

## DOWN BY THE GATE.

There is dew on the grass and the throats  
are still,  
But the crickets are piping above on the hill;  
The fireflies are lighting their lanterns, and  
see!  
There's the smile of the moon through the  
boughs of the tree.  
And I catch the perfume of the rose as I  
wait  
For the sound of light feet tripping down to  
the gate.  
"Will she come? Will she come?" cries a  
hope in my heart,  
Till the stir of a leaf makes me tremble and  
start;  
And I peep through the dusk till my eyes are  
a-blur  
With a warm mist of love that is only for  
her.  
O, the minutes drag by like the slow feet of  
fate  
As I listen and look for her down by the gate!  
There's a step on the path, there's a glimmer  
of white,  
And the darkness around me grows sud-  
denly bright;  
And there's no one to see, save myself and  
the moon,  
This fairest of all the roses of June.  
With a soft hand in yours would you not linger  
late  
For another "good night" o'er the bars of the  
gate?  
—Munsey's Weekly.

## A GOLDEN BARRIER.

"There is one thing which I particularly wish you to remember, Kate," said Mrs. Bamforth, emphatically, as she and her handsome daughter were preparing to descend to their carriage, which awaited them before the entrance of the hotel at which they had only that day arrived, "and that is, to treat Mr. Harold St. Paul with just as little attention as possible when you chance to meet him. For I see that he is a guest here—a fact which is very much regretted."  
"But he is very agreeable, mamma, and you did not seem to find it necessary to caution me so strictly last winter. You know I met him in society quite often then."

"Yes, but here in this romantic summer resort it is altogether different. And—"

"Have no fears, mamma," returned Kate, lifting her dark head rather haughtily, while a hard, proud ring seemed to vibrate her clear young voice. "I am not likely to forget my position, nor—"

But here the handsome young man who, smoking on the piazza below those open windows, had listened in a kind of dazed surprise to the above dialogue, rose hastily and walked away, and what more those clear, ringing tones saw fit to utter he never knew. But a sudden pallor had succeeded the warm flush of pleasure which had dyed his face at the first sound of them, and a flash of proud defiance lit his fine blue eyes.

"The fate of the ineligible," he muttered, bitterly, as he strode swiftly away from the vicinity of those open windows with compressed lips and darkened brow. "Well, did I ever expect anything different? No; or, rather, I thought little about it, content to take the good that came, and leave the rest to chance. But to hear her voice endorse her mother's hollow worldliness—to hear her pronounce my doom—pshaw! I didn't believe that anything could pain me so. She will not be likely to forget her position"—quoting with a sneer half contemptuous, half pathetic, Miss Bamforth's words. "Ah, well, I shall not be likely to ask her to. I came without knowing of her presence here, and now—well at least I am forewarned, and shall not make an idiot of myself, as I might else have done."

The roll of wheels sounded close to him, and Harold St. Paul looked up. He had not noticed where he was going, but he now found himself near the driveway, and in the luxurious carriage that was just rolling by, equipped with liveried servants, were seated the fashionable Mrs. Bamforth and her beautiful daughter.

As their glances met he saw a glad, sweet light flash into Kate's beautiful dark eyes, and a charming blush glowed for an instant in her soft, dusky cheeks. But both quickly faded, and a formal bow and smile were all the recognition he received from either of the ladies.

Harold returned the greeting in like fashion, yet with such a pleasant, careless grace that no one could suspect the bitter sting that lurked behind it.

Mrs. Bamforth raised her eyebrows slightly and Kate bit her proud red lip as the carriage whirled swiftly on.

"You see, mamma," she said, a trifle sarcastically, though there was a faint tremor in her voice. "Your fears were all thrown away even in regard to him." "I am very glad to know it, my dear," and Mrs. Bamforth settled herself back among the satin cushions with a satisfied look on her fair, haughty face. "Of course, my anxiety was merely in regard to a possible foolish flirtation. I know you are too sensible as well as too proud to marry beneath you in point of fortune. And Mr. Washburne will be here this evening or to-morrow," she added complacently.

