Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Drake's Magazine.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, shuffling the cards and dividing the checkers into two even piles; "suppose we play a little game of poker. Do you know how to play poker?"

"I guess so," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, hitching up her chair and dusting the top of the table with a towel.

"Now, how many cards do you want?"

"Let me think," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's see. I believe I'll take ten."

"Better take a gross!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing her wrathfully. "Perhaps you'd like half a barrel. Don't you know you can't draw but five? If you've got any bad cards, throw 'em away and I'll give you more for 'em. If your cards are all good you can stand pat. Do you want to stand pat?"

"I guess so," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, helplessly. "If I stand pat, do I play the eight or the queen?"

"You don't play either," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, helping himself to five cards and drawing a couple of kings. "Now, it's my bet. I bet two; what do you bet?"

"Then I bet two," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, brightening up as she began to see her way clear. "I bet a queen and an eight," and she laid them down with confidence.

"That calls my hand," said Mr. Spoopendyke, gleefully, "only you don't bet your cards; you bet your checkers. Put in two checkers and show your cards."

Mrs. Spoopendyke shoved her checkers into the middle of the table and laid down three eights and a pair of queens.

"Where'd you get 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, recognizing his defeat. "What'd ye want to keep talking about the three of eights and the two of queens? Why didn't ye tell me you had a full hand?"

"You gave 'em to me," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, dolefully. "I only had those five. What does it do?"

"It makes a jack pot!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, seeing a chance for himself in his wife's utter ignorance of the game. "Now we've each got to put in one checker, just because you played in that way."

"I'm sorry, dear," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather pleased with the idea of getting out of the scrape at any expense. "And yet I might have known it would have made it a jack pop, if I had stopped to think!"

"When you stop to think, you only want a stick of chewing-gum and a rat-trap to be made a female seminary! Do you know what a jack pot is? Got some kind of a notion that it has three legs and is used to cook mush in, have'nt ye? Well, it isn't, and it isn't to sit there and grin at, either! It takes a pair of jacks, or something as good as them to open it. Now, take these cards and tell me whether you open it, or not!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke examined her cards critically.

"What have you got?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

His wife laid down four aces and a jack.

Mr. Spoopendyke glanced at the hand and then at his own cards. His ace was only the joker, which he had forgotten to remove from the pack.

"Which opens it?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the gathering storm with some trepidation.

"Nothing opens it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, dashing his cards to the floor. "With your way of playing it, it would take a steam oyster-knife to open it! How'd ye think it was opened—with a night key? Got an idea that it had hinges, haven't ye, and opens widest when it has nothing to say, like your mouth?"

"Must I bet my last cent now?" faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, profoundly impressed with the idea that the game was still going on. "I've got four dollars, but I want one for wiggin. Shall I bet the other three?"

"Bet 'em!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who, like a great many men, regarded the idea of his wife beating him at anything as something intolerably blasphemous. "Why don't ye bet? Bring forth the speculative three dollars and hazard it on the four triumphant aces! Wah-h-h-h!" and the conclusion of Mr. Spoopendyke's speech flew out of him too fast for perfect enunciation.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she wound the clock, and stood scratching her nose with the key, "he told me that four aces were as good as the jack pot, and when I opened it, he said I was wrong. Another time I'll put them in my pocket and he can play away at that jack pot until he's bald before I'll help him to get it open!"

And with this riotous determination, Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled into bed and dreamed that she had got caught in a jack pot with a spring lock to it, and couldn't get out because she had left the four aces in the pocket of her plum-colored silk.

