

BLUE JAY.

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

What clear note wakes the wintry air,
And sends a thrill of sudden cheer,
Through these dark last days of the year,
When skies are cold and trees are bare?
A flash of blue lights up the gray,
Defying every wintry ill,
Small wraith of summer lingering still
On icy ground or leafless spray.
I see you with a sad surprise;
I thought the gloom had taken wing,
And the soft splendors of the spring
Should bloom before my weary eyes!
All summers of the long ago,
Too sweet to loiter by the way,
In those brief notes find voice to-day,
Lone singer, passionate, plaintive, slow!
And still the barren branches sigh;
The heavy clouds more grim appear;
My heart finds sorrow ever near,
While faint hopes tremble, droop and die.
And yet, hope flickers in your song,
A hint of brightness, warm and true;
Brave Blue Jay, still I wait, with you,
I wait—although the time be long!

PAT DELANEY.

It has very often, indeed, been said—and I am one who believes in the truth of it—that there is no general rule, but there is an exception to it, and so it was with the subject of our sketch, Pat Delaney.

I am not sure I am correct in naming Pat as the subject of the story, inasmuch as his gray mare figures as conspicuously in it as he himself does; in short, the story is not of Pat Delaney, but of "Pat Delaney and His Old Gray Mare."

The Irish are proverbially charitable, hospitable in the extreme. All who have seen or written of them agree in saying hospitality is one of the chief characteristics of the Irish people, but in this particular respect Pat Delaney was a most decided exception.

He was of a stinging, grasping, miserly disposition, utterly regardless how he made money, so that he made it, and deaf to the applications of the needy who sought relief at his hands.

He was a farmer—one of the better class—and cultivated a large farm in one of the northern counties of Ireland, and, though possessed of considerable wealth, was so mean and despicable in his nature that a stranger, judging from his appearance, would readily take him for a mendicant, because Pat considered it vastly extravagant to be guilty of a trifling outlay to clothe himself anew, while he could by any means manage to make his old garments cover him.

Among his cattle was an old gray mare, which Pat himself always drove, and the trappings of this associate of many years were in strict accordance with the proprietor's character—worthless.

When told that, in addition to being so exceedingly avaricious, Pat was also superstitious in the extreme, the reader will be able to form some idea of his character.

Beside the produce of the farm, there was another source of wealth Pat profited largely by. This was selling meal on credit at a very exorbitant rate to the poor of the locality, who, possessed of small farms, were thus able, by giving him a note on the growing crop, to secure its payment.

If not able to satisfy him beyond the possibility of a doubt that he would be paid, he certainly would not supply the wants of those who appealed to him; but, when thus satisfied, the desire to add to his wealth more than balanced the feeling of regret he always experienced at parting with anything even for a time.

Now to our story. It was a hot, sultry day in July that Pat put the well-worn harness on his gray mare and proceeded toward the mountain for a load of turf.

The American reader may not know what "turf" is. "Turf" is a fuel, and serves the Irish peasantry of the rural districts as coal does our citizens here. Moss, cut into pieces the shape of a brick, but about twice the length, is, when thoroughly dried, called "turf," and makes an excellent fire. "Turf" is cut with a turf spade, peculiar in shape, and well adapted for this special use.

Seated in his old, creaking wagon, and every once in a while urging along his miserable animal that was attached to it, Pat proceeded.

He passed close to the cottage of Mrs. Hogarty, a very poor widow who had for some days previous been meditating an appeal for meal; but, Pat's characteristics being well known to her, she had but little hope of succeeding in getting any.

She saw Pat approaching, and at once resolved to embrace the opportunity, and set her mind at rest concerning the meal. She accordingly came down the path to the highway, and accosted him with:

"Good-morrow, Pat. How are ye, sir?"

"Good-morrow, Peggy," he replied, "I'm bravely, troth, considering the kind iv times we hev."

"The kind iv times did ye say, Pat? Musha, it's meself that thinks you know little indeed iv the times; it's me and the likes o' me knows the times is hard, very hard, and no mistake!"

"It's thrue for you, poor creetur," said Pat, in a sympathetic tone, and he got out of the wagon and walked up to the cabin to get a light for his pipe, while the mare, taking advantage of the opportunity, began cropping the grass by the wayside.

"It's thrue for ye," said he, as he returned, smoking, and again entered the wagon, "but yer mistaken when ye say I don't know the kind iv time that's in

it as well as anybody else, for it's hard pressed I am, not a doubt iv it."

