

By J. H. CONNELLY.

Copyright, 1892 a d 1803 by Robert Bow or's Sone. [All lights reserved]

CHAPTER VIII.

'Until Sunday evening, then, Hetty," "Until Sunday evening, John.

the layers at the close of that happy ride from the spelling school. Commonplace like the one in his bedroom at home, or and unsentimental as a produce-market | run his chin away off to the left and report they, took in plain, cold type, but end it with a sharp point, as his moththat is simply because the material inadequately shadows forth the spiritual. Love decks doll sueech with the evanes: cent glamour of its own illusory charms. A glance, a blush, a sigh, a tremulous intonation, a pressure of the hand give to words such meanings as may not be found in any printed lexicons. Platitudes become poetic sublimities in the estimation of love, that egod-tical passion which finds all things good wherein it may, in fancy, see its own reflection. Even "twice two are four" may be, by love's magic, lifted from its low estate as an unexciting arithmetical axiom up to the plane of glowing passion, and go, trembling and thrilling with the power of a kiss, from one fond heart to another. Perhaps the significance so bestowed upon words may be wholly imaginary, but there are philosophers who affirm that the imaginary is the only truly real.

.

And now it is Sunday evening; and John, in pursuance of that engagement, Is rapidly nearing the widow Mulveil's, while Hetty is momentarily peeping out of the window to learn if he is yet in sight. And is he thinking only of heroccupied exclusively with thoughts of love? Hardly. He is nearing the imp as well as the angel. While he is courting Hetty in the house, his horse and cutter will be for hours at the mercy of Danny in the barn, and what deviltry may not be expected of that boy under such circumstances? Happily his horse is a famous kicker, and if Danny attempts to shave the animal's tail, there are strong grounds for the cheering hope that Danny will never smile again. Of course, the mischievous urchin will be likely to take out the shaft bolts of the cutter and hide them, but John has another pair and a wrench in his overcost pocket, so that will not be serious. Nothing is more probable than that the imp will saturate the sleigh robes with water, which will be solid ice by the time John will want to go home. John de bates with himself the advisability of carrying the robes into the house, and concludes that it will hardly do. Mrs. Mulweil might take offense at the implied auspicion concerning the safety of visitors' personal property in her barn; and, really, the robes would be no safer in the house, unless he should sit on them all evening. They will have to take their chances. But what else might Danny do? That boy's possibilities are not so much to be dreaded for what may be ex-

al pretense. Striving to appear at ease, he looks about him.

On the wall, fronting him, but too high Those were the parting words between to reflect his face, is a mirror. He wonders if it would make him double-nosed, er's mirror does. All the mirrors he knows anything about do some such queer things. Several vividiy colored lithography adora the room; George Washington, with his right hand in his breast, and looking very haughty; Gen. Winfield Scott, with a fierce expression and mounted on a pile horse, like Death in the Apocalypse; Andrew Jackson, whose haid stands up so very stitly that it seems to harr him; "Contentment," a simpering maiden, with long curls, a red rose over her right ear and a basket of cherries in her hap; "Hope," another lackadalsical maid, with a white rose in her hair, and her eyes fixed upon the apparition of an anchor in the sky. But the chief work of art is a "sampler," done in colored wools, upon canvas, by Mrs. Mulveil, in her girlhood, by her affirmed to be "Rebecca at the Well," but very liable to be mistaken for Abraham at the altar upon which he purposes sacrificing Isauc.

The most impressive article of furm ure in sight is a mahogany chest of drawers, very large and darkened by age, with handles and ornaments of polished brass. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and "The World and All it Contains"-the latter a surprisingly small volume for so large a title-are on the chest of drawers, together with a conch-shell, which is so propped up by a hymn book that one does not readily notice how Danny has caved it in with a hammer, "to find where its roar coures from."

Mary Elder glides in, sits beside Hetty and whispers to her: "Oh! How much he reminds me of

Grant Guthrie!"

