### COUSINS.

I met her in the summer by the loud-resounding sea. And I thought it quite peculiar she should waste her time on me.

When I begged an explanation she devoutly bowed her head: "I will tell you you're a fellow after my own

heart," she said.

ever vex.

I assumed the post of suitor, as I thought it not To have her think me more than kind, a little

less of kin. For the fellowship of cousins, if they be of different sex. Has forever been a trouble and I fear 'twill

I read to her from Byron in a tent pitched on the sand: With the freedo pressed her hand; Or in a creaky, rattling gig we joggled thro' the

While my sweetest of divinities shook out the leathern reins. Till at last I looked upon her as a very tender

(Thus man's fellowship with cousins, if they're fascinating, end.)

I recalled to my remembrance from of my head. "You're a fellow after my own heart," the pretty witch she said.

So I marshaled all my feelings in a sentimental way, And I quoted the expression to my second-

cousin May. But a neater, cooler answer mortal man will

"You still are after it, dear Jack; you haven't caught up yet."

"HE."

#### What the Telephone Revealed to Aunt Sophronia.

town of Stanton, in the country. He was a bright young fellow, who owned a productive farm, with all the stock his acres could feed, and a pleasant old house; yet he found it hard to persuade pretty Martha Carter to marry him. She liked him; he had coaxed that confession from her own rosy lips, but she was young, gay, very fond of society and the only child of a widow; it was the old lilt,

"I canna leave my mammy vet:" and John King, who was ten times as much in love with her as she with him, was well-nigh distracted. As his Aunt Sophronia, a maiden lady who kept house for him,

"He ain't good for nothin'. I wish't he was married an' done with't, and I was safe back to Elnathan's. He don't remember nothin'. I send in to Stanton by him for such things as is needful to keep the house agoin', and he don't never fetch one of them, without I set to and give him a writout list and pin it onto his coat. Nor he don't care nothin' about the critters; Hiram critters like them to hired help ain't what a man had ought to do. Not but what Hi is real reliable, but John don't take no int'rest, not a mite!"

It was all true. John was good for no sort of work as long as Mary Carter turned the cold shoulder to him; but after a year of persistent courting she began to show a gentler countenance to her devoted lover;

About that time a telephone company set up its office at Stanton, and sent its spiderthreads all abroad over the surrounding country; and it struck John Stanton that here was another way to make his home attractive to Matty. By this invention he could establish communication every hour with the village, even oftener if it was needed; so that she need not be so separated from her mother as she had dreaded-Mrs. Carter being wise enough to refuse a home with her son-in-law.

So John had a telephone put into the "keepin'-room" of the farm-house, and told Mattie the very next Sunday night that whenever she made up her mind to accept him he would place one in her mother's parlor, so they could talk together whenever they liked.

It was not so much this expensive attention that softened the little beauty's heart as the proof it gave of John's eagerness to do every thing and any thing for her comfort or pleasure, and, as she was more ambitious and selfish than affectionate, she began to feel that it was agreeable to be a

However, this is not a love story. Matty is only introduced to account for the telehone. Now, about two miles beyond John phone. Now, about two miles beyond John King there lived a family of Millers, consisting of two elderly men, Aaron and Joseph Miller, and a woman a little older than either of them, as their housekeeper. These men were farmers, but they had had thrown a dam across a wild brook that crossed their farm just where it dashed through a small, deep valley, and, obtaining a good water power, had built a grist and saw mill, which brought them in more money than all the rest of the farm.

Miss Sophronia Perkins, John King's aunt, whom we have already mentioned. hated these neighbors thoroughly; what reason or unreason there was for this feeling on her part, nobody knew; but there was enough in the outward aspect of the men to account for a rational measure of dislike in any woman; they were ta'l, sturdy fellows, dark of skin, rough, surly and dirty always; stingy with their money, unsocial in their manners, and the woman who worked for them had an unsavory

The Miller farm, lying far back from the high-road behind a black hemlock grove, on a plateau half way up certain rugged hills, was the sort of a place a novelist would select for a robbery or a murder, so adapted was the mise en scene to suggest such ideas, and so fit was the aspect of the

two Millers to their place of abode. But there are many just such men and just such desolate farm-houses in New England, and no crime worse than greed and seifishness enters their hearts or

The Miller brothers were proverbially "near;" but no one except Sophronia Per-kins ever imagined any harm of them. They were "curus actin' creturs," or smart at sixpences;" nothing worse was laid to their charge.

