HOME AND SOCIETY.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

A STRANGE STORY OF PARIS—AN EPISODE ON A WESTERN RANCH—FASHIONS IN PARIS AND NEW-YORK—HOW TO COOK MUSHROOMS.

"You know there are women's girls and men's girls," said the fin-de-siècle maiden to the old bachelor, "and they are two very distinct species. What am I? Oh, I am a woman's girl, I suppose, although I like you all awfully; but to tell you the honest truth, we modern young women are not half as dependent on masculine favor as our mothers and aunts used to be. We have too much to do, and are too eclectic in our tastes, and have too good a time among ourselves to care overmuch for your society per se, although we rather expect to marry some day, and, regarded in the light of a possible matrimonial alliance, we find man to be more or less desirable. Of course it is a completely exploded idea nowadays that women dress for men. They dress entirely for each other, and a feminine criticism is the only one dreaded, just as the feminine approval is esteemed all-important.

"It is really quite laughable to hear mamma and my aunts talk about their girlhood. Men appeared to be the Alpha and Omega of their existence; they dressed for them, and lived for them, and thought about them, and dreamed about them, and any entertainment composed exclusively of women would have seemed insufferably dull. Only fancy how silly! Happily, 'nous avons changé tout cela, nous autres!' Why, even my little sister, who adores her dancing-class, where there are only little girls, was lamenting the other day that some day she would have to dance with boys. 'How stupid it will be!' she exclaimed, 'and do you really mean to say that at balls you must sit and wait for men to ask you to dance, and then you must dance with them whether you want to or not? How quite too horrid! I think the girls ought to choose and the men sit and wait. I never heard of anything so unfair!' It was rather curious to see how this really humiliating state of affairs struck a fresh young mind without preconceived notions. Ballroom tyranny is certainly a remnant of bygone prejudice that should become obsolete; there is no possible reason why, in a well-bred assemblage, girls should not be as independent as men."

It is rather hard on women that if they have a story to tell that is in the least improbable masculine incredulity shrugs its shoulders and murmurs "hysteria," while, on the other hand, a man expects his most incredible "yarns" to be received with implicit faith. Poor Mrs. A., who had a most thrilling adventure in Paris a few months ago, found that her really true story was received with scant credence, and feels naturally that it is extremely trying not only to have experienced a terrifying adventure, but to be debarred from the feminine consolation of talking about it as well, because certain uncharitable persons have unkindly suggested that the entire occurrence was imaginary. So it is only to her intimates that she tells the following occurrence, which actually happened to her in broad daylight in a crowded street:

"I had taken a fiacre for some shopping," she said, "and after going to one or two places, I ordered the man to drive up the Champs de Mars as far as the Arc de Triomphe before going home; and then, settling myself in my seat, I disposed of my packages and, opening my purse, began arranging my money and counting up what I had spent. Suddenly a small, slight man slipped out from under the seat and coolly took the place beside me, showing me a tiny pistol which he held cocked and ready to fire.

"'If you scream or make any disturbance,' he said rapidly in French, 'I will fire and jump from the carriage; but if you are quiet, I swear no harm will come to you.'

"What would you have done?" she asked, as she paused for breath. "Just what I did, I am sure, and what every other woman would have done, although people say it is so improbable. I gave him everything that he asked for, while the fiacre jogged quietly along and I saw people all about me. I gave him my money, my watch and my brooch, as he hurriedly asked for each article. And then, with a polite 'Mille remerciments, Madame,' he opened the door and was gone before I fully realized what had happened. Even then I was too stunned and frightened to take any action. So on went the voiture à remise to the Arc de Triomphe as I had ordered; there it turned, and I was driven back to the hotel, before I could collect my scattered senses. I put the affair in the hands of the police, but never a trace did I ever obtain of my lost purse and jewelry; and not the least aggravating part of the whole adventure is that most people really believe that it never happened!"

