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Select Poetry.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining, and fears
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of the Master has made;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Paths leading from light into darkness,
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day
Above us, fair cities are laughing
And dipping white feet in some bay,
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads centre here when they end;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend.
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
If stolen or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward
And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journe
You shall find in the City of Rest.

Select Story.

A CRUEL CONSPIRACY.

Old Mr. Brown and His Son's Lov Affair.

Old Mr. Brown, the wealthy tal low merchant, was haunted by morbid dread that his only son Jack would make an imprudent marriage. The relations between the two were little strained, owing to the young man's objection to engage in mercantile pursuits. He had wished to enter the army, which old Mr. Brown regarded as a hot-bed of vice and dissipation, and having been thwarted in this, the lad would condescend to do nothing but to read languidly for the bar, obviously without the least intention of adopting the law as a profession. This naturally irritated his father, who speedily became convinced, from the stories which reached his ears of Master Jack's proceedings, that extravagance and dissipation can be practiced by a plain civilian without any military training whatever. But though Jack Brown had quitted the parental roof, and his father rigidly restricted his allowlowance to £300, a year which led to a great many unpleasant discussions between them, they were not completely estranged, for each secretly entertained more respect and affection for the other than he cared to show.

But perhaps the real origin of the coldness and of old Mr. Brown's perpetual uneasiness was to be traced to an early love affair of the young man who, when scarcely one-and-twenty, had engaged himself to a pretty but penniless girl—a governess in the family of a neighbor. Miss Mary Marshlands was highly educated and accomplished, and a lady by birth and training; but the old tallow merchant would not hear of the engagement, and vetoed it in a very peremptory way. But, though he succeeded by a vigorous exercise of parental authority in reducing his son to submission, and sent him of on a voyage round the world in charge of a tutor, the lad displayed a startling spirit of headstrong independence, and solemnly warned his father that, if he should contemplate matrimony again, he would take care not to risk his happiness by disclosing his intentions.

Old Mr. Brown was more impressed by this announcement than he realized at the moment, and as time went on and Master Jack seemed to have completely recovered from his early disappointment, his father sometimes doubted whether he had done wisely to interfere. He feared that his son was just the sort of misguided, susceptible young man to be inveigled into matrimony by some designing adventuress, and if such a catastrophe occurred it was not pleasant to reflect that the lad, warned by his previous experience, would, in all probability, keep his own counsel, and not afford his anxious parent the opportunity of rescuing him from his own imprudence.

Old Brown got this idea so firmly into his head that it rendered him perfectly miserable, and, unluckily, his son always maintained an attitude of marked reserve concerning his private affairs, which increased the old man's uneasiness. It must be owned that Mr. Brown, Sr., was not the sort of father whose manner invites confidence, for he was habitually gru and unsympathetic. But it is certai that the young man did not appea to relish his parent's frequent refer ence to the topic of secret marriage and old Mr. Brown noticed that o such occasions his son always ha tened to change the conversatio

This was so conspicuously the ca on one particular evening that the old gentleman, who fancied that he had recently noticed a sort of veiled defiance in Jack's manner, resolved to satisfy his suspicions by making some inquiries among the young fellow's friends.

It so happened that on the very next day after he arrived at this determination, he came across in the city a young man who was a member of Jack's club. The opportunity seemed too good to be lost, and Mr. Stephen Carlow had on previous occasions shown himself to be of a communicative disposition. In fact, old Mr. Brown had already picked up several hints of his son's proceedings from this source, and when he invited the young fellow to lunch with him, the latter seemed, by his manner, to be in no wise averse to undergo the catechising which he evidently anticipated was the object of his host.

The old gentleman did not ven-

said Mr. Brown, earnestly.

"Shall I though? Perhaps he may not think so," said the young man, sagely, as he contemplated his host's anxious countenance with a humorous glance.

"He shall never know. I give you my word of honor that I will not mention your name," cried the old gentleman, who could scarcely control his nervous excitment.

"That won't quite do, either. You got me into a row once before, Mr. Brown. I told you something in confidence, and Jack at once guessed where you got it from. No, hang me if I'll say a word," said Mr. Carlow, with sudden seriousness, evidently strongly moved by some unpleasant reminiscence.

