

THE PROBLEM.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

I like a church; I like a soul; I love a prophet of the east; And on my heart, in mystic ecstasies...

POLLY.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy" but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road, she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was another wagon, driven by Mr. Ward, the grocer and postman of Willow Grove.

After considerable searching, he drew out a white envelope, and, turning it first one way and then the other, shook his head, and began feeling in his pockets again, brought forth his spectacles, adjusted them carefully upon his nose, and once more began examining the letter.

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"Oh, that's me!" cried Polly, jumping from the horse-block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunt. Please give me my letter. It is from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?" asked Mr. Ward, he still holding the letter far above Polly's reach.

"Yes, of course I can," cried Polly, indignantly. "I am 9 years old next week."

"Well, well, Miss Polly Gardner, here's your letter. But if your mother hadn't put 'In haste' on the outside of it you would have had to come and fetch it yourself," said Mr. Ward, as he handed the letter down to Polly.

"Thank you ever so much," said Polly, tearing her letter open nervously. After reading it once she said, "Oh!" in a delighted voice.

"Nothing the matter?" inquired Mr. Ward, who still sat looking at Polly.

"No; but mother and father are coming to-day, if this is the 24th of August."

"Yes, it's the 24th of August. But let's see your letter, and I can tell you what they mean."

Polly handed her letter back to Mr. Ward, who read it aloud slowly:

"DEAREST POLLY: Papa finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We will take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4.30 p. m., on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us if she has the time."

"Love to all, and a thousand kisses from MAMMA AND PAPA."

"Well," said Mr. Ward, as he gave Polly back her letter, "they'll be here in about a half hour, for it's almost 4 now. I guess I'll be moving; it's time I was back to the store." So he chirped to his horse, and then turned the wagon and was soon out of sight.

a small station and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a drawbridge. Polly liked to watch the men open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and, on looking at the clock, saw that it was only ten minutes past 4, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the pond lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

Polly thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and the most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them to her belt, and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the center of the bridge, and called out with a smile:

"Couldn't you get any more flowers than these? If I had time to go to the pond, you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the edge of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly-flowing river closed over him Polly heard the cry:

"The train!—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward, wringing her hands in despair. As she arose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above the water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the occupants of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less time the train would come dashing into the terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her feet on the ground.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly-approaching train. Lying on the ground just by the small wooden house where the flagman generally sat Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag and flew wildly up the track.

"Oh, my papa! oh, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed, I don't care to live," she said to herself as she approached the great black engine.

When it was about 300 feet away from her she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine, and gasped out, "The bridge is open and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about, and four lilies pinned in her belt,

waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched, as though he had been drawn through briars, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses.

"You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed and hid her head upon the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering, "Please take me away and find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now being closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out: "Really I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unnoticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the station, while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely enameled medal, with these words engraved on it: "Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives."

MEDICAL LANGUAGE.

One of the most barbarous uses to which our language is put is the prevalent medical style of expression. Every science and art has its technical terms, which are a help to exact thought and expression. In medical literature they have become an obstacle to the masters of science, while the ordinary man could as easily master a new language as read an average medical essay. They seem to have been prepared by ambitious medical Sophomores whom a little learning has lifted above their mother tongue, so that they can only express themselves in sounding words of Latin origin.

We are glad to welcome a rebuke of this grave fault in the *Lancet*, by G. Vivian Poore, M. D., F. R. C. P., professor of medical jurisprudence in the University College, London. Referring to a dictionary of medical and scientific terms now in course of publication, he says that, if its present proportions are maintained, it will contain over 3,000 terms; and that, at the present rate of word-making, an appendix will be necessary by the beginning of the next century possibly bigger than the parent book.

This fatal love of long words, he affirms, has helped to check the advance of medical science. In this "pedantic jargon," mouth becomes the oral orifice; the nose, the olfactory organ; the skin of the back, the dorsal integument; touch, tactile sensibility; stomach-ache, gastralgic crisis; tears, lachrymation; sweating, a diaphoresis.

It seems to be the pitiable ambition of some writers to seize upon a trifling fact and give it the longest name they can invent, with the aid of a dictionary.