"Yes, I came in contact with no end of queer characters while I lived out West," said a clubman, who had tried "ranching" among his many and various experiments in the way of finding a congenial occupation. "And none was more typical and attractive than the overseer on my own ranch. He was a regular Saxon giant, over six feet in height and handsome as a picture, with short-cropped, curly, light hair, that was bleached nearly white by the sun and weather, and a complexion that might originally have been fair, but which exposure had tanned almost the color of red copper, and which contrasted oddly enough with his bright blue eyes. He was a reticent fellow about himself, and when he had been with me a few months and asked for a couple of weeks' leave of absence he gave no intimation of his intentions. So it was a complete surprise when he reappeared a few days after his time with a pretty young wife. She was a regular little Spanish lady, whose dainty beauty was in strange contrast to her rough surroundings and the harsh-featured, masculine-looking women in the nearest settlement, a collection of miserable-looking shanties called B—— City, ten miles away. I asked no questions, but I strongly suspected an elopement, for the woman was unmistakably a lady, and Jim, the overseer, spoke Spanish as well as if it were English. Well, they were as happy as possible, and it was certainly a great pleasure to me to have a lady in our cabin; and as we had a couple of Chinamen to cook, scrub and launder, we were most comfortable.

"Suddenly, however, a dreadful accident upset our Arcadian existence. Did I tell you that my ranch was in New-Mexico? It is a country that abounds in venomous insects, the most poisonous of which are the tarantula spider and the horrible centipede. Jim and his wife had the room next to mine, and one night I was awakened by hearing him shouting my name. The rooms were not connected, and both opened into the common living apartment. As I flung on my dressing-gown and stumbled through the darkness into their room I could hear the most dreadful sound in the world, the sobs of a strong man in agony. On entering the room I found Jim bending over the unconscious form of the girl, lamp in hand, and pointing to a little round white spot on her cheek. 'Tarantula!' he exclaimed. 'For God's sake get some whiskey!' But even as he spoke she began to rave, and for over an hour we silently struggled with a maniac. Finally, however, she sank into a stupor. 'Quick! The powder horn and whiskey while I hold her!' he gasped hoarsely; and as I brought them to him he forced open the clenched teeth of his wife and poured half the contents of the bottle down her throat, she continuing to swallow, although apparently unconscious. Then deliberately making a little pile of powder over the bite on her cheek, to my horror he applied a match to the heap. A report, a tremendous blaze, a shriek of agony, and the woman awoke to even greater suffering and worse madness. 'Hurry and ride for your life,' almost screamed the wretched man, 'and bring the doctor!' Never as long as I live shall I forget that wild ride in the darkness, and both the plucky little mustang and I were nearly spent when we reached the town. Fortunately I found the doctor, who acted as Mayor, sheriff and village factotum generally, at home, and with fresh horses we lost no time in returning.

"'You have saved your wife's life and spoiled her beauty,' said the doctor to the strong man, who was shivering and crying like a baby, as he dressed the frightful hole which had been burned down through the cheek of the poor woman. Well, that ended our happiness; the Spanish donna recovered, but she moped and pined, and seemed to have conceived the greatest dread of her husband, who was quite broken-hearted. Finally they went away, and I never heard from them again; but, oddly enough, when I came East, a friend who had been in Mexico told me of a rich Mexican, where he had been stopping, who had lost his only daughter, a beautiful girl, who ran away with his American ranch foreman—that is, it was so supposed, although the man had disappeared several months before the girl was missing. It is curious how things work round in a circle,' he continued reflectively, as he knocked the ash off the end of his cigar; 'who would ever have thought that that dreadful experience in the Wild West would be connected with the careless after-dinner tale of a travelled friend, or that I should be telling it all here in a comfortable chair in the Knickerbocker Club?"

They do some things prettily in the West. Could the most ingenious of fashionable sets in New-York devise a dance more spring-like and picturesque than the "Hoop Dance" which was arranged for a recent ball in Michigan? Twenty-four girls took part in this dance and all of them were pretty, of course. They were dressed in white silk and wore green hats. They carried hoops wound and decorated with bunches of green and white ribbons. The streamers floated as the circles were waved through the measures of the dance. The dancers wore their hair powdered. The room was darkened and colored lights played upon the scene. Everybody said it was a great success, and there can be no doubt that everybody was right.