When Aaron Miller heard that John King had put in a telephone, he saw directly the advantage the instrument would be to them in their daily increasing business, and after due consideration with Joe the wire was extended to their mill, and proved a daily convenience; for they had a flour and feed store in Stanton which tion, of crime and adver Joseph attended to, going in early every rors suddenly revealed morning and driving back at night. Now "will out," regardless

reached the farm at evening.

After the telephone was put in at John King's, Miss Sophronia found it a great solace to her loneliness, nightly enjoying the few moments of daily gossip with her friends in the village who happened to be possessed of an instrument. In fact, it was to her like a new toy to a solitary child, and when the line was extended to Millers' Mills, and she learned their call, she used her listener for the unworthy purpose of listening to her neighbors' af-

I own that this was neither an honest nor an honorable proceeding on Sophronia's part. I do not mean to apologize forit, but, as the papers say, there were "exenuating circumstances." She had never been taught honor. It was not a recognized virtue in the farm-house where she was brought up. People who wrest their daily living from the barrenness of our gaunt New England hill-sides do not study the loftier truit of manhood when they have done their day's work; and as for ionorable instinct, every man will allow that is not inherent in a woman.

Then she was very lonely; and now that John's gray horses were hitched every day in front of Mrs. Carter's house she saw less than ever not only of John, but of the hired man, Hiram, who had double duty to do in the master's absence, and went from his supper to his bed quite too tired to talk.

There was a certain social consolation on Mondays when black Dinah came to wash; but even Dinah had little to tell, since her old shanty was nestled down in a warm hollow on the south side of Huckleberry Hill, quite off the high road. Yet she was some one to speak to; an item not

to be disregarded in such solitude. It is not, after all, very strange that Miss Sophronia, limited to five minutes' conversation with the few friends in Stanton who had telephones, should amuse barself by hearing the conversations of the two Millers, the growls of Aaron, the snarls of Joseph, and now and then the shrill interrogations of Lyddy Ann Granger, the objectionable housekeeper.

Shocked reader! did you ever live in the deep country on an isolated farm? If not, you do not know what silence and solitude are. Imagine a clean, sparsely furnished house, where the ticking of the old clock rasps your ear like a continuous knell, where not one fly is allowed to buzz John King lived three miles out of the his assiduous life out on the sunny panes; where the very cocks and hens are abroad all day in the far fields, and the dog lies asleep just inside the barn door; where the air is still as & windless lake, and the chirr of a suddenly roused cricket makes you jump; or the swift, ambiguous scurry of a mouse somewhere in wall or wainscot seems like the rush of a troop of horse to the strained and apprehensive sense; and the rustle of your own garments sounds like the trailing of ghostly robes to the tense ear; the shadow of a waving bough startles the alert eye, and the roll of a passing wagon, the rush of fluttering swallows in the chimney, sound like peals of thunder,

and constringe the heart with that elementai dread. Yes; this telephone was a real social gospel to Sophronia, shivering and trembling in her nervous loneliness; if she had been reared in such a place, use and want perhaps, would have strengthened her against its terrors, but until John's mother died she had always lived in her brother's family, and in his great house where ten children and a bustling wife made noise enough through the round year to frighten the very ghosts out of the garret, or the mice out of the wall, and where the neighbors were abundant and much given to visiting, Sephronia had never been conscious of nerves; nor did she know these terrors now as the result of nerves; she only confided to Hiram as she dealt out to him the boiled dinner which he shoveled down in

grim silence after the fashion of his kind: "I do set a sight by that telephone thing: it's real company. I hev been gettin' real pernickity along back, it is so dreadful onesome here; but now I do sense that the' is people pretty nigh, seein' I can call to'em; it's folksy to hear that little bell go, 'ping!' every now and then as though somebody was there. Dinah, she is a'most scared to death with it; she says it is like hearin' of a sperit talk; same as Job says in Scripier, when 'the hair of his head stood up,' and he 'heard a voice.' But then he see the sperit, first, and that is more fearsome. Dinah won't hark to it noway. I can tell who 'tis every time. My! I can hear Aaron Miller snap, just as plain! and

Lyddy Granger bawi!" "Be'n a-talkin' to 'em, hev ye?" curtly asked Hiram.