"I will comply with whatever condition you like to make," said Mr. Brown, fingering his cigar nervously.

"I'll tell you what; promise that you won't say any thing to Jack about the matter! There are more ways than one of killing a cat. Your best chance of stopping this little affair is to get at the lady," said Mr. Carlow, with a knowing wink.

"Very well, I promise," said Mr. Brown, trembling at the mention of the substantive feminine.

"It's Lola Bell he's gone upon. "You've heard that, I suppose?" said Mr. Carlow.

"Who is Lola Bell?" inquired the old gentleman, setting his teeth.

"Lola Bell! Don't you know? Why, you can see her photo in all the shop windows," said Mr. Carlow, a little contemptuously. "A celebrated actress, of course."

"O, that is the lady, is it? Lola Bell!" said Mr. Brown, endeavoring to speak calmly.

"That is her name at present, but Jack is so gone on her that she may be Mrs. Jack Brown by this time, for all I know," said Mr. Carlow, airily.

"Good heavens! You don't mean to say that he has married her?" cried Jack's unfortunate parent.

"No, I don't think so, really," said Mr. Carlow, with deliberation. "but he will."

"He shan't," said Mr. Brown, desperately.

"There is only one way to prevent it," returned Mr. Carlow. "If you like to leave it to me, Mr. Brown, I think I can manage it."

"I'll manage it if you give me carte blanche, Mr. Brown," replied Mr. Carlow, with easy confidence. "But it's a delicate business, and I expect she will open her mouth pretty wide."

"What sort of a figure?" inquired Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"It might be five thou.," said Mr. Carlow, blowing a cloud of smoke, and watching it with an abstracted expression.

"Five thousand pounds! Preposterous," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"I say it might be; but I daresay I can make her listen to reason," returned Mr. Carlow. "Anyhow, you can rely upon my getting you off as cheap as possible."

Old Mr. Brown's business instincts being fully aroused by the turn the conversation had taken, he began to recover from the state of nervous excitement into which he had been thrown by Mr. Carlow's news, and to reflect with tolerable calmness on the situation. His first impulse had been to avail himself of his young friend's proffered services, but a few minute's consideration caused him to abandon the idea. He did not doubt Mr. Stephen's honesty and good intentions, but he had no reason to feel confidence in his tact and business capacity. Besides which, it occurred to him that possibly young Carlow might be equally wrong in his surmises as to Jackson's intentions and the lady's nature. There might be no question of marriage between them, or, in any case, Miss Lola Bell might be open to the conviction that by marrying a penniless, disinherited young man she would be acting foolishly in her own interests. In short, Mr. Brown concluded that he could conduct the negotiations himself at least as well as his young friend, and he therefore said at length:

"I really don't think that I need trouble you, Mr. Carlow. If you will give me the lady's address I will call upon her."

Mr. Stephen Carlow looked so startled and disconcerted by this announcement that for a single instant he inspired his companion with a vague feeling of doubt and mistrust; but he said at length, with a careless laugh:

"All right! I don't want to interfere Mr. Brown, but let me give you a tip—don't let out who you are!"

"Why?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Jack thought it prudent for fear the matter should come to your ears, to call himself Templemore, or some such name. Yes, I'm sure it is Templemore. If you let out that you are Mr. Brown, the rich tallow merchant, you may add on any number of noughts to the figures," said Mr. Carlow rising from his chair.

"I understand," said Mr. Brown, quite appreciating the hint. "I suppose I had better call myself Mr. Templemore."

"Yes. I don't know whether Jack has admitted having a father, but that you can find out," said Mr. Carlow. "Anyhow, for goodness sake don't mention my name, especially to Jack. In fact, you've promised not to mention the matter to him at all."

Old Mr. Brown repeated his assurance on this point, the more readily because he fully realized the unconscious wisdom of his young friend's advice, that the best way of dealing with the matter was by not openly opposing his son. He therefore parted with Mr. Carlow, after thanking him warmly for his confidential communication, and returned to his office to chew the cud of his bitter reflections.

