

One St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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WAITING.

Sitting in the coziness of
Looming over the old-time ways,
Living in the past and present,
Missing now with yesterday,
Grandpa, grandma, dear old couple,
Light and comfort of our home,
Face their twilight hours serenely,
Near their humble cottage dome.
Now their days are growing shorter,
Now their eyes will turn backward
And their dim eyes will glow
Where their youthful pleasures throng;
Now their hot and cold
Of their falter as they grow weaker,
But their faith all fears subduing
Leaves no room for selfish woe.
Not a shadow mars the beauty
Of their peaceful love-lit sky,
Death is but the gate to Heaven
They will enter by and by,
So I hear them talking softly,
In the bright and sunny glow,
Of the happy past and present,
Waiting for their time to go.
—M. J. M. Smith, in Christian at Work.

LEAVING HOME.

Uncle Henry's Heart Is Touched by a Familiar Picture.

Bright and early they arrived at the fair grounds, and the first building they entered was the Art palace. It must not be inferred from this fact that they loved art—not at all. They came to this structure simply because it was a part of the exposition they had not visited before. They had come several hundred miles to see the fair, and it would weigh heavily on their minds if they failed to see any portion of it. Impelled by a stern sense of duty, they had "done" every building, from the convent of La Rabida to Horticultural hall—even though the exhibits in some of them were as unintelligible to them as the inscriptions on an Egyptian obelisk. The Art palace and the Fisheries building alone remained to be visited, and it was to complete their cycle of sight-seeing that they had come to the fair this morning.

It took no close observer to see that they were simple, well-to-do country people. One knew instinctively that their paths had lain in sequestered places, through cool green pastures, where mild-eyed king grazed contentedly, birds sang through the long summer days. It was plain to be seen by their honest faces that they were far better versed in the ways of nature than in the wiles of man. This trip to the fair was the supreme event of their lives—the brightest bit of color woven into the dull gray warp and woof of their existence. They had never before seen anything more important than a county fair and this great carnival of the nations seemed so stupendous and overpowering that sometimes a feeling of awe came over them. They realized the hopelessness of seeing and comprehending more than a small part of the whole. At such times, Uncle Henry would sigh and sadly remark that he "reckoned" it was too big for him.

Uncle Henry was the head of the family. He had a kind, honest face, and a look of simplicity that was refreshing. Lucy, his wife, was a hearty, hearty old lady, who looked at people with the whole world. Their youngest child was with them—a pretty, budding girl of seventeen or thereabouts. Then there was Uncle Henry's sister, an old maid, whose patient face gave evidence that her life had been one long sacrifice for the welfare of others.

"I never did care no very great sight for chromos," remarked Uncle Henry, as they passed rapidly through the various sections.

"I kind o' like to see 'em," said his wife. "But dear me! Here's so many you get all mixed up. You can't begin to stop and look at 'em all close, for if you did you wouldn't get through in all day."

"Ma, look here!" called the girl, attracted by a painting of a bouquet of gorgeous flowers. "Ain't this beautiful? Wish I had it. Reckon they'd sell it, pa?"

"Course," answered her father. "Sell anything here for money."

"Won't you buy it for me?" she asked.

"What's the use buyin' pickers when you get such nice ones free with every pound of tea you buy?" Uncle Henry asked.

"But they're not like these here, pa. These are all painted. They're only printed."

"Oh, I see. All done by hand, eh? Well, I think some of 'em better than the others."

They sat down on one of the sofas to rest.

"Ma, I want to learn to paint," said the girl. "There's a lady stays at the Johnson's who teaches folks to make pictures. Can't I learn?"

toward the open door. In his hand was a carpenter's bag. He held those old fathers carried; it held the few belongings of the departing lad. The aged grandmother regarded the scene, a look of sadness in her patient face. A young lady sat near by, her hand resting on the head of the family dog—a great, noble animal, that looked anxiously into the young man's face as though striving to fathom the meaning of the strange solemnity. A younger sister—a mere child—stood near. Through the open door could be seen the driver waiting to convey his passenger to the village.