Doubtless any other presentable young man, coming on John's mission, would equally remind the poor, lonely soul of her dead-and-gone lover, but she actually does find so painful the memories evoked. that in a short time she withdraws, and John sees her no more during the evening.

Mrs. Mulveil, not having her knitting in hand-this being Sunday eveningtakes "cat-naps" of uncertain length, be fore the fire, demonstrating a perverse capacity for coming broadly awake the instant he tries making love to Hetty. Each time her eyes fly open she starts a new theme for conversation, without regard to what preceded it. In this way, the goring of one of her most promising heifers by an ill-conditioned cow, is foreed upon John's unwilling attention. The ast-mentioned subject revives recollecopportunity to whisper to her, through his ienched teeth:

"I'll sit bim out until breakfast time, if you say the word."

"I would," she replied hurriedly, in a long-or come again. If you come next Sunday night you will not find him here' His face lights up, What young man. could not be happy when the girl of his ter preference for him?

Placid, contented and fully acquiescent. te restumes his soat by the fire. Rufus, dready made uneasy by the whispering, fancies an expression of triumph on his rival's face, and imagines that an understanding has been arrived at between John and Hetty exactly the reverse of that which really exists. He is consequently much surprised when, after a few minutes, John makes a movement to rise. 8431011:

"Well, it's getting a sort o' tate, and guess I had better be going."

"Why, it's early yet, Mr. Cameron," excluims lifetty, with affected protest, but c mercy twinkle in her eyes.

"Early is the right time for me to go, responds John, "as I am going into Pittsburg with a load of flax in the morning, and even on an early start it is a long drive, with the roads as had as they are 210 15

"That is so. Well, if you must go; I will not detain you. Let me show you out through the kitchen. It's a shorter way to the barn than by the path around the house.

With this excuse she rises to accompany him. The amazement of Rufus when he realizes that his hated rival is actually going, leaving the field clear to him, is beyond expression. That whispering had fully prepared him for a "sit ting-out match," and a suspicion begins growing in his mind that in some way his position has been adroitly flanked, though he cannot yet see exactly how.

"Good night, Mr. Goldie," says John, with condescending courtesy, and Rufus stiffly replies: "Good night."

The departing lover and the girl pass into the kitchen, closing the door behind them. John's quick eye takes cognizance of a bountiful collation set out upon the kitchen table-the subject of Mrs. Mulveil's knowing smile and nod to her daughter just before retiring-and he looks inquiringly; but silently, from it to Hetty. Fully understanding him, she replies, in a low but emphatic tone:

"It's to be hoped he will get something to eat before he touches a bite that's there-or he'll starve."

The spirited girl resents her mother's action in making such preparation for the unwelcome visitor after denying it, as she had, for the entertainment of the lover who might have rightfully expected it. And John Instinctively comprehends her feeling, knows what has happened just as well as if she told him, for Love is very clear-sighted in seeing its own re flections in the loved one. With impulsive, passionate fondness, he throws his arms about her, presses her to his breast, and kloses her fervently, a demonstration that elicits no further opposition than the gently uttered protest: "Oh, John, don't!"

And she has to say: "Oh, John, don't!" at least four times more before the back loor is opened and he is gone. When Helty returns to the sitting room

notices that Rufus has assumed

looking spider. Its body, which must have weight, is made of a large bulle cleft to hold a string and wound arounwith a fluffy bunch of red woolen gars Half a dozen black feathers, their vanclike suppressed tone, "only it would make trimmed to near the stalks and ronghened mother so mad. You had better leave up to give a hairy look, make the legs. A him to me. I'll take care he doesn't stop | strip of India rubber between the buile and the long string attached gives th thing elasticity, so that, when he make a slight jerking motion as it hangs from his fingers, its body seems to leap and heart so plainly gives him to understand his legs to quiver with a bideously life like semblance. As a home-made tarantula the thing is an artistic triumph. (To be continued.)

A Century of Lawmaking. On Jan. 31, 1801, President Adams appointed John Marshall of Virginia chief justice of the Supreme Court which is, to use the words of the English historian, Freeman, "the only national tribunal which can sli in judgment on a newional law and can declare an act of all three of the powers of the Union to be null and void."