He went a little out of his way, however, on the road thither, in order to pass a stationer's shop which displayed in the window a collection of photographs of theatrical and other notabilities of the day, and there he had the grim satisfaction of beholding a likeness of the lady who had been mentioned by Mr. Carlow. She was a young person of a prominent type of beauty, and Mr. Brown shuddered as he gazed upon her meretricious charms. He resolved on the spot that he would make any pecuniary sacrifice in order to release his unhappy son from the toils of this undesirable siren, and his subsequent meditation partook rather of the nature of lamentation than of deliberation upon his course of action.

But he, nevertheless, carefully rehearsed in his own mind, in the privacy of his official sanctum, the line of argument which he should take with the young lady, and, having done this and put a roll of bank notes in his pocket he sallied forth to Brompton, full of sturdy resolution, and not without a faint hope that young Carlow's information might prove exaggerated.

He was relieved to find, on reaching Miss Lola Bell's address that the young lady was within, and having, with some trepidation, given his assumed name of Templemore, he was ushered into a daintily furnished sitting room, whence he found his hostess gracefully reclining on a sofa, reading a yellow-backed novel and smoking a fragrant cigarette.

If old Mr. Brown was not unnaturally confused at finding himself in the presence of this ruddy-haired divinity, the latter seemed also somewhat disconcerted at the appearance of her visitor, for she fixed her lustrous eyes upon him with a startled expression, and furtively dropped the cigarette into a bowl of gold fish.

"I've called to speak to you on the subject of—of a namesake of mine," said old Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"Are you his father?" inquired the beauty, assuming a less neglige attitude.

"Yes. I am his father," said Mr. Brown, taking his cue.

"He has told you, I suppose, that he wants me to marry him," said Miss Bell, in her most dulcet tones.

"I have called to convince you, madam, that such a marriage is out of the question," returned old Mr. Brown, turning very red, but speaking with considerable firmness.

"Why, may I ask?" inquired the lady sharply.

"Because, madam," replied Mr. Brown, wisely controlling his temper; "my son, is not in a position to maintain a wife. Besides which he is very young—a mere boy."

"But I'm not very old," retorted the lady.

"No, you are young enough, and I will add, with your permission, beautiful enough, to do a good deal better for yourself than that," returned the wily old diplomatist.

"Where the heart is engaged, Mr. Templemore, a poor girl does not always consider her own interests," said the lady, with a gentle heave of her bosom.

"There is a vast difference, madam, between self-interest and absolutely suicidal imprudence," said old Mr. Brown, impressively. "If you marry my son, you marry a pauper, and of that I give you due and solemn warning."

"You are very unkind," said the beauty, making a little "moue" and brushing a lace handkerchief lightly across her eyes. "I call it brutal."

"On the other hand," resumed the old gentleman, watching her anxiously, and gaining considerable encouragement from his observation, "if you will give him his congé, and promise not to marry him, I might, perhaps, ahem!—make it worth your while."

"How much?" murmured the beauty between her vermillion lips, as she gazed at her visitor with a bewitching smile of languid interest.

"Well—ahem! your question is rather abrupt," said the old gentlemen, scarcely less scandalized than delighted at the lady's evident heartlessness. May I inquire what guarantee I shall have—supposing we come to an arrangement—that you will carry out your part?"

"What is a guarantee? I'll sign any paper you like," said the lady artlessly, "and I'll start off for Paris to-morrow."

"Without letting my son know where you have gone?" said Mr. Brown, anxiously.

"La! yes. I don't want to have a row with him. I hate rows," said the lady, gently

"And his letters?" inquired the old gentleman, overjoyed at the success of his negotiations.

"I've never kept them. If I find any anywhere about you shall have 'em, and welcome," said his fair companion, carelessly opening one after another the drawers of an adjacent escritoire.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the only question that remained to be settled was the all-important one of the amount of the douceur. This gave rise to a somewhat animated—not to say heated—discussion, and old Mr. Brown was not a little startled by the extortionate nature of the lady's demands. But this trait of her amiable character, much as it disgusted him, served to render him the more anxious to complete the bargain by deeply impressing him with his adversary's unscrupulousness. In his anxiety to deliver his son, and—indirectly—himself from her clutches, he permitted himself to be bled pretty freely, but he had the satisfaction, when he finally took his departure of carrying away with him, in addition to a written undertaking in Miss Lola Bell's classic hand, a firm conviction that she was not likely to encourage Jack's attentions any more.

