

The Lullaby Land.

The Lullaby Land is a wonderful land
Not found on the maps of men;
For the dimpled hand of the Lullaby Land
Knows nothing of pen or pen.
And the only way you can reach this land
Is to take up the thread of years
And follow it back life's winding track
To a mother's smiles and tears.
And there you will find the Lullaby Land,
With its Rock-a-By river of mirth
Flowing on to the deep of Sleep, Baby, Sleep,
The sunniest ocean of earth.
And up by the lake they call Wide-Awake
Is many a goblin and fay;
And fairies and elves that swallow themselves
To frighten the people away.
Oh, a wonderful land is the Lullaby Land,
Where little wee folks are found
Who only oo when they talk to you,
And laugh with a lisp to your
Their hair sunny, their eyes are blue
As the depth of the summer sky,
And their breath as soft as the winds aloft
When a spirit goes floating by.
And these little wee folk have the funniest
ship,
That like a pendulum swings
In perfect time to the world's rhyme
Of a song their mother sings.
And these little wee folk get into that ship
And go sailing and sailing away,
Exploring the streams of the Land of Dreams
All night, till the break of day.
And when they get tired and long for a ride,
No saddle or bridle have they;
But they mount in glee on their father's knee,
And go racing and chasing away;
Prancing and dancing with sway and swing,
Of fear they have never a one;
For when their speed increases his speed
It only increases their fun.
Oh, isn't it easy and rosy and rare
To live in the Lullaby Land?
Where skies are as blue as the sun shines
through
And life is so lovely and grand!
If I could but take my own choice to-night
Of all the countries of men
I would take up my stand in the Lullaby
Land
And I never would leave it again!
—[Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.]

ON THIS ROCK.

By W. J. Lampton.

Bridal couples are supposed to have a monopoly of Niagara Falls, and there are few to dispute it with them, but now and then Cupid unfettered hies him thence, and poems are written in the lives of youths and maidens, set to the rhythm of the rushing waters.

Such a poem was that which Ralph Reeder and Anne Martin inscribed one day before the roaring rapids, the towering cliffs and the great overhanging trees as witnesses to their troth. They stood out on an impending rock, far above the torrent, and in this temple of nature gave the word to each other that may never be gain-said.

"Dear Anne," he said, for he was a serious man, not given to fine speech, "on this rock we plight our troth. Here, with no human witnesses, but a thousand eyes to see us, we promise to love each other always."

"On this rock?" she echoed, as she clung to him.

"On this rock," he went on, "if the evil time should come when that love has grown cold and bitterness has come into its place, we must meet to break the ties, in the presence of the same witnesses which have seen us seal them this day."

"On this rock," she whispered, clinging closer, as he bent and kissed her.

Then they passed under the vines and through the low hanging branches into the open grounds, away from the brink of the great chasm, and strolled back to their hotel with the newly-made music in their hearts and its softer notes murmuring in the words they spoke.

Three months later, when the leaves were crimson and gold in all the forests, and the air was touched with the grateful crispness of the first frosts, these two became one in the old church where Anne's mother had been married and where Annie had been christened, and it seemed as if no cloud could ever shadow the blue of their sky.

But the clouds will come, and to some they show no rifts through which the sun may shine, and to these, ere the year had gone, the clouds came.

For three years more they thickened, and then the evil time came when they thought it was not possible for them to live the life their married life was, and they resolved to sunder the tie which had bound them.

Why they had grown apart in this terrible fashion neither could say.

She had been frivolous, as most young women are whose lives are cooled and hard as men do who devote themselves to their ambitions.

He had not thought enough of her, and she had thought too much of herself.

With this as a premise there can be but one conclusion, and that conclusion they had reached.

And more in sorrow than in anger, for each of them, but with that calm coldness which nothing can melt.

"You remember, Annie," he said to her gently, when they had ended the conference which was the finish their dream of love and hope, "we promised each other, if there should ever come such a time as this, that on the rock where we stood above the tumultuous waters and made our vows, there we should stand again to break them."

"I remember," she replied coldly.

"We leave for Niagara at 7 o'clock this evening," he said to her in that firm tone, which chafed her spirit, though it compelled her obedience.

