

MEMORIES.

BY A. ASHMAN KELLY.

All softly falls the sunlight this peaceful summer day. Thro' the open casement in a flood of crystal spray. While the happy birds without the shady maples throng. And fill the morning air with the richness of their song. The scent of blooming roses, the murmur of the bees, The soft and tender sighing of the odorous summer breeze. Oh, how they thrill the soul with a strange and sweet delight, And make this dreary world of ours more beautiful and bright!

Sis Brown's Fortune.

To begin with, I am a young person with big bones and plenty of them—and I don't care a button if my hair is red! I have good reason to know that I am not considerably beautiful; that my nose, for instance—but there's really no need for such distressing details. My father, Peter Brown—the best farmer living in all Fairfax, he the dead one whom he may—is the unfortunate possessor of thirteen children, every single one of them girls—and the married ones, too, for that matter! Of course, girls are all very well as far as they go, but one gets too much of a good thing sometimes, and so when poor pa takes a notion to upbraid fate because all his boys turned out girls, I must say I rebel against the decree that condemns me to slavish frocks and frizzes. Most good folks sing out that they want to carry harps and be angels, but I—if only I were Peter Brown, junior, and had a farm like pa! I don't blame ma, of course, but I really do think the even dozen ought to have contented her—and, what's more, I say, so, when pa and I get beyond the subduing influence of her eye—for there's nothing trifling about ma's eye! When pa and ma's love was young, and their future a rose-colored rose—there! I've heard pa say it a dozen times, but when a girl happens to be shackled with a memory like a boy's pocket upside down and the middle nowhere, and get that memory from her ma, I suppose there's to be allowances—anyhow, the first girls got the benefit of it all in the way of mugs and coral, and names as fine as fiddles; then there came such a disastrous lull in pa's enthusiasm that ma says, when he panted up from the fields one hot noon and found out dear old twins waiting, instead of his dinner, it set him so frantic that he threatened to bunch the whole family together like a string of fish and do a dark and desperate deed. But ma just kept on having her own way—which means girls—until by the time she wound up the home circle with me—at your service—she had so worn her intellect down at the heels thinking up double-barreled names for the other dozen, that she handed my christening over to pa, and pa everlastingly disgraced himself, in my estimation, by heartlessly calling me Sis—absolutely nothing but Sis.

though pa has been cheated of his bishops and senators and things (poor dear, he never dreams that sons of his might have turned out farmers like himself, only not half so good) the girls have certainly made up his loss in husbands. Indeed, pa seems to have more sons-in-law than he knows quite what to do with—and as to grandsons! "If one could only feed them like chickens!" sighs poor ma plaintively. After that little business talk pa and I had behind the barn I've settled in my mind that the Browns have got to economize, and I mean to start with the grand children by way of a noble beginning. "Now look here, ma," I say to the dear old soul who is already swearing at me with big anxious eyes, like a hen with her feathers ruffled, "this thing has gone on long enough, and I just mean to hitch old Calico to the cart and dump every scrap of a grandchild at his own lawful door—I do! It's downright mean in the girls to impose on us in this everlasting way—as if there wasn't work enough of our own—"

"There, there, sis," interrupts ma, pathetically, "they only mean to please pa—"

"And a nice way they take to do it! Pa's an old man now, and after pinching and slaving all his life for us army of girls, what right have they to keep him pinching and slaving to the last? Oh, you needn't look at me like that, ma, dear; children, like good manners, ought to be found at home—hi, you, Tom, Dick, Harry, etc., etc.;" and when at last I have packed them in the wheezy old cart, and we go laughing, scratching and squalling down the road, I feel like the pied piper of Hamelin, only there's no hill with wide, greedy jaws, waiting at the end of the trip—more's the pity!

