

WHEN ROBIN SINGS.

Old memories rise when the robin bird sings: When he sings to the dew, sweet flowers, With quavers and trills and with echo that thrills...

SANDY SPILLERS.

BY OPIE P. BEAD.

In a rugged district of East Tennessee, in that section of country where, during the war, not only neighbors were arrayed against each other, but where the members of once devoted families hunted one another with deadly intent...

Last year on Memorial day old Sandy, driving a spring wagon loaded with wild blossoms and the perfumed twigs of rare bushes, and followed by a large number of neighbors, drew up under the old persimmon tree.

"Sandy," said an old man as he placed a box on the ground, "you've got ter make a sort o' speech."

"You know I kin't make no speech," Sandy replied. "Wall, thar'll hatter be some sort o' exparation made ter these yer folks about this here proceedin' an' we don't know that thar's a man that ken do hit better'n you, ken, so I'll right up thar on thar box an' let these folks hear the bag."

"I'll do the best I ken," Sandy replied, as he took off his white wool hat and threw it on the ground, "with the hope that I won't hurt nobody's feelings." He got up on the box, looked about him in a half-embarrassed way, and then said: "A good many o' you know what I wuz durin' the war. You know that I wuz called a tough customer an' I'll say right here that I ain't prepared to dispute it, neither."

"I won't tell in purticular how I wuz forced ter sorter bush-whack, but I will say that the Lawd knows that I never had nothin' ergin a ther old flag. Wall, one day while I wuz layin' in ther canoe, down vunder on ther creek, fast asleep, fur I had been er dodgin' round all ther day afore, a party o' Union soldiers come up, they did, an' nabbed me, fur I know'd the best white wuz in ther community. They didn't give me no chance ter fight an' I don't reckon I deserved none. Ther sergeant us ther party he sorter grinned at me, an' says: "Person Sandy, we know you an' we wanter tell you that it's all up with you."

you. It do peer like we never will git straight no mo'. Thar's Zelds—meanin' my daughter—tore her coat when she got over the fence this mornin' an' thar ain't enough home-ade stuff on the place ter fix her up agin. Sandy, they are goin' ter hang you, I reckon."

"Yas, I 'lowed." "Wall, that's what I 'lowed, too, an'—wall, fur pity sake, of my pies ain't most bodadiously burnt up."

"Then the sergeant, atter sorter snickerin' at my wife—an' he neenter done that fur thar ain't a smarter woman round here nowhars—turned to me an' said: "Have you finished all yo' arthly ramentags? I'm sorter pushed fur time an' kin't neeglek my duty in talkin' erbout family affairs, however pleasant that mont be; so keep yo' promise now an' come on out here an' take yo' medicine."

"Yas, Sandy," said my wife, 'ef you've got to take it go an' swaller it down, but I'll declar' ter goodness I'm mighty pertered erbout them pies bein' burned. I'm afeerd I'm sorter losin' my mind. Sandy, I reckon I'd better crap that bottom field on sheers of I ken git anybody to do the squar' thing by me."

"Just then my daughter Zelds come in. Wife she made a sly motion at her, an' Zelds she bowed ter the men an' sot down, an' then I hear the Sargeant whisper to one o' his men an' say: 'She's the puttyest critter I ever seed.' He sot down an' gunter wand the rope in a ball. The cat went over an' humped her back an' gunter rub herse'f agin the Sargeant's leg. "Come away, kittie," said Zelds. "You musn't be so free with company, fur they mout think you ain't got good manners." She smiled, an' I seed a new light creep inter the Sargeant's eyes. Ain't you glad, says Zelds, speakin' ter the Sargeant, that the war is mighty high over?"

"The Lawd in heaven knows I am," he replied, "fur I'm sick o' seein' blood." "I never wouder had nuthin' to do with it," said I, "if it hadnter been shoved on me." "Why didn't you go inter the rec'rd'ized army, 'stead o' bushwhackin'?" the sergeant asked.

"Cause I couldn't get a whack at the folks I wanted. You see, some o' the folks in this community got inter the habit o' shootin' at me, an' bein' a mighty han' ter take updeas that is suggested by folks. I drapped sorter nachly inter ther habit o' shootin' at 'em. They stayed right here, an' so did I, an' ever since in a while I'd drap one o' 'em; but I ain't never shot at a Union soldier, nor an' never wanted ter. I consider drappin' yo' other day when you wuz rain' under Spencer's bluff, fur I wuz right above you."