She nodded merrily and went to her room as he went to his.

She thought of many things as she made ready for this unexpected journey, and when they met again at dinner, her eyes were red and his voice trembled as he spoke to the servant, for between them, as for months past, there was a silence that shivered.

The next day at noon they were at the hotel, where four years before they had been, but the harp strings were broken, and the music was dead in their hearts.

They had scarcely spoken of their journey, and now she asked no questions, but followed him as if she were walking in a nightmare.

As they left the carriage near where the little path led out to the rock of their troth, he stopped in the shadow of a tree and she stood by his side waiting.

"In a few moments, Anne," he said with quivering lips, "the tie that we made for ourselves will be by ourselves broken. When we have retracted the vows on that rock where we made them you will return in the carriage alone. I shall not return until the sun has set."

She tried to speak, but her words were only a great sob, and she followed him as he moved on toward the rock. At the last turn in the path, where the rock first came into view, was a rough place, which he remembered to have helped her across on that other day four years ago by giving her his hand. He remembered, too, how it trembled in his and what a thrill this reliance of hers upon him sent through every nerve of his body, and, unconsciously, when he came to this place he held out his hand to her, and she as unconsciously took it. Then, hand in hand, they stepped out toward the rock, but it was there no longer.

The never-ceasing power of the rushing waters had swept out its foundations and it lay sunken in the dark current below.

For one instant standing there on the brink of the chasm, they looked into each others eyes, and then he opened his arms and with a little cry of joy she went to them.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and smiling they turned from the chasm to the open beyond, where the sun was shining, and they drove back together before the sun had set.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Whaling off the Pacific Coast.

There is a shore whale fishery off the southern coast of California, between Monterey and Point Conception, which for many years has been a very productive industry. It may seem an odd thing, but the California gray whale is very fond of hugging the shore. He has been known even to enter San Francisco Bay. San Simon Bay near Port Hartford, is the favorite place for catching shore seeking whales. There is much less excitement and a great deal less romance in going after the shore whale, but when he is once got he is about as profitable as ocean birds as can be found even in the Arctic. The coast industry is conducted mostly by Portuguese and wholly from the shore. The trying-pots and all of the rendering paraphernalia are, of course, located on the shore. The whales are captured by boats which go out from the shore. A lookout on a bluff is usually the first to discover a whale in the distance. The whales which frequent the coast have been so long and constantly pursued that they are very wary and it is impossible to approach them without the aid of the dart gun. When the gunner fires, if he hits the whale, the next move is to haul up near enough to shoot a bomb lance into a vital part. When this explodes the whale usually turns "toes up." The prize is then towed to the whale station, where it is hauled up on the beach and the work of cutting off the blubber is performed. The blubber is taken off in large oblong fitches or square pieces, one or more men standing upon a whale and cutting with sharp spades.

Captain Seamon, an old whaler, thus describes the scene at one of the shore whaling stations:

"Near by are the trying works, sending forth volumes of thick, black smoke from the scrap fire under the steaming cauldrons of boiling oil. A little to one side is the primitive storeroom, covered with cypress boughs. Boats are hanging from the davits, some resting on the quay, while others, fully equipped, swing at their moorings in the bay. Seaward, on the crest of a cone-shaped hill, stands the signal pole of the lookout station. Add to this the cutting of the shapeless and half putrid mass of mutilated whale, together with the men shoveling and heaving on the capstans, the screaming of the gulls and other sea fowls, mingled with the noise of the surf about the shores, and we have a picture of the general life at a California coast whaling station."—Chicago Herald.

Minute Shells in Chalk.

Did you ever microscopically examine a tiny bit of powder scraped from a piece of common chalk? "If you never did," as the philosopher told the boatman in the oft-repeated story, "you have lost at least one-third of your life." Not one person in 10,000 has the least idea of the number and curious forms of the minute shells that can thus be brought into plain view. The largest of these shells is not more than the one three-thousandths of an inch in length, yet they are as perfect as the pearly titans of the beach that are large enough to hold a half gallon of water, and which, when empty, roar like a cyclone. Some are shaped like squids and cuttlefishes, others like "sand dollars" or sea urchins, but by far the larger majority will remind you of seashells that you have seen at one time or another. One very common form of these infinitesimal structures is shaped exactly like the common conch shell, but it has been estimated that at the least calculation it is 2,000,000 times smaller!

