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Before the Rain.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps, and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showe
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrinks in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremendous skeins of rain.

—*H. T. B. Aldrich.*

Sleep's Threshold.

What footstep but has wandered free and far
Amid that castle of sleep whose walls were planned
By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
With towers that point to no recorded star?
Here sorrows, memories and remorses are,
Roaming the long, dim rooms or galleries grand;
Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand
Gleam through mysterious doorways, half ajar.

But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
These halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
By what phantasmal means he entered in—
What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
What stairway quarried from the mines of night?

—*Edgar Fawcett, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

We have had a romance in our boarding-house. Charley and I are fond of them, and scent them out, I may say, long before the matter-of-fact people think of such a thing. You see, we had one of our own—comical, tragical, wonderful, but resulting happily. For, here we are, middle-aged folks, in the first heyday of love and its sweetness, and likely to linger here—since we starved so long for each other we can never quite make up the lost days. It gives us a tender and wondering interest in lovers. We have not a shadow of reason for doubting their truth and their trials, since we must measure them by our own standard.

We have been married five years, and do not "keep house." Charlie's business calls him from place to place, and as we are only happy when together, I am content to live an Arab life with him. Indeed, I like it for itself.

In those long years, when he seemed lost to me, I had to take up the lives of others, and I have formed the habit of always looking about me for some sorrow or some joy I can share or bless.

Every place where there is a human being has an interest for me, and soon becomes a home. The only drawback is the breaking up each time, and the leaving those whose heart life has touched mine. But at this rate I will never get to my story.

We came here last December. Such a time as we had that dreary day, climbing dirty marble steps, and waiting at tardy doors or in dingy parlors! We have come to know the aspect of a good boarding-house pretty well, and it seemed we were not to find one in all Philadelphia.

But late in the afternoon we were shown into the large yet cozy parlor of this old-fashioned house, and I knew, as soon as I looked at Charlie's face, that we were suited. We have never regretted our acceptance of the situation. We took possession of our "third-story front" that very hour, and followed Mrs. Jarvey to the tea-table as though we belonged there.

There is a good-sized family of us. The Betons, the Burtons and the Browns come down from some mysterious regions above us—very nice young couples, the three, just beginning the world. The Allens have the second story and the only children in the house. The back corridor turns out some five or six young clerks, an artist, a newspaper man, and an old bachelor who lives on his means.

The third story back—next to our room—is now empty. It is the nest from which the romance has just taken flight with its moving cause—Miss Atheling. It was empty when we came, and for a week later; then I heard signs of occupation.

Mrs. Jarvey is one of the people every one takes an interest in, and who claims that interest. She came into me that morning, with her round, still-girlish-at-sixty, face all aglow and smiling placidly.

"I declare, I am a lucky woman," she saie. "Do you hear that, Mrs. Smith? I have let the room for a good price to Miss Atheling—the rich Miss Atheling, who has been at 1216, you know. She's very pretty, really! You like pretty girls, don't you? I've noticed it."

"I think you 'notice' everything, Mrs. Jarvey," I said, laughing—for she does—"but you are quite right. I do like pretty girls, and handsome men, and everything beautiful, or grand, or noble-looking. Like them too much, I fear."

"Then you must have noticed young Welleston," said Mrs. Jarvey. "He sits at the far end of the table from you, but he is handsome and grand and noble looking, all three—and awfully shabby-looking, poor fellow."

Now, Charlie and I had noticed him at our first breakfast, and had often spoken of him since. He was not always, nor indeed, usually, present at meals; and when he was, sat silent and preoccupied, as though working away mentally at the problem of his future. He was strikingly shabby, and, rarest of all things, handsome and grand enough to shine it down. When he rose to leave the room, as he always did before the others, Charlie said he withdrew with the air of a king a little wearied from the restraints of court etiquette, not as a five-dollar clerk hurrying to his desk. I was not a little pleased that Mrs. Jarvey mentioned him, for I was drawn to him in a way I was sure meant he had trouble we might lighten. The dear old lady wandered on in her simple, pretty, kindly way until I knew all she did of his past, present and future. I was sorry it could be summed up in so few words.

He had come to her a year previous taken her smallest room, and gone on as we saw him day after day, with no change and no brightening of his hard lot.

"I am sure, Mrs. Smith, he never has one penny to spare, and how he is to manage about his clothes, I do not know. I am ashamed to own how carefully I watch that coat, but then it is because I dread to see it giving way. And I think he is breaking down under something more than hard work and poor pay. He is heart-sick, you see. There's a girl in it, as sure as you live."

With that, she trotted out as she had come in, blithe and sunshiny, and ready for the next thing that might happen, with a hearty smile.

I sat at my desk and dreamed, as I will do, when I ought to be very busy. I could believe there was "a girl in it." Surely, one woman, at least—and more probably a score of them—had read that fine, sad face with tender eyes. Then I recalled the shadow that had lain on my heart so long, and pitied the imaginary girl who, I was sure, must suffer with longing for the look I had seen once or twice spring into the pale face, when some word or sentence struck fire.

The supper-bell rang before I had finished my letter, and I had to hurry my preparations, as I did not expect Charlie until a late hour, and must go down alone. When I went out into the hall a servant was waiting at the back-room door, and just as I reached the turn of the stairs in the arch of the back corridor, the new boarder came out of it.

Involuntarily I glanced over at her, and at the same moment a low exclamation of surprise and deep feeling burst from some one standing in the shadow of the arch near me. It was young Welleston, and I knew he was devouring with passionate eyes the lovely picture before us.

Miss Atheling was young and beautiful—no doubt about that. She was, moreover, a lady born and bred, and a woman of pure and delicate intuitions and tastes. I cannot tell why or how I knew all this at one glance, but I did. Something in her face, distinctly visible under the bright gas-jet, her attitude as she paused to read the note the servant handed her, her exquisite toilet and the soft tones of her gentle voice as she addressed the man, proclaimed the facts I have set down as first impressions, which have not been modified by after intercouse. And, just as quickly, I knew in the same way that she and young Welleston were not strange to each other.