The boy's face was a study. It showed the keen regret he felt in leaving mother, friends and home. There was no bravado or assumed carelessness in it. One felt that tears were almost ready to start—probably would when the excitement of separation was over. But there was no weakness in the face—it expressed high purpose and firm resolution. It was hard for him to go like this; but once started he would never turn back—he would accomplish what he set about, quietly and determinedly. He was one of those boys you trust instinctively, feeling that a good mother's influence is strong within him.

It seemed so real, one could almost fancy hearing the parting words: "God bless you, my boy. Be true to yourself, and do not forget your home and mother."

Uncle Henry regarded the picture for some time in silence. It evidently appealed to him strongly, for he looked his face took on a retrospective expression. The passing crowds were unheeded. The time, the place were alike forgotten. The memory of the White City—of forty years of toil and hardship that came before—faded from his memory like a dream when one awakens. He forgot everything but a little New Hampshire homestead and a weeping mother's last farewell.

Some of the passing brushed rudely against him. He started as one who is aroused from slumber; then turning to his sister, asked:

"Mighty purty pickcher, ain't it, Alice?"

"Yes, 'tis right purty."

"It 'minds me somehow of that day I left home. Don't it you, Alice?"

"Yes, it does."

"Must be 'bout forty years ago, ain't it?"

"Forty year, come next May."

"That chap there's just about my age then. And you was the size of that little girl, too. Queer, ain't it? Alice, that day comes back so clear I see it all—mother tellin' me good-by, and father bringin' the team round to the front door, and you standin' there cryin'—all so plain!"

"And I member her last words, too—'Henry, it breaks my heart to let you go, but I guess it's for the best. I know you'll always be a man, and not do what you'd be ashamed to tell father and me about, won't you, my boy?'"

"That was forty year ago, and all that time that scene has stood out in my mind just as plain as if I had a forty-grat of it there. And this pickcher 'minds me of it powerful. Somehow it brings it all back, and for awhile I sorter forgot and ima gined I was leavin' home agin."

There were tears in Alice's eyes, while a sort of haze gathered on Uncle Henry's old-fashioned eye-glasses, and he found it necessary to wipe them with his handkerchief.

"Say!" he exclaimed, as though struck by a sudden idea. "I wonder who made that chromo. If I knew the man I'd offer 'im two dollars to make me another just like it. Yes I would," he persisted, in answer to an incredulous glance from his wife. "It's high, I reckon, the way pickchers sell nowadays, but I'd be willin' to give it for this. I'd like to have it in a nice black walnut frame hung over the organ in the parlor."

"It's kind of purty, but I don't see nothing very wonderful about it," said his wife.

"Course not! You wasn't there. You didn't break no home-ties like I did. Always lived close to you ma and pa then they died. But I tell you I know how it feels to leave a good home and the best mother in the world, and go 'way off where the probability is you'll never see 'em agin. I know how a boy feels about that, for I've been through the mill. Say, Flora, do you reckon if you was to take paintin' lessons you could do such pickchers as that?"

"I reckon so," was the answer.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. When we get home, you may go to the school teacher and have 'er learn you to paint. But if I was you I wouldn't pay no great attention to makin' sunflowers and cat-tails. If I was a painter I'd make somethin' like that—somethin' common folks like me can understand and appreciate. I wouldn't waste two seconds drawin' long-legged storks and posies nobody never sees growin'. Maybe these are all well enough, and the reason I can't appreciate 'em because I ain't up on such things. But what I do like is a pickcher like this—somethin' you can look at and study, and feel the better for doin' it."—Walter Hall Jewett, in Chicago Graphic.

Crushing the Clerk.
The hotel clerk who is flippant because some people love the easy familiarity which blooms without cultivation, and then again, some don't. One of those who doesn't recently walked up to the desk of a hostelry.

"Can you give me a room in this house?" he asked, with the air of a man who wanted the best.

The clerk sprang up at once.

"I couldn't very well give you one out of it," he replied, whirling the register around.

"Well, I guess somebody else can," retorted the visitor, and he picked up his bag and walked out.—Detroit Free Press.