A careful examination of different samples of any one specimen of chalk will generally show that there are from 300 to 500 species of these minute shells in every conceivable shape and form, the very minutest specks among them being as curiously and wonderfully made as those of larger caliber.

Geologists say that Richmond, Va., is built over a bed of chalk that contains 10,000,000 minute extinct shells to every cubic inch of the stratum.—[St. Louis Republic.]

The Sun Causes Lightning.

Professor Elin Thompson, the expert electrician, in the course of a recent lecture on the nature and characteristics of lightning and electric currents of high potentiality, said that in his opinion lightning is caused by the action of the sun on the clouds through the ether, arguing that if the sun can produce the aurora borealis in the light, thin air, which is reproduced by electrical apparatus, there is reason to think that in the dense air nearer the earth it can produce a current of high pressure that will strike through with brilliant discharges. He showed a completely safe protection from thunderbolts in the shape of a cake of brass wire and declared that an umbrella held open over the head with brass chains hanging from the ends of the ribs makes a complete protection.

Killed a White Deer.

A short time ago mention was made that a white deer was seen by hunters in the vicinity of President, this county, and afterward at Clough's Dam near Marionville, Forest county. What is thought to have been the same deer was shot near Foxburg, Forest county, on Wednesday morning by H. A. Gilson of that village. It is the first albino deer that has been killed in this vicinity for the past quarter of a century, and visitors from all parts of the country have called at the Dubois house to get a sight of the freak of nature.—[Oil City (Penn.), Derrick.]

Mast and Sail for a Bicycle.

Charles D. White, of San Bernardino, Cal., has invented a mast and sail rig for his safety bicycle, which he uses now in all his riding. His mast is ten feet high and the boom eight feet long; and with it Mr. White says that with good handling a speed of twenty to thirty miles an hour can be obtained. "Beating" is almost impossible, and the greatest speed is obtained while riding at right angles with the direction of the wind.

A fountain that stood for many years on the main street square in Pawtucket, R. I., has been removed and set up in a cemetery. Its base bears in big letters the touchingly appropriate word, "Welcome."

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

BUILD A WOODSHED.

Every farmer should see that the woodshed is put in proper shape. Let neatness and order characterize it. Pile the wood away in such a manner as to economize space and make it easy to get at. A woman who has housework to do appreciates few things more than good, dry wood, and this cannot be had unless one has a good place for it. Be sure to have a wood-house or shed. Let it be near the kitchen, but do not oblige the women of the household to run to the shed everytime a few sticks are wanted. Have a neat woodbox near the kitchen stove, and let the children know that you expect them to keep it filled. Wood seasoned under cover is much preferable to that exposed to all kinds of weather.—[American Agriculturist.]

WHEN TO SOW RUCKWHEAT.

Buckwheat will not grow if sown early in the spring, as it is a semi-tropical plant, native to Central Asia and India. Thus, it is sown late in the spring or early in the summer, generally in late June or early July. It is a branching plant, and as it bears its seeds on the side branches, the seed is sown quite thickly, not more than one peck to an acre. If sown more thickly than this, it will bear a very light crop of grain. When it is grown for plowing under for manure, it is sown in the first week of July, and then will be in the best condition for turning under early in September or late in August. It must not be expected to make a heavy growth on poor land, although it will make some growth on the poorest soil.—[New York Times.]

ROOT-PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

Root-pruning acts like magic sometimes in bringing barren trees into bearing state, especially when unfruitfulness is brought about by undue luxuriance. When trees are making very strong shoots they are found on examination to be making roots in proportion, and so long as this goes on fruit prospects are very much jeopardized. It is the small fibrous roots which command the formation of fruit spurs, and in some soils there is difficulty of maintaining a fruitful condition. In gardens where the surface is light and open, with a clayey subsoil, there is a great tendency for the roots to go deep in search of moisture, especially if the aspect is at all open or windy. With soils of this description mulching is of considerable value, of no matter what kind, so long as it creates and maintains moisture.—[Vick's Magazine.]