Every year, now, we have more new laws than John Marshall considered during the entire thirty-four years that he was on the Supreme bench, says the Saturday Evening Post. We have law passed by Congress, laws passed by State Legislatures, laws passed by Cit-Councils and all some of minor regu lations which mount up into the tens of thousands during the twelve months The variety of these is as great as bread.

the number. There are laws regulat ing dogs and laws concerning ele phants, laws about English sparrows and laws about the great American eagle. There are laws affecting every thing from microhes to mammals, from polltics to love. If all the laws on the books to-day were enforced the average citizen would either have to stay biled varnished or painted. at home behind closed blinds or begin hundred Marshalls would be unable to

them much more than a fine case of nia. nervous prostration or despair.

Wellington Got \$9,215,000.

Comparing the honors and rewards which the British nation showered on Wellington with those granted to Gen. Roberts, the London Express says. Wellington was first raised to the peerage as Baron Douro of Wellesley' and Viscount Wellington of Talavera and Somerset in 1809, on which occasion Parliament voted him the enormous pension of £20,000 per annum for two generations, This signalized the capture of Oporto and the victory of Talavera.

and a duke, and was voted £100,000 for and you have a pretty and palatable the purchase of an estate. He was also deesert. made a field marshal, and for the twelfth time received the thanks of Parliament.

For Waterloo the English government gave Wellington the estate of



W. film. Stir one tenspoonful of baking pow-

ier and one-half teaspoonful of salt nto one plnt of sifted flour. Beat the volks of three eggs light, add one and ne-fourth cups of milk; stir this into he flour mixture. Then add one roundng tablespoonful of butter, melted, and istly, the whites of three eggs benten stiff. Give the batter a vigorous beatng before filling the wattle iron. Have he iron hot, and grease both griddles with a small piece of butter twisted in bit of clean cloth. Pour the mixture nto the center of the griddle over the

are, letting it come nearly to the edge. Drop the cover over the waffle, cook one or two minutes, then invert the iron and cook a little longer on the other side. Beat the batter and grease the iron for every waille. Serve with butter and maple syrup or sugar.

Housecleaning Hints.

For solled spots in wallpaper, try cubbing with dry commeal or stale

Keep a small square of carpet to arry about while cleaning to set a pail of water on. The precaution will age, while the legumes rank next. All save blemishes on polished floors or must be well cooked, especially the carpets.

Crude petroleum, well rubbed in, is as simple and good a polisher as one can find for floors which have been

If a mark has been made by the dripa journey to the lunatic asylum. A ping from the water faucet in a marble wash bowl, scrub it off with pulconsider every one of them or get from verized chalk moistened with ammo-

> When you mop the floors add to each pall of warm water two tablespoons of carbolly acid. It leaves the wood in a sweet and healthy condition.

Feari Fudding.

Three tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioga, coked in boiling water till softened. and then boiled with one quart of milk and one small cup of sugar. When boiled, stir this into the beaten yolks of four eggs. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into pudding dish. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Place this over the pudding, dropping it off the end of In connection with the defeat of a fork so that it does not go on smooth-Soult at Orthez and Toulouse, Welling- 1y. Grate some lemon rind over this ton was made successively a marquis and brown slightly in a quick oven,

Duster Bag.

A dainty duster bag made by an octogenarian relation for a young Brooklyn bride, was of white serim, hemstitched on each side of the strip, which Strathfieldsaye, which cost £263,000, was about nine inches in width. A and £00,000 as his share of the Water- line of feather stitching in gold colored born of contest and is colored by blood. silk ran along this bem. The strip was inding the last) make a total of $\ell_{1,\gamma}$ then made into two loops, hanging one above the other, a chrysanthemum being embroidered on the front of each in the gold silk. Through these loops the dust rags were thrust, new hemmed rolls of white cheese cloth. This pretty nifair was bung from yellow satin rib

Check to the Bishop.