The next day he had the further satisfaction of receiving a telegram from the lady, dispatched from Boulogne, showing that she had fulfilled her promises to leave England for awhile; and, being thus reassured, he made an excuse to stroll round to his son's chambers, partly out of mere curiosity and partly out of vague uneasiness on the lad's account. But he found that Master Jack had gone into the country the same morning; and it struck Mr. Brown, from all he could gather, that some sort of mystery attached to this proceeding. He had left no address, and nobody knew where he had gone or when he would return.

It was a mere coincidence, no doubt, but the old gentleman could not help noticing that his son's abrupt departure took place on the same day and at about the same time as Miss Lola Bell started on her journey. It seemed such a monstrous thing to suspect his own flesh and blood of conspiring against him that he indignantly repelled the notion from his mind, but he could not refrain from sending a messenger round to Mr. Stephen Carlow's office to inquire of that young gentleman whether he knew anything of Jack's whereabouts. The reply that the messenger brought back was that Mr. Carlow had also disappeared without any notice to his employers, and the combination of perplexing circumstances not unnaturally caused old Mr. Brown to wonder uneasily whether they had any connection with one another.

Whatever the explanation of it all was, poor Mr. Brown was forced to remain in a state of mystification and increasing perturbation for several days, during which he heard nothing of his son or of Mr. Carlow either; but one fine afternoon, on returning to his office after a short absence, he found Master Jack seated in his private room, looking so pale and nervous that he instinctively guessed that some unpleasant revelation was in store.

"I've called, father, to say that I am quite willing to come into your business," said Jack, after they had exchanged a hurried greeting.

"O, indeed! You have some very good reason for the request, no doubt," said the old gentleman, prompted by an irresistible presentiment. "Where have you been?"

"On my honeymoon," answered Master Jack, as unblushingly as possible.

"Really. Have I the pleasure of knowing the lady?" inquired old Mr. Brown, turning ominously white and beginning to tremble.

"I know that she promised you never to marry me," said Jack, raising his voice and speaking firmly, "but I over-persuaded her. She is an orphan, and was left alone in the world."

"An orphan! Don't talk that nonsense to me, sir. I'm afraid that I'm better acquainted with your wife's character than you are," cried old Mr. Brown, commencing to grow purple in the face, as he extracted a document from his coat pocket with a furious gesture. "Read that, sir, though I expect you know all about it."

"What on earth is this about? Lola—what? Lola Bell!" exclaimed Jack glancing at the paper with a bewildered expression.

"Stay! Give me that back, Jack," cried his father hastily snatching the paper away from him. "Don't stand staring there. Tell me who you have married."

"Why, I thought you understood. We were talking just now of Amy Marshlands," said Jack.

"Amy Marshlands," cried his father, subsiding into his chair with a sort of unspeakable relief.

But Jack misunderstanding the cause of his parent's emotion, proceeded with all the eloquence at his command to excuse his conduct and to plead for forgiveness and by the time he had finished, old Mr. Brown had risen to the occasion.

"Well, my boy you have given me a shock, but we'll say no more about it. After all, you might have done worse. Thank God! You have married a lady, and if you are prepared to settle down and come into the business——"

"A thousand thanks, father!" cried Jack, grasping the old man's hand with delighted fervor. "By the way, why did you refer to Lola Bell just now?" he added unsuspiciously. "Have you heard the story?"

"The story. What story?" inquired old Mr. Brown, guiltily crushing the incriminating paper in his hand.

"About Stephen Carlow. You remember Stephen? It appears that he wanted to marry Lola Bell, and in order to raise money he prevailed upon an old uncle of his to pay the woman a large sum on the faith of some cock-and-bull story or other. Lola entered into the plot, but when she got the money she bolted to Paris with somebody else. Stephen followed in a frantic state of rage, and there was an awful row on the boulevards the other night. It's in all the papers. Poor Stephen is locked up in a French prison for assault and——"

"Serves him right. It sounds uncommonly like a swindle, interposed Mr. Brown, who had turned unaccountably red during the recital. "I hope they'll keep him in the French prison, and the woman, too. Anyway, if he comes over here again, I forbid you to speak to him, Jack—now, mind that!"