I had scarcely paused on my way for this look, and I now passed on, leaving him motionless in the dark corner facing her. As I expected, he did not come to the table, but Miss Atheling glided into her place next to mine before I was fairly seated. She was very, very pretty, slender, not "thin," graceful as a gazelle, dark-haired, dark-eyed, clear, pale skin, lovelier than any color, a mouth so fine and pure in its delicate lines it was a continual suggestion of delicate refinement, and a smile that was actually electric.

To this day I cannot meet it without a faint and delicious thrill like a shock. It must, it does turn a man's very brain, for I have seen its effects, and Charlie says it is irresistible, if she had the will to work evil with it. But she has not a shadow of evil in her—bless her!

I told Charlie about it when he came in, and my fancies as well. So we were both on the qui vive next morning to see if anything would bear them out.

Mr. Welleston was at the table when we went in, and greeted us with a silent bow, as we were the earliest arrivals after him Miss Atheling came next, bright and breezy as the morning, and in her Gainsborough hat.

"Out so early!" I could not help saying, as I caught her eye.

She smiled, and her lips opened to reply, but the words died. A scarlet flame shot up into her cheek that had more of shyness than anger in its red, and her eyes half sank.

She seemed to steady herself with a strong hand, however, looked clear and full at the averted head of Mr. Welleston, and said, in a perfectly distinct, attention compelling tone:

"Good-morning, Mr. Welleston. I am glad to see you are still living."

He answered something which I lost, for the Allen children burst in, tornado wise, as usual, and all the little world of our circle was swept into a current of teas, toasts, bread-and-milk, potatoes, porridge, beefsteak, pouts and pranks.

I am not used to children, and I candidly own I come as near hating a bad one as I do the Spirit of Evil. In fact, I consider such a one the mere embodiment of that gentleman, sent as a punishment and a temptation to commit murder.

Those Allen children turn all the milk of human kindness I imbibe into purest gall, and never were they more detestable than at that moment.

But Charlie said to me when we were alone:

"You are about right, Alice! And you may set her down as the girl 'in it,' I bet you ten to one."

"Either she is or she wants to be," I answered. "And I mean by that, she either is the girl he loves or the girl who loves him. The same signs can be read two ways. Which is right here, I do wonder?"

Well, I wondered for many a day. I never have been witness to such another wordless, ceaseless, persistent struggle as went on beside me after that morning. Sometimes I thought she wanted to attract him, and he resisted; sometimes I thought she shrank from his interest in her and he rebelled; sometimes it seemed as though they had come to an understanding, and accepted the inevitable of suffering. She and I were much together, and I found her the frankest, most childlike, confiding of persons, apparently. But I noticed, after a time, that she only told the outside of matters.

She talked as freely of Mr. Welleston as of Robbie Allen, of the years she had known him, of the places she had met him, of what he had done, and was doing, and might do in the future. But she never touched upon their relation to each other, never remarked upon his appearance, never even kindly speculated upon his financial prospects.

I am not sure that they ever met out of the dining-room, and I know their intercourse there was unmarked by any display of feeling, yet always I was conscious of an undercurrent rushing fiercely onward to a crisis of joy or woe. I have known her to part from me at her door with her sweet, gay laugh, and burst into a passion of tears before the lock was silent between us. I have heard her pacing her floor hour after hour of the night, swiftly, softly, tirelessly, until the faint, faint sound grew terrible in its hopeless monotony.

Charlie and I grew actually nervous over the thing, and felt, we said, as though we were living on the brink of a volcano.

At last it broke forth.

It was late one night, Charlie and I had laid aside our books for the cozy chat which is always the last thing with us, when there came a low quick knock on the door.

It was such an odd little tap, and such an unusual occurrence that, instead of calling out, Charlie got up and opened the door.

Miss Atheling stood there, in evening dress and carriage wraps, pale to the very lips, her eyes glowing and her breathing hurried and irregular.

"Mr. Smith," she said, coming in at once, and speaking eagerly, yet softly, "I have come to you for help. It is a matter of life and death to me—it means the misery or happiness of my whole life. Do not refuse me!"

"I will not," said Charlie, as eagerly, out of that kind, brave heart of his; "what is it you want done?"

"Go to Mr. Welleston's room and bring him here, please. Bring him here to me. Tell him so. He must come!"

Charlie went on the instant. She stood in the center of the room, waiting, her soft, shining wraps falling away from her fair, round arms and neck, her flowing hair and drooping flowers relieving her delicate face like the background of a cameo, one hand grasping her heart as though to still its pain, and her whole frame quivering with suspense. I heard Charlie's step returning, and not alone. I half rose. She made one swift, sweeping step toward me and laid her hand on my shoulder.

"No, no!" she said; "you must not leave me. Oh, as you love your husband—and you do, you do—beg God to be merciful to me!"

And then she turned to face them as they came in together.

There are times in life when silence is worth infinitely more than speech. Charlie often thinks so, and I was perfectly prepared to have him close the door and stand leaning against it, without one word or one look. Mr. Welleston, as silent and magnificent, stood near him.

He was very tall and always graceful, but to-night there was a splendor and imperial pride in his bearing I never saw equaled. He, too, was pale, and his lips were set so close and stern under his dark mustache, I almost trembled for my poor girl. What was she about to do. What had she done or left undone in the far past?

"You are going away?" she said, suddenly breaking the silence.

"Yes," he answered, briefly.

"And why? Am I so hateful to you?"

He looked at her, and my heart rose. Love, passionate and tender—only love was in it. She went a step nearer.

"Geoffry," she said, "do not break my heart! See, I can suffer in suspense no longer. When I heard the servants say, as I was coming upstairs, that you were going, I made this desperate resolve. I know the story of these dear people, and their faithful sympathy for all who suffer. They will keep my secret and comfort me, if you cast me off. And why? Only because of this, and this," touching her jewels with rapid, scornful gesture—"only because my father prospered, and sought to leave his poor child above the ills of life. You know—you know if I was poor indeed, nothing could separate us."

As she bent toward him I saw in her sweet face the expression of a truth the poet has put in words:

"Every atom of my body feels the hunger of my heart."

How she must have suffered before that last step was taken! The loneliness, the unspeakable anguish of the months spent so close to our happy lot!

"Geoffry, do not harden your heart! Your pride has cost us so much, and we were so happy. Oh, am I not the same, the very same I was before this hateful fortune came to me? Think of it! And with it all twice told—a thousand times told—I could not purchase one little thing that makes you so dear to me. We have known each other so long, Geoffry!"