"Many of our long words," he says, "exercise a most unwholesome fascination upon the student, and I have known some who appear to think that a parrot-like use of words was the main use of medicine."

"There was a time, perhaps, when there was very little true knowledge behind the verbiage which was the chief stock-in-trade of the profession. Now times are changed. It is no longer necessary to give back to the patient in Greek what he had just told us in English and call it a 'diagnosis.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

GOOD TASTE AMONG THE MIGHTY.

The more I think about the elephants, the more wonderful they seem to be. The great, clumsy creatures are so very knowing, so very loving, and so like human beings in many of their qualities. They know their power well, and they also know just when they must not use it. Deacon Green tells me that keepers and trainers of elephants often lie down on the ground and let the huge fellows step right over them; and that they feel perfectly safe in doing so, because they know the elephants will pick their feet very carefully over the prostrate forms, never so much as touching them, still less treading on them. Yet the mighty creatures can brush a man out of existence as easily as a man can brush a fly away. And what delicate tastes they have—delighted, I'm told, with strawberries, gum-drops, or any little dainty of that kind! They are fond of bright colors, too, and travelers tell wonderful tales of seeing elephants gather flowers with the greatest care, and smell them, apparently with the keenest pleasure.

It is true they eat the same flowers afterward, but dear me! I've seen girls do the same thing! Many a time I've watched a little lady pluck a wild rose, look at it a moment, sigh, "how lovely!" then open her pretty lips and swallow the petals one by one. Why shouldn't an elephant?—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*, in *St. Nicholas*.

SHADOWS.

The moon a light-hung world of gold, Low-drooping, pale and phantom-fair; The fresh pomp of the summer leaves, And fragrance in the breathing air. Beneath the trees that silhouette, Mute idiot shapes that shut the light, Weird crook-kneed things, a fickle crew, The restless children of the night. In idle, vacant pantomime They nod and nod forever more, And clutch with aimless fluttering hands, With thin black hands, the leaf-strewn floor. Quivering, wavering there forever, On the bright and silent ground Mashed and tangled there together While the rolling earth goes round. And the gold-tinted airy ocean Rippling light in many a breeze O'er the sweet-breathed purple lake, O'er the tall and slumbering trees. But comes the dawn, The spell is done; Weird spirits fled At rise of sun.

—W. S. Kennedy, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A DROLL ADVENTURE.

We had started at sunrise one morning, with a pair of oxen and a cart, to go to Woodstock, to market. In the cart were two shotes and twenty-seven turkeys, which had been killed and dressed the night before.

It was early in November, and I recollect that the ruts in the road were frozen, and that the ice was so thick on the puddles in the road that it would almost bear the oxen.

I was a boy then, and lived in the "blue-nose" country, as the Province of New Brunswick is sometimes called.

We had quite a large farm, though it was some distance back in the woods, and raised large numbers of cattle, pigs and poultry. Father worked at lumbering in the winters, and at the time I am speaking of had already gone up the Tobique, to build a "camp" for a gang of choppers who were to begin work the 20th of the month. So my brother Ransom and I had the winter's wood to cut, and the marketing to do.

It was sixteen miles from our place to Woodstock, and for the first three miles there was only a cart-road. We had heard that there was to be a shooting-match at Woodstock that day. Geese were to be fired at, at 6d a shot. The distance was only fifteen rods, for any sort of guns that competitors might bring.

Ransom and I, of course, took our guns, and Joe Ethridge, a neighbor from over the river, went with us. If we should get to town in time, we meant to try a few shots at the geese.

We had gone a mile or more, and were passing through a second growth of white birches and some thick clumps of hemlock that were on each side of the road, when Ransom and I heard the sharp squeak of a hedgehog, such as the animal often makes in November mornings.

Joe, who was walking a little ahead of the cart, on the lookout for partridges, cried, "Just look at the 'quill-pigs' over there across the hollow!"

There was a valley on the west side of the road. Across it, on the mountain-side, twenty-five or thirty rods off, the poplars grew thick and tall. The leaves had dropped from their branches, and in the tops of the poplars we saw four hedgehogs gnawing at the bark.

