

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.
"I think we'll go up to the park to-
morrow," said Mr. Bowser the other
Saturday evening as he finished his
cigar.
"But won't it be dreadfully crowded?"
I queried.
"Where you go! You are always
ready to oppose anything I suggest."

summer, and he's always had a differ-
ent woman with him! He's up to
snuff and don't you forget it."
Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of
them plied on to him and I screamed
and brought assistance. They split
his coat up the back, tore his collar
off and tore three buttons off
his vest, and as they went away
they threatened to come and finish him
off.
"Mr. Bowser," I said after the
crowd had started, "hadn't we better
go home?"
"No, ma'am, we hadn't! I came up
here to enjoy myself and I'm bound to
do so."

THE WONDER OF CAJAH POND.

It is Full of Floating Islands from
Which Fishermen Troll for
Pickereel.
A dispatch in a New York paper
from a place in Minnesota announcing
as a remarkable fact the discovery of a
floating island in a small lake in that
state inclines the residents of this
neighborhood, says a Honesdale (Pa.)
letter to the New York Sun, to the be-
lief that if one floating island in a
state so famous for natural curiosities
as Minnesota is considered as a wonder
they have been living all their
lives with a still greater wonder close
by without attaching any great impor-
tance to it. They have a lake a mile
from Honesdale which is filled with
floating islands. This lake is known
locally as Cajah pond. It is 200 feet
above the village. It is dotted with
a dozen or more islands. These are
covered with trees, some of them
twenty feet high, and a dense growth
of thick-foliated bushes.
The island bottoms are marshy, but
the soil is stiff enough to sustain easily
the weight of the fishermen who troll
for pickereel from the islands in the
summer fishing season. In the summer
these little islands are pleasing
variations in the beauty of the
scene the lake presents to the specta-
tor as he gazes upon it from the hills
that encircle it. If the wind happens
to be strong and variable, as it gener-
ally is on the lake, the visitor who
looks upon the lake for the first time
can hardly help being startled to see
these islands moving about from one
point of the compass to another as the
wind shifts. On one day these islands
may be seen huddled together in one
spot, and on another day perhaps they
will be seen scattered widely apart. An
island from which the fisherman casts
his line at one end of the lake to-day
will in all probability invite him to it
from the other extremity to-morrow.
The largest of these islands was
some years ago partial to the lower
end of the lake, and hugged the shore
there with only slight changes in posi-
tion day in and day out. During a
stiff wind one day this island tacked
first to one side and then to the other
side of the lake, moving slowly the
while to the upper end until it was
floated against the shore at that end.
It remained there for two years through
some of the hardest winds that blew
off that shore. One day while three
pickereel fishermen were fishing from
the island's outer edge it suddenly was
seized with a whim, induced or prompt-
ed only by a gentle wind, and before
the fishermen knew it they found
themselves fifty feet from shore. The
island floated slowly across the lake
until it had almost reached the shore,
when a counter-breeze struck it and
sent it down the lake. It finally landed
near the spot where it started from a
year ago, and it has remained in that
vicinity ever since, simply taking a
short trip now and then to and fro
across the lake, but always returning
to or near its mooring.
Although these fair islands are con-
stantly shifting their places in the
lake they annually add perceptibly to
their area. There are six or eight of
them and the scientific theory is that
in time the roots of the trees that
cover them will extend down into the
water so far that they will anchor the
island in the lake, and that by the slow
but certain processes of nature they
will be increased in size until the sur-
face of the lake will become solid
land.

DOCTORED WATERMELON.