Was the man iron and stone? He turned from her and folded his arms tightly upon his breast.

"Then it must be so," she said, in a tone of such utter, hopeless misery, it seemed a strange voice. "Well, at least, know this! I did not follow you here. I knew you were in Philadelphia, and near me, for I saw you pass 1216 often and often. But I never dreamed you were in this house when I came to it. When Mrs. Jarvey told me of the boarders the first evening I was startled, but I thought—I dared to hope the will of God had thrown us together, and it would be no harm for me to try for the only prize life holds for me. I was all wrong. Go now, and forget everything of the present, as you have of the past."

She covered her face with her hands, and I saw the red blood dye her forehead above her white glove-tips. But she had spoken so fearlessly, yet with such a modest dignity and reliance in the justice of her cause, I could only admire her. Mr. Welleston raised his proud head and met Charlie's eye. If ever there was a "volume of meaning" in a look, he saw it then.

"Margarite!" he exclaimed, turning and holding out his arms as he hurried to her.

She had conquered. The barrier was down and for ever. Charlie and I slipped away into the hall-window in the dark, and stood clasping each other, and whispering our delighted comments.

It was all as clear as the noonday sun now. They had been lovers before her father's death, when he was in the early flush of hopeful youth, and she a child, too timid and guileless to meet his sensitive nature upon a level above the mists.

Her good fortune and his evil days must have fallen upon them close together, and he had evidently started away from a shadowy spectre mocking his pride. What days were before them? We knew they would never regret the bitter draught in the sweet wine that lay beneath it.

After awhile our door opened slowly, and they both looked out, a little shyly, a little archly.

Charlie gravely advanced, and I followed, until she caught me in her arms and hid her face upon my neck.

"Oh, wasn't it dreadful in me?" she whispered, appalled.

"Not at all," I answered from my heart. "God defend the truth!"

"Welleston," said Charlie, "I suppose old Starbuck came to the scratch on that bill, after all, didn't he?"

"Well, yes—after a fashion. But they had to put the screws on him once or twice."

And if those two men did not go at it as hard-headedly as though business, and not love, could "make the world go round."

Margarite went away presently with gentle good-nights, and I was perfectly satisfied with the look he gave her as she passed out. I was always perfectly satisfied with him from that time.

They went away yesterday as bride and groom—a well-matched pair—and I have chronicled another love story in the great book Charlie treats with special consideration. It began with our own, and its pages are for the most part sad enough. But I have learned this thing. To those who are content to wait without yielding, sooner or later, but surely, the harvest of love comes round. It is the disappointed lovers of self who seek comfort for that self and fail always, because their aim is ignoble. The woman who loves the man whom God gives her, and not herself in his love for her, may trust that God to make His gift the glory of her life.

A Kissing Spring.

On Greasy creek, Ark., has recently been discovered one of the most miraculous springs on record. A correspondent says a Baptist preacher named John R. Yeatts tells what he saw there, and a Baptist dominie should be most excellent authority on water. The parson says the spring flows from a mountain about 400 feet high, comes out of the ground 100 feet from the top of the mountain on the north side, and flows at the rate of about forty gallons per minute, and it is the color of apple cider and tastes just like apple brandy, and has the same effect. Those under the influence of the water are perfectly ecstatic, and hugging and loving everything they meet. He says: I never saw the like, children and boys and girls hugging and kissing every one they meet. Old men and old women, young men and young ladies embracing each other by hugging and kissing. I met an old white-haired man and woman—I suppose about eighty years old—and they were hopping and skipping like lambs. I saw hundreds lying around the spring so drunk that they could not stand up, and they were lying and laughing, trying to slap their hands. The people call it the "Milennium Spring."

Twenty to thirty alligators in a drove went up the Cumberland as far as Nashville lately—an unheard of incident.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Lime.

Lime benefits the soil partly by supplying plant food, as almost all the useful plants contain considerable lime, and partly by decomposing inert substances in the soil. Lime liberates fixed ammonia, decomposes vegetable matter and destroys the acidity of sour soil. Its absence from the soil is generally shown by the presence of useless or noxious plants, and its presence is ordinarily indicated by the growth of the more valuable plants. When refuse lime can be obtained it is one of the cheapest fertilizers that can be employed.

Old Pastures.

A few years since, says a writer, I had an old pasture that had almost run out, covered with weed and patched with moss. I mixed a few barrels of salt and wood ashes, and applied about two barrels of the mixture per acre, covering about half the lot. The result surprised me. Before fall the moss had nearly all disappeared and the weeds were rapidly following suit, while the grass came in thick, assuming a dark green color, and made fine pasturage. The balance of the lot remained unproductive as before, but the following year was salted, with like results.

Bones for Poultry.

Some persons are in the habit of burning the bones before feeding them to poultry. It is true that after being burned they are much easier broken up, but the raw bones contain a large amount of gelatine, which is a most excellent food for making hens lay, and gelatine also contains a large amount of nitrogen, which is driven into the atmosphere by the heat. When the bones are fed raw this nitrogen is retained, and having done duty as food for the poultry and constituting part of their systems it is still capable of again doing duty as a fertilizer, but once becoming free nitrogen in the atmosphere it is not so easy a matter to combine it in such a manner that it shall be rendered available as plant food. In pounding raw bone it is not necessary to make it so fine as people suppose, for a hen will swallow a much larger piece than many would think possible, and when once in her crop it will be digested and properly economized.

Feed Dairy Cows Liberally.