Kate breathed a quick, half stifled sigh at the sound of that name, and all the proud, bright light left her beautiful face. She understood perfectly that it was uttered as a kind of warning, a way Mrs. Bamforth had when she fancied that her daughter's heart was in any sort of danger.

Kate was not, as yet, engaged to Mr. Washburne; but for all that she knew perfectly well that he was to be her fate. Her mother had chosen him as one who, in rank and fortune, was the most worthy of the beautiful heiress; he had expressed his intention of joining them here, and Kate never doubted that before many weeks, or even days, had passed she would be his formally betrothed bride.

Kate could never repress a shudder as she thought of it. But she was very fond of that proud, handsome, ambitious mother of hers, and would do much to please her; and, besides, she had inher-

ed no small share of that same worldly pride and ambition which sometimes made her feel that she could relentlessly trample upon her own heart if by so doing she could reach the front ranks of wealth and power.

"Yes, I am quite ready for the sacrifice," she thought, forcing the smiles back to her lovely scarlet lips; "but it is harder even than I thought, after having looked upon Harold St. Paul's handsome face again."

Mr. Washburne arrived the next day and became at once Kate's devoted shadow. Harold St. Paul looked on with outward calmness, and bore himself with such graceful ease and nonchalance that Mrs. Bamforth quite forgot him as a dangerous "ineligible," and sometimes invited him to join their little party in a walk or ride or to spend an evening in their private parlor.

"But, by George! I can't stand this," he muttered to himself one evening as Kate, leaving her wealthy admirer to entertain her mother, came over to him where he stood on the little balcony overlooking the garden. "I shall break that iron-bound resolution one of these times and receive her scorn and contempt for my reward. No, I must fly from temptation before I make a complete dolt and idiot of myself."

He turned and looked again at that tall, queenly figure, standing there beside him, one white hand resting lightly on the balcony rail. How beautiful she was, with the soft moonlight falling on her proud dark face and just the sweet, tender shadow of a smile touching the scarlet lips and softening the large, dusky eyes.

"I am going to leave the hotel to-morrow, Miss Bamforth," he began, abruptly plunging right into the heart of the subject before he had time to change his resolution.

She wheeled around and looked at him, a strange whiteness creeping slowly over the dark loveliness of her face.

"To—leave the—hotel!" she echoed blankly, seeming startled out of her usual proud regal self-possession.

"Yes, my friend, Charlie Hartney, has been urging me this long time to visit him at his mother's cottage; you know where it is—about a mile from here. He has some other guests, and he swears that I am treating him shamefully. So I am. But first thing in the morning I shall go over there bag and baggage, and put an end to his grumbling. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you and your mother occasionally in spite of that."

"Oh, certainly, you must; but—slowly and with keen regret—" what a barrier this will be to all the little plans we had formed for our enjoyment during the next week or so—mamma and I."

Harold interrupted with a light, forced laugh.

"There is another barrier," he exclaimed, in a voice that seemed utterly without feeling, so bitter and hard it sounded. "A barrier far more insurmountable than one of my creation—it is a golden barrier, Miss Kate!"

And casting one quick, fletting glance upon the beautiful blanching face so near him—a glance which revealed more than he dreamed of, even in that sudden, reckless mood—he passed from the balcony to the parlor without another word; and, making a brief apology to the lady and gentleman within, bade them au revoir and hurried from the rooms.

A week passed and Kate had not seen Harold St. Paul since that hour on the balcony.

There was regret in her proud heart, but mingled with it was another feeling—something that was neither anger nor sorrow.

That last parting glance from his blue, half-scornful eyes had haunted her day and night since then. If she had interpreted it aright—But, then, she would probably see him no more.