The sun had just risen, and shone upon them so that we could see the animals very plainly. "They're fat now," said Joe. "They're as good as geese. Let's get 'em, and take 'em along in the cart." We did not dare to leave the team in the road, for our cattle were a yoke of "sparked" 4-year-old steers, not very well broken. Turning them partly round to a tree, Ransom chained them to it, with a spare ox-chain that was in the cart, through the staple of the yoke.

That done, we took our guns out of the cart and ran after Joe, across the hollow. He had fired at the hedgehogs before we reached him, and had brought down one great fellow. The others were in plain sight in the bare poplar tops.

Ransom and I soon had two more lying at our feet in the dry leaves. But the last one, which Joe now shot, lodged as it fell in the crotch of a limb, where it clung, being still alive.

Just then we heard a tremendous noise, that came from the place where we had hitched the steers. The chain was rattling, and we could hear the cattle thrashing the yoke against the tree.

"They're breakin' away!" exclaimed Ransom, and he shouted, "Whoa-hush! Whoa-hush!"

But the noise increased, and we heard one of the steers suddenly bawl out, making a queer guttural sound.

"Something's bawling 'em!" cried Joe. We each of us caught up a hedgehog by the hind legs, and, without stopping for the one in the tree, ran toward the cart as fast as we could.

The steers broke loose and were wheeling round to run for home with the cart, as we came up through the white birches and caught sight of them.

"What's that in the cart?" panted Ransom.

Through the trees I could see something that looked black, as the steers darted away.

We dashed into the road, but were too late to head them off. They had ten or a dozen rods the start, and were going as fast as they could leap. The cart was bumping and rumbling over the frozen ruts, and in it was a block creature that looked as large as a yearling steer. The animal was staggering in his endeavor to keep on his feet as the cart jounced along, and he turned round constantly in making attempts to jump out.

"It's a bear!" Joe shouted. "There's a bear in the cart!"

We ran on after the cart as nimbly as we could. There was quite a long hill

to go up; but the cattle got further from us at every leap. I never saw steers run so.

"Must-er-smelt-er-ther-meat-er—the turkeys!" panted Joe. "An'—got-in—the cart. No wonder—the steers—was scairt!"

Steers and bear got to the top of the hill a long way ahead of us, and then the cart went rumbling down on the other side.

When we reached the top they were "streaking it," as Joe said, across the sandy flat below us, and the bear was still in the cart.

"They'll haul him home!" exclaimed Ransom.

It seemed curious that the animal did not spring out but we could see him lurching from side to side and turning round, apparently afraid to jump off the cart.

Our house and barn were in plain sight from the hill. We had left the great door of the barn open that morning, propped back, so that "Thenty" could drive the sheep in toward night. She could shut the barn door, but could not open it.

She and little "Sile" were standing near the well sweep when we reached the top of the hill. They soon heard the cart coming. We saw them turn and look a moment, then they both ran into the house, and in a second mother came to the door.

The steers turned into the yard at full run. One wheel of the cart bumped over a big stone and struck against a post that held the bars, breaking it with a crash that we heard away back where we were coming down the hill.

But the bear still clung to the cart, and when mother saw it and its occupant tearing through the yard she ran into the house and shut the door.

The steers, in their blind fright, dashed on toward the barn, going over a pile of stove-wood, smashing the saw-horse, and knocking off the well-curb.

The barnyard gate was open. Rushing into it, it broke through the night wheel one of the gate-posts short off at the ground.

We took the shortest cut across the field, but as I jumped the fence I saw steers and cart go with the speed of a locomotive into the barn at the great door. They knocked down or jarred down the prop against the door, and it slammed to after them.

"Now we've got 'um!" exclaimed Ransom; "they're all in there together!"

In a pen at the farther end of the barn floor was an old hog with a litter of ten little pigs, and in another temporary pen, in the cattle "tie-up," were two other hogs, which we were going to kill in a day or two.

The rest of our turkeys, thirty or more, were shut up in one of the empty bins of the "hay-bay."

We rushed to the barn. I never, in all my life, heard such a noise as there was inside! Boards were being smashed. The old hogs were barking like wild boars, and one of the little pigs was going rock-oh-ok-ok-ok; the turkeys were all flying and fluttering and "quitting" and "yeeping."