"He didn't say nothin' fur some time, but he kep' on lookin' at Zelds. "Ole man," says he, "I ain't got it in my heart to hang you. You ain't a enemy to our side arter all. Boys, let's go." "Gentlemen," says my wife, "I've got some pies that ain't burnt, an' ef you'll stay we'll—here she broke down, and drappin' on her knees, 'gun ter praise ther Lawd. Zelds then drapped, an' I re ken I drapped, too." After that we all fell ter eatin' pies. The next day the sergeant he come back an' brought us the news that the war wuz over. I could make this talk longer, but I won't fur you all know that the sergeant married Zelds. He is a judge in Nashville now, an'—here old Sandy took up a package and began to take a newspaper from about it. "My son-in-law an' his wife sent these here flowers to be scattered on the unknown men's graves. We'll sprinkle 'em along with the dogwood blossoms an' the flowers of the red bud tree."—Chicago Evening Lamp.

A Russian Prison Kitchen. We went to the prison kitchen, where the dinner was being got ready for the convicts, says a Russian correspondent of the Pull Mall Gazette. The smell of the soup was fragrant and appetizing. Great bowls of boiled buckwheat stood ready to be served and the reservoir of soup was piping hot. I tasted both. Buckwheat is an acquired taste, but the soup was capital. It is served out in wooden bowls, each containing a portion for five, who sit round the bowl with wooden spoons, helping themselves. In the bakery we found the great loaves of rye bread all hot from the oven. In appearance rye bread is like a dull gingerbread, but in taste it has an acidity not pleasing to the unaccustomed palate. The Russians all eat it when at large and the prison bread is quite as good as that you get in private houses. I asked about the dietary scale. I was assured by Mr. Saloman and the Governor that no restriction is placed upon the amount of food prisoners may consume. They had as much bread as they cared to eat at breakfast, at dinner and at supper. As a rule the daily consumption of bread did not extend two pounds per man. There was no skilly, quass, a kind of thin beer, was supplied them, and this again without limit as to the quantity. Of the soup each man could have as much as he pleased; also buckwheat. The only article which was weighed out was meat. Every man received a quarter of a pound of meat a day. They do not weigh their prisoners in Russia on entering and on leaving jail. That is a practice which they might introduce with advantage. There is no argument so crushing to the assailants of the cruelty of prison treatment as the evidence of avoirdupois—the statistic of increase of weight which has accompanied the alleged privation and torture. And as they do not weigh their prisoners neither do they photograph them; neither do they take impressions of their thumbs, as is done in some French prisons.

A Literary Curiosity. In Montevideo, says an Argentine paper, the men of letters, Blisen, Roixio, Guillermo, Rodriguez, Eustaquio Pellicer and Cardozo, propose to write a novel among them, a chapter being assigned to each. The title is "Nights of Bitterness, or the Seven Fosiards of the Three Disherited Cowboys."

The first chapter, which was assigned to Pollicer, is already finished. The prologue will be written by a man of letters who has published a collection of admirable articles and one novel, having in preparation another. The odd feature of it is that the prologue will be written without knowing anything about the rest of the work, and long before the novel is finished. As the book is to be illustrated, Senor Samoy y Roza will draw the frontispiece and other illustrations, based on nothing more than the title of the work.—La Ana

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

A Dressmaker's Trick.

A smart dressmaker not only learns to round a bust, but she can so deftly pad the sleeves that when the wrist is seen it seems only the slender termination of a plump arm. The gown of a thin girl in New York, one who has the reputation of being a singularly good figure, suggests a quilt heavily wadded more than anything else. Back, hips, sleeves and bust are all the result of clever workmanship. And it is so clever that tailor-made gowns are defiantly worn by this girl, and the most critical clubmen find no flaw in the outlines of her figure.—Philadelphia Times.

Mustard Plasters for Truants.

The Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, of San Francisco, has just issued its report for 1887. There are 2000 boys and girls in the institution, while 302 children have been cared for during the past year. Considerable difficulty has been experienced of late with the young boys who play truant from the institution, climbing fences and going bathing in North Beach or running around the neighborhood. Various remedies have been tried, among them the dressing of boys in girls' clothes, but the latest device has proved effective. Half a dozen youngsters played truant the other day, and on returning they received a warm welcome. The matron quietly ordered the boys to take off their jackets and then she applied a mustard plaster to each of the boys' backs, and now they stop at home.—New York Graphic.

A Pretty Girl and Her Pretty Pets.

The humming birds belonging to a pretty New York society girl build their nests in the lace curtains and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the forist sends a basket of flowers to extract the honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom. She seems to have an affinity for the feathered tribe. Outside her chamber window is a box for a dove who always sleeps there at night and pecks at the window pane when he wants to come in. He has perfect freedom, but chooses to remain in the house many hours in the course of the day. This same young lady comes in to greet a visitor with a canary poised lightly on her head and a fluffy bullfinch hopping along after her. The latter is very jealous of the canary, and will peck him and persecute him whenever he gets a chance.—New York Sun.