He would not come near her, and she—Oh, no! Her pride was still too haughty and unyielding to permit her to obey the impulse which sometimes throbbled in her heart so strongly that it sent the hot blood coursing to her olive cheeks.

One morning she went out to ride alone, for a wonder.

Being in no mood for company of any kind, she slipped away from Mr. Washburne, ever ready to be her escort, and would not even allow the trusty groom to follow her.

Over the smooth road for miles she dashed on the back of her spirited bay; then she plunged fearlessly into a thick grove, where the roads would like a pale ribbon among the flickering lights and shadows under the dark green trees.

"This is simply delicious," she said to herself, breathing in the pure, fragrant air as she cantered smoothly on. It reminds me of Maid Marian in the deep Sherwood forest, and—

She stopped speaking abruptly, with a slightly paling face, for close at hand there had sounded the sharp report of a gun, and with one violent plunge of sudden fright her horse bounded forward and went tearing down the white road with a speed which she soon found she could not control.

Kate was a good rider and kept her seat well. But in a short time her heart began to throb and her cheek to pale with terror, for just in advance she discerned a steep, rocky cliff, leading to a stream below—and how far below she could not guess.

"That means danger, perhaps death," she muttered, setting her white teeth hard together. And, taking a firmer seat, she bravely put forth all her strength to check the bay in his mad course, but all in vain.

But just at this terrible moment, when all hope seemed gone, a thrill of joy shot through Kate's almost fainting heart. A man had risen from a rocky seat on the very brow of the cliff and stood erect, bracing himself firmly, as if preparing for a shock.

Kate breathed a silent prayer and closed her eyes involuntarily as her horse leaped forward; and then she was conscious of a sharp, sudden shock, a voice from somewhere calling her name, and for many minutes she knew no more than that.

When she revived she saw for the first

time who it was that saved her, who it was that held her so firmly yet gently in his arms until she was able to stand upon the ground beside him. And then:

"Harold," she whispered, with a shy glance into his face ere she turned her own, all crimson with blushes, away—"Harold, there is—is no golden barrier. Some wicked fairy must have told you wrongly."

"Kate!" He drew the slender, queenly figure quickly to him, then held her off at arm's-length to study her beautiful, changing face. "Do you know what your are saying? Is it—can it be the truth?"

"I know what I am saying, and it is true; but—perhaps I may have said too much." And with a swift smile of tenderest coquetry she looked up into his happy face. "No," she added quickly, a sweet seriousness on her lovely face, "no barrier, save, just now, the barrier of your love and strength which stood between me and death."

"My Kate! My darling!"—and Harold drew her closer to his heart—"I would gladly have risked a hundred deaths for this!"—*Family Story Paper.*

## The Rag Pickers.

A prominent rag dealer says when business is so bad that the dealer can hardly make both ends meet he doesn't know how the pickers manage to get along. And the life they lead is something terrible. Theirs is one continual striving to get enough to keep body and soul together. No man will remain at picking rags unless he be a drunken bum or too old to do any manual labor. The majority of the rag pickers are the poor Poles who land in this country by the hundreds annually. They are the only class of people that can live on what they earn by buying and selling rags. These people can live on ten or fifteen cents a day. Their homes are on the top floors of crowded tenements. Here they are crowded together like so many swine. I have been in the rag and paper business all my life, and am thoroughly conversant with the life of a rag picker. Several years ago they were able to make anywhere from \$10 to \$20 a week. Then rags were selling for two and three cents a pound. This has been cut down so that the rag picker is glad to get sixty or seventy cents a hundred. Many of the pickers have given up their trade or profession, as some of them are pleased to term their employment, and taken to the road—tramping.