We believe, says the *National Live Stock Journal*, the dairyman should study how he may produce all the food necessary for his cows upon his own farm, and that he should make all the provision that an intelligent foresight can do; but he should never suffer his herd to go with deficient food, even for one week, for this he cannot afford to do. And that we may encourage him to be liberal, even when his pasture is short, and he has no extra green food for them, let us compare the extra cost of nutriment in some by-product, such as bran, cotton-seed meal, linseed meal, corn meal, etc., some one of which the dairyman may always find near at hand, with pasture grass. Pasture grass has about eighty-nine per cent. of water, and the nutriment in 100 pounds of it is supposed to be worth twenty-one cents. The nutriment of nineteen pounds of fine bran is just equal to 100 pounds of pasture grass; ten pounds of cotton seed meal, twelve pounds of linseed meal, or ten pounds of corn meal, is equal to 100 pounds of grass. Now 100 pounds of pasture grass is a ration for an ordinary-sized cow per day. If the pasture, then, is short one-third, or one-half, or in any other proportion, it is easy to make up this deficiency by feeding some one or several of these foods, which are so easily handled. It is seldom that more than one-third would have to be fed to make a full ration on short pasture. Let us suppose the dairyman to be feeding seven pounds of fine bran; this, at $7 per ton, would cost 2.8 cents per day, or about nineteen cents per week. Now, the extra milk per week produced by this bran would much more than pay the cost. If he should feed, instead of bran, four pounds of linseed meal, it would cost him twenty-eight cents per week; or if 3 1 2 pounds of cotton-seed meal, would cost twenty-two cents per week; or 6 1-3 pounds of corn meal, twenty to thirty-five cents per cow, per week. If he has the command of all these, let him make up a ration nearly as follows: Four pounds bran, one-half linseed meal, and 1 1-2 pounds corn meal to each cow per day, which will probably cost only twenty cents per week and will keep a generous flow of milk till the fall rains renew the pasture, and the extra food can be discontinued. We have known many who have used an extra ration similar to this during short pasture, and never found one who reported it unprofitable. The ration may be varied to suit all circumstances. Corn meal will be found cheap in some localities; but it is always best to mix some bran with it; and in most parts of all our broad dairy belt bran will be found the cheapest extra food to make up for short pasture.

Breeding Sows.

The *Prairie Farmer* has an able article on this subject. To be practical, it says, this interesting native, the breeding sow, should be, as anything else upon the farm, first rate—broad, lengthy, deep, short-snouted, of fine bone, with tail well set on, a thin ear and skin gathering in folds even to the hock, and of a breed that will fatten on clover and grass in summer and on mangolds in winter, sliced and sprinkled with ground corn and oats. Various are the breeds nowadays possessing such characteristics. Wherever they may hail from you will have no great difficulty in obtaining what you want, especially if you attend our State and county fairs, or proceed on a tour of inspection among the more prominent and successful breeders of the country. Grudge not a few extra dollars, while on such a journey, in the purchase of an exemplary sow-in-pig to begin with. It is loss of time, besides disappointment, to buy second-rate stock, however excellent your judgment may be, with the purpose of improving it. Climb as far as you can on the shoulders of others who have pioneered before you, and then take up the path. You will be passed in turn, never fear, by some one now a small boy munching a crust. Start, however, as forward as you can, and do your best while your hours lasts. Reserve for breeding the sows which have about ten or twelve teats. Retain not, however, more than nine of a litter, if you get so many. It is curious how jealously nature has taught the pigling to recognize and adhere to his own peculiar one or pair of teats. The sow sixteen weeks with young, should be managed that she be ready to farrow in March and September, as cold weather is death to little pigs. A high bred lot are apt to drop their tails. This disfigurement, however, for such it is, may be prevented to a certain degree by a light dose of physic (a taste of oil in sweet milk, which they will drink), and anointing the sore place with a little digestive ointment, such as any druggist can prepare. Around the sty in which the breeding sow is kept at the time of farrowing there should be run a couple of rails, one above the other, a foot from the wall, the lowest being about three-quarters of a foot from the ground. The great risk at such time is of the little pigs being smothered by her lying helplessly upon them in her pain, whereas if there be a rail she is likely to bear against it, so that the little ones, if they have the bad luck to get underneath, will either work themselves out, or escape the direct burden of her direct weight. They soon learn worldly wisdom enough to take refuge behind, where you should have a little soft straw or hay for their especial use. Under the sow at farrowing time there should be little or no straw, as with the best disposition she is then more apt to annihilate some of the wee ones who may be lost to sight, having gone burrowing on their own behalf. The best practice, however, is to have her watched and the little ones taken from her as they appear, and if the weather is cold, kept near the fire in a hamper for a day or two, being carried to and fro for suckling. This entails a little trouble, but it is well repaid, as you may so save a whole litter, three-fourths of which, if left with her, the chances are you may find with their tongues out "done to death" within twenty-four hours after birth. As soon as they are pretty strong upon their legs and can expostulate lustily you may leave them in the fenced sty with mamma altogether, having taken care first to initiate them into the secret of their harbor (the railing around the wall). All this a savage mother will not allow; nay, often she will devour her offspring if meddled with at all. As a preventive against this awkward finale a wash of aloes and water into which the piglings are dipped, just newly farrowed, has been used. A "fond parent" of this sort, it will pay you best, however, to fatten and consume in turn. Gentle sows are sufficiently attainable to permit the immediate sacrifice of a savage. If the wee ones be ailing a hot bath for them and a dose of castor oil (say four ounces) to the mother, of which they will enjoy a reversion through her milk, as safe and usually successful treatment. That the sow will require warm food, gruel, etc., after her labor, and must be carefully tended and not highly fed for some days, it is almost superfluous to remark. Indeed, unless the tyro have servants about his stock who of themselves will exercise such ordinary thought, we will have a very mountain to surmount. We may notice only that boiled food promotes especially the flow of milk, and that for those sows which litter in autumn lettuces are the most wholesome and juiciest of food. Toward weaning time turn out the sow occasionally by herself, and accustom the nursery to take warm milk and slops on their private account. This will grease the slips of their final launch into life, which should take place as soon as they have shivered through the ninth week, when the matron should be thinking of baby linen again. Mind and do your little pigs well. The sow should be richly fed throughout the nursing, so that when you wean the litter they shall be pretty stout to start on their own account. Still, at the best, it is a tickish period when they are first put over the nest. Ruinous as cruel is the policy of stinting an infant. It is far better for you to keep half a dozen in good trim, ready ever for pork or winter baconers, than half a hundred trotting everlastingly, half fed, about the yard—scabby, wizzen-looking and pot-bellied—in anxious search for anything to satisfy the pangs of their hunger. Starved in infancy, young stock seems to lose not only size, but in a great degree its aptitude to fatten.

Clover as a Fertilizer.