WASHING BUTTER.

Those who say that unwashed butter will keep as well and as long as that which has had all casein matter taken out of it by washing, seem to be oblivious to an elementary fact in the laws of decomposition and decay, says J. P. Sheldon. The casein of milk is an albuminoid, and is, therefore, very liable to early and rapid decomposition, if no preventive means are taken.

Butter fat, on the other hand, is a carbonaceous compound, and will keep sweet and undecomposed a much longer time than casein will, if only it is in what may be called a pure condition—that is, free from casein, and containing no more than the unavoidable quantum of water. Unwashed butter can be made to keep, of course, but only by the aid of a liberal supply of salt; carefully washed butter will keep a considerable time without salt, at a reasonable temperature, and in an atmosphere which is what we term pure—free, that is, from unpleasant odors.

The idea prevails in some quarters that the buttermilk can be got out of butter by squeezing, pressing and working, and without washing. So, no doubt, it may, in part; but it is the part left in that does all the mischief to the butter later on. It is, in fact, physically impossible to extract from butter fat all the casein with which it is incorporated in milk, save by careful washing while it is in a granular condition.

This, I believe, is a proposition which does not admit of refutation. If, therefore, it is desirable that butter should be free from cheesy matter—and who will venture to say it should not?—washing is the only way of effectually getting rid of it. The hard-and-fast advocates of unwashed butter appear to be persons whose minds do not possess the scientific instinct, or the intuition of progress.

There are (or have been) men who go on wearing top hats everywhere, in season and out of season, at home and away from it, in fine weather and foul, until one fancies they sleep in them! And so it is with the advocates of un-

washed butter! The whole thing—this cross, east-iron prejudice against the washing of butter—is the creature and offspring of habit and of bias; just as when a man declares he has the best wife in the world, though no one can see it but himself.

It must, at the same time, be admitted that butter, in the granular state, may easily be injured by washing—by overwashing, or by rude or careless washing, or by impure water, or by water at a wrong temperature, or by too violent oscillation, and so on. In favor of washing butter in brine there is much to be said, or rather, perhaps, of letting the butter rest for a time, floating in brine, after it has been washed slowly—oh! so slowly!—and gently—oh! so very gently!—in pure water. There is art in the washing of butter, a gentle art, we may call it. It needs such delicate, careful, gentle management that one feels tempted to say that only woman should do it—a man, never!

We may sympathize, in fact, with those who disagree with the washing of butter, because they have seen certificated dairymaids in Ireland "wash and wash and wash the butter until one would imagine there was none of it left." Rather than this, indeed, I would almost prefer to wholly dispense with washing and try to get out all the buttermilk possible by working the butter.

All the same, however, we must not discard a principle because some of the people who administer it are rude and careless. Taken at the right moment butter requires very little washing, and that little should be very carefully and tenderly given, as if to a very young child. Two rinsings in clean water and one soaking in well-made brine—as weak as you please—ought to be enough, and for this the butter will certainly be none the worse, but all the better.—[New York World.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Apples are healthful because of the acids contained in them.

Millet hay is one of the best winter grasses for the dairy cattle.

Pumpkins and squashes will stand about as much frost as apples.

Do not always use cornmeal alone in making slop for fattening hogs.

In making butter consult the taste of your customers rather than your own.

The pear tree depends altogether upon insects for the transfer of its pollen.

Clean up all the brush and rubbish which will afford hiding places for vermin.

Good breeding and good care must go hand in hand if a good result is expected.

Try to keep your sheep of uniform quality and that will shear wool of uniform grade.

It is better to feed life into a horse than to whip it into him. Direct and control the spirit of your horse, but don't try to break it.

There cannot be a thoroughly good farm unless there is a good water supply. If your farm is wanting in this, spare no effort to correct it.

Do not think because your horse drinks warm water with a relish that he prefers it. Cool, fresh water is always abundant. Let him have it.

A light stable is more healthy than a dark one, and will save the horse's eyes from the injury done by taking him from the dark into a blinding glare.

This is the time to make all your repairs about the farm and to see to it that machinery is put away in order, so that all will be in readiness to begin work at the earliest opportunity.