HINTS ON FASHION.

THE GOWNS OF THE PERIOD—BONNETS AND HATS.

The spring fashions are emphatically those of 1894, having no exact resemblance to those of any previous period. There are suggestions of the days of Louis XIII in the bodices, the sleeves, the basques and the laces, and suggestions of the Directory in the revers and the waistcoats. But the skirts and their adjustments—their loopings, their ruffles, their zigzags—are "fin de siècle." There is a tendency to trim them lengthwise instead of on the round as last year—to hide the seams under lace or embroidery or passementerie or ribbon; this of course lengthens the figure, and is therefore not altogether desirable for very tall women.

The tailor-made gowns of this season are charming—at once plain and dainty. The coatskirts are quite full, and sometimes rather short, sometimes of that one-third length which gives such grace to the figure. Wide revers and roomy sleeves continue to give breadth to the shoulders. Walking coats are still more worn here than capes, though the reverse is the case in Paris. There the woman of fashion has all manner of capes in her wardrobe—exquisite little garments adapted to all occasions and all toilettes, and made of the costliest materials.

The latest French styles are illustrated in the drawings herewith presented. The first is a pretty little spring gown in a mixture of violet and cream-colored wool. The second shows a costume of bengaline draped over a skirt of black satin, having black satin trimmings, and embroidered with jet. The third figure illustrates a calling gown of armure de sole, with quaint cape, revers and mantilla ends of moiré. The fourth figure shows a French gown of soft wool with vest and trimmings of silk.

The round bodice is now continued below the waist in a most coquettish ruffle, properly termed a volant. In its simplest form the volant is attached to a belt, and is merely a bias ruffle, extending about ten inches below the waist, lying smooth in front, becoming slightly full at the sides, and falling in many bouffant waves over the tournure. In some of Worth's handsome gowns the volant is cut in one piece with the low corsage, and is extended below the waist in full flaring effect by the waist seams. Daily the seam becomes a more prominent part of the corsage, and before the end of summer it is possible that we shall witness the complete return of the waist seam, though the effort to introduce it in the winter partially failed. The bouffancy of the volant and the presence of the overskirt both presage the return in some form of the bustle. Already flat tournures are unfashionable in elaborate dress, though in tailor gowns there is less indication of a change. Yet even here the full fluted backs of the new coats show the trend of fashion toward bouffant tournures.

Thus early in the spring the coat suit has suddenly come into prominence. It is made by English tailors of the darkest navy blue hop-sacking, sometimes finished with moiré facings, but more often with plain stitched edges. It is slightly full at the back, has large pocket flaps on the hips, and a single ornamental button on each side of the waist line. The skirt is a plain round skirt, fitting smoothly around the hips and flaring slightly at the foot. A wide, fitted belt, which may be of moiré or of the material of the suit, and a silk shirt waist complete the outfit. The garçon de café jacket, which takes the place of the Eton jacket of last season, has been seen in Paris for some time. It is fitted to the figure, open in front and sharply pointed at the corners. This is a suitable garment in hop-sacking, serge, or any stylish rough material. It is worn with a skirt of the same goods, a fitted belt and a shirt waist. For more elaborate costumes the bolero jacket has been again revived. It may be the merest apology for itself, extending only to the armpits and without sleeves, or a picturesque little addition to a handsome gown, spangled or trimmed with jet, like the jackets worn by the Andalusian dancers. Or again it may be a tight-fitting waist of rich velvet or some elaborate material, open at the neck with revers to the bust line, and finished with a very full, narrow volant at the waist. Why this is called a bolero it is impossible to say, yet it is so called by Felix, Pingat and other Parisian authorities on wraps.

The overskirt, which is the most important change this spring, was introduced gradually. Draped skirts were worn last fall at the horse show and throughout the winter by those who practically dictate the fashions. But they were not pronounced, and to the uninitiated world only appeared like elaborately trimmed skirts, and they were generally mounted on the same foundation skirt. The spring, however, brings a genuine overskirt. It satisfies the clamor of the shops for a style that will use up more material and settles permanently the call for expanded skirts as well as all theories in the direction of hoops. The probability is that the long overskirt, lifted up by a few pleats quite near the waist line on both sides, or sometimes only on one side, will be the most popular model for gowns of cashmere and other soft goods, which are revived with the return of draperies. Trimmings of moiré or of figured silk are used in these dresses in somewhat the same way they were years ago, when the long overskirt was last introduced. The merest border of the underskirt shows a frou-frou edge of silk ruffles or a band of dark velvet.

