restoration

"No, he never wud be silly enuff to belave ony such stuff. The divil a bit will he repint, an' ye are a foolish lot, be jabers, to waste your pity on 'im." he said, refilling his pipe with an impatient gesture. "Oi wudna wonder, though, an' 'twould kill 'im." he added, meditatively, as he held the pipe between thumb and finger, and gazed into the sickly flame on the hearth. Then, as if he had settled the master's fate and passed judgment on the future, he lifted his gray head commandingly, and swept his wrinkled hand across an imaginary are above it, saying, vengefully: "Let it kill 'im! let it be the death ov 'im, an Oi've not a wurrud to say. That's just it; let'im be afthur gittin' his desarts. Pay him, Oi say, in his own chink: in his very own, an' it'll be gude

enuff fur 'im." But hark! what was that which came through the open hallway! In a moment Ancil had subsided in his harangue, and all had risen to their feet and stood listening. There it came again: it was the clear, quick tones of the master's bell summoning them! What had happened! Every face told plainly that the sound of the master's bell, "after hours," had struck terror to their hearts.

James ran up-stairs with all speed possible, and went alone, as not one of them dared to follow him, although the little silvery peals of the bell continued to float down corridor and hall in quick, ener-

"Howly Moses! an' what's up now! Whin will the ind be rached and the climax of this therible day be forninst us!" And Ancil Clarkson walked back and forth excitedly in the midst of those who might not make him answer. James opened the door of his master's

spartments with a feeling as if something awful had happened, or would soon happen the Hall. In a moment more he stood mutely before Sir Rupert, who, with one trembling hand still resting on the bell-pull, stood staring wildly into space. "I wish you would call Miriam," begged

the master, in a helpless, stricken tone. "She has just this moment left me to arrange for a journey, and I-I can not have her go. I am old, James, and she must have pity-must stay with me. You will find her in her rooms, I think; see her at once, and tell her she must, for sweet pity's sake, give up this journey-voyage, rather."

his aged face. "Don't lose a moment of time. James

about over the greening sward. Here and and if she will go, why, ask her to leave there, however, an early spring flower lift- the child with me. It will be such a sunshine in the Hall, the bright little-"

"Boy," put in James, by way of enlightenment, no longer fearing reprimand from "Boy! Ah! a dear little son." went on

Sir Rupert. "A son! Then the evil genius can at last be thwarted. A son! Go, bring the little one - Miriam's little son-and beg of her also not to make the voyage unlessshe must. I would have prevailed on her," he continued, in a lower tone, and sinking into his chair, "but somehow she wouldn't listen to me, James. She could not be made to hearken.

He ceased speaking and folded his arms in a tired way. "Well, James, will you fail me too!" he

added, piteously. "No, master, I shall not fail." answered the butler, promising something, he knew not what. Then he stepped outside to think.

What should he do!" He was certain that Miriam Percival



STOOD STARING WILBLY INTO SPACE.

believed Sir Rupert's mind was turned, or that he had had a vivid dream, which, to

Nevertheless he went to Miriam's rooms; groping around the shadowy, silent corridor, and thinking faster than he had done for many a day.

The key to her appartments was hanging wheel my chair a little nearer the grate, if in its ring in the wall at the right of the years, except at the times when Sir Rupert, seized with sudden fits of compunction, would pay a visit to thera.

Turning the key in the lock, James opened the door cautiously and looked in. Not a sound or even a sight of any living object met his eager, questioning eyes. It was plain Miriam was not there, nor had not been, and that Sir Rupert was suffering from a temporary hallucination the butler felt certain.