That sounds as if Sis Brown was not fond of children: but I really am, when they come like silk frocks and other occasional luxuries; considered as every day affairs, however, if I am to be allowed a preference between the two—why, give me the 10 cents of Egypt and accept my grateful thanks. When I have impartially divided their howling household gods between the eight sisters who live so uncomfortably near, the sun is sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glorious yellow. There is a long road with many leafy turnings, that Calico knows as well as I, and while she dawdles along it with languid elegance that suits us both, I sit, tailor fashion, in the bottom of the cart, thinking, heedless of whip or rein. I read a story once of a devil-fish crawling over the roof of a pretty cottage by some southern sea. I don't suppose there was a word of truth in it; but, some way, ever since pa made a clean breast of his troubles, I can't get that shiny black monster out of my thoughts night or day. I should say, indeed, that a mortgage like ours was a trifle the worst of the two, because there's only one weapon to fight it, and where in the world is pa to get the first red cent of that terrible three thousand dollars? If pa had only told me in time, perhaps I might have done something heroic with my poultry—a flock of grey geese did grand things for his story once on a time—but no, he kept as dumb as Cheops, until I found it all out myself, and no thanks to anybody. The way of it was: Ma started me down to the meadow one evening last week to see what pa meant by keeping supper waiting, and when I found him leaning against the barn there as quiet and gray as the twilight shadows, why, I think the One who doeth all things well must have put it in my heart to wake him up and tell me the matter. There is no woman in all this big glorious world so weak as Samson with his head shaved, and so he told me between sobs—I don't ever want to see my father cry again—how the big family had gobbled up the small earnings, and how at last there was nothing to do but to borrow money on the dear, shabby old place, and now a villainous bill of some sort was coming due. "Never mind, dad," I said, "come along to supper; I'll get you out of your fix."

I don't think pa realized at the minute—and I'm sure I did not—that I had never so much as seen a hundred dollars in all my life together, for he followed me home contentedly, put his head under the spout while I pumped, and then, with his hand on my shoulder, went into the house and ate supper enough for two! The next day pa was out of his head with a fever, and now to see him prodding about the farm with a stick in his hand and a pain in his back—poor, dear pa! Of course, the first thing that suggested itself at his bedside was blood, and plenty of it, and I did saddle Calico and race off to murder the mortgage man—but I might have saved myself the trouble, for the vile creature wasn't at home; then I turned the old man's head toward the family home-in-law, but there wasn't a husband among them who had the cash to do my duty like a man. Even fathers are human!

Culinary.

SWEET PICKLED BEETS.—Boil them in a porcelain kettle till they can be pierced with a silver fork; when cool cut lengthwise to size of a medium cucumber; boil equal parts of vinegar and sugar with a half tablespoonful of ground cloves tied in a cloth to each gallon; pour boiling hot over the beets. COFFEE ICE CREAM.—Make a custard, without any flavor, of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs. Put into this four ounces of freshly-roasted Mocha coffee berries; they should, if possible, be used hot. Cover up the steppan closely with its lid, putting a napkin over to keep in the steam. Let the custard stand for an hour, strain and sweeten, and when cold put it into a freezing-pot. Cream thus prepared will not take the color of the coffee, and when carefully made is very delicate and delicious. Coffee ice cream is also made with a strong infusion of coffee. To make the infusion, put two ounces of ground coffee into a French cafetiere and pour over it a gill of fast boiling water. When the infusion has all run through, boil it up and pour it over two more ounces of coffee. Put the infusion thus obtained to a pint of sweetened cream or custard and freeze. EGG-PLANT.—Cut the egg plant in slices a half-inch thick, sprinkle a thin layer of salt between the slices and lay them one over the other, and let stand an hour; this draws out the bitter principle from the egg-plant, and also the water. Then lay each slice in flour, put in hot lard, and fry brown on both sides. Or boil the egg-plant till tender remove the skin, mash fine, mix with an equal quantity of bread crumbs, add salt, pepper and butter, and bake for thirty minutes. TASTELESS JELLY.—Procure one-third of a pound of ivory dust and boil it for eight hours in a quart of water; when done strain through a jelly-bag. It can be flavored, but its main use is, that being highly nourishing and at the same time tasteless, it can be introduced in tea or coffee, and unknown to the invalid. OATMEAL WATER.—Brown a sufficient quantity of coarse meal, before the fire or in the oven, and pour over it boiling water; cover it close and use it cold. This is considered very useful for stopping sickness. LEMON WHEY.—Take milk and water, a pint of each; add to it the juice of two lemons, and let the mixture boil for five minutes; strain and add sugar to taste. Recommended for a cold. EGG-PLANT (STUFFED).—Take half a dozen egg-plants; split them in two, lengthwise, and scoop out the interior until only a mere shell is left; salt these and let them drain. Chop the interior of the egg-plants with three onions; then render them with butter; add some chopped mushrooms and parsley and a few crumbs of fresh bread; season well with salt, pepper and nutmeg; then bind with yolks of half a dozen eggs. Fill the body of the egg-plants with this stuffing; cover them with a few bread crumbs; put them into a roasting-pan and wet them with a little sweet oil; then into a quick oven for about ten or fifteen minutes to give them a nice color. BARLEY WATER.—Wash a breakfast-cupful of pearl barley twice, once in cold and a gain in hot water and throw away the water; then put the barley into a covered quart jug with a very thin slice of lemon and a small piece of sugar; fill up the jug with boiling water; let it stand till cold, and pour off clear without straining it. To make thick barley the barley must be boiled. SOFT CRABS FRIED.—Throw them into boiling water and let them boil about ten minutes. Drain and dry them well, and remove the spongy flesh or "dead men." Season with pepper and salt, dredge lightly with flour, and roll them in bread crumbs. Fry them in boiling lard. The Consul and His Wife. A Protestant Bishop who had just been appointed to a missionary see in China wished to pay a visit of ceremony to the Tao-tai, or Chinese official who was in charge of the city which was entrusted to the Bishop's spiritual care. As the British Consul, who was to accompany him, would be in uniform, the happy thought struck the Bishop that it would be well for him to appear in his episcopal robes and lawn sleeves. This was carried out, to the great bewilderment of the Tao-tai, who had, of course, never beheld anything similar. He treated his visitors with the usual Chinese politeness, and talked to the Consul about the weather, but could not avoid glances of curiosity at the strangely-dressed being at his side. Next day an Englishman who had business with the Tao-tai made his call, and was thus addressed: "The Consul was very polite and amiable during the visit he paid me yesterday; but, tell me, why did he bring his wife? Why did he bring his wife?"