Hats and bonnets were never prettier than they are now. The blending of colors is beautiful; there are shapes to suit every face, and while they are picturesque, they are at the same time refined even to simplicity. We give three illustrations of styles very unlike. The first is a little "Puritan" or "croff" bonnet, which to be becoming must be worn by a woman of a demure and piquant countenance. Another is a graceful hat of Italian straw trimmed with beautiful black roses with yellow hearts.

A third little French bonnet has six glittering arrows of jet radiating from clusters of black violets. The torsade and strings are of black violets.

Children's clothes promise to be particularly pretty this year, and never have the styles been more successful with the "awkward age"—that very difficult period when girls are apt to be either tall and "gawky," or stout and shapeless. Happily just now the fashions allow for adaptation to either condition, and both defects may be made unnoticeable by a judicious choice of material and patterns. For thin children, for instance, the belted waist and flaring ruffle over the hips is particularly becoming, while it produces a most awkward effect on a child with a big waist, or one who is inclined to be stout. For the latter the Empire effects are particularly good, for nothing accentuates stoutness so much as a smoothly fitting tight garment of any kind, whether on a woman or a child. Gathered waists, too, look well on stout girls. A gathered waist with a narrow belt, a loosely fitting bell-skirt and ruffled bertha, with sleeves draped at the top and fitting tight below the elbow, will balance an awkwardly stout girl, so to speak, and render her big waist and stomach almost unnoticeable. Of course, thin young girls have the advantage, and can wear almost any style, but it should be remembered that the gored skirt and tight sleeve may make them look angular and, as some one expressed it, "unripe."

A pretty robe "A la Grecque," which was worn by a tall, slight, half-grown girl at a child's party the other day, was of dead white wool crépon, trimmed with narrow gold braid. The underskirt was perfectly plain, and over it was a long "peplum," slightly pointed in front, and raised a little at the sides by a broad box-pleat from the waistband over the hips. This was trimmed with a Greek border of narrow gold braid. The waist was draped, front and back, hanging in blouse fashion over the belt, which confined the material at the waist, letting it appear across in a short ruffle over the hips, also trimmed with the narrow braid. The prettiest features of the dress were the short draped sleeves which hung in rather voluminous folds to the elbow, and the round neck, which had the folds of the material caught up on either side on the shoulder with large round cameo pins.

MUSHROOMS.

HOW THEY MAY BE COOKED.

Hothouse mushrooms are now in market at various prices from 50 cents to $1 a pound. At the lowest price they are so stale as to be hardly worth purchasing, but at 75 cents they are good enough for sauces, flavorings and all purposes where the mushroom is not served entire. The hothouse mushroom is far superior in flavor to any canned mushrooms. All the fungi family bear the process of canning but indifferently well. They are but sawdust reminders of what they were. No fungus suffers more, however, than the aristocratic truffle. No American who has not left his native shores can ever know the true flavor of a truffle. The truffle hunter and his little pig, that trots at his heels and roots up his spoils for him, are true products of France, and have not been known in this country, though attempts have been made to raise truffles in California.

One of the most delicious ways in which to cook the hothouse mushroom is à la crème. Select the firmest fungi. Peel them carefully, cut off the stems and drop the cups as you peel them into water, acidulated with a tablespoonful of lemon juice to a quart of water. If the mushrooms are large, cut them in two. The moment they are ready have a porcelain-lined or granite frying-pan, with a tablespoonful of butter in it for a pound of the mushrooms. Heat the butter over the fire, drain the mushrooms, and put them into the melted butter. Cook them six minutes. Add a teaspoonful of flour, or, better yet, two tablespoonfuls of a thick white sauce. If the flour is used, it must be mixed in at one side of the pan with a little of the melted butter. With either the sauce or the direct thickening of the flour add a half cupful of sweet cream, and salt and pepper for seasoning. Let the mushrooms cook in the thickened cream for two minutes longer. Then toast six thin slices of bread, about two inches square, or if you have a heart-shaped cutter, cut them in this form. A dainty way of preparing these croutons for garnishing is to brush them over with a little melted butter and set them in the oven to brown.