Mother and Thenty had ventured out, pale as ghosts, wanting to know what, "for mercy's sake," was the matter. "Matter enough, I should think!" said Joe.

"Well, we must go in and get 'em apart, somehow!" exclaimed Ransom, excitedly.

He got an ax, and I pulled open the small door of the "tie-up."

I had no sooner got it half open when out ran one of the fattest hogs, followed by one of the pigs. A turkey came flying out over their backs. There was such a dust that we actually couldn't see into the barn.

"Shut it up!" cried Joe, "or the bear'll be out in our faces!"

Then he and Ransom got their guns ready, and I threw open the great door. All the turkeys came out at once.

As soon as we could see through the dust, we found that one of the steers was unyoked. He had broken through the partition into the turkey-bay. The other steer was thrashing about over the cart-tongue, and had knocked down both the pig pens. The little pigs were rushing this way and that, under the cart and all over the barn.

But we could not see the bear anywhere. We had supposed that he would rush out. Ransom and Joe had their guns cocked, and I was ready for him with the ax.

"Don't s'pose he's got out, do ye?" exclaimed Joe.

We ventured into the barn a little, and, happening to look up to the roof, I saw his black hide away up on one of the "great beams," where he had climbed to get out of the scrimmage.

There were the marks of his nails on one of the posts. When he saw we were looking at him, he sang out at us lustily, and then growled his very savagest.

began to punch the bear, Ransom and I standing ready to shoot him if he jumped off the beam and came out of the barn.

But he wouldn't leave his beam. Back and forth he skulked from one end of it to the other, growling and tearing at Joe's pole.

He was a big old fellow, but he did not seem to have much fight in him. At length we got so we were not at all afraid of our game. Joe declared he would have him off that beam if he had to go up and push him off.

Ransom ran and got the clothes line. We made a slip-noose at one end of it. Joe then set the long ladder against the beam, and while Ransom pushed the bear on the other side with the pole, he climbed part way up the ladder and flung the noose over the animal's head.

I had hold of the other end of the rope and jerked it tight. The bear reared up on the beam and clawed at the noose, but couldn't get it off.

We all three caught and pulled. He hung on to the beam for dear life, with his nails, and then got his fore paws round it.

"Heave-ho!" Ransom shouted.

We surged and jerked, but couldn't start him.

The rope soon choked him, however, so badly that his tongue stuck out, and he toppled over to the under side of the beam.

But he still hung with his paws, and for some time we couldn't break his hold. At last, with a tremendous jerk, we forced him off, and he came down into the middle of the floor with a bump that shook the whole barn. While he was kicking round to get up, Joe struck him on the head with the ax, and killed him.

It was one of the largest bears that had ever been seen in our neighborhood, and weighed as much as our heaviest hog.

We did not go to Woodstock that day, and so lost the shooting-match; but, on the whole, I think we had more sport at home.

We concluded that the bear had been near the road where we left the steers—in one of the hemlock clumps, perhaps—and that the smell of the fresh meat had led him to climb into the cart to help himself.

Two or three of the turkeys were eaten, but otherwise the load was not injured.—*Youth's Companion*.

MEXICAN BANDITTY.

Highway Travel as It Was Before the Opening of the Railroad.

(Cor. of the New York World.)

The road from Mexico city to San Juan del Rio used to be the worst part of the journey to the interior when one was obliged to travel by diligence, and was the part most infested by highway robbers. These highway robbers are by no means extinct as yet, but with the railroads one hears much less of them.

When I arrived in this country for the first time, some nineteen years ago, I had the pleasure of being robbed two or three times both on the road to San Juan del Rio and on the road to Vera Cruz. I am glad it now, as being robbed on the highway by the genuine Mexican bandit is a sensation soon to be a thing of the past, and I like leaving the track occasionally and being shaken up by more emotions. I was doubly shaken at that time, I remember, by the awful motion of the diligence, and my fright at meeting the "campaneros," as they call them.

It is a picturesque sight to see a band of Mexican "banditti" galloping down a mountain path on magnificent horses; their large Mexican hats, trimmed with gold and silver, shading their faces; their pantaloons buttoned down the sides with large silver buttons; their pistols in their belts behind their swords at their sides and their serapes—a sort of plaid of bright and variegated colors—artistically thrown over one shoulder and hiding their entire face with the exception of one eye, which glares ferociously on the unfortunate passengers of the diligence they are about to rob.