The Ten-Cent Southern Pie.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The principal feature about the common run of eating houses south of the Ohio river is the plain, unassuming, little apple pie which they set forth. You can buy the pie for only ten cents, but it is seldom that a passenger eats more than one in a lifetime. After you have eaten it and drank one or two glasses of water the pie gets sociable and gradually impresses upon your mind the fact that you will not be lonesome as long as it travels with you. The strangest thing is you never do. About fifteen minutes after you have made its acquaintance the waistband of your pants cannot meet is note and demands an extension. A half hour later, when you retire to your berth in the sleeping car and fall into a troubled slumber, the pie, not being at all sleepy, concludes to have some fun. The first thing you see in your dreams is your own body gradually swelling into the shape of a balloon. The balloon gets larger and larger until it pushes the upper berth to the top of the car, and you hear the smothered cries for help of the man it contains. The swelling increases, and you imagine that you float upward and bump against the roof of the car, like a toy balloon which has escaped from the grasp of a child. The feeling lasts for some time, but suddenly you swell until you fill the interior of the car and suffocate the passengers, when you explode and the train is wrecked. Opening your eyes, you find the porter trying to pry your knees from under your chin with a crowbar, while a number of passengers, aroused by your sepulchral groans, stand around in their nightclothes and want to know if you feel sick. This tickles the little pie, and it kicks up its little heels with delight, and makes you froth at the mouth and howl like a wolf. The ten cent pie is proud of the fact that it has taken hold of a strong man, who had been shot through and never murmured about it, and doubled him up until his spine cracked, hurled him from one side of his berth to the other, and made him bellow for paregoric like a child. This is the style of pie prepared by eating houses in the south for the benefit of travelers. It weighs four ounces, contains three dozen full grown cramps, and can always be purchased for the small sum of ten cents.

Taking Care of Princes.

Chamber's Journal.

When Napolean III. visited England, in 1855, the government of the day suffered agonies of anxiety lest harm should befall him; and those alarms were renewed in 1874, when the late Czar Alexander II. came to London. On both of these occasions money was poured out like water to insure a proper protection of the illustrious guests, and the police did their work so well, that, although there were serious reasons for believing that malevolent refugees were brewing mischief, both emperors left the country without having heard so much as a rude word. The police, however, may be pardoned for having felt the most pleasurable relief when the visits of these much-threatened monarchs came to an end. When the chief commisioner, Sir Richard Mayne, received the telegram that Napoleon III. had safely landed in France, he remarked with quiet satisfaction: "Now I shall be able to get a good night's rest." Many of the difficulties of the police in guarding royal personages comes from these persons themselves. Princes who are brave do not like to have their footsteps dogged in private life; and will sometimes grow impatient and angry when they find out that they have been watched for their own good. They have to be watched, nevertheless, whether they like it or not. It would never do for a royal prince to be kidnaped and detained as a hostage by political or other desperadoes, and so care is taken that wherever a royal prince may go he shall always have his invisible escort of police. The prince of Wales is guarded nearly as vigilant as the queen. If he travels by rail surveillance is kept by the police all down the line; if his royal highness hunts, rides, drives, or takes a stroll on foot through any part of the West End a detective is sure to be close at hand. So it is with other members of the royal family in these agitated times; and irksome as the supervision may be, it has to be submitted to with good grace because of its absolute necessity. The police, however, are sadly worried at times by those foreign princes who come to visit our own royal family, and who delight in slipping out of palaces for rambles through the streets without giving any notice of their intentions. Some detective or other is always held responsible by his chiefs, and severely reprimanded when such a thing happens.

A Suicidal Policy.

Kansas City Journal.

There is one class of strikes that appears to us to be perfectly suicidal. We allude to those in the house building trades. Building houses is one of the forms of investing capital that helps the poor man directly. The richest man in America only needs one house to live in, and when a man builds two houses one is for rent; and the more it costs to build a house, the higher the rent. Then again, if a man can't build a house at a cost to justify it, he can let it alone, and neither the man who works nor the man who rents is benefitted. Then again, these strikes generally hurt the contractor more than they do the capitalist, for contracts are usually made in the winter, at the ruling prices for labor, and this very fact is generally the motive with strikers. A man has a contract to lay a million brick within a certain time, on an agreement made months before, and the logic is that he will lose money rather than fail—and the strikers strike for his wages as a mechanic and his profits as an employer both, while he is as much dependent on his work as they are. And the very men who thus force him to lose, by putting up the cost of all buildings, raise the rents over the heads of their own families. We have seen this so often illustrated that we can only wonder why the men cannot see it themselves.

The Irish Agitator's Brother.

Savannah News

John H. Parnell, a brother of the famous Irish leader of that name, owns the largest peach farm in the world. It is situated about six miles below West Point. There are 125,000 peach trees in it, besides a large number of other kinds of fruit trees. They cover 700 acres. Mr. Parnell has planted 500 acres of young trees this year, and reports his business a paying one. This year's crop will be tolerably good, notwithstanding the freezes.

Prohibition in Iowa.

Omaha Republican.