A mushroom sauce is one of the most excellent of garnishes for beefsteak. The regular French sauce is a somewhat elaborate dish. It requires a pint of rich Spanish sauce and a wineglass of Madeira, to which a spray each of parsley, soup celery, thyme and a bay leaf and two cloves are added. This should be simmered carefully for thirty minutes, and two dozen mushrooms, chopped fine, added. This is the rich dark mushroom sauce so often served with a filet of beef or a broiled tenderloin. There are very few of the fine French sauces to which the flavor of mushrooms may not be added. Chopped mushrooms added to a nice white sauce make a good garnish to sweetbreads and even to fried filets of delicate fish like halibut, though the dark color to which mushrooms turn in the cooking makes them more appropriate in a dark sauce, and their flavor seems to require a rich foundation like Espagnole or Madeira sauce. Veal cutlets are occasionally served with mushroom sauce, but as a rule a better sauce for veal is tomato, or something of a similar acid nature.

AFTERNOON-TEA TALK.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, the famous physician, believed heartily in fresh air, simple diet and a cheerful mind as remedial agents. He once visited a patient whose bedroom walls were covered with a paper of most depressing color and pattern. "That paper," said Sir Andrew, decisively, "is quite enough to send a healthy man melancholy mad; its effect upon an invalid, who is compelled to lie still and gaze upon it all day, must be awful. You'll have to move the patient into a more cheerfully papered room." "But, Sir Andrew, this is the best of them all," was the remonstrance. "Then," said the great doctor, "you must buy a bright cretonne, or something, and hide these dreadful walls." And cretonne was purchased accordingly.

Notable jewel robberies in England have so frightened a number of women in society possessing magnificent jewels that they won't travel with them any longer. When they begin a course of country house visits they leave their jewels at the banker's and take with them imitations so beautifully made that only experts could know they are not real.

The dinner was in progress—it was a dinner given in honor of some very important new acquaintances. Just before the guests arrived the master of the house had been intensely rude and annoying to his wife, and she had not forgotten it. There was a moment's pause in the buzz of conversation round the beautiful table, gleaming with lights, blushing with roses. Then the wife leaned forward and in a voice soft but loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company said sweetly: "By the way, James, what was that story you told me to lead up to in the middle of dinner?"

COUNTRY EPISODES.

LEAVES FROM THE FARMING EXPERIENCES OF A NEW-YORK LAWYER.

HE WAS NOT A SENTIMENTAL FARMER—PROFITS IN BRUSSELS CARPETS—SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

The receipt of that most highly colored but ensnaring delusion, the seed catalogue, reminds one that the most fascinating time in the year for the tenderfoot farmer is at hand; the season when you sit down in your library in New-York and fill out your proxy for the real farmer up in the Berkshires whom you pay to conduct your book experiments, and so often to take the profits, if there are any. Those first few evenings with the seed catalogue are fascinating. One's wife and children always attend the caucus and the caucus rule prevailing, the chairman is bound by the majority vote, which is usually against him on most essential points. Crops are never considered until after a full line of flowers, foliage plants and shrubs are selected. The theory of the voting trust doubtless is, in the language of the catalogue, that "an attractive flower garden and picturesque borders give an air of thrift and prosperity to the farm that leads one to expect large crops and intelligent husbandry."

The seed catalogue man is like the newsboy on the train: first he offers you bound volumes, then weeklies at ten cents each, and finally, the daily paper that you wanted ever since the train started, and many a man is betrayed into buying "one of the latest novels" in sheer desperation while he waits. So the New-York farmer who conducts his agricultural operations by typewritten instructions prepared in Wall Street goes through the full list of "prolific bloomers" before he gets to real business seeds. Many readers will recall that most interesting article of Judge Nott's, "A Farm for Nothing," that was so widely copied two or three years ago, and some of them may remember an article by "Native" commenting on it and saying that a Berkshire farm, if well located with reference to the market, could be profitably operated if intelligently conducted. Now I claim to have successfully demonstrated the soundness of that proposition.