To give a verbatim report of their conversation is not believed necessary, but let it suffice to state that after a good deal of by-play and a great many broad hints on the part of Peggy, and a well-aimed ignorance of their meaning on the part of Pat, she at length said:

"Well, seeing as how I am so short iv money and manes at the prisint speaking, might I venture to ask ye for a hundered weight iv meal until such times as I can pay ye, which won't be long, praise goodness?"

"A hundered iv meal, did ye say?" said Pat, as though he doubted his ears.

"Troth it's glad I would be to sarve ye, but it's beyant my power, so it is, or it's myself wid do it, 'ead-meal-a-fatha.'" Peggy was by no means surprised—it was just such an answer she expected; yet until she heard the word there was a little glimmer of hope—a glimmer which his answer at once extinguished, for well she knew that further application was useless.

Nor did Pat wait for further application, but, continuing to mutter his hypocritical regrets, he applied the whip to his old mare, and moved slowly away, while the poor widow sat down by the wayside and began to weep.

Pat had proceeded but a short distance, when a gentleman, going in the same direction, approached the widow, and seeing her distress inquired the cause.

Peggy at once told him briefly the scene just recorded, giving an outline of Pat's character as she proceeded.

That gentleman consoled her, saying that perhaps Pat's mind would change, and that the meal might be sent during the day or evening; and, so saying, he hurried on in the direction Pat had taken.

In the meantime Pat proceeded in his old wagon, every now and then lashing his old mare to increase her speed, and very necessary it was to lash her, for not infrequently she came to a stand until the whip and voice of her master were called into requisition.

On one of these occasions Pat spoke as usual to the poor creature, saying: "Go up out iv that!" and was in the act of applying the whip also, for the voice alone was seldom effectual in making her move, when the mare in a good, rich Irish brogue, replied:

"The devil a stir I'll do!"

It would be an act of the greatest presumption on my part to attempt to picture the effect this answer had on Pat, or the terror it inspired him with.

The mare had spoken; had absolutely refused to go any further—could anything be more appalling?—so the whip dropped from Pat's hand, nor was he conscious of anything until he found himself running at the top of his speed homeward.

It happened that the mare had spoken at a part of the road where there was a high fence on either side, which was fortunate, as otherwise, now that she was alone, she might have tumbled into one of the many ravines that fringed it.

Panting for breath, Pat at length came to a pause. What was he to do? To proceed home and leave the mare seemed foolish; to return again, and take her in charge, he was afraid; but, as something must be done, he decided to return, and, keeping at a safe distance, demand, or rather request, an explanation.

Having arrived at this conclusion, Pat again approached the mare, which had, during his absence, been regaling herself by the roadside, but acknowledged his return by looking up and observing:

"So yer come back, are ye? Troth, it's a shame for ye, so it is, to be afraid iv yer old sarvant that way."

This was said in a consolatory tone, and somewhat reassured Pat, whose astonishment was by no means removed thereby.

Keeping at a safe distance, and in a very tremulous voice, Pat said:

"Will you go on for the turf now?"

intending, by thus speaking business, to make the mare believe he was not afraid of her, or astonished at her talk.

"Indeed I will not!" replied the mare, "and if ye thry and make me do so by whipping me it will be the worse for ye—that is all."

"And what are ye going to do?" said Pat.

"I'll tell ye that," said the mare. "You get into the wagon, take the reins in your hand, dhrive me home again."

"I will," said Pat.

"Put five bags iv meal on the wagon."

"What more?" said Pat.

"Bring it to the widow," said the mare.

"To Widow Hegarty?"

"Yes, Widow Hegarty."

"All right," said Pat. "Is that all?"

"No, it's not all," said the mare.

"Well, what else?"

"Tell her she is never to pay for it."

"Murder!" said Pat. "What wud I say that for?"

"For charity, Pat; what ye know little about."

"But five hundered!" said Pat, terrified at the idea of giving so much away for nothing. "She only asked me for wan hundered."

"No matter," said the mare. "Give her five."

"Five be it, then," said Pat. "Is that all?"

"No. Then take me to my stall and give me some oats."

"I will," said Pat.

"And thrate me better from this on."

"What way?"

"Give me a sheaf iv oats every mornin' and a feed iv bran every night."

"Every night?"

"Yes, every night. Do ye consint?"