All plants draw much of their food from the atmosphere, and of those used in agriculture none are exceeded by clover in the large proportion of nutriment thus derived. In this respect other leguminous crops are much like red clover. Here we include all the clovers, vetches, beans, peas, sainfoin, lupins and lucerne.

To keep up the fertility of our soil, we must restore to it phosphoric acid, potash, nitrogen and other substances which are found in farm crops. Of the three very important and valuable substances just named nitrogen is the most precious and costly to obtain. In various places there are abundant supplies of potash and phosphoric acid. As may be said, these are "in sight." Agricultural chemists are now studying on the problem of the future supply of nitrogen for agricultural purposes. So far, clover seems to be the important factor in this problem.

Whole crops of clover are often plowed under, to restore or keep up the fertility of the soil; but I am safe in saying that it has been proven a better practice to cut off the clover, feed it, and use the manure than to plow under the whole crop. In other words—for various reasons, all of which may not seem plain—it has been shown that plowing under a clover-stubble is followed by about as good results (often better) as though the whole crop was turned under. Again, Vœlcker shows that land on which clover has been grown for seed in the preceding year yields a better crop of wheat than it does when the clover is mown twice for hay, or even once only, and afterward fed off by sheep.

Says Dr. Vœlcker, in the "Journal" of the Royal Agricultural Society of England:

"1. A good crop of clover removes from the soil more potash, phosphoric acid, lime, and other mineral matters, which enter into the composition of the ashes of our cultivated crops, than any other crop usually grown in this country.

2. There is fully three times as much nitrogen in a crop of clover as in the average produce of the grain and straw of wheat per acre.

3. Clover is an excellent preparatory crop for wheat.

4. During the growth of clover a large amount of nitrogenous matter accumulates in the soil.

5. This accumulation, which is greatest in the surface soil, is due to decaying leaves, dropped during the growth of clover, and to an abundance of roots, containing, when dry, from one and a half to two per cent. of nitrogen.

6. The clover roots are stronger and more numerous and more leaves fall on the ground when clover is grown for seed than when it is mown for hay. In consequence, more nitrogen is left after clover-seed than after hay.

7. The crop causes a large accumulation of nitrogenous matters, which are gradually changed in the soil to nitrates.

8. Clover not only provides an abundance of nitrogenous food, but delivers this food in a readily available form (as nitrates) more gradually and continuously, and with more certainty of a good result, that such food be applied to the land in the shape of nitrogenous spring top-dressings.

PROF. W. J. BEAL."

Recipes.

RICE FRUIT PUDDING.—One large teacup rice, a little water to cook it partially; dry; line an earthen basin with the rice; fill up with quartered apple or any fruit you choose. Cover with rice. Tie a cloth over the top and steam one hour. To be eaten with sweet sauce. Do not butter the dish.

POTATO PUDDING.—One pound potatoes boiled and well mashed, one-quarter pound of butter stirred in while warm, two ounces of sugar, the rind of half a lemon chopped fine with the juice, a teacupful of milk; butter the tin, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour; two eggs may be added.

COOKIES.—Three and one-half cups flour, one cup sugar (a little heaped), half cup butter, one third cup rich milk or cream, two eggs, half teaspoonful soda; work the butter until creamed and beat the sugar smoothly into it, then add the soda dissolved in the milk; let the whites of the eggs be beaten to a stiff froth and add the last thing before the flour.

PANCAKES.—Beat up three eggs and a quart of milk; make it up into a batter with flour, a little salt, a spoonful of ground ginger and a little grated lemon-peel; let it be of a fine thickness and perfectly smooth. Clean your frying-pan thoroughly, and put into it a good lump of dripping or butter; when it is hot pour in a cupful of batter and let it all run over of an equal thickness; shake the pan frequently that the batter may not stick, and when you think it is done on one side toss it over; if you cannot, turn it with a slice, and when both are of a nice light brown, lay it on a dish before the fire; strew sugar over it and so do the rest. They should be eaten directly, or they will become heavy.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Soak two-thirds of a box of gelatine in a cup of good milk; put three cups of good cream to scald in an inner boiler; beat the yolks of six eggs to a thick foam; stir and dissolve the gelatine in the cream at the boiling point; add a round saltspoonful of salt; beat a heaping cup of sugar to the yolks of eggs, letting the cream and gelatine stand meanwhile where they will be kept scalding hot; pour the cream gradually to the yolks and sugar, beating the while; continue to beat till all is quite light and cold; give it into a second hand to keep beating, while you beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; add the whites of eggs, and beat all together to a fine froth; flavor with two teaspoonfuls of any extract, and turn into molds lined with slices of sponge-cake. Do not use stale cake; that is only fit to be made into puddings in which it will be recooked. Provide cake nice and fresh enough for the tea-table.

Work and Wages in China.

The United States consul-general at Shanghai has made a special investigation and report on the wages and modes of living of the working people of China. Skilled laborers—artisans, workers at trades, etc.—live mostly in the cities, where all prices are higher than outside. Art and taste, although appreciated, are not paid accordingly. A painter may win renown, and his name or his seal may live after him; but during life he will be no better off than his neighbor who makes coffins. Painters of porcelain, designers and weavers of the most exquisite patterns of silks, and the artisan who makes wonderful pieces of enamel or "china," are satisfied if they put by enough for burial expenses; the butcher does as well as any of them. Gold and silver smiths, and others whose work is peculiarly responsible, do a little better; the weaver or spinner of silk is probably the best paid day laborer, getting $1 to $2 a day. The average pay of skilled labor is probably $3 a week for a master, $1.50 for a workman, and 50 cents for "youngsters or females."

The master lives generally at his workshop, having $20 to $30 worth of household goods; he pays $72 a year for food, $36 for rent and sundries, $12 for clothing, and is rich with $36 left. The ordinary workman, if unmarried, lives with his parents or with some friend. His effects may be worth $15, and he pays $45, $12, and $8 for the three items above mentioned. Females and youngsters are assumed to cost all they can earn. On the farm everybody must work, the children beginning at six years. Two and a half acres of arable land, with a house built of mud and reeds and thatched with straw, and a cow, a few fowls and pigs, and some very primitive tools, may constitute a well-to-do farmer's property. The soil will usually support the family, and 20 cents a day will pay for their food. Rice, or bread, with vegetables and common tea, varied by a little poultry or pork on festive occasions, makes their diet. Their bit of land may be worth $400, their annual working expenses may be $42, and they will produce about $160, leaving about $50 clear. In cotton the land will average 1,600 pounds at 4 cents; cost of cultivation and tax, $31; net yield, $33, if the soil suits cotton. A woman weaves one piece per day of cotton cloth, 6 to 9 yards, 39 to 46 inches wide; she spins one-third of a pound of yarn, at 6 cents for labor; 6 working days convert the raw fiber into 1 1-3 pounds of cloth, worth 60 cents.