Husking gloves and mittens will last twice as long if rubbed with a little pine tar, to which a little resin has been added. This preparation is also said to be good to apply to the hands.

Kerry cattle are very hardy and easy to keep; the cows are good milkers and the heaves fatten rapidly when properly fed. Altogether the breed have many points which would seem to recommend them for certain parts of the United States.

A heavy clay soil will hold water like a basin, and no crop can do its best if the plants have wet feet. A subsoil plow that will break deeply without lifting the under soil will make the cropping of such land much more profitable than it has been before.

The Orloff, through his process of evolution, has been selected for soundness, shape, size and style as well as speed. With our trotters all except the speed has been neglected. Hence, the Orloff, when crossed with our harness horses, will give both substance and quality.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

BAKED TURKEY.

Tame and wild turkeys are prepared and cooked alike. The time for cooking is from fifteen to twenty minutes to the pound, but this depends much upon the age of the bird. It must be well done to be palatable. Success lies in cooking it long enough, and frequent basting.

Put the turkey into a pan of cold water; rinse it inside and out in three or four waters; in the last water but one, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda. Fill the body with this water; shake it well; pour it off and rinse with fresh water; wipe it dry inside and out; rub the inside with pepper and salt. Prepare a stuffing as follows: Mix into enough grated bread to fill the craw and body of the turkey a half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of summer savory, thyme or sage, four ounces of lard, four ounces of butter, with enough warm water to make the mixture moist.

Mix all thoroughly and stuff the craw and body with it; tie a string tightly about the neck; sew up the incision; tie down the wings and legs, then lay it on its back in the baking pan; wet the skin and season it with pepper and salt and dredge it with flour. Distribute on the upper side small pieces of butter; put into the pan about a pint of boiling stock or a quarter of a pound of butter; have a brisk fire; put the pan into the oven and bake. Bast frequently, at least every ten minutes; bake to a rich brown. If it browns too rapidly lay a sheet of white paper over it until the lower part is done. When the turkey is browned on the breast, turn it over in the pan while in the oven.

Pepper, salt, and dredge the back with flour, and bake until browned, basting as above. When baked remove the strings from the neck and body; put it into a hot dish and serve with a gravy prepared as follows:

Cleanse the gizzard, liver, and heart of the turkey thoroughly in cold water; mince them; put them into a pot with enough cold water to cover them. Stew gently until tender, and keep warm. When the turkey is removed from the pan add the giblets with the water in which they were stewed to the dripping remaining in the pan; put the pan on the fire; thicken with one or two tablespoonfuls of blended browned flour, stirring it in gradually; let it boil up once, season with pepper and salt, pour it into a separate dish, and serve.

Prepare and bake ducks, geese, pigeons, grouse, partridges, chickens, etc., tame or wild, as above, except that the stuffing for ducks and geese must be made of mashed potatoes instead of bread crumbs, with one or more par-boiled onions finely chopped and mixed into the potato.

Some prefer to omit the stuffing from the body in order that the bird may be more thoroughly cooked. The stuffing omitted from the body may be made into cakes and fried. Turkey may be stuffed with sausage meat, fresh oysters or roasted chestnuts.—[American Farmer.]

HOUSEWIFE HINTS.

Mend the torn pages of books with white tissue paper.

Gloves can be cleaned at home by rubbing with gasoline.

Tooth powder is an excellent cleanser of fine filigree jewelry.

Chloride of lime put about rat holes will drive away the rodents.

Corks warmed in oil make excellent substitutes for glass stoppers.

The fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the fingers.

Tinware may be brightened by dipping a damp cloth in common soda and rubbing it well.

Ceilings that have become smoked by kerosene lamps may be cleaned by washing off with soda water.

Strong tepid soda water will make glass very brilliant, then rinse in cold water, wipe dry with a linen cloth.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc. the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

For cleaning oil paint before repainting, use two ounces of water dissolved in a quart of hot water, then rinse off with clear water.

What He Was After.

Old Gentleman—"So you are anxious to become my daughter's husband?"
Young Man—"No, sir; to become your son in law."—[Truth.]