The Making of Roads.

Joseph Pennell, the artist, has a recent article entitled "What I Know About Roads." He says some of the vilest roads he has ever ridden on are in England. This will be news to many people who have looked on English roads, especially in comparison with the highways of America, as being well nigh perfect. He says there is not a one hundred-mile stretch of road in England that is in good condition, and not a foot of it anywhere that is as well kept as it ought to be.

As the adage says: "They do these things better in France," and Mr. Pennell tells us how it is done in France. Every mile or two along the French road you will find a man breaking stone into pieces about two and a half inches square. Those piles of broken stones are arranged symmetrically with a roof on each pile. These men work at stonebreaking in spring, summer and autumn, and all the while other men are sweeping the road with great long brooms and piling up the dust for future use or for sale. A loose stone or a lump of dirt on a French Road is absolutely unknown. In October these broken stones are laid evenly on the road and the interstices are filled up with smaller debris from the pile and then clay or chalky earth is spread over it. The whole is thoroughly saturated by water thrown from the hose of an engine, which runs the steam roller, and up and down over this mass the heavy steam roller passes, pressing it into the most perfect road bed that is known. The roadway in France is wide enough for two or three teams to pass. There are rarely any fences by the French farms, but on each side of the road is a small dyke built up to prevent the water from running from the farm on to the roads. Near the dyke is a deep ditch and between that and the road a grass plat that is kept in perfect order. Every one hundred feet or so there is a trench cut in the grass plot that allows the water to run from the road into the deep trench and so the roads are kept perfectly drained. All the distances are marked off by stones about two and a half feet high. On one side of the stone you see the name of the next important town, with its distance in kilometers, and on the other side the name of the important town you have left. On its face you read grand route No. so-and-so, and below the name of the great city from which it starts and the great city to which it goes, and the distance to each by road. Every hundred meters you will see a white stone with the number inscribed on it.

If every county in America were to appoint an efficient road engineer who knew something about the theory and practice of road-making, and the whole statute labor or road-tax labor were intelligently employed, even under the present system, something might be done to make the roads of America other than a reproach to the country. It is an important question and has much to do with the welfare of every community. Nothing is more necessary than perfect roads throughout the country, and if Mr. Pennell's article has called attention to the reckless system which is in vogue in America in building roads, it will do a very great deal of good.

Beautiful Swiss Custom.

As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest takes his horn and trumpets forth, "*Praise God the Lord!*" And all the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. Solemn stillness follows, and every shepherd on bended knees, with uncovered head, offers his secret prayer. By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herdsman on the loftiest summit. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks.

Improved farmers introduce improved stock and improved farming.

Squaws as Farmers.

FROM the CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

A prominent business man of this city who went with his father in 1857 to Pottawattamie county, Ia., then the extreme western limit of civilization, and who lived there several years at the most observing age, and who is now approaching fifty, tells how their Indian neighbors cultivated their corn.

There were plenty of Indians there and then all the work was of course done by squaws. At the proper time the squaws went to the cornfield, which had been cleaned and cultivated from time immemorial, and prepared the ground with "nigger hoes," those heavy, striking hoes with a pole or socket for the handle, in which they had inserted a handle not over three feet in length, requiring the squaw to stoop or squat as she worked. With this implement they dug round holes about three feet in diameter and about three feet deep, then passing the excavated earth through their hands, rubbing and crushing it as fine as flour, it was returned to the pit, more than filling it, the excess being rounded into a hill or mound, in which the seed corn was carefully planted and tended till it was big enough to take care of itself.

The Indians then left the camp and went away for their annual hunt, leaving only a few of the old and decrepit who were unable to make the journey, and for whose support in the absence of the tribe no provision whatever was made, not even so much as a tepee was left them. The old and decrepit had to make shelter of bushes and bark and provide for themselves.

The tribe went a long distance away and were gone till the corn came into the milk and was fit to roast and eat, a period they seemed to know by intuition, for they never failed to return the first day it was fit to eat. These pits were always dug in the same places, the surrounding ground being left untouched. The crop never failed to be a good one, though no enrichment of the soil was attempted. When the Indian left and the white man took the ground he found the old Indian corn-fields the best and most productive land.