Reluctantly he retraced his steps, and opening his master's door quietly he went in. Sir Rupert was sitting much as he left him, only his hands had fallen to his side and that he seemed asleep. He roused up, how ever, as James entered, and a wan smile hovered around his trembling lips as he asked: "Did she relinquish her resolve concerning the trip, and will she be kind to me and remain at the Hall?" "No." answered James, talking at ran-

dom, "she is going." "And will have no pity on her lonely fa ther! Ah! ingratitude; ingratitude! She will leave me the little sen, then, if she

"No," answered the butier, again at his wits end, but blundering en, "she will take the baby with her; 'needs him herself.' she sars.' "Then I am undone; in the home of my

ancestors I must die alone, and broken-

hearted. But could you not prevail on her?" he continued, brightening visibly. "Speak of her dead mother." "But, master," said James, much affected by this unusual softness, and knowing the

utter hopelessness of the case, "but, mas ter, Miriam is gone; I saw her go." TO BE CONTINUED.

# INFANT MARRIAGES.

Although Discouraged by the English, They Still Prevail All Over India According to Hindoo custom girls should be married before they are twelve. The

marriage takes place often when the girls are hardly able to walk, and they go back to their own homes and are brought up by their mothers until they get old enough to be of some service about the house, when they are taken to their parents-in-law and there educated in household duties. I can not describe the horrors of their condition should their husbands happen to die, and I am told that many of them would be glad to have the old custom re-established, by which they might burn themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. It is a wonder to me that there is not more infanticide on the part of the mothers than there is, and I can easily see how the old story of the notices posted up about the wells of India might be true. This story was that throughout certain parts of India over these wells were written the words: "All people are warned against drowning any bables in this well. Those who do so will be prosecuted."

These infant marriages are now discouraged by one class of the Hindoos, but they prevail all over India, and while I write thousands of them are being celebrated. The age of the groom seems to make no difference in the age of the bride, and an old Hindoo may marry a baby. The law against a second marriage does not extend to the man. He may marry as many times as he pleases, and my guide here at Delhi tells me he is now living with his third wife. Men of seventy marry girls of ten, and the girls have no say in the matter. The parents invariably make all the arrangements for the marriages, and there is no courtship. Women throughout India have no rights which a man is bound to respect, and the widow is the most oppressed of this land of oppressed women. It is the English policy not to interfere with the religion or the customs of the people, except in the prevention of horrid customs, such as infanticide or the burning alive of widows, and their only means of improving the women of the country is by offering them education. Very few of the Hindoo women are educated, though schools are open to them all over the country, and I found at Agra a medical college which contained sixty-eight female students. Pundita Ramabai, the Hindoo widow who went over the United States last year forming societies for the support of a college for Hindoo widows, hopes to start a movement in their favor. She has just come to India with, if I am correctly informed, about \$60,000. She proposes to educate as many child-James stood petrified to the spot for some widows as she can; to show them that their minutes. Had the master gone daft, or had religion is wrong, and to give them an op-

#### A LURKING DANGER. How to Prevent Many Dysenteries and

Every disease for which the physicians can not satisfactorily account in certain localities is explained by the magical word malaria, and the patient suffers and is weak till the development of fuller symptoms affords opportunity for further diagnosis and a new nomenclature. There seem to be, however, few diseases which the state of the system, under the influence of malaria, can not counterfeit, and it is a relief to many a sufferer to know, after having been tormented by apprehension of something terrible, that it is not heart failure, or brain trouble, or cancerous stomach, or indurated liver, but only a little malaria that occasions the suffering, quite unaware that a little malaria is capable of being as baleful as any one of all the others, infiltrating its slow poison, and preparing the way for its victims to fall easy prey to a thousand ills, all of which might have been resisted but for the vitiation of the natural forces by this

subtle power of evil. Not only in the positive and visible agencies of fever and chills are the effects of malaria apparent, but wherever it is present sallow faces, impoverished muscles, undersized stature, poor teeth, and thin hair, languor and absence of ambition and energy, are noticeable; and if ever any great undertakings are compassed in malarious regions, it is by means of people coming in from the outside and doing the work before succumbing to the benumbing influence, or else by individuals who are what gardeners call 'sports" upon the prevailing variety. What there is in a water-soaked weed, drying under a hot sun, to evolve such terrible injury to humanity is for science yet to find out. But that there is deadly power in all vegetation that has been saturated and then exposed to great heat is certain; and it is also certain that sometimes the pestiferous effluence is felt the most by people on low levels, at other times, under different conditions, by those dwelling on hills at a distance of some miles from the malarial source, and that sometimes a grove of trees or a town acts as a filter or a screen, and prevents the poison from penetrating further.