Archbishop Temple admitts that he is devoid of musical graces, and relates that he was once occupying a seat as an ordinary worshiper in a country church, his immediate left-hand neighbor being a country yokel, who 🗼 kept turning angry glances toward the bishop-as he then was-in evident deprecation of his lordship's vocal efforts. The bishop, however, continued making what he described as 'a joyful noise," until at last the yokel disgustedly closed his book, and turning to the bishop, remarked:

"I saw, guv'nor, chuck it! You're spoitin' the whole bloomin' show!"-Cardiff Mail.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago .--Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Cricket.

Herbert Jenner-Fust, of Gloucestershire, is the sole survivor of the two cricket teams engaged in the first inter-university match between Cambridge and Oxford, in 1827. He was captain of the Cambridge eleven. He is 95 years old.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

is taken internally. Price, 75 cts.

Vegetable Food.

Grain foods and fruit are the best diet for the average person of advanced starchy foods. The latter should not predominate.

Advance Wages.

The National Tube company of the United States Steel corporation voluntarily advanced the wages of all workers in the Youngs own plant, averaging 172 cents per day.

Does Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen. Hot and Sweating Feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Ad-dress Allen S. Olusted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Your Best Work.

A timid man, a discouraged worker, a and hearted strugter, can never do the betwork of which he is capable. T e tim d man is straid to les out his forces. T' e discouraged man thinks there is no use in exe cising his forces. The a d-hearted man has we kened his for esso that they c must reapond to a call. It is not merely cheerfulness in our work that we need; it is d wnright faith, he nest, whole souled, daring. Try to do your t ast wi ha question whether it pays, or whether there is a y ho e of success, or whether life i not a great cloudy experience, and you will fail. The best in us comes up h ough confidenc , and it is kissed into power by smiles of hore, and it is led n by shon s of victory, and cr whed by beautiful pot ence. "The best" is

pected of him, as because of the infinite potentiality of unforesceable cussedness latent in him.

Suddenly John's mind is lighted up by discovery of a means for averting the danger. Not in vain had the Rev. Mr. McLeod preached from that text about "making friends with the Mammon of surighteousness."

While John is arriving at a resolution to make friends with Danny, at any reasonable sacrifico, that happy boy is having tun in the barn with a thin skinned, mettlesome young mare, haltered in one of the stalls. Safe in an adjoining stall, he reaches out from time to time and snaps against the mare's unprotected hindquarters a thin strip of India rubber, cut from a worn-out "gum-elastic" overshoe-one of the old-fashioned kind we had before the vulcanizing of caoutchouc was invented. The snap is not particularly painful, but the sensitive animal. resenting it as an indignity and annoyed by it until she is half mad with nervous rage, squeals and kicks frantically, to Danny's unspeakable delight. The elimax of his enjoyment comes when John, leading his horse in on the barn floor, passes behind the mure, and nearly has his brains kicked out by her flying heels. There would be a bad quarter of an hour for the sprightly youth, if John Cameron with Hetty. But a lover is a creature devoid of free will. Even at the conacious sacrifice of duty and self respect. he turns his back upon Themis to kneel before Eros. So John, instead of giving the evil urchin the trouncing he deserves, speaks him fair, seeks to win his good will, and even bestows upon him a silver half-dollar. Words do not go far with Danny, who shrewdly divines the situation, and feels himself master of it, but that princely gift of coin wins his allegiance. Never before has he had, at one own, and his good fortune fairly overwhelms him. Prone to be as impulsively grateful as he is mischickous, he is hencehas so cheaply secured. The boy, whose unconsciously adopted matto is "deeds, not words," has little to say, but Hetty may count upon trouble with him if she does not show proper favor, in his estimation, to the young man of his choice.

the sitting room grate, by comparison with the light shining from Hetty's happy soul through her beautiful eyes, and cold its glow beside her welcome; but her mother's greeting of the young wooer is barely tolerant, nothing more.

