

GOING HOME

The winter day has glorified the west. With Autumn tints the foliage is dressed. And weary ones are going home to rest.

HER DESIGNING SISTER.

BY MARIE FRANCOISE UPTON.

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"I'm utterly discouraged about Pet, Mrs. Parkhurst. She says she's engaged again."

"That's the way you feel, my dear?" Mrs. Parkhurst laughed—a good-natured fat person's jolly laugh.

"Now, my dear," Mrs. Parkhurst assured, comfortingly, "Rob isn't a bad fellow, and his people are nice."

"Well, maybe this is the final engagement for Pet," Mrs. Parkhurst said. "She will likely marry some one in the end, and then the other affairs will do to laugh over."

"Indeed Pet is not going to be married short of twenty-five if I can help it," Miss Murray said, "and I think I can."

"You don't suppose, do you," Miss Murray went on, "that I sent for Pet to come here because I needed her to help me teach? Not for a moment. I simply wanted to get her away from one of her idiotic engagements, and I did so most successfully."

"But she's not going to be married short of twenty-five if I can help it," Miss Murray said, "and I think I can."

"Well, I have, and as mamma says about dancing, I've seen the folly of it. But there it is; mamma no sooner had the words out of her mouth than Pet insisted, 'I want to see the folly of it too.'"

pushing away from the table, "I want to talk to you a bit."

"Don't want to be talked to," Pet wailed from the piano, where she was by this time sounding forth "The L'Arlele" from a chance sheet on the music rack.

"Eloise Murray, are you poking fun?" Pet demanded, looking doubtfully at her sister.

"Not for a minute," Eloise answered. "But I was thinking that if you would postpone your other interest a trifle, I should like to send you to Chicago to study a year before you are married."

"Pet was round-eyed and serious for a minute. Here was her oft-expressed heart's desire laid at her feet. 'Oh, you dear old sissy!'" she said.

"I've concluded not to let these considerations stand in your way, since you will have only a little time left for studying," Miss Murray answered.

"Before the week was out it was arranged that Miss Eloise was to assume, as she had in the past, all the duties of instruction in their little Western town, and that Miss Pet was to study a year in the Chicago conservatory."

"Pet staid at the conservatory a year, and as she was really a bright girl with a sweet voice her musical progress was most satisfactory. Her letters to her sister were full of enthusiasm over her instructors, her concerts, and of Rob. But as the year waned Miss Eloise fancied that the enthusiasm about that young lover waned with it."

"At the end of the year Pet accepted a position as soprano of a new church in a Colorado mining town, where they had an old acquaintance. Eloise hoped the independent experience would benefit her sister. A further reason may have been that she thought it just as well Pet and Rob should not waste too much time renewing old associations."

"This mining town is just too lovely," Pet wrote to her sister. "Everybody comes to hear me sing, and mysterious, unexplained gifts and tokens. My head is quite turned with admiration, but it's so general and disguised that I can't place it. I don't know which particular miner in a blue flannel shirt or gambler in diamonds it is who sends me flowers every Sunday. And I don't know where my French candy comes from. And all I can be certain of is that when I sing the applause comes from all of them."

"That is very good," Eloise said to herself. "So long as the admiration stays general, Pet is safe, and Mrs. Bain [Mrs. Bain was their old acquaintance] will not let the child suffer any annoyance."

Then a later letter contained still more interesting bits of personal history.

"DEAR ELOISE—If you weren't just the loveliest sister and not a bit old-maidish, I'd never write you this letter. You see, I'm awfully happy. Mr. Bennett has called quite often of late. He is the tender now, and takes me to choir practice. Mrs. Bain thought it perfectly proper, and it saves Mr. Bain tramping out to fetch me."

"Last night Mr. Bennett said, as we were going home, that it would make him awfully happy if I'd let him call me Pet without the Miss. So I said that if it would really make him happy, he might. It was just at the door, and he grabbed me right into his arms and kissed me before I could explain. I didn't mean that he was to mean anything special, but he said it wouldn't be worth calling me so if it didn't mean anything special. Then he talked so lovely, and told me about his mother, and now we are engaged. That is, if you don't mind."