The rag picker to earn five or six dollars a week must travel a considerable distance and trudge from morning till night and the peddlers, those who have horses and wagons make very little more. If they make any big money it is by buying stolen goods or during the months of April and May when the business receives quite a boom. During house cleaning time the rag pickers are frequently given the rubbish for hauling it away. People are glad to get their places cleaned up and their rag-bags emptied. Since the introduction of natural gas, the rag business has increased. The pickers in the city do little or no trading, as their customers are not so easily duped as the country people, and they do not have the time to quibble over a cent or two. A good many rags are sent into the city from the country grocery stores, most of which are taken in exchange for goods. This class of rags finds a ready sale. The profits are not large, but there are usually so well assorted that there is little or no expense attached in the dealer handling them. A good, saving housewife can easily manage to get a couple of dollars a month for her old rags and paper. And the earnings of the rag-bag have helped many a family tide over a tight place. The business is not what it used to be, but there is still a little margin in buying and selling. It is not the cleanest business in the world, but notwithstanding all the talk, it is about as healthy an occupation as one can engage in.—*New York Dispatch.*

**Billiard Balls are Weather Prophets.**

"I can always tell when it is going to rain half a day ahead of any change in fair weather," said Champion George Slosson, as he was knocking around billiard balls in the Columbia Rooms recently.

"How's that?" asked a bystander, getting interested directly.

"Why, there isn't a better barometer in existence than an ivory billiard ball or a good billiard cue," the billiard expert replied; "they are better than a favorite corn."

"How'd ye tell?"

"A ball always rolls slow and with difficulty over the cloth when it is going to rain. Ivory is so sensitive to changes of temperature, particularly from dry to moist, that the effect is felt almost instantaneously. The cue will get cranky, too, when there is going to be a change, long before the dampness is perceptible in any other way. Another peculiarity of the ivory globes is their tendency to become egg-shaped. They contract at what are called the top and bottom poles and swell out at the sides, so that you might as well play with potatoes, if you don't watch their idiosyncrasies. They are worse than old men in their susceptibility to draught. A draught will crack the ivory and make it chip off as quick as a wink, and like old folks, you can never get the spheres acclimated to these draughts. Just take a billiard ball and study its behavior, and you can beat the clerk of the weather prophesying. You can bet on your own prophecy every time."—*New York Sun.*

**A Mysterious Stone Elephant.**

There is a stone elephant in Inyo County. The rock that has taken the form of an elephant is a dark gray granite that is almost the color of the skin of an elephant. The first travelers in California, it is said, on catching sight of it, thought that they had found a petrified mastodon. A Pute Indian, on being asked if he had ever seen the "stone elephant," replied, "Yash, me see him many year 'go. Long time Injun no sabe him; now see him all same in big show up Virginny City."—*New York Tribune.*

## THE FARM AND GARDEN.

### DO NOT CROWD YOUR PLANTS.

There is nothing gained by growing three plants where there is only room for two. The two plants that the place would comfortably accommodate will be much finer than the three that you could manage to "just squeeze in." And remember that one plant, well-grown, is worth a score of poorly grown ones. One good plant is something to be proud of, while a number of poor specimens ought to make the grower ashamed, not of the plants, but of himself. Treat plants precisely as you would people, and give them all the chance they want to develop. Let them show what they can do, and they cannot do this when they are cramped.—*American Agriculturist.*

### TEMPERATURE FOR CHURNING.

The temperature at which cream should be churned varies according to the temperature of the air, but the proper number of degrees is about sixty. In olden times, and even in modern days, with some people, it was the rule for churning to go on until butter was found in great lumps. That was a great fallacy. A point is reached in churning beyond which any further churning brings no improvement, and that point is when the butter has reached the size of small grains. The churning should take from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes; if it was much less the butter would not be in good condition, if the churning took longer it would be spoiled. As to whether butter should be washed or not the practise varied in different parts of England, and is a matter entirely of taste. Those who are accustomed to unwashed butter certainly will not like the flavor of washed butter.—*New York World.*