John lays his big driving gloves on the lamp, takes the seat offered him near the his fingers to cover his embarrossment, ing, and he is somewhat at a loss for the him feel awkward to have that old woman sitting opposite, eying him so criticaliy. He remarks that the weather is cold; and Hetty is rather afraid they will. and has seemed to be growing colder since sundown. Hetty evinces interest in

Tree we have been and the state of the

and not now a descent it is All and a second second

tion of the old guarrel over a somewhat similar incident between the Cameron and the Mulveil now peacefully slumber ing, side by side, in the church yard, and she grows moody and sullen. If John Cameron were not the best "eatch" in that part of the county, how quickly she

would show him the door. John is beginning to wonder if the old woman intends to "slt him ont," or if she will go off to bed at nine o'clock, as a properly considerate mother should, and leave him to "sit up" with Hetty. Firteen minutes more, if the tall clock in the corner is right, will decide the question. He steals an inquiring glance at Heity, and she, understanding him, flashes back a bright, reassuring smile,

Away out on the road, but momentarily coming nearer, they hear the jingle of sleigh bells. The silvery harmony comes up the lane, passing the house, and goes on to the barn.

"For the land's sake! Who's that, at this time of night?" exclaims Mrs. Mulveil.

John and Hetty have no idea who the late visitor may be and exchange looks of disappointment and annoyauce. A brief period of expectant silence ensues. then there is a rap at the door and, of all unwelcome visitors possible, the least desirable to the lovers, appears-none othwere not so deeply and hopelessly in love er than Rufus Goldie, his face dark with a forbidding scowl.

CHAPTER IX.

Hetty greets Goldle with cold constraint, and the formality with which he and John bow to each other is positively icy; but Mrs. Mulveil's welcome is cordial. She knows very well that he would not be a desirable match for Hetty, but there is time enough to think about that. Her present mood is one of gratification that his coming has "put the Cameron nose out of joint." So she retires for a time, so large a sum of money all his few minutes to the kitchen; gives Hetty a meaning little sulle and nod when she returns; says: "Good night" and goes off to bed, just as the tall clock's hands point forth an earnest partisan of John, who to "IX," and its mendacious voice prolittle realizes how effective an ally he claims "TII"-after the fashion of its erratic kind.

The young men sit upon opposite sides of the fireplace, with Hetty equidistant between them, and strive to be at once courtly toward her and haughty toward each other. But a haughty demeanor is Dim is the brightness of the big fire in a weak and inadequate expression for the passion of jealousy, and sometimes they find momentary relief in glaring. Rufus glare is simple, being the flower of personal hate; but John's is compound, having in it a spicy blend of disgust. Conversation languishes, though Hetty does her best to keep it going. They talk of stand, beside the family Bible and the the township's prospect for winning another orthographical victory; of the openfire and makes some show of warming ing of the singing school next week; of Reuben Jackson running away with Matfor this is his first plunge into real court | tie Forsyth, and of Sam Latimer ronning away from his wife. And for none of proper course of procedure. It makes these things do they care a button. It is all threshing chaff; fanning the east wind. The young men would much rather fight.

John, unable to stand it any longer, rises and affects an interest in the books his observations, but Mrs. Mulveil mere- on the tall chest of drawers. Hetty folly sniffs what he feels to be her ineffable lows and stands beside him, to show him contempt for such's hollow conversation the first prize she won at school, "The tary fallow candle and unconscious of hang around their daughters.

sulky expression, probably resentful of her absence with John, which, however short, may have seemed long to him. It amuses her inwardly, but very demurely she sits down, not in her former place, but upon the chair John has vacatedtwice as far away from Mr. Goldle. He says something, but she does not understand what, for she is listening to the tinkle of sleigh bells, out at the barn, go ing down the lane and far nway on the road, repeating over and over a melodious message to her, so plain that she funcies Rufus must hear and understand it: "Good night! It's all right! Coming ugalu next Sunday uight!"