"No, I haven't! and I ain't agoin' to," responded Sophronia, sharply; "but they spend the hull o' their time a-gabbin to and fro. I shouldn't think there'd be no grist ground, never, to that mill. I can't take the horn down to speak to nobody but what they've got hold o' the wire first, and I can't help a-hearin' of 'em holler."

Hiram shot a keen glance at her from under his busy, grizzled cycbrows; he had long ago taken her measure, and he knew very well now how she had been amusing herself; but as he always said of himself that he "was one who made a fortin' mindin' his own business," he offered no re-

Shortly after this conversation John King went away from home to attend a sale of cattle in New Jersey; he expected to be gone a week, as he meant to drive home what animals he bought himself, rather than send them by boat or railway, which he considered was too great a risk.

The day he left a severe northeast storm set in, and Hiram set himself to do some work in the further barn, which he had kept to do in a "spell of weather," so that Miss Sophronia had not even the relief of his occasional appearance in kitchen or shed to beguile her solitude, her knitting had stopped for want of yarn, and she had "pieced up" the last bit of calico she could find.

As she sat in the dull light of the kitchen window, listening to the heavy rush of rain against the house and the wild moan of the wind shricking in the spout, she heard the telephone ring; it was a joyful sound to her tired and louely soul; she hurried to the instrument, took down the listener, and heard Joseph Mills say:

"Say. Aaron! has he b'en doin' of it ag'in!"

"You bet!" growled Aaron. "We'l. I sha'n't come out to-night; the brook'll be up 'crost the road, I presume likely, and you won't grind none in this

"No; the' a'n't no use of your comin'." "Say, has she gone!" "Went this mornin'."

"Good! you can fix him now!" "I guess so, by Jinks!" Then the colloguy cessed Sophronia hung up the listener; a thrill of horror run down her spine; what was

about to happen at the Mills! She had read a great many "story-papers," such as crowd our country post-offices and are scattered far and wide in farms and villages; papers full of sensa-tion, of crime and adventure, of secret horrors suddenly revealed, of murders that "will out," regardless of the unities so dear to Mr. Vincent Crummies, and her he could send out orders to Aaron as soon dear to Mr. Vincent Crummles, and her gone for good 'n all. We hadn't an idee as they came in, notify him of the arrival weak brain had been fired with a vague, what sort of a piece she was till last week,

ought to interfere, to try and preventa catastrophe; but it rained hard, the horses were gone, and what could she say to any

legal official, even if she should reach one! A brief spasm of sense rescued her; she only went about, as she expressed herself, "Goose-flesh all over," the rest of the day, having no living soul to confide in; for the great Cheshire boar had managed to break out of his stye early that forenoon and Hiram had to pursue him as best he might, nor did he return till two o'clock in the morning, even then without his pig; though he had driven it a: last into a neighbor's barn by the seductive and odorus influence of certain early apples, irresistible to any

pig of character. Sophronia passed a troubled night. Her past enjoyment of the "penny dreadfuls" visited her now in the tangle of dreams, and whenever she woke it was to a shuddering recollection of Aaron Miller's savage voice and the impending fate of the unknown "he." But morning came at last, still dreary with howling winds and gusts of rain. Hiram had risen early, taken a cold bite and gone after his pig; and Sophronia, in the tashion of lonely women, made her scant breakfast, standing at the pantry shelf, of tea, and bread and butter, watching through the green-paned little window before her the draggled fowls picking their slow way through the wet mire of the barn-yard, uttering discomfied croaks about the weather, much like their fellows the unfeathered bipeds. Suddenly the telephone rang: cup and saucer, bread and butter, fell from her hands. She made haste to seize the horn.

Within her ear the inevitable "Hullo!" resounded. "That you, Aaron ?"

"Tain't nobody else," Little he knew that Sophronia heard it ing to herself:

"Well, have you did it?" "Yes. He's done for." "Where did you find him?" "Sucopin' around the mill, as pop'lar as

though he was inspector of b'ilers.' "Haw, haw! What ye done with the remains!"

"They're deep! enough where nobody won't find 'em this hundred year " "Hm! that's good."

Sophronia dropped the horn; she stiffened with horror; here was a fearful murder right in the neighborhood! But then she had always expected it, or something like it, of those Miller's. While she stood considering, Hiram drove into the yard in a neighbor's wagon, the Cheshire boar lying ignominiously bound therein, squealing with all his piggish might. Hiram backed up against the stye, which he had reinforced at early dawn, and deftiy slid Master Piggy over the tail-board, cutting his bonds as he helped him along, for well he knew the danger of setting such a captive free too soon.