"Mrs. Bain said it must be called an engagement till we heard from you, but she has a very high regard for Mr. Bennett. Don't you think Paul is a pretty name? 'No, you dear old sissy you wouldn't mind. I know, if you knew how nice and handsome Paul is. His eyes are blue.'"

"Alas for the amiable!" sighed Miss Murray, as she laid the letter down. "Another Charles-Rob-gambler affair."

"But she wrote to Pet that she had only a wish for her happiness. But just at present she wanted Pet to listen to a plan that she had cherished for some time. It was that Pet should spend the following season with her in foreign travel. She thought it inadvisable that a young girl should be married with absolutely no knowledge of the world."

"You're just lovely, Eloise," Pet warmly announced. "Paul said—I had to tell him, you know, about that silly Charles and Rob—that you were a lovely sister, but he's afraid you are a designing person—and—here he is." She produced from somewhere in the room a tall young man with a frank sort of face, and a laugh in his eyes.

"There is nothing to make one realize the importance of mud, indeed, like a journey to the Nile when the inundation is just over. You lounge on the deck of your dahabieh and drink in geography almost without knowing it. The voyage forms a perfect introduction to the study of mudology, and suggests to the observer mind (meaning you and me) the real nature of mud as nothing else on earth that I know of can suggest."

"You have no rainfall to bother you, no local streams, no complex denudation; the Nile does it all, and the Nile does everything. On either hand stretches away the bare desert, rising up in gray, rocky hills. Down the midst runs the one long line of alluvial soil—in other words, Nile mud—which alone allows cultivation and life in that rainless district. The country bases itself absolutely on mud. The crops are raised on it, the houses and villages are built of it, the land is manured with it, the very air is full of it. The crude brick building that dissolve in dust are Nile mud solidified, the red pottery of Assouit is Nile mud baked hard, the village mosques and minarets are Nile mud whitewashed. I have even seen a ship's bulwarks neatly repaired with mud. It pervades the whole land, when wet, as mud undisguised; when dry, as dust storm."

"Egypt, says Herodotus, is a gift of the Nile. A truer word was never spoken. Of course it is justly truly true, in a way that Bengal is a gift of the Ganges, and that Louisiana and Arkansas are a gift of the Mississippi; but with this difference, that in the case of the Nile the dependence is far more obvious, far freer from disturbing or distracting details. For that reason, and also because the Nile is so much more familiar to most English-speaking folk than the American rivers, I choose Egypt first as my type of a regular mud-land."

"Great heavens!" Miss Murray said, with Western fervor. "Doing good! deed! That child will be engaged to that wretched gambler in less than month—to reclaim him—if she isn't stopped. Doing good!" and Miss Murray stamped her little foot.

GRAND ARMY COLUMN

SEVEN PRISONERS.

How They Were All Captured by One Illinois Cavalryman, Near Boonsboro, Md.

Early on the morning after the battle of South Mountain, Sept. 15, 1862, the 8th Ill. Cav., under Col. John F. Farnsworth, was ordered to pursue the retreating enemy. Capt. E. S. Kelly, with his squadron, composed of Cos. E and B, took the advance, and at a brisk trot passed the infantry, which were moving out the main pike, cheering us on as we flew past them. After a trot of about three miles we came to the rebel rear-guard, commanded by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, formed in solid column in the main street of Boonsboro, Md. Capt. Kelly ordered the charge, and gallantly led it, and in striking of the second or third platoon of the enemy he received a shot through his right lung. His men, seeing that he was wounded and about to fall from his horse, caught him on either side, and turning his horse, rode him to the rear. The exasperated rebels attempted his capture, but his own boys opening their ranks let the Captain and his supporters pass, and closing their ranks quickly met the foe with an impregnable line of steel. The Captain was safely taken to the rear and cared for. Following this first encounter, five successive charges were made, and so impetuous was the onset the enemy broke and beat a hasty retreat, hotly pursued by the entire command. For nearly two miles it was a running fight, but the result was an overwhelming victory, as several hundred prisoners were captured and four pieces of artillery.