A mouse lately showed great presence of mind on falling into a dish of cream. It swam round and round violently, until it was able to crawl out on the butter. This was in America.—Tid-Bits.

MATHEMATICS IN MEDICINE.

A Rabious New System, But the Fee Is All Right.

He was a doctor of the advanced school. He laid his finger on my pulse, and with his watch in his hand, gave it a fair start and observed it carefully all the way around. "Strong, seventy-four," he said in a moment. Then he consulted a card that was covered with figures and continued: "That equals sixty-three," and he placed that number on a slate. "Put out your tongue, Good! That is fourteen," he said.

"Inches?" I asked.

"How is your appetite?" he inquired, ignoring my question.

"Equal to the supply."

"That makes two hundred and four," he replied.

"Can't you reduce it a little?" I asked, but failed to get his attention.

"Yes," I answered.

"Three," he said.

"No two," he replied, to correct him. He set the three under the other figures. He then placed a thermometer in my mouth, which he afterward consulted in connection with the card. "A good one hundred and ninety-eight," he said.

"Impossible!" I suggested, mildly.

He wrote down the one hundred and ninety-eight, and asked if I had "head-aches."

"Sometimes in the morning after being kept late at the office," I answered.

"Four," he said.

"Isn't that rather low?" I asked.

"Do you smoke?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Ten," he replied.

"No; two for ten," I said.

He put down the ten.

"Do you sleep well?" he asked.

"That depends upon the baby," I answered.

"We won't consider that," he said.

"You had better call it eight hundred and ninety," I suggested.

He added together the figures that he had placed on the slate. "That makes four hundred and ninety-six," he said.

"Is that the amount of the bill?" I asked.

"Bill!" he replied. "That is the number of the prescription. I want you to know that medicine with me is no longer an experiment, for I have reduced it to a mathematical certainty. Every symptom has its number, and the sum of these numbers indicates the medicine that is needed. I have worked for fifteen years in formulating my prescriptions and perfecting the treatment, but I have it now. Your bill is ten dollars."

I understood that number, and left the office feeling relieved and deeply impressed by the doctor's learning.—Harper's Bazar.

A TRYING PLACE FOR NERVES.

Some of the Disagreeable Features of Life on a Light-Ship.

Talk about rolling and pitching! No vessel rolls, pitches and plunges like a light-ship. Its anchors hold it firm to the shock of the waves. There is no yielding, no graceful swaying to the swelling of the sea. There are days, too, when a fierce fog-horn torments the ear with a noise such as nature in her angriest moods never invented. There is always a glare of light at night. There is no constant expectation of reaching port, and life soon becomes a dreary monotony.

In case the light-ship should be cast adrift, it will be fitted with sails which will enable it to hold its own in storm and stress. The hold is fitted with spacious store-rooms and sleeping-quarters, and a machine for compressing the air which blows the fog-horn. These fog-horns are what are known in this country as "sirens" whistles. They are called sirens probably because that is what they least resemble. They begin their noise with a very thin high note that distresses the ear. Then they descend to the low note, and up and down in rapid succession the shrieking demonlike noises race. One French writer has said that the possibilities of this fog-horn are such that he wonders that some music-leader has not introduced it in the orchestra when the Wagner operas are played. A compressed-air trumpet, he thinks—and it is just possible that there may be a little national prejudice in his opinion—would go well with mythological characters and dragons and unearthly storms and noises.

The writer says the fog-horn is simply a "terrible instrument," and therefore in the time the Wagnerians kind about it. A big bell is placed on the ship for use in case the fog-horn should break down or scare itself useless.—Harper's Young People.

Valid Objections.
"Have you any attorney?" asked the judge.

"No, y'r honor," replied the prisoner, who was on trial for stealing a hog.

"Then the court will appoint Mr. Kersharp to defend you."

"I'd rather you'd pint some other lawyer, judge, ef it's all the same to you," rejoined the prisoner, drawing the sleeve of his coat across his nose.

"Mr. K'sharp an' me knows each other a leetle too well."—Chicago Tribune.