He had just fihished the risky proceeding when Sophronia appeared at the shed door with her apron over her head.

"H-:-ram!" she screamed. "I want ve to wait a minute! I've got to go in to Stanton. I must, right off. Won't Barber's folks let ye keep the team a spell?" "I guess so." was the gruff response

He knew perfectly well that he had borrowed the team to go to Stanton himself and get a sevthe-snath. Such is man! All the way Sophronia preserved an awful silence; she feit the magnitude of the situation and revolved her plans in her Stanton, after receiving proper advice in the matter, need not be detailed. In fact, the cooking is not so well done as in tended flashed upon his mind, and be-I don't know what she did! But the very next morning Aaron and Joseph Miller were arrested on a charge of murder, and were brought before the proper authorities for preliminary examination.

There was Sophronia, too, who with much excitement and many needless words, deponed and testified to what she had heard on the telephone; a grim smile distorted "The old fooi!" under his breath; but it was only mattered, so Sophronia did not

Judge Stopcock was the model of a rural magnate; fat, red in the face, pompous, crowned with a sleek, brown wig, and a tall shiny hat, tilted slightly askew; he administered justice much as Mrs. Squeers administered brimstone and treacle, severely with a spoon. Throwing his head back, clasping his hands over his stomach, closing his eyes and pursing up his mouth he began his queries.

"And you, hum, the-ah, prisoners; what have you to offer as, hum, aw, rebuttal of Miss, ha, Perkins' statement?" Here he opened his eye suddenly, and darted a judicial glare at the offenders.

"Nothin'!" growled Aaron. "I done it." "O-o-oh!" And with a delicious girlish scream a

pretty, rosy, curiy-headed girl rushed thickness of porridge, and then some across the court-room, and flung her arms around Aaron Miller's neck; she had just come in at the door. "He never!" she sobbed, addressing as-

tounded Judge Stopcock with courageous scorn. "He never! he's the best and kindest and dearest man in the world." Miss Sophronia prepared to faint.

"You shut up, Fan!" said Aaron, with peremptory voice and a tender smile. "Go shead, Jedge! I killed 'him,' and I buried him! now I want the hull caboodle of ye to come along and dig him up, so's to hang me right off slick; and not be a-makin' no more fuss about it. Joe, did you send

arter the team!" "Yea-ah!" responded Joseph, with a wink, an undeniable wink! at the deputy sheriff, a bullet-headed Irishman, who had regarded the whole proceeding up to this time with subdued chuckles, as an exquis-

Now Mike roared aloud with laughter. "Silence!" shricked the outraged Judge, growing redder than a turkey-cock. "Well, come along." went on Aaron;

"there's Slack's omnibus out of the door, and I want the hull posse commonatus to come out an dig him up, as I said afore; there's spade's enough out there."

"Ye can han'cuff me and Joe, if you

This was a singular and improper proceeding, and the judge snorted and puffed a good deal about it; but in a rustic community the majority is apt to have its way, and nobody there believed Sophronia's accusation for an instant. Curiosity and rude justice swept the proprieties and Judge Stopcock into the corner.

Mike volunteered to sit between the prisoners with an arm locked in each of theirs on either side, and Fanny Manning, an orphan niece of the Millers, whom they had liberally supported and educated for the last five years, sat next her uncles.

Sophronia, too, went along; no proh bition of law or gospel would have de-terred her now; the flash of this tragic business was at hand.

So judge, and sheriff, and prisoners, and witness, and as many of the crowd as could find room in the "omnibus," bowled away that calm September day to Millers' Mills, the women for once silent, the men talkative, so reversed for the time were their

"Mis' Granger to hum?" asked the deputy "No, she ain't," replied Joseph; "she's

ness heretofore necessarily delayed till he chance! It did occur to her once that she tracks covered up good; but murder will

out. Case in p'int here, ye see.' Mike Flaherty choked down a laugh. "So Aaron, he giv' her a walkin' ticket last week, and writ for Fan to come home to her old uncles and run the house, seein' she was fit an' prepared to leave school. That's why sue's here; and Lyddy Ann, she

quit day before yesterday." In half an hour they drew up at the Mills, and Aaron, directing them where to find spades, led the awed and curious crowd right into the center of a cornfield. mong the stacked harvest, and, pointing to a place where the sharp stubble and useless hills had been cleared away, said:

"Dig there." How rapidly those spades were plied! how eagerly the little crowd watched for some startling discovery! how they all recoiled; and oh! how Mike Flaherty velled with laughter when the busy spades revealed the stiff body of a great yellow cat!