Chats about Horses.

"Hallo, Doctor, what have you got there?" shouted a man to me one day, few years ago, as I was going my rounds among my patients; "a new one, Joe; what do you think of her?" this Joe was, what's called in England, a rough rider, one who broke colts to saddle, and one of the best men in that line of business in Lancashire. "She's a beauty, where did she come from?" "The Eccleshill stables; she is only a blood weed." "My, she's a picture; call her a weed, eh? Why if she ain't fast enough for a galloping race she has style enough about her for a lady's pad; better let me break her to saddle, there's good money in that mare, I tell you." "No, no; I have taken a fancy to keep her, she is like a child, and knows as much as a man, I'll keep her as she is, Joe, she just suits me as she is."

A Great Emigration Scheme.

An Ottawa (Can.) despatch to the New York Sunday Times says: The British Government has decided to officially undertake to aid Irish emigration into Canada on a colossal scale. The proposition made by President Stephen, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, on behalf of a syndicate of Canadian interests, has been practically abandoned. Stephen offered to settle 50,000 of Irish poor in families of five each upon stocked and equipped farms in the neighborhood of Winnipeg, paying all the expenses of moving and settling them providing the Government loaned the syndicate £1,000,000 without interest for ten years, the syndicate in turn to take a mortgage of \$500 upon each farm, without interest for the three first years, and at 3 per cent. after that, the settlers to have the option of securing their holdings in fee simple at any time upon the payment of \$500. The British Government at first favored the proposal, but Catholic priests in Ireland opposed it so strongly that the Cabinet finally refused to entertain the matter unless the Dominion Government guaranteed the repayment of the loan. Sir Alexander T. Galt, ex-High Commissioner to London, and Sir Charles Tupper, his successor, both endeavored to secure this guarantee, but failed, owing to it is said, to the opposition of Lord Dufferin, who has strong faith in the future of Canada, and who bent his energies to secure direct action on the part of the Government in favor of the largest possible emigration to Canada. The Canadian Government having finally decided to lend no official endorsement to any railway schemes of immigration, the British Government took up Lord Dufferin's ideas, and decided on undertaking to carry them out. A special conference was held at the Mansion House, and after a long discussion on elaborate scheme of assisted emigration was resolved upon, based on the principles of the United States homestead laws. The details of the scheme are not yet ready to be placed before the public, but it has been decided to remove from Ireland and settle in Canada 200,000 of poor Irish people in families. Lands will be divided into sections of 100 acres, each section to be provided with all buildings, equipments, animals, seed and food necessary for the beginning of farming on unbroken land. Each settler will be given the use of his homestead free for the first three years, and after that will be required to pay as rent 3 per cent. upon \$500, but may at any time acquire absolute title upon payment of the latter sum. "I say, Paddy, that is the worse looking horse that I have ever seen in harness. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him him up, is it? Fair, the poor baste can scarcely carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.