But to egotistic Rufus the sounds are merely those of jingling sleigh bells, go ing away with the rival he has driven from the field, and he becomes more a case as they grow fainter in the distance At length, he felicitates himself for this evening, at least, his troubles are over. He would not think so could he know what Danny is doing above his head; he might justly have doubts about it if he only remembered Danny's existence.

Passive loyalty is an unthinkable con dition to "the Imp." Activity is an in herent attribute of his being, and accident determines its manifestation in good or evil. Having voluntarily declared allegiance to John Cameron, it is with oble joy that he has become aware o an opportunity to do partisan service. He had gone to bed, up in the garret, before Rufus Goldie came, but was not ye asleep, and heard the sleigh bells an nouncing his coming as soon as anybody. And when Rufus entered the sitting room, Danny's eye was upon him as soon as anybody's, for the puncheon floor of his garret, which is at the same time the ceiling of the company apartment below is full of crevices and knot holes. With characteristic precocity, he comprehendd the situation below him as clearly as did either of the participants in it-and found it delightful. Fate, to indemnify him for his self-restraint toward John, had brought another predestined victim directly to his hands. The only question was what should he do with him. Hur riedly dressing himself, he glided out to the barn and opened the campaign by pouring a pail of water over Hutus' lap robes in the cutter, and "skagging" the vehicle by tying a stout rope securely be tween the stanchions supporting its body at an oblique angle from left to right, near the runners, a happy device that rendered capsizing, on a rough country road, almost certain. Then he ran back o his observatory in the loft to watch and wait. When he saw John go nway, another inspiration came to him, and now, while Rufa is allowing his soul to sink into the content of fancied security and resigning himself to the more sensuous charm of a pretty girl's companion ship, which he erfonentially imagines love, Danny Is busy on his account.

By common consent the loft is Danuy's iomain, where he stores up his wealth of unconsidered trifles and misrellancous 'odds and ends," things absolutely val ueless to older open, but in a boy's hands a very arsenal of witchcraft for mischief. Out of this mass of crude material he quickly selects and with deft fingers com bines, working by the light of his soll-

\$43,000 (\$9.215.000) voted in respect of the Duke of Wellington's milliary services. No one would wish to say that thé sum is excessive.

Why She Wept.

She wept. "On, you editors are horrid," she sobbed.

"What is the trouble, madam?" in-"taking up journalism."

"Why, I-boo-hoo-I sent in an obit-

for twenty years." She went. But the editor grinned.

Perhaps it was all right, all round. Who knows?

A Stage Contretemps.

H. Cooper Cliffe, now playing in London in "The Price of Peace," tells an amusing story of his first performance of the spider at the Globe in London. In the last net of "The Silver King" the Spider locks a case of jewels of enormous value in an iron safe. Mr. Cliffe did some elaborate business with the key and the safe and turned to the house to give full weight to his lines; "Securely locked. The jewels are safe." There was a roar of laughter. He sum around and perceived that the locked doors were wide open again, giving the audience a full view, through the back of the safe, of a limelight and the legs of a stage carpenter.

Frightened Off.

A new use for the bagpipes has been found by a Scottish Highlander, who owns a sheep farm in a mountainous district of California, and is in the habit almost daily of playing his pipes all over the ground. The skirling has had the happy effect of scaring engles out of the locality, in which birds of prey had formerly done considerable damage by carrying off lambs, and had even attacked sheep.

Cold Weather in Alaska.

The weather bureau station at Eagle, Alaska, has now been in operation for somewhat over a year. The lowest January, 1900.

Tales with a Difference.

"Is it true that Grandthorpe made his name by his short stories?" "Certainly not. He made it by his tall stories."-Judy.

The women are so superstitious that it is a wonder they don't have feelings ing one side of each with butter. Arin their bones regarding the boys who range in a pan, with the buttered side

Corn anflins.

bous.

Mix a cup of corn meal with a cup of quired the editor, as he blue-penefied white flour which has been sidted with two paragraphs that had come as an two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and inspiration to the young man who was a tenspoonful of sait. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three beaten eggs, and enough milk to make uary of my husband, and-boo-hoo- a good batter. Beat hard; add a tableand said in it that he had been married spoonful of melted butter; beat again, for twenty years, and you-oo-oo-boo and pour into greased and heated muf--hoo-your printers set it up 'worried | fin tins. Bake for fifteen minutes in a bot oven.