"'Twas Lyddy Ann's Temmy," explained Joe. "She sot the world by him, and he sot all creation by our little Braymy chicks; but she wouldn't let nobody teach him; so, as soon as she cleared out. Aaron give him his send: and that's the hull on't." "It is a lesson to the inquisitive female," said Judge Stopcock, again elevating his

nose and shutting his eyes. "A lesson eminently needed by the sex to avoid listening surreptitiously, and passing un-instructed judgment on the conduct of their fellow-men." He darted a piercing glance at Sophronia; but she was gone. Her tragedy had van'shed in thin air; the chorus of laughter

with which the by-standers greeted the

body of Thomas, the cat, string her to the

soul. She sneaked off across the lots to

John's house, and the next day departed to the bosom of her brother's family, murmur-What made him call a cat 'He?'" While Hiram, pining for pie and doughnuts in the void interim tefere John's marriage, more than once exclaimed to the regardless oxen, whom he lashed by way of

emphasis: "Blast them telephones "- Rose Torry Cooke, in N. Y. Inderendent.

#### HOW TO COOK OATMEAL

#### How It is Serred in This Country and in "Auld Scotland."

In making oatmeal porridge, the meal is stirred into boiling water with a porridge stick, while the water is kept all the time at a brisk boil. Care should be taken to prevent the meal from forming knots, as it will do if dropped into the water in too large quantities. The best way is to take a handful of the meal and let it drop into the receptacle by the rubbing of the thumb against the fingers. At first the into it, and this will be kept up until about the time when enough of the meal has been added. Fine meal is more likely to knot than the coarse meal. It takes experience to tell when just the amount of meal needed has being the test. No measurement of

be ground to the finest flour. regarded as the best, though barley, tracing, and was numbering its lines bean, pea and wheat meals may be used. Aaron Miller's face, and Joseph muttered, Only a small quantity of the rice meal should be used, but straight oatmeal would be preferred by the true lover of

> Acidity is developed when oatmeal is soaked in water for a few days, and this meal makes the "flummery" of the catmeal districts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Milk is used instead of water in making milk porridge; less meal is required, but more water. Ale is also used in place of water. Porridge is eaten mixed with milk. Cane syrup and butter are also used.

In making "water brose," boiling water is poured on a handful of oatmoal in a bowl, until the mess is of the new milk is poured in. This is to be eaten immediately. Brose meal should be kiln dried and coarse. The art of making this dish lies in making the boiling water fully surround each particle of meal at the first pouring. Milk brose is made by using boiling milk; less meal is used than in water brose and about twice as much milk as water. In pouring the boiling liquid upon either water or milk brose, the meal is stirred to give it immediate cooking. When the liquid in which beef or mutton is boiled is used, beef or mutton brose is made, and even turnip and cabbage

water is used. White pudding is made of oatmeal with which minced suet and onions have been mixed, salt and pepper being used to taste. This may be done in a sauce-pan, but the mixture is more commonly stuffed into small intestines, cut into lengths of a foot or so, tied at both ends and boiled in a pot. It will keep for a year. Finally the water in which it is boiled is used in making pudding brose, that nothing may be lost. These are the ways in which oatmeal is cooked in "auld Scotland."-Good Housekeeping.

## Forest Destruction in Russia.

the banks of the Syr-Daria, not more get a blue one." than twenty years ago, were so thickly covered with woods that the operations the obliging clerk, as he placed the of the Russian armies were thereby pink one in a more inviting light. considerably impeded. So great, however, has been the destruction of timber in recent years that there are now extensive areas of from 5,000 to 8,000 square miles-notably around Perovsk. the old Ak-Metchet fortress-in the greatest want, not only of building material, but of ordinary brush firewood. To remedy this state of affairs several experienced foresters have been recently invited by General Rosenbach to visit Central Asia, and to take stepfor the immediate formation of exten s's lived there nigh about three sive plantations of young trees in this

THE KNOCK ALPHABET.