An Infusion of Wine and Brandy
Makes the Fruit Taste Good.
Now that the watermelon season is on
in its full glory, and the story that a strike
had stopped the importation has turned
out untrue, a word may be in season
as to how to prepare a melon for
eating. There are many ways of eat-
ing the splendid fruit, and the recipes
generally given are long and intricate.
There is one method so easy that any
one may follow it.—Get a good melon,
and if you can't tell yourself by that
intuition which is the best guide in
such matters, then trust to your green
goods grocer's judgement. Have the
melon put on ice over night, and in the
morning see that the surface is wiped
dry. Then cut a slit with a long knife
straight from one side into the very
heart of the melon. Let the slit be an
inch and a half wide. Cut three other
slits so that you can lift out the plug
thus made. Pour into the hole some
good claret. Let it spread through the
red spongy fruit, and pour some more
wine in until you have succeeded in
getting in at least a pint of the grape
juice. Then plug up the melon and
put it back into the refrigerator. After
an hour or so you can put in the
rest of a quart of claret.
The melon will drink up the wine
and every part of the sponge will be-
come saturated if from hour to hour
the position of the big egg-shaped fruit
be changed from side to side and from
end to end. The wine should be put
in from six to eight hours before din-
ner time. An hour and a half before
dinner take out the plug and taste the
fruit. You will find it surprisingly
delicious and yet perhaps the flavor
will be not quite so pronounced as you
would like it. In this event pour in
from half a pint to a whole pint of
brandy. See that the melon is closely
wrapped up and have it turned at least
twice and kept on ice for the next
hour. It will then be ready for serv-
ing.
Sometimes it is pleasant to surprise
guests with a plugged melon. Say
nothing about wine having been put in
the fruit, and when it is brought on
the table take care that if in the cutting
any extra juice comes from the fruit that
some of it shall go with each piece of
melon. There is an odd little Italian
restaurant in a place in this city where
one night not long ago a plugged
watermelon was served. No one ex-
cept one of the diners knew about it.
When it was brought on and the party
began tasting what appeared to be an
ordinary watermelon, there was in-
stantly noticed a change in the de-
monior of every one. They sniffed in
the air and looked at each other, and
then sniffed again. There was no sus-
picion then that the watermelon was
of a more than ordinary kind. But
after two or three mouthfuls some one
remarked the peculiarly rich taste and
the exquisite aroma, and then he
secret was out. There weren't many
people in the party, and the melon was
a fairly big one, but it was all eaten,
every bit of it.
Notwithstanding the splendid offer-
ing to the palate that plugged water-
melon makes, it is remarkable that not
many people have eaten it, and that
you can't get it readily at the hotels
and restaurants. Once in a while some
chef puts forth watermelon fritters or
freezes the fruit, but even if these
forms were not costly and difficult to
obtain they would soon tire the appe-
tite. With watermelon soaked in wine
it is different. If you like the fruit in
its plain state you will probably like it
better with claret and brandy, and if
you like to eat lots of it plain you will
want still more of it "plugged."
A good wine to use instead of claret
is the Italian sherry-colored wine,
called Marsala. Perhaps with a dinner
where much claret has been drunk
the Marsala would go better as afford-
ing a contrast in taste. If you get
genuine Marsala you will have some-
thing good, and you can reflect that
the wine comes from that celebrated
spot in Sicily which, now known as
Marsala, was originally Lilyboem, the
place where the Carthaginians had
their chief fortress in Trinacria.—New
York Sun.

leg done up in a frowny way with
coarse bandages.
"Well, I wouldn't a-thought it of
Sarah Jane," and he smote his other
leg with a fat hand, bristling with
hairs. I must say it's handsome in her
—all the same I'm glad I ain't under
it. "Tain't often a man reads his own
epitaph," and he turned to the other
who had brought it in, with a rough
grin, an appreciation of the scene com-
ing over him.
"You—you meant to leave her—you
ain't dead?" stammered the other.
"I ain't half dead, 'n I mean't to
leave her till I heard she was gettin' a
pension on her merits, 'n I couldn't
stand that. She a-rolling in luxury
and me a hard workin' man. I've
come back to roll, too, or else spoil
her fun."
The advancer of tombstones arose
and prepared to withdraw with his
strong proof.
"Of all the mean men"—and then he
paused, unable to think of any parallel,
and a thought occurred to him.
"You'll be wantin' this some time;
hadn't you better be taking it against
the need?"
But the damaged man waved it away
—"The date would be wrong."—
Washington Letter.

Protection Against Flies.
The plague of flies touches a very
tender spot—the pocketbook—for it
causes animals to lose flesh, or at least
to make less gain than they would
otherwise. By affording protection to
the animals, we save money as truly as
we do by giving them comfortable
shelter. The best protection for hogs
is the wallow. Though cattle have
tough hides, flies occasion them much
discomfort, and it is humane and
profitable to make a smudge. In some
situations this is actually necessary at
certain seasons. The animals soon
learn to take advantage of the smoke.
Horses suffer greatly from flies, on ac-
count of a tenderer skin and sensitive
nervous organization. When we have
them at work, their struggles against
their tormentors are annoying to us.
It is unpleasant to use animals kicking,
biting, and stamping at flies. For farm
teams the cheapest protection is leather
nets. With reasonable care these
will last for years. They should be
cleaned and oiled at least once a month
while they are in use, or the sweat of
the animal will rapidly rot them. They
increase the warmth of the animal as
little as any efficient protection. Cotton
nets are a good protection to the car-
riage horse, but are not strong enough
for farm work. Those who cannot buy
leather nets should get the coarsest
gunny sacking. This, being very open
does not much heat the animal. The
cover should reach over the neck with
pockets to cover the ears. These covers
should be washed once a month
while in use, and when they are put
away at the end of fly time. Gnats in-
fest the inside of horses' ears. Pure
lard is a good protection, applied once
a day. The deposit by the bot fly of
its eggs under the jaw makes many
horses unmanageable. A cloth can be
tied to the bridle in such a way as to
protect the jaw. The legs of horses
require protection more than their
bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the
skin in these parts is thinner, and the
blood vessels are nearer the surface.
It is strange that we do not oftener see
the legs of the animals protected, as
the flies are not much disturbed by
stamping. Leggings from old overhalls
or made from gunny sacks, are good
material, and the man ashamed to
drive a team so protected about his
farm has more false pride than good
sense. Leggings made like the leather
nets for the body ear, in the end, the
cheapest and can be made by any har-
ness maker.—American Agriculturist.