"I do," said Pat.

"Well, then, set about it at wanst," resumed the mare. But I want ye to understand afore we stharrt, I'll be the same good-natured old mare that I hev always been. Do as I say, and you'll never hear me again."

Pat got into the wagon, drove home again, and rather surprised Widow Hegarty by bringing to her little cabin no less than five hundred weight of meal, when all she had asked was one hundred.

On his saying he wanted no pay at any time for it, she was still more surprised, and ever afterward was loud in her praise of Pat Delaney, while all others continued to despise him, as he deserved to be despised.

Widow Hegarty got her meal, and since Pat would take no money for it he got what were to him, let us hope, more serviceable—the prayers of the poor widow.

Nor were the other requests of the mare unheeded. Every morning Pat gave her the sheaf of oats, and at night the bran, which sorely troubled his miserly heart, and to be relieved of doing so he would gladly have sold her, but his fear prevented his doing so. He did not work her so hard, either, since the memorable day she spoke to him, but always treated her with great respect.

The mare, on her part, kept her promise. She never again said one word to her master, but continued while she lived to serve him with the most exemplary patience.

That the mare spoke to Pat he kept for a time a profound secret, but by degrees it crept out, as does every secret, until it was generally talked of in the district, though few believed it.

We will say, in conclusion, that during the week the mare spoke to Pat there was a ventriloquial entertainment being given in the village close by, and that it was by the ventriloquist that the widow was consoled.

CURIOUS TRANSFORMATIONS.

The students of the school at Hampton Roads, which is doing good work in educating Africans and Indians, have an odd way of illustrating the meaning of English words and phrases:

One altered a line of Gray's "Elegy," "Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind," into "Nor cast one longing, loathsome look behind," "because," he explained, "lingering meant that they were loath to leave."

Another, to illustrate the opposite meanings of the affixes "pro and con," quite innocent of satire, suggested progress and congress.

One of the colored students gave an anatomical turn to Macaulay's stirring verse, "And be your oriflame to-day, The helmet of Navarre," by the impossible exhortation, "And be your diaphragm to-day, The helmet of Navarre."

This suggests the story of the little girl who, in her examination paper, defined the diaphragm as an "important porous tissue organ extendin' from the collar bone to the hips."

ABOUT STRIKES.

From the ninth annual report of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Labor Statistics is taken the following summary of 154 strikes occurring in the State in the last forty-five years. Of these 42 were of coal-miners, 18 of factory operatives, 12 of puddlers and boilers, 9 of laborers, and 10 of railroad employes. There were 28 in Allegheny county, 68 in Philadelphia and 16 in Lackawanna. The causes were: To secure better wages, 77; against reduction, 42; to secure shorter days, 16; against the organization of labor, 3; to enforce union rules, 10; against the boss, for regular pay, and against store orders, one each. The result was: Successful, 45; unsuccessful, 66; partly successful, 11; compromised, 13; result unknown, 17.

DENOMINATIONS FOR MONEY.

In his "Thesaurus," worthy old Dr. Roget says it is cash, funds, bullion, coin, dust, shiners, tin, blunt, rhino, specie, the needful, etc. Washington Irving canonized it as "the almighty dollar." In slangy America it is further denominated in the bonds as capital, pewter, duets, greenbacks, stamps, boodle, rags, shekels, brads, hard stuff, stakes, divy, scrip, lucre, dingbats, pocket-lining, coupons, padding, soap, root-of-evil, cent-per-cent, retainer, bar-venerer, sugar, tough-to-get, easy-to-go, sinews-of-war, letter-of-introduction, character-test, and titles "ad infinitum."—*American Queen.*

A FARMER hired a harvest hand on his assurance that he was never tired. The same morning he found his man stretched full length on the ground. After the farmer had finished his opinion of that method of harvesting, and reminded him that he said he was never tired, the ingenious man admitted that if he didn't lie down and rest a good deal he would soon be as tired as the other fellows; and that was the only way to keep from being so.

ALL the while thou livest ill thov hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it.—*Fuller.*

The Madagascar Times, published at Antananarivo, the capital of that distant island, known also as the Island of St. Lawrence, is printed in the English, French and native languages.

EGYPT.

Some Interesting Bits of History.
(From Harper's Young People.)