A Means of Communication Resorted to

The talented Russian novelist X-

arrested for the first time he had never even heard of the "knock alphabet;" and that when, during the second day of his imprisonment, he noticed a faint tapping on the other side of the wall, he regarded it merely as an indication that the adjoining cell was occupied, and gave it no particular attention. As the knocking continued, however, and as the faint taps seemed to be definitely segregated into groups by brief intervals of silence, he became convinced that his unknown neighbor was endeavoring to communicate with him. Upon what principal or plan the knocks were grouped he did not know, but he conjectured that the number of taps between two 'rests' might correspond with the serial number of a letter in the alphabet-one knock standing for 'a,' two for 'b,' three for 'e,' and so on up to twenty-six for 'z.' Upon putting this conjecture to the test he was delighted to find that the knocks resolved themselves into the letters 'D-oy-o-u-u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d? He replied with forty-nine knocks, so grouped and spaced as to make 'Y-e-s': but long before he had finished this short word he became mournfully conscious that, at the rate of forty-nine knocks for every three letters, he and his unknown correspondent would not be able to exchange more than half a dozen ideas a week. The invisible prisoner on the other side of the wail did not seem, however, to be at all discouraged, and began at once another long series of knocks, which extended to two hundred and ninety-six, and which, when translated, made the words "Teach you better wav-listen!" Mr. X- then heard one loud tap near the corner of the cell, followed by the sound of scratching, which proceeded from that cold. point towards the door at about the height of a man's head, as if the unknown were drawing a long horizontal line with some hard substance on the other side of the wall. After a brief interval of silence there came two staccato taps and the noise made by the water will show ebullition or boiling scratching of a second line parallel with up soon after the meal begins to go the first one, but a little lower down. When seven of these invisible lines had been drawn under one another about a foot apart, with a group of knocks at the beginning of each one to denote its number, the unseen artist went back to one knock, and proceeded to draw six been used, the thickness of the porridge perpendicular lines crossing the first series at right angles, so as to make a keep it from complete degeneracy is water and weal will do. The oatmeal huge andible checker-board. As soon mind. What she did when she reached may be stirred in cold water before as Mr. X—heard this invisible dia-hence, inasmuch as the natural tendencooking, but this makes more labor and gram, the purpose for which it was inthe other way. But if the cold water fore the unknown instructor had finmixing is resorted to, the meal should ished knocking out the words, "Put alphabet in squares," the quick-witted If any other meal is mixed with oat- pupil had scratched upon the floor of meal, as is sometimes done, rice meal is his cell a reduced copy of the audible and columns. His diagram when fin-

|   | 1 | 2 | ething<br>3 | • | • |
|---|---|---|-------------|---|---|
| ٠ | ٠ | b | c           | 4 | e |
|   | t | R | h           | 1 | 1 |
|   | k | 1 | m           | n | • |
|   | p | q |             |   | • |
|   | u |   | •           | × | , |
|   |   |   |             |   |   |

After giving Mr. X-time to construct the figure, the unknown prisoner began another series of knocks, so grouped and spaced as to indicate the lines and columns in which the required letters were to be found. Five knocks followed by three knocks meant that the equivalent letter would be found at the intersection of the fifth line and third column: two knocks followed by one knock indicated letter f.' at the intersection of line two and column one; and five knocks followed by four knocks meant letter 'x,' at the intersection of line five, column four. The first question asked by the unknown was 53 23 35 11 43 15 55 35 51: "Who are you?" The prisoners then exchanged brief biographies, and Mr. - discovered that he had learned his a be's and taken his first lesson in prison telegraphy from a common eriminal-a burgiar, if I remember rightly-who was awaiting exile to Siberia. - George Kennan, in Century.

# A Red Top-Knot.

Two ladies were purchasing mufflers at the counter of a leading clothing store. Said one, turning to her friend: "I am buying this for Albert D\_\_\_\_ How do you like it?"

"Very handsome," returned the friend, admiringly, "but it is pink and According to the Moscow Viedomosti Albert D-- has red hair! You must

"We are out of blue mufflers," said

"Red and pink can not go together," said the friend, decidedly.

"He-he-might dye his hair?" sugthe clerk, facetionsly. "That's so," said the customer, with

a sigh of relief, "I'll take it. I'm not responsible for his hair any way," she added, as she paid the bill.-Detroit Free Press.