Not the Kind He Wanted.

"Had a narrow escape with that
horse of mine this morning."
"Is that so?"
"Y'es; he started full speed down the
carriage road with the whole family in
the surrey, lines dragging and no one
to hold him. Luckily the gate was
fast. He ran up against it and stop-
ped."
"Wall, I should sell him."
"Oh, I don't know. Any horse
might do that."
"Maybe, but I wouldn't have a horse
that stopped just as he struck a fast
gait."—Detroit Journal.

Cinders in the Eyes.

Few persons have traveled much on
railways without having their eyes
hurt by cinders, and there is hardly a
train run when the cars are not all
closed without some passenger being
thus affected, often very painfully. So
a capital plan is that adopted on the
Old Colony railroad (Massachusetts).
The conductors are all to be instructed
by an expert oculist in the art of re-
moving cinders from the eyes of pas-
sengers. The best method in all such
cases, if the flow of tears does not soon
wash out the foreign substance, as it
usually will unless it be a sharp cinder,
is to turn back the eyelid, have the
eyeball rolled, by looking downward or
otherwise, to bring the cinder or dust
to view, and remove it with the corner
of a clean linen handkerchief. If it
clings too tightly for this it can be
loosened and removed with the moist-
ened end of a wooden toothpick. The
irritation caused is much mollified if
not entirely relieved by holding the
closed eyes in cold water for a few
minutes. If it continues severe drop
into the eye a solution of sugar of lead
or of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc),
say what will lie on a silver half-dime,
in half a tumbler of pure water, pre-
ferably using very clean rain water.

Reason Dothroned.

Judge—"Did you ever notice any
signs of insanity in the deceased?"
Witness (a Member of the Legisla-
ture)—"Well, once, when he was a
Member of the Legislature, he intro-
duced a bill that wasn't a particle of
interest to anybody—except taxpayers."—
New York Weekly.

Correct English.

Teacher—"What gender is girl?"
Bright Boy—"Sometimes feminine
and sometimes neuter."
"Humph! When is a girl neuter
gender?"
"Whenever she's playin' tag and is 'it.'"—
New York Weekly.

Not the Rising Kind.

Romantic Daughter—"Mother, you
must admit Mr. Ducletole is a rising
young man."
Old Lady—"Humph! I saw him sit-
ting in a crowded street car the other
day, when a poor old woman entered,
and he didn't rise any, that I noticed."—
New York Weekly.

Curious Cause of Death.

A fortnight ago Aaron Smith left
this city for Swanton, O., to superin-
tend his father's estate. Shortly after
arriving he became ill, and died a few
days later. A post mortem examina-
tion was held. The result of the in-
vestigation was singular. A large artery
had grown between the heart and
lungs, and the lungs were as hard as
stone, caused, it was supposed by the
physicians, from inhaling iron dust at
the safe works where he was employed.
In the heart was an opening of about
half an inch, caused by his severe
efforts made to breathe.—Philadelphia
Inquirer.

He Returned the Compliment.

"One of the funniest incidents that
happened under my observation during
the late war," said Colonel Mosby,
"occurred in a cavalry fight in the
Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In
the midst of a sharp cavalry engage-
ment with Sheridan's men, in a charge
near Berryville, there came crashing
like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee
soldier on a big black horse. A score
of men tried to stop horse and rider,
but the old black's blood was up and he
went on clean through the lines before
he was under control. The rider was
sent to Libby Prison and we mustered
the black charger into the Confederate
service. A few days later we charged
some of Custer's men, and I'll be—if
that old horse didn't return the compli-
ment by carrying a 'reb' into the Fed-
eral lines and never came back."—
Washington Post.

Cologne Cathedral Struck by Lightning.

The big stone cross on the south
tower of the Cologne cathedral was
struck and smashed by lightning re-
cently. Great pieces of it fell to the
pavement with such velocity that they
were crushed to powder. Two men
lost their lives in placing the cross ori-
ginally. The perilous job of repair-
ing the damage just done will be un-
dertaken within a few weeks.

Following Instructions.

"Remember, Bridget," said Miss
Clara, "that I am out to everybody
but Mr. Sampson." A little later
Bridget answered a ring at the door.
"Who was it Bridget?" asked Miss
Clara. "Young Misher Beaneecamp,
mum." "And did you say that I was
out?" "Y'es; I sed yez were out to
everybody but Mr. Sampson."—New
York Weekly.