The farm laborer gets 10 to 15 cents a day, or 70 cents to $1.05 a week, in harvest time, besides his food, estimated at 10 cents a day; by the month, $1.50 to $2 and board; by the year, $12 "and found." About $2 a year will clothe him, and he does well if he saves twice that in a year. For cooly labor, comprising boatmen, carriers, wheelbarrow men, etc., from 5 to 30 cents a day are paid; the carriers in West China, who carry for 20 consecutive days 300 to 400 pounds of tea on their backs over a mountainous country, are considered well paid at 25 cents a day. The ordinary cooly earns $4 50 a month, and spends $4. Coal is mined entirely by hand, and sells at the pit's mouth for $1 a ton. Gold diggers on the Han river in 1870 were earning 5 to 15 cents a day; 7 men were estimated to wash 20 tons of gravel a day, yielding 3 or 4 cents to the ton. The Chinese soldier costs $67 a year.

Audacious Autograph.

The emperor of Japan has for the first time fully tasted the sweets of earthly grandeur; he has been asked for his autograph. The venerable minister of the household was much perturbed when a letter arrived from England addressed directly to his majesty. A thought of infernal machines prompted him to open, but respect forbade; so an interpreter was summoned and the missive opened in the emperor's presence. Inside was a black card with an ornamental border and a request that the imperial name be placed thereon. The Japanese are said to have a remarkable veneration for the first of anything, and as this letter was the first ever addressed by a foreigner, not only to the present emperor of Japan, but to any emperor of Japan since the age of the gods, it is supposed that its writer will receive the august autograph he craves.

A man on Cumberland mountain, Tennessee, is shipping wild ferns to the North and realizing a good profit.

Children's Teeth.

For two or three years Dr. Samuel Sexton has been engaged in an investigation of the teeth of school children with special reference to the influence of decayed teeth upon the sight and hearing of children so afflicted. The investigation was suggested by the almost constant occurrence of defective teeth in cases of inflammatory diseases of the eye and ear.

In the course of his work Dr. Sexton has taken some hundreds of accurate casts in plaster of the interior of the mouth in cases that have come under his notice, and has collected a cabinet that is invaluable as a contribution to science. His method has been, first, to take a complete cast of the internal cavity, and then from it to mold each jaw separately, and unite the two posteriorly with a neat brass hinge, so that the state of the teeth, their arrangement and all their peculiarities can be observed at a glance. He has found a pretty constant association between myopia, impaired hearing, and defective teeth, the cause of which he believes to lie in the distribution of the fifth pair of nerves, which is at once a sensory, motor and trophic pair, supplying the teeth, the tissues of the nose, those of the eye and ear, the integuments of the frontal and temporal region, and so on.

Irritation of the whole region is consequently produced by a defective tooth, and, in point of fact, some of the severest cases of neuralgia, temporal, facial and opthalmic, arise from impaired teeth; often in cases where the teeth themselves give no trouble whatever, and none save the acutest medical intelligence can trace any relation between the fierce attacks in the eye, ear or temple, perhaps, and the caried tooth that gives no local trouble whatever. In a few cases progressive dementia has been arrested by immediate repair of a tooth that produced no apparent disturbance, but was responsible for deep-seated cerebral trouble; but these cases have been too few to lay stress upon them as factors in the investigation. On the other hand, troubles with the eye and ear are often traceable to defective teeth, and Dr. Sexton regards irritation of the maxillary limbs of the fifth pair as among the principal causes of the progressive nearsightedness of school children, as observed by Drs. Agnew, Loring, Parke Lewis, Kohn, and other ophthalmologists.

A Coincidence.

The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* of a recent issue says: Just at this time, when Methodism is having a grand revival across the water, it may not be inopportune to cite the case of John Wesley, which has a wonderful resemblance to that of President Garfield. The following account of how he was prostrated at the age of seventy-two, when traveling in Ireland in 1755, is taken from his biography:

For three days he lay more dead than alive. His tongue was black and swollen. He was violently convulsed. For some time his pulse was not discernible. Hope was almost gone, when Joseph Bradford, his traveling companion, came with a cup and said: "Sir, you must take this." Wesley writes: "I, thought I, will if I can swallow to please him, for it will do me neither harm nor good. Immediately it set me a vomiting; my heart began to beat and my pulse to play again; and from that hour the extremity of the symptoms abated." Six days afterward, to the astonishment of his friends, and, as he says, trusting in God, he set out for Dublin, where within a week he was preaching as usual. The house in which he lay so dangerously ill was the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Gayer, of Derryaghey, a devoted Methodist of great respectability. His daughter, afterward Mrs. Wolfender, was now a converted girl sixteen years of age, and with her mother was Wesley's nurse. Great anxiety was felt for Wesley's life, and while a few select friends were praying that, as in the case of Hezekiah, God would add to his days fifteen years, Mrs. Gayer suddenly rose from her knees and cried, "The prayer is granted!" Marvelously enough Wesley's recovery immediately commenced and he survived from June, 1775, to March, 1791, a period of just fifteen years and a few months over. But even this was not all the wonder. Alexander Mather at the time was at Sheerness in Kent, when he read in the newspapers that Wesley was actually dead. Mather says he was not able to give credence to this, and before he went to preach he opened his Bible on the words: "Behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years," and away he went to the chapel and began to pray that the promise made to Hezekiah might be fulfilled in the case of Wesley.

A King's White Elephant.