The Iowa prohibitory amendment reminds us of the old story. An eastern firm sent a bill against a western merchant to a western lawyer. The lawyer returned the bill with the word "Dead" written across the face of it. Not very long afterward the eastern firm, by mistake, sent the bill again. The imperturbable lawyer wrote across the face the words "Still dead," and returned the bill again. The amendment is still dead.

Bad Cooks in the South.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

We state positively that most of the cooks in the south to-day are ignorant of the elementary principles of the culinary art, and that they are either too stubborn or too stupid to be instructed. A practical branch of cookery taught by an expert would be a valuable addition to our public school system. What is the use of a cook who reads novels and does not know how to broil steak or make soup palatable?

A Royal Carriage.

The Prince of Wales' new railroad carriage is a marvel of æsthetic decoration. It is fifty feet long, and contains saloon, study, two bed-rooms, two dressing-rooms, and a bath-room. The prince's bed-room is hung with old gold silk, and the furniture is upholstered to match. Mirrors are let into the door-panels, and the whole suite can be lighted either by candles or by electricity.

HOUSEHOLD.

SWISS PUDDING.—This is the way in which Miss Parloa prepared a Swiss pudding for her New York class: The rind of a lemon was grated into a pint of milk, which was put upon the stove in a double boiler. A teacupful of flour and four tablespoonfuls of butter having been rubbed together, the milk was poured upon them as soon as it boiled. All the ingredients were put into the boiler to be cooked five minutes, with a stirring during the first two. The yolks of five eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar were beaten together and stirred into the boiling mixture, which was immediately thereafter removed from the fire and set away to cool. When it had become cold the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, were added. The pudding was turned into a three-quart mould that had been carefully buttered, and steamed for forty minutes, when it was turned out upon a hot dish and served at once. Creamy sauce accompanied this pudding. Half a cupful of butter was beaten to a cream, and, while the beating was continued, half a cupful of powdered sugar was gradually added. When the mixture was light and creamy four tablespoonfuls of wine were added, and then one-fourth of a cupful of cream, a little at a time. When the sauce had been beaten smooth the bowl containing it was set into a basin of hot water, and the stirring was resumed until the sauce was perfectly smooth and creamy, no longer. This condition was secured in a few moments.

WASTE PAPER BASKETS.—The fashionable color for ornamenting waste-paper baskets is a deep rich orange. Scarfs of silk of this hue are drawn carelessly about two sides of square baskets, or draped from the top of these which are round or oval. Orange ribbons are embroidered with daisies or cornflowers, and drawn slantwise over one side of a basket or run in and out of the meshes of the wickerwork in such a way that all the embroidery is fully shown.

CATFISH IN BATTER.—Cut the fish in pieces about two inches in length and one inch in thickness, beat three eggs very light, adding salt, pepper and enough Worcestershire sauce to flavor them; dip the fish in this batter, and then roll it in cornmeal or in cracker crumbs; fry in plenty of lard until it is a dark brown; garnish with lemon sliced, if no greens are available; celery tops, parsley, or small and tender lettuce leaves are preferred.

RUBBER CAPS.—One objection to the ingrain carpet is that the high heels which servants delight in wearing on thick shoes seem to catch at the threads and drag them out of place, producing a rough surface; another is that the legs of heavy chairs have the same effect. One way of saving these carpets is to cover the ends of the chair legs with rubber caps at a cost of about seventeen cents. The servant's heels are of course, amenable to no such remedy.

TEA ROLLS—One quart of flour, one half-teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a tablespoonful of lard, one pint of milk; mix as soft a dough as you can handle easily, and take pains not to work in much flour on the moulding-board; cut out in narrow strips, about three inches long; rub the top over with a little hot milk and bake in a hot oven.

CLEANING MIRRORS.—Dust-cloths, and dish-cloths are good things, and so is a glass-cloth when its use is confined to table-ware, but she who tries to clean a mirror with cloth is foolish and wasteful of time. Soft paper and ammonia are the proper things, and when they are used the mirror is left speckless and bright in a very short time.

TOMATO TOAST.—Run a quart of stewed ripe tomatoes through a colander, place in a porcelain stew-pan, season with butter, pepper and salt and sugar to taste; cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides, butter and lay on a platter, and just before serving add a pint of good sweet cream to the stewed tomatoes, and pour them over the toast.

—The Shoalwater, Oregon, bay oyster-beds are giving evidence of recuperation, and it is thought the damage by last winter's severity has been over-estimated.