-More than 10,000,000 eggs arrive in New York each week. The chief supply is from Canada and Michigar A single Canada train had thirty-one

#### FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-Make a little land rich, and there will be no need to scratch over a large

who has been twice exiled to Siberia -The question is not what could be done if we had certain other things, but and half a dozen times imprisoned, told me last summer that when he was what can we do to make the most of

what we have. -A sheep well fed and protected during the winter will vield in the spring two pounds more of wool than one that has been half starved.

-When butter is gathered in the churn in granular form, it is never overchurned. Pounding it after it is in a lump or large mass is what overchurns it.

-- Warm water put in the cellar on cold nights to prevent freezing, should be in closed vessels, which warm upthe air, making it dryer without evaporating moisture into it.

-Green Sponge Cake: Two teacups of sugar, one of cream, two of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonfut of baking powder and one teaspoonful extract lemon; bake quickly.

-Never set the lamp upon a red table-cover; if you can not find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green card-board under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the even than that from the red cover.

-Creamed Apples:-Pare your fruit and either scald or bake it until sufficiently soft to pulp it through a colander; sweeten to taste, fill your glasses three parts full with it, then plentifully sprinkle in some powdered cinnamor, put a good layer of rich whipped cream on the top and sift white sugar over it.

-A little meal stirred into a pail of water gives it a relishable flavor, and induces a cow to drink more, besides affording some additional nourishment. If the temperature of the water is first raised to seventy or eighty degrees, it is all the better, since the cow will drink more warm water than she will

-To prepare zante currants for cake, put them in a colander, set the colander in a large pan of water, and unless there are stones in, the sand and stems will all settle in the pan. If you wash the currants thoroughly in this way, you will be surprised at the results, as it takes less time and water than in the old way, and it is so much easier to rub them clean.

-The bones of a well-bred, well-fed hog are said to present only about onetwentieth part of his gross weight. An animal of this nature must necessarily earry a great deal of fat, but the importance of making it well muscled to self-evident to any thoughtful person; cy of the hog is to fat, feeders should make it a point to counteract the evil by using the most nutritious feed to the exclusion of fat-forming food.

-It would hardly pay the farmer to engage in the poultry business beyond the keeping of two or three dozen fowls for family use, unless there should be some one about the place who would make it a special business to look after the poultry and like to do it. Some times the service of a good, steady boy, who is a natural fancier, may be seenred at a small cost, and all of his time may be profitably employed in earing for 200 or 300 hens, or, if he be experienced, probably 500 or 600. In embarking in the business it is best not to start out

## CAPACITY OF FARMS.

on too large a scale.

A Subject Which Should be Carefully

Studied by Agriculturists. Every farmer should study the capacity of his farm, so as to be able to turn its resources to the best account.

Some farms are naturally adapted to grass production, and can be made to produce heavy crops of hay yearly for a long time. Other farms soon run out when seeded to grass, but are good for cropping. On such farms a large area should be ploughed yearly, cropped and fertilized, and seeded down. For a few years good crops of grass can be obtained, and then the land needs reseeding. The aim on such farms should be to have from one-third to one-half of the tillage under the plow all the time, so that the grass land will all be newly seeded, and the farmer will be able to re-plow as soon as the grass begins to run out.

Then there are farms that are rocky and rough. The soil is stony and fertile, but is not adapted to cultivation. Apple-trees, perhaps, will thrive with remarkable vigor on such land, and the farmer should accept the indication. and plant it to apple-trees until he has all he can take care of. A man in East Winthrop, Me., had a farm of that character. It was of little value for tillage, but he found that the Roxbury russet throve remarkably well, and prodeed excellent fruit. He "took the hint," and set his farm largely to Roxbury russet trees until nearly thirty acres were covered. Now, in some years, he sells \$2,000 worth of fruit. He has made a rocky and almost worthless farm one of the most valuable in town, simply because he used it for the purpose to which it was best adapted.

That is what the farmer should try to do; study the capabilities of his farm, and then try so to manage it that he will draw out of it the best that it is capable of affording. It will not do to manage farms all in one way, on account of the great diversity in soils and physical conditions .- Cor. N. Y. Ez-

-A woman recently sent to her son. youthful desperado of fourteen' summers, incarcerated in the jail at Santa Rosa, Cal., a Bible, a bunch of cigarettes, a piece of sausage and a Police Gazette to relieve the tedium of prison