A Tear Handkerchief.

A beautiful and peculiar system still prevails in some parts of the Tyrol of Switzerland. When a girl is going to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church her mother gives her a handkerchief, of which is called the "tear handkerchief." It is made of newly-spun linen and has never been used. It is with this that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house and when she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over and the bride has gone with her husband to their new home, she folds up the handkerchief and places it unwashed in the linen closet, where it remains untouched. Up to now it has done only half its duty. Children are born, grow up, marry, and go away to their new homes, each daughter receiving a tear handkerchief from the mother. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet the day of her marriage. Generations come and go. The once young, rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have outlived her husband and all her children. All her old friends may have died off, and yet that last present she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. It comes at last, though—at last the weary eyelids close for their long sleep, and the tired, wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. And then the tear-handkerchief is taken from its long-resting place and spread over the placid features of the dead.—Philadelphia Press.

Women of World-Wide Fame.

The Circassian beauty is a young woman with dark, piercing eyes and kinky hair, standing out straight around her head like an electrified mop. Such a beauty may do very well for a side-show, but she would soon drop down to the ordinary were she to bang her hair in front and do it up in a pug behind. Cleopatra's loveliness undoubtedly made a great impression upon both Marc Anthony and Caesar, but if the Queen of Egypt was like the rest of her race, as shown on tablets, tomb and mosaic, she was a little, brown creature, with slits for eyes, a decidedly pendulous nose and thick turned-out lips. According to Flaxman's designs—and he was a most conscientious student—Helen of Troy had a long nose, ending in a good deal of a tip and running down in a straight line from her forehead. Yet by Menclaus and Paris, and, indeed, by the entire Troian and Greek nations, she was considered one of the handsomest women of the age. Queen Elizabeth had red hair—not the gorgeous Titian red, but an out carotey red; Catherine of Russia, had green eyes; Lady Jane Grey had a long, thin neck, while Lucretia Borgia had scarcely any neck at all. Even such an expert as burly King Harry seemed to have no fixed standard. Look, for instance, at the various choices. Anne Boleyn was a smirking girl, while Catharine Parr was a matron, strongly featured woman, and both Jane Seymour and Katharine of Aragon appear to have been ladies of commonplace appearance.—Rustler.

Knitting.

The art of knitting is more modern than the kindred art of netting, though still so ancient that no one knows just where or when it had its origin. Antiquarians are divided in their opinions on this point, some believing it to have originated in Scotland and thence introduced into France, while others affirm that this work is Spanish in origin. It is probable, however, that we moderns have received our knowledge of the art from the Spaniards, and they in turn from the Arabs, the clever people to whom the world owes so many inventions.

It was first known in England during the reign of Henry VIII, who wore woolen hose, according to history, and later had some silk ones sent him from Spain. In a rare collection of the acts of Edward VI. is one which, among other articles of wearing apparel, are specified "knitte hose, knitte petticoats, knitte gloves and knitte sleeves." In 1561 Queen Elizabeth was greatly pleased, it is said, with a gift of a pair of black silk stockings, and declared that hereafter she would wear no other kind. Meanwhile, the art must have been making great advances in other lands, for in 1527 the French knitters formed themselves into a corporation styled the "Communante des maitres Bonnelliers ou Tricot," and chose St. Fiore for their patron saint. To-day knitting is a well-nigh universal art. The Germans, who are the best knitters on the continent, make every possible variety of garment with their own industrious hands.

A German girl or woman is never seen, in waking hours, without her knitting, and the Russian, Breton, and some other European peasantry, are not far behind in this respect. The Turkish women are also well versed in the art, as may be seen by the gay fezzes worn by the men and boys of that country, which heading is first knitted, then dyed and blocked into shape. No knitting in beauty of texture exceeds that done by the peasantry of the Shetland Islands. English and German women have never neglected this branch of industry, but with our people a generation ago everything ran into machine work, which in knitting can never be compared with hand work, neither in strength nor durability.

Fashion Notes.

Black lace toilets are as popular as ever. Red is the color of the passing moment. Rubies are among the most stylish jewels. The drawn mill hats are very pretty for young girls. Both high and low dress collars are fashionably worn. Striped cashmires are decidedly popular for morning wrappers. Black and gold is seen in some elegant combinations on bonnets and hats this season. Bandanna dresses are for the seaside; skirts of the Bandanna silk and the overdress is of plain fabric. No heavy trimmings of any sort are used. Velvets and plushes have no place on this season's bonnets.