Egypt is the most interesting of countries, because it is probably the oldest. We borrow from it nearly all our arts and sciences, and have only improved upon what the Egyptians taught us. Our alphabet and the art of writing came from the banks of the Nile. It was carried to Phoenicia, then to Greece and Rome, and then to Europe and America. The Egyptians invented the lever, by which all engines are moved, and electricity made useful. Egyptian glass-makers, goldsmiths, painters, weavers, builders and stone-cutters—miners, gardeners, and even poets and historians, have taught their arts to all the Western nations; Moses studied in the Egyptian colleges, and Joseph and his father looked upon its pyramids and temples with wonder.

The land of Egypt is a deposit of mud brought down by the floods of the Nile from the mountains of Middle Africa. Every year the river overflows its banks, and renews the fertility of the soil by a new deposit, and these regular inundations have been so provided for by embankments and canals as to be seldom dangerous. The Nile scarcely ever sweeps away the flocks and harvests of the farmers, like the Mississippi. It would be well if the Mississippi could be made as useful as the Nile.

This flat land of mud rests on rocks and sand. On each side of it is a desert, bare, hot and stifling. A desert divides it from Asia. It is isolated from the world, and here for several thousand years the Egyptian Pharaohs ruled over an obedient people, and their people invented and practiced those useful arts which they were afterward to teach to others. The first King of Egypt is supposed to have been Menes; he reigned about 3000 B. C. Thirty-one dynasties or families of Kings follow Menes, and the Egyptian kingdom had lasted more than 2,500 years when it was conquered by Alexander the Great. The Assyrians, Persians and even the Ethiopians had conquered it before, but had been driven out by the rising of the people. For 2,000 years the Egyptians were free and united. The oldest modern kingdom counts scarcely 800 years, and our own Government 100.

The Egyptians were a dark-colored race, and came probably from Asia. They lived alone upon the banks of the Nile, shut out from the world. All Europe was then a wilderness filled with wild beasts and a few savage men. All was waste and desolate. The savage people who surrounded Egypt were like our American Indians, ignorant and treacherous. Had they been able they would have broken in upon the industrious Egyptians, sacked and burned their cities, and robbed them of all they possessed. They would have destroyed temples and palaces, houses and gardens, ships and factories, and left us without any of the Egyptian inventions and improvements. But fortunately the desert and the sea for 2,000 years at least kept the savages away. The country grew rich and flourishing; the banks of the Nile were lined with farms as fertile as those of Kansas or Dakota. The wheat was full and white. The gardens of Egypt produced beans, onions, cabbages, and were filled with flowers. Countless towns and cities sprang up along the Nile. Some of them were as large, perhaps, as Chicago or New York. The rich land swarmed with people. The families of the Egyptians lived in comfortable houses; the children were usually taught in the temples to read and write; all were taught to work; they were well dressed and very neat; and when Joseph governed the land with discretion and good sense there was no part of the Western world that could equal the intelligence and civilization of Egypt. Its cities, temples, palaces, farms and gardens were the wonder of the ancient historians.

To-day Egypt is an impoverished country, distracted by civil war. Alexandria, once one of the most magnificent cities of the world, lies in ashes, and the people throughout the land are suffering all the horrors of famine and their plundered and ruined homes. Long ages of misrule and ignorance have brought the fruitful and prosperous land to this terrible condition. In the days of Joseph the armies of Egypt might have withstood the world. Now the conqueror is at her gates, disorder rages within, and peace and prosperity can return to her borders only under the protection of a foreign power.

MOTHER.

"But, after all, she used to be good to us."

It was a son who said this of his mother, whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was a clerk on a salary. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to find his mother and to fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week and month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough she had turned against her husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for her good. His work by

day and his vigils by night wore him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sisters asked him how he could bear it and be always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom and foreboding and unrest. And the answer came:

"But, after all, she used to be good to us."

And then the thoughts of all the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her—when she had nursed them in illness and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them," one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable child myself the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me, but mother said, 'Yes, she would,' and she tended me day and night for three years, till I began to get strong like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow."

And so he girded himself afresh for his struggle. It will not last forever. There are signs which the doctors can recognize that the cloud is lifting somewhat, and no doubt before long she will be her old self again. And then will come her son's reward. He will feel that he has paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

FEMALE FARM HANDS.

Astonishing Evidence Elicited at a Parliamentary Inquiry.

(From the New York Times.)