Some ten weeks ago the king of Siam received a dispatch from one of his provincial governors informing his majesty that a brand new deity in the shape of a snow-white elephant had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Siamese capital. These joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm at court, and the king at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his ministers, grand officers of state, and exalted clergy, upon a processional excursion with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way and escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. The cortege, headed by his majesty, had not proceeded many miles on its road toward the interior when it encountered the object of its pilgrimage. Approaching the elephant with profound reverence and many humble salutations, the king knelt down at its feet and reverently placed its trunk upon his head and either shoulder, imploring its protection and favor. Having thus paid public homage to the huge quadruped and received its blessing by the "impositur proboscis," his majesty drew his sword and took up a position on the animal's right flank, supported, to the elephant's left, by the high priest carrying a golden wand. Thus headed the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was greeted by salvos of artillery and a general salute of the royal troops, paraded on either side of the route leading to the palace. Having escorted the elephant to its apartments, the king formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "reigning monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Cordon of the Siamese Oorder bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the white elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain, and popular offerings to the value of many thousands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the king's own private suite of apartments.

It is a matter of economy for a man to allow his wife to purchase the meat. A woman can get more meat for fifteen cents than a man can for half a dollar. And she can generally get a chunk of liver thrown in, too.—*Rome Sentinel.*

ODDITIES.

The hair of the beard was sometimes added to the seals of ancient deeds and charters.

The day began to be divided into hours about 293 B. C., when Papirius Cæsar erected a sun dial in the temple of Quirinus in Rome.

The ordinary country house in Arkansas is a log cabin; in Kansas, a dug-out in the prairie; and in Nebraska, a sod house, built of square pieces of sod.

Among the Greeks of historical times, the burial of the dead by the nearest relatives was a sacred duty. Its neglect exposed them to grave accusations.

The institution of the "Order of the Bath" originated in the custom of the Franks who, when they conferred knighthood, bathed before they performed the ceremony, and from this habit came the title knight of the bath.

Christian names are so called by having been given to converts in baptism as substitutes for their former pagan appellations, many of which were borrowed from the names of their gods, and were therefore rejected as profane.

During a heavy shower at Milbrook, Ont., countless myriads of small black toads fell with the rain. Shortly after the rain, and next day, in some places it was almost impossible to step on the sidewalk without crushing some of these little hoppers.

From a privately issued report on silk cultivation in the Chinese province of Kwangtang, we learn, says *Nature*, that in the Pakhoi district, on the southern seaboard, wild silk worms are found which feed on the camphor tree, and their silk is utilized in a singular manner. When the caterpillar has attained its full size, and is about to enter the pupa state, it is cut open and the silk extracted in a form much resembling catgut. This substance, having undergone a process of hardening, makes excellent fish lines, and is generally used for that purpose in the Pakhoi district.

Curing by Charm Remedies.

A recently-published European work on superstitions, says: At the present day, in spite of the march of intellect, there is still a widespread belief in the prevention and cure of the common ailments of life by certain remedies, which take the form of charms and amulets, or are preserved in those countless quaint recipes which from time immemorial have been handed down from parent to child. Indeed, thousands place far greater faith in their domestic treatment of disease than in the skill of medical science. Most of the ordinary ailments have "charm remedies." According to a popular notion fright is a good cure for ague. A key, on account of the coldness of the metal, is often placed on a person's back to stop a nose-bleed. In some places a toad is killed by transfixing it with some sharp-pointed instrument, after which it is inclosed in a little bag and suspended around the neck. According to a deep-rooted notion among our rural population the most efficacious cure for scald or burn is to be found in certain word charms, mostly of a religious character. One example runs as follows:

"There came two angels from the north,
One was Fire, and one was Frost.
Out Fire: in Frost,
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Sleeping on stones, on a particular night, is an old method of curing lameness practiced in Cornwall. For rheumatism professors of the healing art have advised the sufferer to carry about in his pocket the right fore-foot of a female hare, while others consider a potato equally efficacious. A Cornish cure is to crawl under a bramble which has formed a second root in the ground or to drink water in which a thunder-stone has been boiled. The curative properties attributed to some colors is illustrated by the treatment formerly employed in cases of smallpox. Thus red bed-coverings were thought to bring the pustules to the surface of the body and the patient was recommended to look at red substances. There are countless remedies to drive away warts. One remedy is to open the warts to the quick and to rub them with the juice of a sour apple, which should afterward be buried, and as it decomposes the warts will die away. Some rub the wart with eel's blood and others believe in the efficacy of the ashen tree. After picking each wart with a pin they stick it into the bark and repeat this rhyme:

"Ashen tree, ashen tree,
Pray buy these warts of me."

Salt in the United States.

The preliminary report of Special Census Agent W. L. Rowland on the salt industry of the United States shows that the salt product has increased from 12,717,198 bushels in 1860 to 29,800,298 bushels in 1880. Of this yield of salt, 888,968 bushels came from sea or bay water by solar evaporation, and 944,158 bushels from inland lakes or natural deposits by the same process. The amounts produced by artificial heat from subterranean brines were 8,853,821 bushels by kettle or pan process, and 16,115,351 bushels by steam evaporation process.

Fifteen States and Territories have salt works, namely, California, Florida, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nevada, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Virginia and West Virginia. Michigan leads, with 12,425,885 bushels; New York produced 8,748,203 bushels; West Virginia, 2,679,438; Ohio, 2,650,301; California, 884,443; Pennsylvania, 851,-450; Utah, 483,800; Virginia, 425,895; Louisiana, 312,000; Nevada, 182,408. The other States named produced only small amounts. The total value of the salt product of the entire country during the census year was $4,817,636. In California, Florida and Massachusetts salt is made from sea water; in Louisiana rock salt is mined and ground.

The salt industry employed capital to the amount of $8,225,740, and over 5,000 hands, whose wages amounted to $1,256,113. The wells number 539. The deepest wells are in West Virginia, where they average 1,043 feet. The Ohio wells average 902 feet; Pennsylvania, 884 feet; Michigan, 881 feet; Kentucky, 560 feet; New York, 324 feet; Virginia, 264 feet. The rest are shallow.

A Curious Spot.

Between the mouth of the Mississippi and Galveston, ten or fifteen miles southwest of Sabine Pass, is a spot in the Gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "The Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small craft which ply in that vicinity. There is no land within fifteen miles, but even in the wildest weather the water at this spot is comparatively calm, owing to the thick covering of oil which apparently rises from the bed of the gulf, about eighteen feet below the surface. This strange refuge is well known to the captains of the small vessels which trade between Calcasieu, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston, and when through stress of weather, they fail to make harbor elsewhere, they run for "The Oil Ponds," let go their anchors and ride out the gale in safety.