### SNAKES AND TOADS.

Why is it that many farmers and gardeners are bound to kill every toad and snake they happen to come across? Merely because these animals are repulsive in appearance? That should hardly be a valid reason. Handsome is who handsome does; and seen from this standpoint, the ugliest, low-bellied toad, and the creeping, sliding, wriggling snake are models of beauty. Both live largely or entirely on insects. Some time ago when my hot-bed was overrun with potato-beetles, flea-beetles, etc., one of the great, ill-looking toads took up its quarters right there. In a short time the bed was free from insects of any description, and the toad was waxing fat. A few toads in a garden will do a great deal toward ridding it of cut-worms and bugs of all kinds, and snakes also give valuable aid in the same direction. French gardeners realize this much more than those of other nationalities do, and in Paris toads are kept on sale in the open market and in gardeners' supply stores. It is time for American gardeners to learn the value of the two creatures, and give them aid and shelter in pay for their services, rather than persecute them in the usual cruel, relentless and senseless fashion.—*Farm and Fireside.*

### BALKY HORSES.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals put forth a set of rules for the treatment of balky horses, which rules, unfortunately, do not always work. The best way is to have nothing to do with balky horses. But, nevertheless, some one of these rules, as well as a hundred others, do work in particular cases. They are as follows:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck; examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go around in a circle until he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort doesn't cure him, the second will.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off his wind until he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brain of the horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time, therefore continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of you will generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will generally go dancing off, and after a short distance you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendon in your farther drive.

5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth.

6. Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to the horse's head.

### FALL FEEDING FOR COWS.

Time is to be taken by the forelock, and to prepare early for the fall feeding of cows is carrying out this wise principle. When the season is about to end, feed is usually scarce and poor, because preparations are not made for it in good time, and the product of milk falls off at the very time when it should be kept up for the winter profit. Once a cow loses milk it is very difficult, and in many cases, impossible to restore it. Hence, fresh, succulent food must be provided for. The best recourse is a field of aftermath, grass or clover, or a pasture which has been reserved especially for the purpose. It may be too late now to remedy a failure for the present season, but the warning should be heeded in time for another year. Still, something may yet be done. A planting of early kinds of sweet corn, sown in rows eighteen inches apart and three inches apart in the rows, will very soon afford very acceptable feed. Millet may be sown for pasture; oats sown in August or September will make the best pasture for the early autumn, and rye will serve to follow after the early frosts. If no other way can be found, some of the best hay, with a liberal ration of corn

meal, should be given as soon as the outdoor forage has become scarce. Later, the small potatoes may serve as succulent food along with the hay. Malt sprouts steeped in water and mixed with cut hay have increased the milk-yield more than pasture has done. This food is very pleasant and palatable to the cows, and exceedingly nutritious and productive of rich milk. It can be purchased cheaply in summer and fall when it is not much in demand. Bran and shorts have great value, both as food products and for enriching the manure, and cotton-seed meal fed with care and judgment is valuable. Apples are worth more to feed to cows than for cider.—*American Agriculturist.*

### MANURING FOR WHEAT.

A good rich soil is essential to securing a good growth and yield of wheat. If not naturally rich, farm manure or fertilizers should be applied in such a manner as to supply the elements required by this plant. The old way of manuring was to either haul out and scatter on the stubble, or apply after the first plowing had been given and then turn under. In either case the manure was plowed under rather than worked into the soil near the surface; and, to do this, apply the manure after plowing, taking pains to scatter as evenly as possible. The work of cultivating and preparing the soil into a good condition will incorporate the manure sufficiently with the soil. If a special fertilizer is used it should be scattered broadcast, either just before or at the time the seed is sown. Drills with fertilizer attachments can now be secured, so that the work can be done much better than by hand.

To grow a yield of twenty bushels of wheat it will require on an average thirty-one pounds of nitrogen, fourteen pounds of phosphoric acid, and eighteen pounds of potash. These are three essential elements required. If we know what per cent. of these elements is already in the soil, and also what is deficient, the proper proportion can be readily supplied. Clover, and with it a good dressing of lime, plowed under, makes a good fertilizer for wheat. One reason that good results can generally be secured by using farm-yard manure is that all the elements of plant food are applied.