Americans visiting some parts of Europe are apt to be shocked by the labor imposed upon women, who work in the fields, load dung carts and sometimes harness with a dog help to draw their produce to market. But very often "things are not what they seem" in this matter more than in any other. A remarkable illustration of the attraction that field labor has afforded some years ago in England. A contractor for various kinds of agricultural work formed a gang of young women whom he took from place to place in the Eastern counties to perform hedging, ditching and draining for farmers. This went on for several years, until at length the rumors of the evils from it assumed so serious a character as to result in a Parliamentary inquiry. The evidence was remarkable. It all went to show that the women positively delighted in this free, active and nomadic life, and one of its chief charms was the astonishing health and strength they attained. Their limbs became muscular, they had the digestion of ostriches, and aches and pains were unknown to them. They, in fact, enjoyed the most exquisite of all human sensations—perfect health. How many American ladies enjoy that for even five years of their lives after 15? The other side to the matter was that the moral well-being of these agricultural Amazons was by no means on a par with the physical. They bore children whom they regarded as an intolerable incubance, inasmuch as they kept their mothers from work, and, consequently, it was ascertained by a volume of evidence, put these children out to nurse. The nurse with whom most children died was the prime favorite, and a significant feature in the evidence was that of druggists, who testified to the enormous consumption in the district of those soothing syrups which so effectually succeed in soothing infants out of their existence. It was in view of the dreadful infant mortality that Parliament interfered and suppressed the gang system. But the case of the German, Flemish or Dutch women who help husband or father in his fields, is not open to this objection. If the labor be not excessive it is desirable. It produces the strong, hardy women who rear a stalwart race. Half the fine ladies who now find a few turns on a piazza almost too much for them would be all the better for a graduated scale of garden work. Beginning with a quarter of an hour a day, they would find at the close of a month that they could easily do their two hours, and that they ate and slept as they had never done before, while they forgot that such evils as blue devils and nerves had any existence.

A QUEER MODE OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Oddest of all defensive methods is that of snapping off the tail. The blind worm, or slow worm, is a little snake-like lizard common in the Old World. When alarmed it contracts its muscles in such manner and degree as to break its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. But how can this aid it? The detached tail then dances about very lively, holding the attention of the offender, while the lizard himself slinks away. And for a considerable time the tail retains its capability of twisting and jumping every time it is struck. The lizard will then grow another tail, so as to be prepared for another adventure. There are other lizards which have a similar power, though in less degree.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

TALK about "un-kissed kisses" and "un-thunk thoughts." It is unvoiced votes that make half the mischief in politics.—*New Haven Register.*

FARM AND HOME.

Farm Havings.

THE brown or rusty orange is sweeter and can be kept longer than the bright fruit.

SORGHUM seed is readily eaten by poultry, and is better for small chickens than corn.

BUCKWHEAT given to hens makes the yolk of their eggs a very light yellow. More corn will increase the color.

Two cows well sheltered in winter will produce more milk and butter than will three who have no shelter, though no more than half the feed required for the three should be given the two.

In some parts of Southern Illinois vegetables are raised in advance of the season in open ground by conducting heated air or steam in pipes running at some distance under the surface of the earth.

THERE is a large demand for good road and carriage horses. Farmers who have sound, well-bred, stylish animals, from fifteen and a half to sixteen hands high, are receiving good prices for them.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stringent measures adopted by Great Britain to extirpate pleuro-pneumonia and foot and mouth disease, outbreaks of both of these contagious diseases are not infrequent.

HENRY QUMBY, of the Western New York Farmers' Club, thinks that a 100-acre farm will produce more with one-fifth of it judiciously planted to timber than if the whole surface were kept under the plow.

A NEW JERSEY farmer reports that a dressing of eight bushels per acre of salt to land badly infested with white grubs enabled him to raise good crops for three years past, which was impossible previous to this application.

By all means, says the *American Bee Journal*, kee-keepers should provide for the future by planting honey-producing trees. One of the best is the basswood. Do not let a spring pass without doing something in the line of providing for the future in this way.

"H. G." sends the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* a cure for kicking cows, as follows: "Take a rope or strap long enough to go around her body, put it around just behind her forelegs; tie or buckle it, then take a stick one or two feet long, put it through under the strap and twist it tight. It is a sure cure."

J. N. NIXON, of Warsaw, Ill., cleared his orchard of canker-worms by spraying the trees once with a solution made as follows, according to the *Farmers' Review*, and applied with a force-pump: "He boiled six pounds of arsenic in sixty gallons of water to dissolve it, and then reduced it to one pound in 150 gallons."