A pleasing hat for a young lady is trimmed with a mass of dotted white tulle and heliotrope blossoms. The fashionable parasol is almost invariably striped. Some very pretty ones are covered with expensive lace. Roman sash ribbons are used in trimming hats for young girls, this season, with a full bow made on the side. Velvet cuffs, collars, revers and sashes of velvet are used in the cotton satteens and gingham costumes this season.

Corn Recipes.

Corn should be fresh in order to be good, says Mrs. Parker, in the Courier-Journal, and should be cooked as quickly as possible after being gathered, as it heats and loses much of its flavor. When ready to cook the husks should be removed, as well as every thread of silk. Then the ears should be put in a kettle of boiling water and boiled as rapidly as possible. Grated Corn Sauté—Mix grated corn with salt and pepper. Sauté in a little hot butter. Corn Custard—Cut corn from the cob, mix it with milk to thin, two eggs, pepper and salt. Bake half an hour. Stewed Corn—Scald just enough to harden, slice off the ear, add sweet milk, butter and salt. Let simmer ten minutes. Pour in half a teacup of cream, in which beat an egg and a tablespoonful of sugar. Corn Drops—Pour a pint of boiling water on a pint of corn meal, let cool, beat in an egg and a tablespoonful of butter, thin with sweet milk. Cut corn from three ears of corn, mix in, and fry in hot lard. Corn Pudding—Grate the corn from a dozen ears, season with salt, pepper and a little sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, two ounces of butter, and a quart of new milk. Bake in a moderate oven. When done beat the whites of the eggs, pour over the top, and brown.

Some New Woods.

Two assorted cargoes of selected woods grown in North Borneo have already arrived here in the ships Siberian and Walter Siegfried, and the heavy logs of the beautiful and almost indestructible timber can be seen at the godowns of Messrs. Starbuck & Forbes, on the river bank. The woods consist of Billian, Rasack, Kurin, Serayah, ironwood logs and beams, planks, piles, poles and railway sleepers. Two more cargoes will soon be here in the Solidor and Loong-who, from the port of Sandakan, which is near to the best forests. These woods possess extraordinary merits, and in many respects are unequalled. The Billian logs are of abnormal strength and durability. The wood bears heat or cold, dampness or dryness, resists the sea worm and white ant, and virtually is indestructible. When new the wood is of oak color, but if kept long becomes almost black. It is very heavy, weighing seventy pounds to the cubic foot, and sinks in water. It is especially suitable for use in imperial palaces or great temples, or in the yamens of high dignitaries. The Rasack wood is lighter, weighing fifty-four pounds to the cubic foot, the Serayah, a very fine wood for furniture, weighs forty-three pounds; the Kraen, or Borneo walnut, also makes beautiful furniture and house fittings. It weighs fifty-one pounds. The Gagil weighs fifty-nine pounds and can be had in logs of sixty or seventy feet long. There is also a very fine and indestructible timber, the white ironwood, weighing sixty-five pounds per cubic foot, and very strong.—Chinese Times.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Red Currant Jelly.

It is such an improvement to currant jelly to have a little red raspberry juice with it, says a writer in the Prairie Farmer, that I want to speak of it, so that those who are intending to make it will give it a trial. There need not be many raspberries used—a pint will flavor three or four times as many currants. Many advise us to make jelly before the currants are perfectly ripe, but I have always succeeded best when every berry was ripe. My method is to take a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, and as soon as it is weighed, place the sugar in a flat pan in the oven and let it heat while the juice is boiling. The principal boiling should be done before adding the sugar; this will insure lighter-colored jelly than when the sugar boils long in it. I have had it jelly as soon as the sugar was added, but I generally have to cook it a little while after putting it in. It is always well to test jelly by taking up a little first, and I never depend upon its thickening much after it is put into the glasses. Exposure to the sun for a day or two before sealing up is often resorted to, but in my experience this is rarely necessary. Papers covering jellies that have stood some time often become hard and difficult to remove. Pour boiling water on them, and immediately drain it off, and you will find the paper is loosened at once.

To Make Tough Steak Tender.