While what has been long known as malaria, meaning merely fever and ague, is confined chiefly to the low latitudes and to fixed localities of alluvial deposit elsewhere, yet there is a notable development of malaria in all places where vegetable growth undergoes exposure and decay, thus produc- beating all the while, one pound of ing not only the common illnesses proceeding from malarious miasms, but pound of butter to a cream, add it to fatal fevers of many sorts. It becomes the yelks and sugar, beat well, and every one, therefore, even in our own then stir in carefully the well-beaten comparatively safe regions, to take whites of four eggs. Pour this into a two or three measures of precaution double boiler, and stir continually over that have been discovered to be of use.

Omitting, of course, purely medical precautions, which are in the hands of wherever there are swamps or marsh lands within three or four miles of dwellings, that being the limit to which the malarial poison can be carried by the wind, and the planting of a thick growth of trees to intervene possible or the danger not to be removed. Another is never to sleep on the lower floor of rooms where there is any suspicion of the existence of malaria. Another is to use great caution against the night air when not in motion, the poison being most active after dark, when the sun has withdrawn from us and from the world about us his disease-repelling forces, a caution while they may not in themselves be recovery. - Harper's Bazar.

# Wonders in a Ton of Coal.

most people are aware of. Besides pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia every other day. water, and 14) pounds of coal tar. Destructive distillation of the coal tar naphthaline, 4.75 pounds of naphthole, 2.25 pounds of alizaran, 2.4 pounds solvent naphtha, 1.5 pounds of per cent to cook roots, the profit dephenol, 1.2 pounds of aurline, 1.1 pending on the kinds of stock I am pounds of aniline, 0.77 pound of toludine, 0.46 pound of anthracine and | toes I value more highly than I do one 0.9 pound of tolune. From the last | bushel of raw corn for young pigs or named substance is obtained the lately discovered product saccharine, which is said to be 223 sweeter than sugar. during the last four years, if I have not -St. Louis Republic.

# He Was Qualified.

she refused him for the third time, "I night and morning as regularly as it will go into the business of photog- can be done. One of my neighbors put raphy."

"But," said she, "you haven't the

-Washington Capital. -The way it is done. First citizen ... What have they arrested the Chinaman for?" Second citizen-"O. some boys smashed his windows and he shook his fist at them." F. C.—"And the fire, and put the feed into the bar-they arrested him?" S. C.—"Cer. rel or tank. I usually do it after feedtainly. These moon-eyed Mongolians ing in the evening, and it is all ready

#### FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-Hanging baskets should be filled but not taken indoors until well established.

-Yellow corn gives the best color. quality and weight to poultry prepared for the table.

-Cows require care to prevent them from falling off in in the quality or quantity of their milk. Bran, ground oats, flaxseed meal and cotton-seed meal are among the kinds of food that increase the quality of milk.-American Agriculturist.

-- Grape vines may be pruned any time after the leaves fall and before the sap runs in the spring. Grape cuttings should be made late in the fall. and be wintered over, buried in dry soil out doors, and should be planted out in the spring after the land is well settled. -Farm and Fireside.

-Pumpkin Pie: One cupful of cooked pumpkin, three-quarters cupful sugar, one egg, half a teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of salt, a little grated nutmeg if desired. one cupful of milk. This quantity will make two pies of usual size or one large one which may be baked in a mountain

-It is better, says an exchange, to sow wheat late with the soil in proper condition-i. e., compacted and moist near the surface-than to get a large and unnatural growth in dry, hot weather. It should always be remembered that wheat needs a moist, cool climate, and seeding should be delayed until this can be obtained.