After this most exciting encounter a detail for picket was made from Co. F, under the charge of Corporal G. H. McNorth. As we passed out the pike to an eminence, flanked in front and right by a skirt of woods, the Corporal said to me: "You take this position." As I was No. 3 in the first set of fours I did not think much of the order, but said nothing and took the place. I had not been on post more than eight minutes when I saw a man in civilian clothes approaching cautiously. He beckoned him toward me, and coming up he informed me that five Johnnies had just left his barn, and if a squad of men were sent they would be easily secured. I saw at once he was a straight Union man, and assured him on the return of the Corporal I would be about it, and dismissed him. Thinking over the matter I resolved to make the attempt by myself, as I had a fine pair of revolvers, and having loaded them within a half hour, I felt sure that every shot was O. K.

Soon the Corporal returned, and I, making a reasonable excuse, asked him to stand my post, and started down the pike. About a quarter of a mile down the pike I saw the five Johnnies approaching a hill about a half mile away. Tying the rein close to my horse's neck, and with a revolver in each hand, I jumped my horse over the fence and proceeded through the woods at the right side of the road, coming out within six or seven rods of them wholly unobserved. Jumping back into the road I gave a shout and beckoning to the rear, "Come on, boys, here they are. Surrender!" No sooner said than done, every gun going to the ground. I rode up and commanded them to fall back three paces from the guns, and asked if they were loaded. Receiving a negative reply, I inquired if they had any cartridges, to which they replied "forty rounds in the boxes." I commanded them to unhook them and throw them over the fence, which was quickly obeyed. A demand to the man on the left to reach me one gun at a time, and an examination proved what they had said. Then I ordered them: "Forward! take arms, about face, by file, march!" A distance of three feet apart was demanded.

"Where is the rest of you all?" He received the reply that they were "Right here; and any more chin by any of the rank will demonstrate the fact to a certainty."

Proceeding in silence about one-fourth of a mile, and passing a barn about 12 or 15 feet from the roadside, out walked a man with a gun on his shoulder and a cavalryman mounted in his rear. Covering the mounted Johnny with my left revolver, I said: "Fall in! You are just the ones I've been looking for!" which order was promptly obeyed. Placing the cavalryman in rear of column we proceeded quietly until arriving at the post I had left McNorth on, and he remarked in no pleasant manner, "Come and stand your post and I will take the prisoners in." I made no reply, but surely I was not of that opinion, and proceeded to the reserve, which was commanded by Capt. J. G. Smith of Co. B, 8th Ill. Cav., whom I found under a hastily-erected fly near the road. I told the Captain the story as above narrated, and how I had left the Corporal on my post, I received the assurance that I would be fully exonerated from any charges that would be brought against me, and that I had done my day's work, and proceed to the Provost-Marshal with the prisoners, after which I could remain with my own Captain that night, who was lying dangerously wounded in Mr. George Ordner's home in the village of Boonsboro, and join the command in the morning. Thanking him, I proceeded on my way. Arriving opposite the hotel I called the hostler, and dismounting myself and the cavalryman, ordered the hostler to take the horses and hitch them under the stable. I then took from the cavalryman a full charged colt's revolver, which remains, with a few other army mementoes, in my possession, and are quite highly prized. I found the Provost-Marshal about half a square from the hotel, and turn-

ing the prisoners over and bidding them adieu, returned to the hotel, leaving orders for a 6 o'clock a. m. departure.

