

TO A WAR-WORN BUGLE.

Bugle Horn! Bugle Horn! sing me a song, Sing of the troopers valiant and strong...

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS. CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED. I gave him his reward with a heavy heart...

CHAPTER VI. I was sitting one evening before the fire, neither sleeping nor waking...

He stood looking at me in an attitude of unconcerned grace, hearing but not understanding Jake's words...

Apparently half asleep in my chair, I watched him closely, but found nothing to gratify my curiosity...

"Seth Treloar is dead," he repeated slowly, "and where is Seth Treloar's sister?"

prosperity; ay, and become rich if he brought me"—his voice died in a low mutter...

"How can I tell?" I answered haughtily, for the coolness of this rich peasant angered me.

"I struggled and fought against such folly, but my peace was gone, and I took no pleasure in my flocks and herds..."

"Where is that money now?" said the Styrian sharply. "I don't know," I said.

"You shall see her," I said, "but not yet. She is away at a considerable distance from this place..."

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I see well enough that he is not a man to be trifled with; now he is here. I may keep him quiet for a day or two...

After—but the morrow should take care of itself. It was with a distinct feeling of happiness and almost of hope that I descended early next morning...

I knew pretty well who would be his companion, for Jake was as inquisitive as a squirrel or a monkey, and as they had but one word upon which to ring the changes of conversation...

He gave no heed to the beauty of the surroundings through which he passed, he never once lifted his head to draw in a breath of the pure, sweet air...

Now I am not usually either a spy or an eavesdropper, but on this occasion I decided to be both, and turning in my tracks...

My first impulse was to smile, for Jake had literally one eye on the door, fearing my return, and the other on his companion...

It requires an order from the president of the United States to procure an impression of the great seal of state. Collectors of seals and autographs frequently write to the secretary of state for copies of the seal of state...

The Household.

Morning Meditations. Let Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy, How well to rise while nights and larks are flying...

What if the lark does carol in the sky, Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly? I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums, The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—Only lie long enough, and bed becomes A bed of time.

To me Dan Phobus and his car are naught, His steeds that paw impatiently about—Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought, The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl; What then—If I prefer my pillow-beer To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's, And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs Wherefore should master rise before the hens Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start To see faint flushes in the east awaken? A fig, say I, for any streaky part, Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn, Who used to haste the dewy grass among. "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," Well,—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree, And sweeps that earn besides their bit and sup; But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be All up,—all up!

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring, Till something nearer to the stroke of noon— A man that's fond precociously of stirring Must be a spoon.

Sweet Potatoes. The Texas Agricultural Experiment station has been making some tests with the sweet potato. In a recent bulletin the experimenter, R. H. Price,

says: The native habitat of the sweet potato is not definitely known. It is generally supposed to be of American origin, but we have no authentic account of where and when it was first brought into cultivation by civilized man...

Farmers usually allow the tops to decay on the ground. They make an important feed for stock and especially for dairy cattle. This is true in particular of the tops of the Vineless, which remain green during very severe drouths when grass usually is scorched and killed by a burning sun and dry winds...

MEAT FROM THE POULTRY YARD.—The farmer who is not making his plans to supply his family the coming year with meat from the poultry yard is making a sad mistake. Talk about the economy a farmer must practice when he pays three times as much for his meat supply as is necessary...

THE FARMER BOY.—It is not the work that drives the boys off the farm; it is the social isolation and the humdrum routine of their daily duties, unrelieved by relaxation of the wholesome amusements that every young nature craves...

MUTTON BROTH.—Two pounds coarse, lean, chopped mutton; half an onion sliced; one cup of milk; half a cup of raw rice; two quarts of cold water; seasoning. Boil meat and onion slowly four hours; season, and set by until cold. Skim and strain. Return to the pot with the rice [previously soaked three hours]. Simmer half an hour, turn in hot milk, stir and serve.

utary to Holland, is in other respects an independent state, politically without importance, yet happy, rich, and, since time immemorial, governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to women. The king is entirely dependent upon his state council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all state officers, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers, are, without exception, women. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The king's body guard is formed of amazons, who ride in the masculine style. The throne is inherited by the eldest son, and in case the king dies without issue, a hundred amazons assemble and choose a successor from their own sons, the chosen one being then proclaimed lawful king.

A PLEASING MOMENT.—Squire B—is the "first citizen" of the New England town in which he lives, and is respected by all classes for his sterling qualities and abstemious habits. He has much of the courtliness of the old school, coupled with great personal dignity, yet tempered with so keen a sense of humor that he can appreciate a joke, even though it be at his own expense. He relates the following episode with relish: Not long since his business called him to New York, which is as much his home as is his native place. He hailed a Fifth avenue stage, and entering it, found it nearly filled. Sprawling across the aisle sat a man in that stage of intoxication which renders one careless of appearances. Squire B— attempted to step over his legs, but just then the stage gave a lurch and he stumbled over them. To the great amusement of every one in the stage, the man sat erect, and with maudlin severity said: "Man 'n your c'n'dish'n oughter take er cab."—Harper's Magazine.

GIBLET SOUP.—Giblets from two or three fowls; two quarts of water; one of stock; two tablespoonfuls of butter; two of flour; salt, pepper and onion if desired. Put giblets on to boil in the water and boil gently till reduced to one quart (about two hours); take out



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