-Canned Squash: Boil the squash and strain through a colander. If very dry add a little water. Fill glass jars with it, screw covers lightly on and set into a boiler of cold water with straw or a perforated board in the bottom of the boiler. Bring the water to boiling and cook an hour or more in all. Then take out the cans, and if the contents have shrunk fill up with hot water and seal at once. -N. Y. World.

-A simple method of curing the gapes in chicks, and one that is successful in the hands of some persons, is to pinch the windpipe. With the left hand hold the head of the bird up and the neck straight, and with the thumb and finger of the right hand pinch the windpipe smartly, slightly rolling it. Begin as low down as possible and follow it upward to the mouth. Be careful to release it frequently to give the bird a chance to cough up the crushed parasites. -Rural

New Yorker. -Lemon Honey: Beat the velks of six eggs until light, add gradually, powdered sugar. Beat a quarter of a the fire until the mixture is about the consistency of very thick cream; take from the fire, and add the grated rind physicians to prescribe, the first of of one and the juice of two lemons, mix, these is a thorough system of drainage and turn into a stoneware or china bowl to cool. -Boston Budget.

### WORK THAT PAYS. Cooking Feed for Cows and Young Hogs

During The Cold Season It pays to cook food. I do so for between houses and the danger, to act | hogs, calves, and milch cows. I cook as a shield and screen and absorbent corn, oats, rye, barley, corn fodder, in places where the drainage is not potatoes, and, in fact, all kinds of grain and roots. I find I can put on as much flesh with one bushel-32 quarts-of cooked corn as I can with 50 quarts of raw corn. I also tested cooking for a single cow, and having cocked four pounds of corn and oats ground together per day, got an increase of 16 per cent. in the milk, and of 19 per cent. in the cream or butter. The cow was fed and watered the same as usual which forbids in mild autumn even- in every way except that the grain was ings much sitting about the lawns or cooked. I also tested it on my driving lingering around the door-steps, and horse, and found that he could do the which advises a little wood fire upon the same work on eight pounds of cooked hearth. Many dysenteries and slow corn and oats that he did on 12 pounds fevers might thus be prevented, which, of raw, and he looked and felt better. I fed him the same number of pounds directly fatal, lead the way, through of hay in each ease. For cooking I use weakness and a lowering of the tone of a small feed steamer when I have to the system, to diseases which know no feed five hogs and upwards; and for a smaller number I cook sometimes on the stove, and sometimes with the steamer. I cook every day in summer There is more in a ton of coal than and well as in winter, if I am feeding not less than one bushel per day, and gases a ton of coal will yield 1,500 if I am feeding less than that I cook

. I can not make it pay me to cook for one single cow or hog. In such a case gives 69.9 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds I would cook on the kitchen stove: but creosote, 14 pounds of heavy oils, 9.5 I would run the steamer at a profit in pounds of naptha yellow, 6.3 pounds | cooking feed for five cows, or five hogs or four horses.

I claim that it pays me from 20 to 40

feeding. One bushel of steamed potacalves. I used not to have time to cook; but according to my experience the time, it would pay me to hire some one to do it for me for a lot of 20 or 25 hogs. I want my stock fed just at the "I think," said the young man, as same times each day. I usually feed 52 pounds of flesh and fat on a 250pounds hog in 30 days on cooked corn. and 30 pounds on one fed on raw corn. "I don't know about that. I have In all my experience I have not known developed several negatives recently." a single farmer who makes a success of his business who does not own that it pays him to cook grain for his hogs if he has once tried it. In cooking with my steamer all that is needed is to put in four or five pails of water and build one hart very much by this show of bostory of the scene.

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Pike, in Rural New Yorker.