Their Captain gallops at their head and shouts imperiously to the driver of the diligence to stop. In one trip in which I encountered them there was a lady among the passengers who wore a handsome diamond ring rather tight for her finger. In her fright she could not get it off, and one of the brigands said to his leader: "Captain, the lady cannot get her ring off. What are we to do?" To which the ungallant Mexican Fra Diavolo answered very coolly, "Cut her finger off."

You can easily imagine the cold shudder that ran through us all. Fortunately she at last managed to get the ring off, and we were not forced to witness an amputation. In another journey a more amusing incident occurred. There was a Bishop in the diligence, and they robbed him of his ring. When they had got through their operations, and taken everything of value he had, they knelt down and asked the Bishop to give them his blessing. He told them it was impossible to bless them without his ring, hoping in that way to get possession of it. They returned him the ring and he solemnly blessed them, but when he had done so they again took his ring and galloped off with it, leaving his Grace in the middle of the road exclaiming:

"Banditos perversos! they have robbed me even of my blessing!"

Robberies on the Vera Cruz road at that time were of daily occurrence, and as the brigands possessed themselves of the passengers' clothes, I have often seen, from my balcony in the Hotel Invidible, men and women arrive naked. An Englishman said to me once: "I generally travel with two or three copies of the London Times. You know it is a very large newspaper, and in case of those confounded blackguards taking all my clothes, by Jove! the Times might be useful."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Closets.

For husbands, who find would have home for the wife. For you and your eyes all complete as a whole. To read in, to write in, to sleep in, to feed in. Forget not the closets so dear to the soul. But build them in corners, in nooks and in crannies. Wherever a closet may harbor or hide, And give to your Marys, your Kates, and your Annes. The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride—The roomy, clean closets, the well-ordered closets. The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride.

Jane Grey Swisshelm on Women's Dress.

Dressed as women usually are, the less exercise they take the better for health. In fact, they are seldom fit to stand erect or walk a block, but should be rolled around on a sofa or carried in a palanquin. Not one woman in 10,000 has room inside her clothes for the ribs; not one in 10,000 whose vital organs are not displaced by internal pressure, and while this is so the less exercise the better.

Domestic Economy.

POACHED EGGS.—To be covered with the white they should be broken into a saucepan with plenty of boiling water, enough to cover them. The eggs poached as another wishes are done thus: Stir the water round very fast, then drop the egg in the middle of the whirlpool and keep stirring the same way till it is set.

WHIPPED CREAM.—Whips to light must be quickly and lightly whisked, and, as the froth rises, carefully skimmed off with a spoon and laid on a reversed sieve. Half a pint of cream, half a glass of sherry, the juice of half a lemon and a little sifted sugar—these, added by little at a time, make sufficient whip to cover an ordinary trifle dish.

PIGEONS WITH PEAS.—Cut the pigeons in halves and put them in the oven in a dripping pan, with a little butter, pepper and salt. When they have become a little brown remove from the oven and put them in a stew pan with the gravy from the dripping pan; add water enough to finish cooking. When they are sufficiently cooked add a tin or two of French peas, or one quart of fresh ones stewed. Serve very hot.

CARAMEL FOR SOUP.—Put into a tin or porcelain saucepan half a pound of white sugar and a table-spoonful of water. Stir over a slow fire until a clear, dark brown color. Great care must be taken not to let it burn. Add a teaspoonful of water and a teaspoonful of salt. Boil three or four minutes, cool, strain and put away in close-corked bottles. This innocent coloring substance greatly improves the appearance of soups or gravies, giving to them a richer amber color.

GRAHAM CUSTARD PIE.—Fanny and good. One quart of milk, two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of graham flour. Beat the eggs and stir all together. The graham flour sinks to the bottom of the pie dish as the custard bakes and forms a good crust. It may appear to be soaked, as custard pie crust often is, but it is not in the least "clammy." It dissolves easily in the mouth and is entirely digestible. A pleasant cream pie is made from the same recipe, leaving out the eggs and using creamy milk or thin cream.