Courtship and Matrimony.

Moonlight tales,
Midnight walks,
Longing eyes,
Soothing sighs,
Front gate,

Parlor scene,
Feeling mean,
"Dearest Bess,
Answer yes."
Kind kiss,
Blind bliss.

Interview
Papa, too.
Nothing loth,
Happy both,
Couple glad,
Have it bad.

Organ swells,
Marriage bells,
Honeymoon,
Ended soon,
Double brown,
Settled down,

One year,
Skies clear;
Years two,
Rather blue,
Years three,
Can't agree.

County court,
"Splendid sport,"
Sorrow. Sin.
Jury grin.
Divorce given,
Fetters riven.

Worried wife,
Lonely life.
Husband roams.
Care. Cost.
"Love lost."

MORAL.

When you wed,
Look ahead,
Might fall,
That's all.

—*New Orleans Times.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

With some women the desire for the latest new book is merely a novel sensation.

"They quarrel like a church choir," said Mrs. Slobson, as she saw two boot-blacks fighting.

When Fenderson said he was at his wits end, Fogg remarked that it wouldn't take him long to get back; a very short journey, indeed.

A vagrant who had been fined regularly every week for begging requested the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

When a man says he makes his living by keeping a country tavern isn't it a sort of declaration of inn dependence.—*Louisville Journal.*

A facetious young man calls a certain female institute a "Vennor weather prediction"—because it contains so many Misses.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I always," said the wife of a French editor, "like to know that my husband is fighting a duel. Then I feel that he is perfectly safe from harm."

Solomon's temple at Jerusalem cost seventy-seven billions of dollars, complete. There were evidently government contractors in those days.

Jay Gould controls $650,000,000 but he always thumps a watermelon before buying it and insists on down weight when purchasing a pound of sugar.

Anaxagoras Jones (bawling into the ear-trumpet of his stone-deaf, beloved Arabella—("My angel darling, I adore you. Will you be mine forever?" Arabella Smith—"Louder!"

Steamship officials used unusual vigilance in searching for stowaways before leaving European ports last season, in consequence of which there was a marked absence of noble dukes, counts, etc., at our watering places.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Smith—"I once possessed a splendid dog, which could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person." Jones—"Well, what became of him?" Smith—"Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."—*Boston Transcript.*

"What is the moon good for?" asked Professor Miller; "what are its principal uses to us?" And the smart bad boy looked up from the class and said: "To rest the gas company."

In some States the evidence of a man who habitually goes fishing twice a year will not be received in the courts. The reason for this bit of judicial wisdom is obvious.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* speaks feelingly of the dentist as a man who "fills a long felt void." The *Bulletin*, no doubt, refers to a plug hat, that being the longest felt void we know of.—*Andrews' Queen.*

Overheard in a horse-car: First young lady—"I like them both, but I've made up my mind to marry Tom." Second young lady—"Why, Minnie, Charley's ever so much handsomer." First young lady—"Yes, I know it; but Tom's in the hairpin business, and father says here's a big margin in hairpins."

A Curious Trap.

Among the discoveries made recently in the great dead sea of the West, were some gigantic oyster shells, more than six feet long, each pair of which once contained an animal that the average boy reader of *St. Nicholas* could not lift. In other localities shells of but one valve were found fifteen feet long, and each of these was inhabited by a cuttle fish, that forced itself through the water by a method like that used to shoot a rocket up into the air; and some authorities say that these cuttle-fish attained a length of even thirty feet. These long fellows had a long name, Orthocerotite, and they had a cousin, the Ammonite, which grew as large as a cart-wheel.

Such were some of the shells of a thousand years ago; to-day the only really large shell is of the clam family. It is named *Tridacna gigas*, and is found in the Pacific ocean; the length of its life being sixty or seventy years. It grows imbeded in the coral, and is fastened to the rocks by a cord called the byssus, which is so tough that it can only be cut with an ax. The shells themselves are six feet long, each valve weighing more than two hundred and fifty pounds; while the animal part often weighs thirty or forty pounds. When alive, the tridacna lies with its great valves ajar, capturing any food that may pass within the scalloped edges. A shark was once caught in this way, as shown in the picture. Swimming along in search of food, he unwarily passed into the doorway of the great clam's house, his tail rudely striking the animal. Like a flash the tremendous jaws snapped together, squeezing the man-eater as if he were in a vice, and rendering him utterly powerless. As the tide went down, the shark's head appeared above water, thrashing about and churning up the sea. The hubbub attracted the attention of some natives, who soon captured both shark and clam.—*St. Nicholas.*

Saved by Her Wits.

A little story comes from Russia relating how a pretty Jewess saved her property and her life during the recent attacks upon the Jews. A great, hulking ruffian entered her shop and bought a loaf of bread. After swallowing a couple of mouthfuls he threw himself on the ground outside the shop door and began to howl piteously that he was poisoned—the Jews had poisoned him. Of course an infuriated crowd instantly assembled, and it would have fared ill with the Jewess if she had not dashed out of the shop, and, snatching the bread out of the impostor's hand, began to eat in sight of them all. The crowd stopped, thunderstruck. A broad grin dawned on every countenance. One of them called out to her: "Alosa, lend me your knout, will you?" Then the impostor started to his feet and scudded off, pursued by a mischievous but no longer sanguinary crowd.

Koumiss.

Koumiss has come into notice as a beverage because of its use by President Garfield. The following is a recipe for making it: Fill a quart bottle up to the neck with milk; add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar (after dissolving the same by the addition of a little water over a hot fire); also a quarter of a two-cent cake of compressed yeast; then tie the cork on the bottle securely, and shake the mixture well; place it in a room of the temperature of fifty to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit for six hours, and finally in the ice box over night. The milk used should be perfectly pure, and the yeast fresh. If there is any curdle in the koumiss or thickened part resembling cheese, it shows that the fermentation has gone too far and the drink is spoiled. It may be added that unless care is taken in drawing the cork the fluid will go out with it.