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The Bedford Gazette.

RIGHT AT LAST.

Kitty Glenn stood in the pantry with the sleeve of her gingham dress rolled up to her shoulders...

"Your letter! I never received it. I watched for it, Dick, until I was tired, but it never came."

"But I sent it, Kitty, and watched for your reply until my heart grew sick. But as it never met your eyes I will tell you its contents. Will you listen?"

"Certainly."

"It was a long letter, but its whole import can be told in a few words. I only told you how dear you were to me, and asked you to wait until I came to claim you for my wife."

"O Dick!"

"What shall it be? Are you ready to reply?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And your reply is—"

"Yes."

He leaned over, and kissed the bright face, and then dropped the bars for her to walk through, and together they walked up the lane to the house.

"Dick" called Bob, "has Kitty found her letter?"

"I believe so for she found it while he was away the hunter unbent the goose and closed the hole, and then resolved to await the issue."

In about an hour the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend.

LIFE IN GERMANY.

You enter a German house without knocking, through a door which rings a bell and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one.

"Dear me! I wonder what this means!" she thought; and after she had turned it over several times she opened it.

There it was, the long-lost letter in which Dick had told his love-story!

"Why, I always told the truth, Dick."

"Yes, yes, I know, but—well, but—"

"But what?"

"Never mind, little one, I'll tell it all in my letter. Good-by, Kitty."

And away he ran, leaving her confused and unhappy at the window.

Poor little girl! Her heart wandered out to the great handsome fellow crossing the bridge at the foot of the long hill, and she forgot her biscuit, and moulded them till they were hard as India rubber.

Mrs. Glenn came in and gave her a smart pinch for her forgetfulness, and when she returned to the kitchen she shook her head and believed that Katherine's wife were artful leaving her.

"Leave the gal alone, mother!" said Farmer Glenn, who had come up from the field for the lunch box and his root beer.

"She's no different from gals in old times. I saw that young Arnot carried her wits with him. Hey, Kitty!"

"Nonsense!"

"Never mind, pet, he's a likly chap and may make a great man."

Ah, how anxious Kitty waited for the letter which was to bring the sweet story from Dick, and poor Bob was dispatched every day for the mail, rain and shine.

One week, two weeks passed, and yet no letter, and the light heart grew heavy and sad.

"Why didn't Dick write?"

One night Bob brought a bundle of letters and papers, and as he tossed them in her lap, he said:

"There, sis, I hope you'll find that letter that you so long for, among the pile. I hate to see you so sorry. I do believe you expect to hear from Dick Arnot! If it's so, he had better write; if he don't I'll tan his hide for him."

"Don't Bob!" pleaded Kitty, anxiously looking for the wished-for missive.

It was all in vain!

There was a letter from a city cousin who wanted to make a visit to Glenn Farm. There was another from uncle Will, all business and politics, and messages to her father, and one from an old school friend, but none from Dick. She tossed them into the little table drawer and went up to her chamber and cried until her bright eyes were dim and heavy.

Of course she did not care for him. Oh, no! out he had no occasion to promise her a letter, and beg her to write to him. The wretch!

Well it did not help the matter, and after three or four weeks of eager watching she gave it up, and buried her love and hope deep down in her heart, and tried hard to forget him.

It was no easy task, for Kitty's life was quiet and uneventful, and there was nothing to call her mind from the old happiness of which she had so fondly dreamed.

When the year ended Dick returned.

Kitty saw him at church and received his formal bow with heightened color and beating heart. He passed close beside her and looked into her face with a bland smile, but never spoke a word.

Poor Kitty! It brought back the old trouble, and when she went home she sat down and cried as in days when she watched for the promised letter.

He came one night, and met Kitty as she came up from the field with a basket filled with ripe strawberries upon her arm.

She saw him, and wished herself miles away; but there was no chance to avoid him, and she walked straight to the bars, where he awaited her.

"Kitty, you are trying to avoid me, but as there are no other means of leaving the field unless you climb the fence of course you must pass me. Now, I am better natured than yourself. I do not entertain an unkindly feeling toward you, for all your unkindness."

"My unkindness?"

"Yes, you never gave me one kind word in reply to the long letter I sent you so many months ago."

A FOX'S REVENGE.

A respectable man of the county of Montgomery, resided on the banks of the Hudson river.

One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there he saw a fox come down to the shore, stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above water—himself concealed—he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewn leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unbent the goose and closed the hole, and then resolved to await the issue.

In about an hour the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend.

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HOUSE AND FARM.

Hard Sauce: One cup sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter; beaten until perfectly smooth and white.

The best method of hitching a number of teams, one before the other, is to extend a long chain or rope from the leaders to the draught, and hitch the other teams to this by means of short chains.