Just a year ago I persuaded the caucus that I had certain agricultural instincts that would more than offset the lack of experience that I could not well conceal, and bought the old farm of 200 acres that had been tilled by one of my thrifty ancestors 125 years before. There were many misgivings on the part of the leader of the opposition, but that profound conviction as to my aforesaid instincts, coupled with a natural pride of possession, won the day, and now for a part of the year, instead of turning up my trousers when it rains, I tuck my pants in my boots, in which there is great joy.

So many of the sons of New-England are going back to the hillside towns and buying the old homesteads that a word from the experience of one of them may serve to "lead them on." I promised the delegates that my farming operations should not involve the estate, and I knew instinctively that I could make it pay. Let me say first that an honest farmer is the rarest work of God. I refer to the kind that conduct agricultural experiments for New-York owners. I engaged the one who was "working" the farm when I took possession. Fortunately for me my farmer is one of the rare kind, and he has continued working the farm and not me. Otherwise I should not be penning my experience, for a done-up farmer does not exactly like to admit that his instincts betrayed him.

I first impressed him with the idea that I was not a carte blanche husbandman. That, in connection with his rareness, won the day. It was all over in a minute. He asked me how many men I wanted him to hire. I looked at him with an injured look, and said slowly: "How many? Why, Turner (I call him by his last name so he won't call me by my first, according to custom), if you can't run this farm alone and show me a thousand dollars at the end of the season, we are simply not suited to one another." He realized at once that I had instincts and was not so tenderfooted as I looked. I told him that in haying season we would get in extra hands, but that his name and mine would be the only regulars on the farm roster.

We moved in early, and if there is any keener pleasure than going out on your own farm and standing around in the barnyard looking at your own cows, horses, chickens and strutting turkeys, while the warm but fickle April sun shines on your back, then I don't know it. If there is anything more interesting than watching the struggle of your growing crops to be on hand in the autumn in that great survival of the fittest, I have not experienced it. We stocked up very cautiously, the plan being to have enough cows to furnish milk and butter for the family, sheep enough to keep down the weeds, and horses enough to make us familiar with the surrounding country. As for the rest the general scope and plan was that adopted by stock brokers in this city; namely, to furnish facilities for others to acquire stock for a modest stipend; that is, my friends and acquaintances paid me for pasturing and wintering their brood mares and colts. I had all the pleasure of seeing them gambol on the green pastures without any of the risk. At one time I was afraid that one of my neighbors would ruin the business by cutting rates. I heard that he was wintering horses for $1.25 per week. I called a line meeting and we both attended. I said, "Neighbor, you will drive all American husbandmen out of this business with your cheap, pauper wintering, if you keep up this $1.25 rate; the raw material costs me more than that."

"Why, neighbor (we all call each other neighbor up there when we trade horses or discuss agricultural problems), "neighbor," said he, "you want to feed 'em on sheep shorts." Now to tell the real honest New-England truth, I did not know whether sheep shorts were scraped off the horses or pulled out of the wool, but I did not want to lose the prestige I enjoyed as an all-round instinctive farmer, and I was betrayed into asking:

"What kind of sheep shorts do you feed and where do you buy them?"

He looked at me pityingly for a moment, and then said: "Why, neighbor, they'n't only one kind of sheep shorts." I then told him I had heard of "lambs short" down near where my office was in Wall Street, but that sheep shorts was something that I had either forgotten all about, or else never knew. He then vouchsafed the information to me that sheep shorts was the residuum left in the hay racks after the sheep had picked through the hay and eaten what they liked. "Horses will grow fat as seals on it," he said. I concluded that we catered to a different class of trade and notified my boarders that they could be accommodated with sheep shorts at $1.25, or the regular way at the old rates. My boarders are still with me at $10 per month.