I found my Captain (my own uncle), and remained with him that night, and being fully assured that anything would not be left undone that was for his welfare, I went in search of the regiment. The sharp report of musketry at Antietam denoted that was the direction, and I found my company about 10 minutes before we had orders to charge over the Stone Bridge, participating in that engagement with the regiment.—T. BENTON KELLEY, in National Tribune.

DO YOU KNOW HER?

The Round of Life of the Commonplace Married Woman.

It is possible that before the commonplace woman became a wife, she was entirely conscious of her tasks and desires, and given to holiday making and social pleasures on her own account; but at the altar she drops her individual existence and becomes at once a noun of multitude. Henceforth her life is collective. Her very language is in the plural number—such as we, ours, and us. She respects the rights of maternity so much as never to permit herself to talk of her children as peculiarly her own. Her individuality being merged in her husband and their offspring, she has no private thoughts, no wishes, no hopes, no fears but for the concern. All this is all the better for her tranquility, for although a part of her husband, she does not quite fancy that he is a part of her. She leaves at least the business to his management, and if she does advise and suggest on occasions, she thinks that somehow things will come out well. Having full faith in his wisdom, she troubles herself little concerning the matters within his province, and thus preserves an untroubled mind and a cheerful face good to look upon. At home, she makes this husband supremely comfortable. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; a married man—provided his wife be an everyday married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully; it is a thing of course—a necessity, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his heart and his features soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says: "This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His everyday life is sitting quietly in the corner; she sits with her sewing or crocheting, thinking her simple thoughts, or responding with cheerful interest to her husband's desultory talk, is the home center to her children. The boys adore their mother, and make her their chief confidant. As the daughters grow up their affection for her is almost surprising. Not that the sentiment is steady and uniform in its expression, for sometime one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessity not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the pining girl flies for refuge and comfort; see with what abandon she throws her arms around that maternal neck, and with what passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. She is sure of loving sympathy here, and words which comfort however deep they hurt. By and by this simple lady dies, and the objects of her love and care lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round then when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety, missing her cheerful face and cordial greeting. And so she passes away, this everyday woman, who was never known to do or say anything particularly clever, who lived solely for others, content to serve as a background, and who yet leaves memorials of her commonplace existence everywhere through the circle in which she moved and had her being.

Who is there that has not sung or read or heard the "The Old Oaken Bucket"? Many musical compositions have been set to its lines and it has been translated into many languages; it has gone the rounds of the civilized world for more than two generations. And how many know the name of the author? He was Samuel Woodworth and was born in Scituate, Plymouth County, Mass., Jan. 13, 1785. He came to Boston and chose the profession of printer, binding himself to Benjamin Russell, then editor of the Columbian Sentinel, with whom he remained until 1806, and while serving his apprenticeship he contributed poetry to the different periodicals then published in Boston, under the signature of "Selina." The only poem of his which has survived is "The Old Oaken Bucket," which he wrote while editing the Mirror in New York with George P. Morris.—New England Magazine.

Two Customs.

Bohemian children listen anxiously on Christmas Eve for the chariot and white horses of the "Christ-child" as he comes flying through the air with his krippe full of presents; but the Italian children grieve for their parents to churches and cathedrals to see the Bambino, or saint, who presents them with their Christmas gifts.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

WOOLENS WASHED IN COLD WATER.

Woolen waists may be washed in cold water without ripping, and chudans may become rivals to those done by the French dry cleanser. Old woollens which have suffered much from different baths of varied temperature may be always partially, often wholly restored in this way, though such need a little more patience and sometimes more than one washing.—New York Journal.

PREPARING POTATOES.

There are a great many kitchens that are not possessed of the luxury of a brush for cleaning potatoes. It is next to impossible to wash potatoes perfectly clean by hand. The use of a little scrubbing brush, such as may be purchased at from five to ten cents, will soon make their jackets fresh and clean, so that they will be fit to be brought on the table roasted. Rogat potatoes should always have a little bit of skin chipped off at either end to allow the steam to escape and to prevent their becoming sodden before they are thoroughly done. Such a brush is also very useful in washing beets and various other root vegetables, all of which are probably just as well cooked in their skins and peeled when done—the turnip being the only exception to this rule, as it acquires a bitter flavor when boiled in its jacket.—Chicago Post.