Corn Fritters: Young sweet corn, pepper, salt, nutmeg, butter hot in a pan. Grate the corn from the cobs into a basin, season and drop by spoonfuls into the pan, and fry until brown. This is a delicious breakfast relish, but requires a considerable time to prepare it.

Jenny Lind's Pudding: Grate the crumb of half a loaf, butter the dish well, and lay in a thick layer of the crumbs; pare ten or twelve apples, cut them down, and put a layer of them and sugar; then crumb alternately, until the dish is full; put a bit of butter on the top, and bake it in an oven. An excellent and economical pudding.

Rice Cake: Takes six eggs, with their weight in fine sugar, and in butter also, and half their weight of flour of rice, half of wheaten flour; make the cake as directed for Madera cake, but throw in the rice after the flour; then add the butter in the usual way, and bake the cake about an hour and ten minutes. Give any flavor that is liked.

Veal Omelette: Three pounds of chopped veal, two eggs beaten, one tablespoonful of sweet cream, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ground pepper, six tablespoonfuls of rolled crackers, one teaspoonful of thyme or summer savory. Make into a long roll, put into a dripping pan with water enough to keep from burning. Bake well. Some add a slice of salt pork chopped.

Weevil. Salt is said to be a complete preventive against the destruction of wheat by weevil. Mix a pint of salt with a barrel of wheat, or put the grain in old salt barrels, and the weevil will not attack it. In stacking wheat, four or five quarters of salt to every hundred sheaves, sprinkled among them, will entirely secure them from the depredations of this insect, and render the straw more valuable as food for cattle.

Food for Pigs. A Highland county correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette vouches for the following as the best feed to make the biggest hog out of a pig in twelve months: Take two parts barley, two of corn and one of oats. Grind them together; then cook and feed cold. This way of feeding is the cheapest way to make hogs keep fat from the time they are pigs. Take any pig of a good improved breed, and it can be made in this manner to gain one pound a day until a year old.

Oatmeal Cracknels: Add just sufficient water to the oatmeal to wet it through; let it stand ten minutes to "set," then knead it with a little flour, and roll out, with a well-floured pin and board, to the thickness of a wheat kernel, cut with a knife, or small biscuit-cutter, and bake in a quick oven ten minutes, or until they will crack between the thumb and fingers. Do not let them brown. Good with soup or alone—less trouble to make than crackers.

Potato Pudding: Cook in water two quarts and a half of fine potatoes and mash them through a fine colander. Mix them then with a quarter pound of melted butter and the same quantity of powdered sugar. When the mixture is thorough, add six eggs, beaten as if for an omelette, a glass of brandy and a pound of Zante currants. Mix again, turn the whole into a cloth, tie it that the pudding may not escape. Put it to cook in boiling water, boil for a quarter of an hour, take it out of the cloth. Set it on a dish, and serve it bathed in sauce made of a glass of wine, in which sugar and melted butter have been mingled.

Close Grazing. If close grazing is injurious, how is it that in pastures which have not been plowed for years there are patches where cattle and sheep have kept the grass at all times very short, which always have a much thicker set of grass than where it has been left long? Why is it that when the stock is taken away the grass grows up in these places, so closely eaten down, in such a thick mass of white clover and other fine fluted grass; and if mown for hay, why is this always of the best quality, and, though not so long and coarse, yet heavier in weight? Moreover, why should there be grass on the roadsides and on waste places near villages, where the surface has not had the sod taken off, which, being grazed close by all manner of animals, shows a much better feed than farmer's pastures?

Wheat for Feed. At the present price of the lower grades of wheat (un-sound)—about one dollar and ten cents per sixty pounds—it is the cheapest feed in the market. It is estimated to be worth one-fifth more than corn, which is worth one dollar per bushel or more, for fifty-six pound. This gives the advantage of ten cents in price and four pounds, or eight cents in weight. For working animals, milch cows, growing young stock, swine and poultry, it is an excellent food, and seems to have the superiority for them over the other grains that it has for man. It should be thoroughly soaked or ground, and in either case its value would be increased by cooking. A half barrel of boiling water, with a bushel of wheat meal stirred into it, and then kept overnight, will cook itself into a most savory kind and excellent mess for fattening pigs.

Satisfactory to Eastern consumers. The loc-crop in Alaska is good—a quarter of a mile thick.

A young lady does not object to having her lips chapped, if the right sort of chap is about.

Any fair one can be a "blonde" now-a-days. Jute is less than twenty-five cents a pound.

By a wise provision of nature the mountains in cold northern countries are clad in firs.

A Tennessee distiller had four barrels of whisky "stall by ruffs disguised with kraip."

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