There was one exception to the rule that the squaw did all the work. It was in chopping trees. The noble warrior took his axe and cut kerfs on opposite sides of the tree he intended to fell. He never cut so it would fall at once, but let the winds complete his work.

The Cannibal Tree.

The cannibal tree, which I am strongly tempted to call the most wonderful of God's many wonders in vegetable life, contests for space to spread its horrid leaves with the stinging tree in many parts of the South Australian jungles. If the stinging-tree could be appropriately styled the demon of the antipodean wilds, the cannibal tree is surely "a thousand devils painted brown," as Wilson says of the feelers of the devil-fish.

It grows up in the shape of a huge pineapple and seldom attains a heighth of over eight feet, in rare instances nine to eleven. Its height has no control of its diameter, as the reader may imagine when told that one of eight feet is frequently three to five feet through at the ground. The leaves, which resemble wide boards of a dark olive green more than anything else, are frequently ten to twelve feet long and twenty inches through in the pulpy part, next to the trunk. These thick, board-like leaves all put out from the top of the tree and hang down to the ground, forming a kind of umbrella around the stem.

Upon the apex of the cone, around which all these mammoth leaves centre, and looking much like the pistils of a huge flower, are two concave figures, resembling dinner plates, strung one above the other on a stick. These are constantly filled with a sickening, intoxicating honey distilled by the tree.

The natives of South Australia worship the cannibal tree in the name of "The Devil of Trees," and perform many uncanny rites about its death-dealing leaves, not infreqently going so far as to sacrifice one of their number to the bloodthirsty monster.

A curious and noteworthy instance of foundry work is reported. It consisted of three plates of cast-iron about one-fourth of an inch, and seven by five inches in surface, covered with writing indented in the iron. The impression on the iron is made by writing on thin paper, pinning the paper in the mold, and then pouring on the iron. The writing thus transferred to the plates when the iron is cooled is wonderfully clear and distinct, and is so deeply imprinted as to defy any attempt at erasure.

Cheese as Food.

Much difference of opinion has prevailed in regard to the value of cheese as food, but we are beginning to get at real facts with a better understanding of the relations of the digestive functions to food elements. Cheese has been much lauded by many because of the great amount of nutritive food elements it contains, and people have been urged indiscriminately to eat it freely, some enthusiasts making the most extravagant claims for it as a health diet. But many people who have sought to follow this counsel find themselves speedily the victims of indigestion and dyspepsia. They would consider it little short of treason to charge their disordered digestion to the cheese, but the truth is the cheese is the most probable cause in any such case. Although, so far as its constituents are concerned, cheese is fairly entitled to its fame as a model food, yet in raw cheese these constituents are very difficult of solution by the digestive juices—that is, raw cheese is indigestible to a degree that makes it unavailable as food except to the strongest and healthiest stomachs, and should not be eaten by any one who finds on trial that it gives his stomach the least discomfort. It is found, however, that cooking the cheese removes this difficulty and makes cheese easy of digestion, and as nutritious as tender meat and more so. Various methods have been adopted for this purpose, from plain broiling, frying or toasting to the most elaborate compound dishes. The main point is to get the cheese cooked so that the stomach can digest it.

How to Cook Potatoes.

Does anybody want to know the variations played in our kitchen on the tune of plain, cold, boiled potatoes? Here they are: Milk is the key-note, and the first recipe is this: Put three-fourths cup of milk—with the cream on—in a shallow frying-pan; heat to boiling point, then add a pint of cold sliced potatoes, salt, pepper, and a generous lump of butter; simmer gently a few minutes, and serve hot. A second recipe is: one cup of milk to which, when it boils, is added a tablespoon of corn-starch paste, then put in one pint of potatoes cut in dice, and the salt, pepper and butter needful. Or instead of corn-starch, stir in a well-beaten egg just before serving. The other variations are made by using the above ingredients and adding different flavors; as at one time sprays of fresh parsley; at another boiled corn cut from the cob; at another a sliced onion or two—though these last must be cooked in water awhile before being added to the potatoes. Still another way is to put bits of dried beef in the pan, add one-half cup of cold water, simmer awhile, then add potatoes and seasoning needed. Yet one more is this; mince the cold potatoes; put in a baking dish; and salt, pepper, butter and one-half cup of milk, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Fried potatoes I say nothing about except that in my experience they have proven an indigestible mess, and therefore not to be tolerated in a cookery department where only wholesale food is prepared.