The principal advantages in purchasing and using commercial fertilizer is, they increase the growth and yield of the crop, and by their means, with good management, the farmer may be able to increase his supply of farm manure. And, in many cases it can certainly be used to an advantage, if the mistake is avoided of depending entirely upon it as is sometimes done when good results are secured at first. With quite a number of crops more or less fertilizers can be used, but it is a mistake to depend upon them. Farm manure must be the principal reliance and other materials be considered only as aids.—*Prairie Farmer.*

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A weak spot in a stable floor is a risk no farmer can afford to continue a single hour after discovery.

Dairy cattle should have access to salt every day, and salt should be added daily to all their stable feed.

In very hot weather it may pay you to shade the forming cauliflower heads with leaves broken from the lower part of the plant.

A balky horse on a farm is a nuisance to be abated, even at the cost, if need be, of burying his carcass in the compost heap.

If the rose-bugs trouble your grapevines, spray them with Paris green and water in the proportion of one ounce to six gallons.

Let no soap suds from the weekly wash be wasted. There is nothing better for cucumber and melon vines. Soak the soil around the hills.

It is well enough to have a whip in driving horses, but the occasions for using it should be carefully considered before torturing the poor animals.

A Georgia farmer tells that he has succeeded in subduing nut grass by putting the land in Bermuda and burr clover, adding also Texas blue grass.

The value of old orchards when properly treated, is hardly appreciated by one who has not had some practical work in getting them to yield the greatest profit possible.

An orchard, whether young or old, should not be allowed to grow where heavy crops of grass are taken every year. It is weakening to the soil and detrimental to the trees.

Feed the calves—feed them full—if hope of selling them in autumn at a profit is to be justified, and if they are to be kept over winter the reasons for full feeding apply quite as well.

The chicken range should afford plenty of shade as well as sunshine. In hot weather chickens will generally seek to escape the direct rays of the sun during the warmest hours of the day.

J. L. Budd says, in *Farmers' Review*, that he believed the pear-shaped Russian currant will prove specially valuable in parts of the West where the foliage of the common currants drop prematurely when exposed to the sun.

When sweet corn is used in the family or sold, the *American Cultivator* advises to promptly cut and feed its stalks to the cows. These stalks are better fodder than they ever will be again and all the better if a few nibbles remain on.

A few farmers claim to find good even in the ox-eye daisy. They say that if cut and cured before the seed begins to form and the stalk becomes woody, it is a good milk producer when fed to cows, and that sheep will fatten on it.

The many good points of the turnip as a supplemental crop for a stock feed should not be forgotten. Its value for feeding purposes is conceded, and the labor of putting in the crop comes at a season when the hurry of work is abated. Advocates of growing this root for stock claim that nothing pays better for the time, labor and expense involved.

Number of Indians living on and cultivating lands is 9612.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### CARE OF THE PIANO.

A piano tuner writes thus of the mechanism of that instrument and its susceptibility to atmospheric conditions:

"Pianos are not affected as much by heat or cold as they are by dryness or dampness. Of course, if you stick one end of a piano against a stove or a heater or register and let the other come near a cold, leaky window it'll raise Ned with it. You know the sounding board—the life of a piano—is forced into the case when it's made so tightly that it bulges up in the centre, or has a 'belly,' as we call it, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be as dry as possible, but, of course, it contains some moisture, and gathers a lot more on damp days and in handling. Now, when you put a piano in an over heated, dry room all this moisture is dried out and the board loses its 'belly' and gets flabby, and finally cracks. Even if it doesn't crack, the tone loses its resonance and grows thin and tiny, and the felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up and the whole machine rattles and everybody kicks. How can you prevent it? Easily enough. Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to or else there's something wrong with it. Just try it and see how much more water you'll have to pour in the flower pot in the room where your piano is than in any other room. Some people keep a huge vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge in it near or under the piano, and keep it moistened just as a cigar dealer keeps his stock. They keep this up all the time the fires are on."