A Hint to Husbands.
Gus De Smith—You say you write dancing letters to yourself and sign them with fictitious names. What do you do that for?

Pete Amsterdam—You see my wife is always after me for money, and when she reads these letters she becomes discouraged.—Texas Sittings.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Harvard university has established the light meteorological station in the world on the Cordilleras in Peru.

—Lord Orverton, who was recently elevated to the house of peers, still continues his evangelistic work. He has been elected president of the Glasgow (Scotland) United Young Men's Christian associations.

—After being refused communion by a church in Columbia, because she worked three hours every Sunday as a telephone girl, a decision that was upheld by the Charleston presbytery, Miss Sadie Means has won an appeal to the South Carolina synod, which decides in her favor by a vote of 63 to 40.

—The Baptists of England will add 100 to their army of missionaries now at work among the heathen. This is made possible by the \$600,000 fund gathered during the "centennial year." Adequation of leading men is now visiting the Baptist churches of England to sound a call through them to the men and women for missionaries.—Christian at Work.

—In the South Pacific islands it is believed that the spirits of the dead rule and protect the living. That mysterious power "Mana" abides with the soul after death and he who has been powerful in life will be powerful in spirit. This spirit is equally inclined to be malevolent and beneficent and against others its aid is invoked for every kind of hatred and injury.

—Rev. John C. Paville, at the World's Evangelical congress in Chicago, stated that he had increased his evening congregation from 200 to more than 700, revived interest in the morning service and given new life to the whole church organization, by following four rules, viz: (1) good church music; (2) printed programmes of the service; (3) good ushers and a bright reception committee; (4) a short sermon of from 15 to 20 minutes.

—In Syria and Palestine there are now nine thousand and eighty-one girls under Protestant instruction, and there are thousands in the Greek and papal schools. The effect of female education, prosecuted for so many years, has been a palpable change in the status and dignity of woman. The light and comfort, the moral and intellectual elevation which have resulted are plain even to the casual observer. The mother is becoming the primary instructor of the children at home, and by precept and example their moral and religious guide.—Church at Home and Abroad.

—Rev. D. H. L. Wayland tells this story on himself: "On a recent occasion the preacher, according to his feeble light, preached the Gospel in a village which is enriched, illuminated, and sanctified by the presence of a school of prophets. With such capacity to preach to the people about God, Christ, the immortal soul, and the eternity that spreads around and beyond us. A local paper of the following week, wishing to do the handsome thing, stated that the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. D. H. L. Wayland, which was remarked very entertaining."

—The chief mosque of Damascus, which was destroyed by fire on the 14th of last month, was one of the most famous and interesting in the east. On a commanding site, its great dome and tall minarets were the first objects seen by travelers to the oldest city in the world. The mosque was built more than a thousand years ago on the site of an early Christian church, the old walls and many of the columns of which were permitted to remain. The edifice was an object of great veneration by the Mussulmans, for about it were clustered many sacred traditions, among which was one that within its walls rested the head of John the Baptist.—Philadelphia Ledger.

—There are probably one hundred and fifty schools for cooking in Germany and Austria, the best of which are at Vienna, Berlin and Leipzig. A man who wishes to become a chef must begin at the very bottom of the ladder, at peeling potatoes—and work up, round by round, to the top. A course of schooling as strict as that of any polytechnic school in this country must be followed for four years before the student can get a diploma. Every year competitive examinations are given, in which as many as two hundred chefs take part. The chef who was employed at the White House by Grover Cleveland during his first term has a gold medal which was presented to him by the Empress Frederick for excellence in cooking, a silver medal given by the king of Saxony, a diploma from the mark of Austria, and numerous other marks of approbation and honor won in competitive contests in cooking.

Fortunes from Rags.
It is astonishing what immense sums ragspickers receive in the course of a day. The combings of women's hair sell at eighty cents a pound; this means three hundred dollars to the rights of the foot. "Merino" as they are called, are another source of profit. They are the scraps of tailors and dress-makers and bring about thirty-six thousand dollars a year. Old bones bring about one hundred thousand dollars a year. Papers, corks and crusts of bread all go to different industries and bring large sums. Election bulletins, which to the number of one million three hundred and twenty-five thousand are posted on the walls of Paris, are also much sought after elections for the making of buttons.—Chicago News.