HINTS ABOUT GRIDDLE CAKES.

An improved griddle for baking cakes really consists of four round griddles, each large enough for one cake, attached to an oblong griddle long enough for four cakes. As soon as both sides of the griddle are heated put cakes upon the four round griddles. As soon as they are cooked on one side the small griddles are quickly turned over, and with a stroke of the fork the cakes are left on it, brown and unbroken. While they are cooking on the other side, fresh cakes can be put upon the small griddles. It is claimed that in this way eight cakes a minute can be baked, and much more satisfactorily than in the old-fashioned way.

A famous maker of buckwheat cakes places a cosy of cotton and cheesecloth over the pitcher that contains her batter on cold nights, thus protecting it from a chill. To insure perfect lightness the cakes are beaten ten minutes in the morning with an eggbeater.

New kettles of granite ware have asbestos bottoms, and though slightly heavier than kettles without, are much more useful.—New York Post.

COTTONSEED IN COOKERY.

A Pacific Rural Press correspondent, who has "tasted no animal food for nearly thirteen years," declares that doubters as to the appetizing and nourishing quality of the following "vegetarian soups" should try them and be convinced that flesh "stock" is not an indispensable requisite:

"A good teaful of cut-up raw tomatoes, a handful of rice, a large chopped onion (or two leeks), four sections of garlic, a half-green pepper should be boiled in three pints of water. Then two tablespoonsful of cottonseed oil added, in which has been stirred a spoon level full of flour. The flour is not so much to thicken the soup as to make the oil mix with it. A little parsley, and it is done. Potato soup is made by using a little more onion, and two large chopped raw potatoes taking the place of rice and tomato.

"The cottonseed oil is clear, clean, sweet smelling, can be bought at drug-stores for \$1 to \$1.25 per gallon, and that amount has great lasting power, though the oil is excellent for frying doughnuts, potatoes, eggplant, etc., and make a good gravy for potatoes boiled in their jackets, by stewing a chopped onion in a covered water, until the onion begins to brown, then add a scant spoonful of flour, let that brown a little and add a good teaful of cold water. Salt well; stir constantly until it boils, and finish with parsley."

RECIPES.

Potato Fritters—Grate six cold boiled potatoes (prepared as for potato snow), and add to them one pint of cream (or rich milk), four enough to make as stiff a batter for other fritters, then the yolks of three eggs, then the beaten whites, salt, and fry in sweet butter.

Hot Slaw—Cut the cabbage in half, and shave it very finely. Put it into a stewpan, with a piece of butter and salt to the taste; pour in just enough water to prevent it sticking to the pan. Cover it closely, and let it stew, stir it frequently, and when it is quite tender, add a little vinegar, and serve it hot.

Fried Corn Muffins—One cup fine white meal, one-half teaspoon salt, two eggs, one-eighth yeast cake, flour to stiffen. Mix the meal, salt and sugar. Add gradually the boiling milk; when cold add the yeast dissolved in a little water, the eggs well beaten, and flour to make a stiff drop batter. Rise over night. Drop from a tablespoon into deep, hot fat.

Orange Pudding—Peel and slice four large oranges, lay in your dish, sprinkle over them one cup of sugar, three eggs, yolks only beaten, one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one quart of boiling milk. Let this boil and thicken. Then let it cool a little before pouring over the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs, and pour over it. Set in the oven to brown.

Beef Stewed With Onions—Cut two pounds of tender beef into small pieces, and season with pepper and salt; slice one or two onions and add to it, with water enough in a stew pan to make a gravy. Let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly cooked; then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour, enough to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be cooked in the same way, but the onions must be cooked before adding them to the meat. Add more water if it dries too fast, but let it be boiling when poured in.

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