Brevities.

Table saft and a wet cloth will remove egg stains on silver.

Fish and onlons, or strongly flavored foods, must be kept separate.

Train the waitress to hold a dish with her hand underneath.

Onions in any appetizing form are well adapted to the spring bill of fare. Hot water used in making sponge cake will make it whiter; cold water produces a yellow cake.

To prevent the smell of cabbage permeating the house when bolling, place on the stove a dish containing vinegar. soup by long boiling, instead of employing browned flour or burned sugar, If coffee is spilt on linen the stains. can be removed by soaking the part in clear cold water, to which a little borax has been added, for twelve hours.

in cooking macaroni or spaghetti it will be found an improvement to melt the butter and cheese together and add them to the white sauce, instead of sprinkling them, as usual, between layers of the macaroui.

Medium-sized carrots scraped and sliced and boiled till tender in salted water may be made into a salad with the addition of a simple French dressing. Sliced parsnips, boiled first, are also liked by some persons when served as a salad.

Turnip may be served delicately by cutting it while raw with a vegetable scoop and boiling the little balls in temperature observed during that salted water until tender, being careful period was 68 degrees below zero, in that they keep their shape. Drain, cover with melted butter, a dash of white pepper or paprika, and minced parsley.

Crisped crackers to serve with an oyster stew or any white soup are a quickly prepared substitute for croutons or toast fingers. They are made by splitting butter crackers and spreadup, and brown in a hot oven.

- - - Bearing and the second second

And it is measured in G d's glorious presence, not by banne s. or human plau it, or sounding trumpet-, out by the amount of virtue which has enter d into it.

SPORT IN WESTERN CANADA.

While the Farmers' Grain Is Ripening and His Stock Growing Fat, He May Have Plenty o Shooting.

There is probably no country on the American continent where the life of the farmer carries with it that assurance of comfort and success as does Western Canada. Nor is there to be found anywhere else such a pleasant combination. Game abounds everywhere, and nowhere does it afford such perfect amusement. A noted sportsman writing of the favorite pastime says; "There is one particular spot where I saw a man drop seventy mallards one morning, and bring them all to bag. too, for they dropped in open water or on flat prairie. At the right season of the year you can see black lines and triangles cut sharply out against the sky all round you, moving very swiftly, and you begin to wonder whether you have enough cartridges to hold out. You can hear the prairie chicken crowing like barn-door fowls; and a little to the northeast is a bit of marshy ground, cattle-poached, and dappled with gleaming pools, where the snipe are nearly as thick as mosquitoes. A thin column of blue smoke curling up in the distance shows you where a few wandering indians have pitched their camp, but there is no other indication A rich color may often be given to a | of civilization in sight. Still, the neighborhood is well settled, and a short drive will bring you to a farmhouse where you can buy the linest butter and the freshest eggs for uncivilized prices.

"A very short raliway journey will bring you to a country full of deer and the lordly wapiti, the king of the deer 🔺 tribe the world over; and down on the flat, boggy land by the lake shores the moose will stand knee-deep in water on the summer evenings, ready to lie down when the flies get bothering. All day you breathe the wild free air of the prairie, and at night you are billed to sleep by the surge and ripple and splash of the waves on the beach, broken now and then by the welrd bansheecry of strange water fowl."

Particulars regarding settlement of the lands of Western Canada can be had from any agent of the Canadian Government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in your columns.

OLD READER.



Write to F. Pediay, Supt Immigration, Oitawa, Ganada, or the undersigned, who will mail you atlasses, pamphiets, etc., free of dost; W. V. Heu-set, 501 New York Life Building, Omaha, Ne-bracka, Agent for the Government of Canada.

the state state Colding Colderer Within all & Arrange

AVE DEVA 1 & CARD