The *New England Homestead* puts forth the following potato notes: "The Burbank Seedling potato is 'soggy' although a great yielder. It will have to 'step down and out.' I planted some Magnum Bonum potatoes last spring and they yielded twice as much as the Early Rose. The quality is as good and they are perfectly free from rot."

The *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* says of seeding with oats: "Seeding with oats is quite uncertain, and often fails unless the quantity of oats sown is small. By using one bushel or less of oats to the acre, the success is fair, but not so good as sowing the clover seed with a rather thin crop of spring wheat. Winter rye is the best crop with which to sow grass seed."

MARSHAL P. WILDER, the veteran horticulturist, thinks the statement that the Franconia raspberry is unproductive is a mistake, and says that many of the so-called Franconians are not the true sort. He adds that it is not judicious to plant a new variety where a previous bed of raspberries has stood, for the roots of the old kind sometimes remain in the ground and come up again.

The *London Live Stock Journal* gives two methods of starting a balky horse: "First, tire your steed out by remaining perfectly quiet until he starts of his own accord. Second, when a horse refuses to draw at all, put him in a cart in a shed and keep him there until he walks out. In one instance the obstinate one was thirty hours in the shafts before he gave in."

QUINBY, the well-known writer on bee culture, says of catnip for bees: "If there is any article that I would cultivate especially for honey, it would be catnip. I find nothing to surpass it. This is high authority, and ought to entitle this common but little-utilized product of nature to a place among the valuable things of the farm. It is but another instance that goes to show that our people fail to utilize the native resources of their farms as they should. They have not learned the value of the things they tread upon and often ruthlessly destroy."

ALTHOUGH garden seeds, originally good and carefully preserved, will often germinate and grow at a much greater rate than that given in the following table, their vitality is likely to be more or less impaired, as proved by practical experiment, which has fixed upon the figures cited as covering in years the limit of safety: Beans, 2; beet, 5; cabbage, 4; carrot, 2; cauliflower, 3; celery, 3; corn, 2; egg plant, 2; cucumber, 5; lettuce, 3; melon, 5; onion, 2; parsley, 3; parsnip, 1; peas (round), 2; peas (wrinkled), 1; pepper, 3; pumpkin, 4; radish, 4; squash, 5; spinach, 2; tomato, 5; turnip, 5; salsify, 2.

An exchange gives the following statement of an orchard successfully pastured by sheep and hogs: "The orchard occupies thirty-two acres, and is made

the run of thirty hogs and 150 or 200 sheep and lambs during the summer.

Enough grain or bran are given them to place them in good condition. They eat every blade of grass and green things close down, and every fallen apple as soon as dropped, for which purpose sheep are better than hogs, which sleep so soundly as not to hear an apple fall, but sheep are always on hand and devour everything as soon as it touches the ground. The fruit each year grows fairer, with fewer wormy specimens, and the manure, from feeding so much grain, has given a healthy growth to the trees. To prevent the animal gnawing the bark the trunk is washed over once a month with a mixture of scapsuds, whale oil and sheep manure."

Domestic Economy.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs, three table-spoonfuls melted butter, six table-spoonfuls sugar, a piece of soda the size of a pea; mix soft with flour; cut and fry in hot lard.

TEA CAKE.—Break two eggs in a cup; fill this with thick cream; add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half cup flour; flavor to taste.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup sour milk, two cups sweet milk, three cups corn meal, one cup flour, one-half cup molasses, two teaspoonfuls soda; steam two hours and bake half an hour.

GINGER CAKE.—Three cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, not quite a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of ginger, some nutmeg and orange peel.

SPICE CAKES.—Spice cakes to serve with coffee are made of one pound of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and a pinch of pepper. Stir in flour enough to make dough which can be rolled out; cut out with a plain cookie cutter; let them stand for from ten to twelve hours; then bake.

KING GEORGE'S PUDDING.—One pint of bread crumbs, half a pint flour, teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in the flour, a little salt, half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee-cupful of milk, one egg; tie tightly in a bag and boil three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Take one cupful of molasses, one of sweet milk, half a cupful of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut. Boil all together, stirring constantly as it boils, for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Try it on snow or ice; if stiff enough, turn into buttered tins and mark into small squares so that they will break apart when cold.

WHITE CREAM CANDY.—One pint of boiling water, two cupfuls of granulated sugar