When it is impossible to preserve the beefsteak in edible condition until it becomes tender by natural means, proceed as follows, allowing as long a time as is convenient for carrying out the method. Let the steak be cut at least an inch thick, because it will be more juicy and full-flavored than if cut thin, while it will be possible to cook it as well-done, if the proper care is exercised. Trim off all the fat that is not likely to be eaten with the steak, and have it used to make drippings while it is still good. Use a platter large enough to permit the steak to lay perfectly flat, pour upon it enough vinegar to cover the bottom, and at least four tablespoonfuls of absolutely sweet salad oil for a three-pound steak; but do not salt it. (The application of salt to the cut surface of uncooked meat has the tendency to draw out its juices, thus depriving it of flavor and nutriment.) If the steak is to be used for dinner, put it in the oil and vinegar early in the morning, and turn it over every hour, keeping it in a cool place, protected from flies. If it is intended for breakfast, put it in the dish so prepared about supper-time and allow it to remain untouched until bed-time; then turn it and let it stand until morning. The action of the vinegar upon the meat will tend to soften and relax the fibers, thus making the meat tender, while the oil will prevent the surface from becoming dry and hard. No other fat can so well accomplish this result, because all others are hard when cold; the oil does not impart any flavor to the meat, and it does increase its nutritive properties. The steak is to be cooked either by broiling or frying, according to the writer's methods, without attempting to remove from it any of the oil or vinegar that adheres to it; neither will impart any unpleasant flavor to the meat; in fact, it will be improved in every way by their use.—The Housewife.

Baseball "As It Is Spoken."

"Petie Swipe stole second base." "Captain Threebaser put Grinning Billy into the box to pitch."

A Famous Lady of the White House.

DOLLY MADISON. [From a painting in possession of a gentleman in Brooklyn.]

The Development of Culture.

In the book store of the future. Customer—"Have you any book on culture?" Clerk—"Yes, sir; we have the 'Bastonian's Own Manual of Self-Defense' and 'Baseball as Played in New York.'"

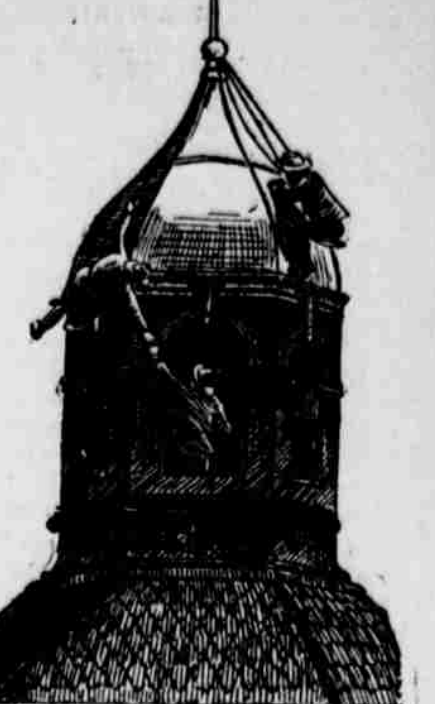
They Did Not Live.

An English resident in Russia relates the following unhappy issue of an enterprise in which one of his friends engaged upon falling heir to a fortune: "My friend was a great gourmand and had a passion for shellfish, and this was how he spent his legacy. I went to town one day and soon found out that the prince was in his usual impecunious condition."

Political.

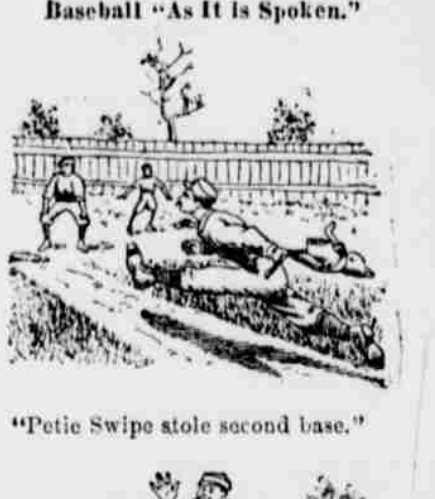
"Papa, what is a doubtful State?" asked little Freddy, who has been looking over the political news. "Marriage is a doubtful state, my son," answered Brown with a humorous twinkle in his eye as he looked at his better half. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?" "No, I don't think it's at all," she answered. "To me it always seemed like a free-for-all." Brown was silent.—Detroit Free Press.

Gliding the Dome of the Melbourne Exposition Building.



The Centennial Exposition at Melbourne, Australia, this summer, will probably be the most important yet held in the Southern Hemisphere. The main buildings and its annexes cover twenty acres, and have cost over 250,000 pounds sterling. The principal structure is of brick and stucco. The most difficult undertaking the contractors for the external painting had to encounter was the gliding of the gold ball which surmounts the top of the dome, and out of which the flagpole springs. This was a work of much risk to the painters, who were swung at an elevation of some 100 feet above the ground level.—Frank Leslie's.

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