The Flapping of a Fly's Wing.

The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound, but when the movements are rapid a noise is produced, which increases in shrillness with the number of vibrations. Thus the house-fly, which produces the sound F, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a minute, or 336 times in a second; and the bee, which makes the sound of A, as many as 26,400 times, or 440 times a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and therefore, according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times in a second. Marcy the naturalist, after many attempts, has succeeded by a delicate mechanism in confirming these numbers graphically. He fixed a fly so that the tip of the wing just touched a cylinder, which was moved by clockwork. Each stroke of the wing caused a mark, of course very slight, but still perceptible, and thus showed that there were actually 330 strokes in a second, agreeing almost exactly with the number of vibrations inferred from the note produced.

The docking or cutting off the tails of the horses is a cruelty that lasts through life. They can never after this cruel operation, brush off the flies and mosquitoes that will make their life every summer a torment.

If short of yard measure use phosphate, and sow clover seed freely. The sod turned under both enriches and aerates the soil.

The Robin in an English Church.

It was the night before Christmas, in England, and snow was falling. They did not mind it in happy homes, where lamps were lighted and fires burned cheerily, and tables were spread for tea. But a little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

The little bird lighted on window-sills, and tapped with its beak, but it was seldom heard. Once, two little girls looked out of the window and saw him; but it was so very cold that they quickly ran to the warm fire, and birdie flew away.

After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in, without being noticed. Oh, how warm and comfortable the church was! The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers trimming the church with holly and misletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home. Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome this little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stairs, and tucked his head under his wing—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning, his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was indeed a royal feast in robin's eyes, enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches. No one had seen him, and what a sweet surprise! The minister raised his hand to keep silence while birdie sang, and then, opening the Bible, read in reverent tones:

"'Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young: Thine altars, O, Lord of hosts!'

"This time," said the minister, "our favorite bird, our little Robin Redbreast, has found a lodging and breakfast in the church, where we come to pray for our daily bread. Snow is all around, covering the ground and bushes; he was cold and hungry, and might have perished in the storm, but the good All-Father, in his pitying love and tender care, guided the tiny wing hither.

"The little bird praises Him in its joyous song. Shall not we, with far greater reason, praise Him gladly?'

Went to Prison by Himself.

A white man named Fuson, of neat and unassuming appearance, applied at the gate of the penitentiary at Frankfort, Ky., for permission to examine the premises. He paid the price of twenty-five cents, which is devoted to the prison library, and with a guard walked from the cell-house to the workshop, from workshop to dining-room and kitchen, and from kitchen to the hospital, and over to the female portion of the yard—commenting and inquiring as they passed from department to department about the rules and regulations, etc. When the examination was completed Mr. Fuson thanked the guard and said he would probably be back again before night; that he wanted to take a look at the city of Frankfort, which he thought was quite picturesquely situated. Two hours afterward he returned and handed the gate-keeper an order of commitment and a letter from the Sheriff of Bell county, which directed the warden of the penitentiary to hold Jeff Fuson in confinement in the penitentiary for one year for the crime of malicious shooting and wounding. The conviction was had last August, but for some reason or other the Sheriff couldn't bring the prisoner, in whom he had the utmost confidence, and he therefore allowed him to deliver himself up to the warden. The prison officials could hardly credit the man's statement that he was the prisoner referred to in the order of the court, but, as he was anxious to be incarcerated and begin serving his term, he was allowed to doff citizen's clothes and put on a convict garb without further questioning. His delivery of himself saved the State $32, which would have been paid to the Sheriff if he had brought him.

How shall we compost manure? Do not compost it. The soil is greatly benefited by the fermenting and rotting of the manure in it.

Nearly all kinds of fruit plants will be seriously injured if the water be allowed to stand around the roots during the winter.

Keep the best lambs and yearlings on the farm to increase the flock.

Cull the flocks and herds, and sell or slaughter non-paying animals.

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