Professional Snore.
"Did you hear about Blaggins' shooting excursion?" said one member of the national guard to another.

"You don't mean to say an amateur marksman like Blaggins had the nerve to go hunting?"

"Yes."

"Hit anything?"

"Yes. He got seven birds."

"Well. There's only one way to explain it."

"How's that?"

"He didn't know the gun was loaded."—Washington Star.

MEXICAN JOE'S WIFE.

She Found the Terrible Courage to Kill Her Husband.

Mexican Joe was the most notorious cattle-stealer in the whole valley and the wonder was that his handsome brown face had escaped the halter. But times had changed in Texas since the days when justice was administered summarily and to the point—usually a rope's point. So about the little cabin across the creek, where Joe and Ninita kept house, there was always hanging strings of meat for the sun to dry.

But Joe had always ready a way of explaining his possession of the meat strings and the hides and tallow which kept him in whisky and tobacco, and the droves that he depleted by his careful deprivations were so far away that there was no means of tracing his roguery.

But, of course, a day of reckoning did come for Joe, as it comes for us all sooner or later, though it was not his cattle-stealing that brought it about.

One day during the summer a man had been found murdered on the other side of Flat Top, and the most earnest effort resulted in the discovery of no clew to the guilty party. The district attorney was a new man, a tall young fellow, who set his wide-brimmed hat on a little jauntily atop of his over-long locks, but the evil-doers knew him for a "hustler," nevertheless. Nobody was surprised therefore when, the following winter, the murdered man's watch and knife were found in pawn at the second-hand store on the corner, and Mexican Joe was arrested.

The trial created a great stir in quiet little Lampasas, and the courthouse was crowded with spectators. There was some difficulty in impaneling a jury, and the case began to draw itself out, but the interest did not waver.

The only listless figure in the whole crowd was Ninita. Never once, as the case dragged, and witness after witness rose for testimony, did she turn her big, beautiful eyes toward the prisoner's box. With the shawl still pinned up about her pretty brown-skinned face, she sat not moving, save now and then to dispense the little shuck-rolls from her basket to the hungry people about her, slipping the nickels carefully into her bosom. When adjournment came she would swing her basket over her arm, and moving with the crowd, call out "Hot tamales!" with sweetest indifference.

But finally the last day came. The district attorney made a strong case, telling off a string of Joe's evil deeds, which were, as he said, "too numerous to mention." The attorney for the defense, a young fellow whom the court had appointed, did the best he could with the material in hand. At the end of his flowery speech he made an appeal in behalf of Ninita, pointing to her with a mighty flourish of his long arm, and calling her a "poor, heart-broken wife."

But she, the "poor, heart-broken wife," sat dry-eyed and stolid through it all, and the solemn-looking jury fled out to return almost immediately with a verdict of guilty.

Then, and not till then, Ninita looked at Joe, and a glance that puzzled those who saw it, flashed back at her from his great, dark eyes. It might have been a challenge; it might have been a question; was it a command, or was it a farewell?

She got up when all was over, slipping out through the crowd, but lingered in the square without till the sheriff came leading the prisoner to the little stone jail across the way, whence he was to be taken next day to Austin. In a little while Joe's face was seen behind the bars in one of the upper windows, but Ninita seemed scarce to notice him. Without speaking she pulled her shawl close around her and passed quickly down the street and across the bridge.

That night a typesetter going home late from the office saw a woman sit by him in the moonlight and crouch down in the shadows of the prison's wall. He too, crossed over and waited, hidden by the darkness.

By and by the crouching figure arose, a pebble rattled against the window overhead, and Joe's face appeared behind the bars, all lit up in the moonlight.

"Is it you, Ninita?" he said.

"It is I, my Joe," she answered softly, in her sweet-voiced Spanish. "Is there no other way?"

"No other way," he said, quietly. "I am ready."