### JELLY MAKING.

The jelly making season brings much hard work to the busy housekeeper, yet the wise woman will not fail to put up a good supply, for there are times when a jar of nice fruit or a glass of jelly is a "friend in need."

Select fruit of fine flavor, free from blemishes and decay; it should be well ripened, but not too ripe, and as freshly picked as possible, and use the best refined or granulated sugar. To extract the juice, place the fruit in the kettle with just enough water to keep from burning; stir often and let it stand on the fire until thoroughly scalded. A better but slower method is to put it in a stone jar set within a kettle of tepid water; boil until the fruit is softened, stirring frequently; then strain a small quantity at a time through a strong, coarse flannel or cotton bag wrung out of hot water; let it drain and squeeze with the hands as it cools; empty the bag and rinse off each time after being used. Large fruits, as apples and quinces, should be cut in pieces, cores removed and water added to just cover them; boil gently till tender and pour into the bag to drain three or four hours or over night.

Do not make over two or three pints of jelly at a time, as larger quantities require longer boiling. Boil the juice rapidly ten minutes from first moment of boiling, skim, add sugar and boil ten minutes longer. As a general rule, allow equal quantities of juice and sugar. Another way is to spread sugar in a large pan set in the oven, stirring to prevent burning, boil the juice twenty minutes, add the hot sugar, let boil up once, and pour into jelly glasses immediately, as in this way a thin skin forms over the surface, keeping out the air; cover with breaded tissue paper cut to fit the glasses closely, let cool and set them in a dry, cool, dark place. To test jelly drop a little into very cold water and if it immediately falls to the bottom of vessel it is done. If the jelly is not firm, let stand in the sun with pieces of window glass or mosquito bar netting, for a few days.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### RECIPES.

**Pickled Plums.**—One peck of plums, seven pounds of sugar, one pint of good vinegar and spices to taste. Boil till well cooked.

**Boiled Rice Pudding.**—Pick and wash the rice, put into a saucepan with plenty of water; let boil till soft; strain off the water and set on the back of the fire till the rice becomes dry; put into a buttered mold to set, then turn it out and pour a sweet sauce over it.

**Crab-Apple Preserve.**—Pick large crab-apples, and to every pound of fruit allow a pound and a half of sugar and one pint of water. Boil and skim till clear, then to each pound of fruit add the juice and chipped rind of one lemon. Put in the crab-apples and boil slowly till tender. Fill the jars half full of fruit and cover with the juice.

**Cauliflower.**—Cut off the outside leaves and let stand in salt and water for an hour or more. Put the head into a piece of net and boil until tender. Put a pint of milk into a saucepan, bring to a boil, add a lump of butter, a little thickening, a half cup of grated cheese and salt to season. Arrange the cauliflower on a flat dish and pour the sauce over it.

**Squash Biscuit.**—One cup of sifted boiled squash, three cups of sifted flour, one tablespoon of sugar, two teaspoons of tartar, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of butter; mix the flour and squash well together, dissolve the soda in a little hot water, and fill the cup with milk, stirring the soda well into it; pour the milk over the flour and stir it in well, adding more milk if need be, to form a stiff batter. Bake in the pan pans hot, put in the batter, nearly filling the pans, and bake in a quick oven. Eat warm with butter and maple syrup.

**Sweetbreads Roasted.**—Parboil and then throw into cold water and let them stand for fifteen minutes, change the water and let them remain in it five minutes longer, wipe perfectly dry and place them in the baking pan and roast, basting with butter and water until they begin to brown, then remove from the oven and roll them in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and put in the oven for ten minutes more, basting twice with butter, place on a hot dish; to the dripping in the pan add half a cupful of hot water, one teaspoonful of flour, the juice of one lemon, half a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, pour over the sweetbreads and serve.