The third month the accounts (I keep a regular set of books with the farm) made it look as though there would be a deficit in the treasury, but I find that sagacious bookkeeping has much to do with establishing the profit or loss side of the account. I supplied one of the summer hotels in the village with vegetables, and the profit side was made up necessarily of products of the soil.

It happened that when I took the farm a few months before there was on one of the floors of the dwelling-house an old, but well-preserved carpet, which I had disposed of for the sum of $12. There it stood in a separate account on the books. All the delegates were in my library toward the end of the month trying to help me make the profits and sales cover the expense of labor, material and maintenance. The children did help me out with several dozen eggs that had been sold and not entered in the books, when I was in town, but the account stood just $10 short of a balance when suddenly an inspiration struck me, and transferring the $12 realized in the carpet sale, I said to the syndicate, "I have it, there's that $12 that will balance the account and throw $2 into the sinking fund."

"Hardly credit proceeds of the sale of a carpet in the produce account, can you?" said the conservative member.

"Why not," said I, as I proceeded to credit up on the books, "Brussels sprouts, $12."

When instinctive farming and instinctive bookkeeping join hands there is no escape from profitable husbandry, providing you also have some other kind of profitable business to lean on between crops.

There is one thing that my New-York friends who buy farms in New-England must look out for, and that is what I call sentimental farming. For instance, we raise lambs, chickens, ducks and a full line of "flesh and feather." I found upon my weekly visits for Sunday on the farm, that my children named and appropriated as pets the fairest, fattest and most promising of what had been developing, according to my ideas, as broilers, spring lambs, etc., but the heartstrings of my children were being wound tight about these representative specimens. A suggestion from me concerning lamb chops was the signal for a tearful protest; and a question as to whether those young roosters were not ready to surrender their birthrights to make a mess of pottage, would cause the children to look at me with an expression that clearly said: "How we wish our dear father was not a murderer!" I was bulldozed for a while, but finally realized that lambs were fast becoming sheep and broilers growing into the similitude of fricassee. I then announced that henceforth we must live on the fruits of the loam, and that that meant a thinning out of the young roosters.

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A SUBURBAN NIGHTMARE.

THE UPTOWN FLAT SEEMED STUFFY WHEN THE SPRING WEATHER CAME.

With the approach of spring the thoughts of Mr. Scribbler turned as naturally to rural life as the mind of the young lover does to spring poetry. When the warm sunshine of May came and he occasionally got a glimpse of budding trees and green grass in Central Park, visions came to him of the brook and the meadow, and memories of fresh air and a good appetite made his blood run a little faster than usual. He thought of the times he went swimming in the mill dam, caught trout in the mountain stream and shot pigeons and squirrels in a neighboring wood, just after daylight, when the fragrant atmosphere made him feel as happy as the lark which welcomed the coming day in a nearby clover field. All these things passed across his mind like a dream as he boarded a crowded, stuffy elevated railroad train, and, turning to his newspaper, observed the advertisement of some enterprising real estate dealer.

"Suburban homes within the reach of all!"

What a charm that word "suburban" had! He read further, forgetting all about the murders, grave political questions, stirring sermons and society scandals with which the news of the paper was made up. How enticing the advertisement read!

"All the comforts of the city, combined with the charms of country life! Magnificent scenery! Perfect drainage! Pure air! Fast express trains each way daily! Within thirty-five minutes of New-York City Hall! And cheaper than paying rent!"

As he read he thought of his three children being brought up in a flat on the third floor.

"How nice it would be," he mused, "if they could run out of doors all day. How healthful for them to go out on a green lawn, shaded with maples, and play among flower-beds? How charming to have one's own vegetable garden and fruit trees? Strawberries red, ripe and juicy, with the morning dew still on them, for breakfast; a bouquet of roses, fresh from the bush, under the parlor window, perfuming the dining-room from its place on the table—and cheaper than paying rent!"

"Rector Street!" the guard yelled at the door of the car.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I've passed my station."