"Holy mother of God intercede for thee and me," she prayed, kneeling and crossing herself.

"Amen," came Joe's deep-voiced response.

"Pull yourself up by the bars, my Joe, that I may not touch your beautiful face, and close your beautiful lids that I may not look into your dear eyes."

He did as she had hidden him, holding on to the stout bars. "I am ready," he said.

"Adios, my Joe."

"Adios, my Ninita."

She put her hand to her bosom, there was a little gleam of steel in the moonlight, a pistol shot rang out clear and sharp on the night air, and the woman turned and fled into the darkness.

The released hands loosened hold of the bars above, there was a heavy fall upon the floor within and Mexican Joe was free.—Philadelphia Times.

Amazons Women.
The Sudeas are a band of African women who have gone to India in great numbers, and have found employment as stokers and sailors on the steamers plying locally in the East Indian waters. They are noted for their strength and also for their turbulence, but they do win apparent ease work that often is too much for the hardest men. They are veritable Amazons and submit themselves to Queen Sophia, and to her only. In the West Indian islands the coaling of steamers is usually done by black women, who carry the coals in great baskets on their heads up the steep planks to the bunkers of the ship.—St. Louis Republic.

Noell—I don't believe that girl will ever learn to waltz. Saymch—Worsethan that—she will never learn not to attempt it.—Vogue.

A WIFE'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

Petermanlius Takes Their Day Off Her Hands for Just One Day.

A Chicago wife and mother had a proud moment the other day. It was the sequel to many humiliating occasions when her husband had remonstrated with her concerning their infant son James. Every mother will recognize the conversations which took place at these times.

"Mary," her husband would say, glancing up from his paper, "you shouldn't put Jimmie off in that way. You ought to answer all his questions. You must say 'I don't know.' It ought not to seem too much trouble to explain to him the things he asks about."

"Yes, Alfred," Mary would say meekly.

Having been at home all day during the entire four years of the infant's existence, while her husband had seen the child only for an hour now and then of an evening, Mary felt that much might be said on the question, but she refrained. Now, it came to pass that one day not long ago Alfred announced condescendingly that he was going to take a day off and escort Mary and Jimmie to the fair. He felt that he was doing a "prodigious thing," and he showed what he felt. Mary was properly impressed. Jimmie, too, evinced much joy. That morning Mary said to her husband:

"Now, Alfred, I'm just going to turn Jimmie over to you to-day. You answer his questions and explain things to him."

"All right!" exclaimed Alfred, glowing with conscious virtue.

They were going down to the grounds on the "whaleback" steamer, and for five minutes or so after starting Jimmie sat perfectly still, petrified by the new experience. Alfred was aggressively complacent. He said that Jimmie was a model of good behavior; no trouble at all. Never saw such a quiet child; it couldn't be any task at all to take care of him every day and all day. Mary bided her time. So did Jimmie, but not for long. Very soon, he said in his infantile drawl, and with a manner that was childlike and bland:

"Papa, if we should meet a whale, how would the whale know that this boat wasn't another whale?"

Alfred looked blank.

"Why—er—why—?" A pause. "Why—why," then brightening up. "Oh, he'd see the smokestack on the back of this whale, don't you know? That's it. He'd see the smokestack."

Jimmie waited a minute. Then—

"Papa," he said, "how would the whale know that it didn't have a smokestack on its own back?"

Alfred hasn't answered that question yet, and Mary has received no further advice on bringing up Jimmie.—N. Y. Sun.

A WASTEFUL ECONOMY.

The Low-Priced Service of Many Homes an Extravagant Item.

The first and greatest of wasteful economies is low-priced service. Thereby you waste not merely your substance but yourself. The woman whose mind is made up that she "will not pay more than twelve dollars a month," usually finds life a long procession of "giffs" in the rough, who each wing away as soon as drilled into some semblance of efficiency. No doubt it is irritating to reap where you have sown; in troubled tears, but stop and think a bit. You were not wholly disinterested. You taught and trained, wrestled with ignorance, fought and overcame slovenly ways, not as a missionary, but for your own sake, in the hope that after awhile you might sit at ease amid orderly comfort. What though it is through your effort that your servant is more valuable, recognize that comfort and peace of mind are mighty sufficient returns on the investment, and do not grudge her a few dollars more. Honesty, capacity, trained intelligence have a distinct market value. At the highest rate they come much cheaper than doctor's bills or months of running away from the fond nervous prostration. Reflect, too, that by not paying you are sole sufferer. Plenty of other people will. To the girl it is merely a change of homes. She would be something more than human if she did not feel and obey the impulse to better her condition. Put yourself in her place and see if you would be willing to work for less than you could get by merely crossing the street.

In the other case of a girl who never outgrows the twelve-dollar stage it is safe to say she is dear at any price. When at last she grows intolerable take stock of her reign. Count the cost of her in moth and rust and sloth, in wear and tear and breakage, and see if beside it higher wages do not sink out of sight. Take account also of nervous strain, of family jars and bickerings whose root was in the rather household regions, and it will not need the bills of butcher and baker and candlestick-maker to convince you that your cheap servant cost you a pretty penny.—Harper's Bazar.

—The will of Mrs. Anna E. Brown, widow of Charles Brown, which was admitted to probate in Quincy, Ill., recites, bequeaths \$300,000 to public charities. Her four nearest relatives, including her father, receive legacies of \$1,000 each. She gives \$5,000 and her house and furniture in Quincy for a home for the aged poor of the city. She gives \$25,000 to the Illinois Humane Society; \$5,000 to the industrial school for girls in Evanston, Ill.; \$5,000 to the Woodland Home for Orphans in Quincy; \$5,000 and her diamonds to the Quincy Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; \$15,000 each to the Connecticut and the Louisiana branches of the same society, and \$5,000 to the Massachusetts branch.

The Only Test.
Hardupp—I tried to sell those diamonds I bought of you, and was told they were not genuine.

Jeweler—Did you sell them?

"Yes, for almost nothing."

"Well, you go back and try to buy them, and you will find out that they are genuine."—N. Y. Weekly.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Best Salad: Slice cold boiled beefs and mix with them a dressing made of a teaspoonful of acid cream, a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Quince Honey: Three quinces; cut up with skins on, and boil until tender, then press through a strainer. Add one and one-half pints of water, three and three-quarter cups of white sugar, and boil fifteen minutes. It will be a light pink color.—Good House-keeping.

—Oyster Sausages: Chop a pint of oysters with one-quarter pound each of veal and suet. Mix with an equal amount of bread crumbs, pound all in a mortar, and add two beaten eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Mould into balls or flat cakes, roll in eggs, then in bread crumbs or cracker dust and fry to a nice brown in hot fat, like doughnuts.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Cornstarch Pudding: One quart of milk, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch. Beat yolks, sugar and cornstarch together. Boil the milk and pour on the custard, put on the stove and stir constantly until thick as soft custard, then pour into a dish. Beat the whites to a froth, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor with vanilla, put on the custard and place in the oven a few minutes.—Farm and Fireside.

—Cranberry Sauce: Boil cranberries without sugar; when cool pass them through a colander. This removes the tough, indigestible skins, and the sauce becomes a smooth mass. Add sugar and again heat. My brother-in-law always likes cranberry sauce served with fried liver, and eaten as a sort of relish. The sauce must be cold, very thick, and not quite as sweet as for ordinary sauce eaten with bread and butter. Cranberries keep fairly well spread out thinly in a cool place.—Rural New Yorker.

—Milk Bread: One quart of milk scalded and cooled, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted in the hot milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one compressed yeast cake, twelve or fourteen cups of flour. Measure the milk after scalding and put it into the mixing bowl; add the butter, sugar and salt. When cool, add the yeast, dissolved in a little lukewarm water, and then stir in the flour, adding it gradually, after eleven cups are in, that it may not be too stiff, use just enough to knead it. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover, let it rise till light, cut it down, divide into parts, shape into loaves or biscuits. Let it rise again in the pans. Bake forty or fifty