Then he walked back to the office and the thoughts brought up by the advertisement in the morning paper lingered with him all day, intruding themselves on his mind, when it should have turned to matters of business. Oh, if he could only escape from that hot, dirty place to the bower which he had pictured to himself in the morning, life would be worth living.

"Own your own home! Cheaper than paying rent!"

The words kept ringing in his head.

"What a fool I have been to pay rent so long," he argued to himself. "Why didn't I throw the money in the sewer at once and be done with it, instead of paying it to my landlord?"

He preserved the paper and read it over again on the way uptown. As he went from the station to his home he was in a brown study, and passed several of his friends without recognizing them.

"What a dingy place this flat is, to be sure. Caesar's ghost! some one is cooking onions!"

He kissed his wife and children. How pale they looked. How brown and ruddy the children would be under the conditions which he had pictured to himself in the morning. Yes, yes; he owes it to his children. He must get out of the city. Gradually he unfolded the plan to his wife. She did not go into raptures over it, as he thought she ought to.

"But then," he said to himself, "she was born in the city, and, of course, does not appreciate the beauties of a country life so much as I do. But she will see it in time."

She only asked if the town was supplied with gas and water so they might be brought into the house. It would be rather unpleasant to be compelled to draw water from a well and carry it to the house, and to go back to oil lamps. That was a little cloud on the horizon, but it disappeared under the suave talk of the agent the next day.

"Ah, yes," the agent said, "beautiful rolling country. Healthful and delightful generally. Mr. Boomer went there to live and was so charmed with the place that, out of pure love for the human race, he decided to lay out a town and give those who lived in flats in the city an opportunity of owning their own homes and living as people should live." Then he grew confidential.

"Now, there are a few choice lots, which have been reserved for desirable, intelligent people like yourself. You understand, of course, that while a good many nice people are going there, they are not all exactly the ones who make the best society. Mr. Boomer wants to get a number of families the members of which will be pleasant company for one another, and those, too, whose place in city society is established. Of course, we try to be fair to everybody, but, you understand, Mr. Scribbler, how we like to separate desirable families, like your own, from the general run of people who buy lots in a suburban town. Of course, you get a lot for the same price that the others pay, but (very confidentially) your lot will increase in value much more rapidly than theirs will, so if, at any time, for some inexplicable reason, you are not satisfied, you can sell out at a handsome profit. So, under any circumstances, you can't lose anything. You are bound to make a good round sum out of the investment."

Would he like to close the bargain to-day before any one gets in ahead of him? Lots going fast. Small sum anyway. Bound to make money. Mr. Scribbler was almost persuaded to take it. But then he thought it was only fair that he should consult his wife, as she had to be home a great deal more than he did, so he resisted the temptation and went away. He was elated, however, and thoroughly convinced of the rare opportunity which had fallen in his way.

The day came on which they were to visit the place. The train stopped and he and his wife alighted. The station was not much larger than a good-sized packing-box, but it was new and neat. A one-horse "stage" stood near the platform and the agent of the property came forward and greeted Mr. and Mrs. Scribbler cordially. Mr. Scribbler remarked that few people came on that train.

"Yes; but you should see what a crowd we had here yesterday!" Would they like to drive around the place? Mr. Scribbler observed that the land laid to the northwest.

"The cold northwest winds of winter have full sweep," he remarked to the agent.

"Ah, yes; in the next town they do blow pretty hard. But here, why, the lay of the land is such that the winter winds never affect us."

There were a half-dozen houses scattered over forty or fifty acres of land. Streets were laid out in checker-board fashion, that is, there were small signposts where the streets were going to be—eventually. The "magnificent shade trees" consisted of a few small stunted ones, of the growth of two or three years. The ground looked poor, and even the grass seemed to have a hard time getting enough nutrition out of the earth to sustain life. Mr. Scribbler remarked that the ground did not seem to be good for gardening, as it was not rich enough.

"Oh, no; it is not extremely rich, but plenty of black muck can be brought from the swamp for little or nothing."

"The swamp?"

"Oh, yes; but it's below the town, so everything runs from the place to it. Not the slightest danger in the world of the swamp doing any damage to the town."

Mr. Scribbler looks suddenly at his wife and discovers her studying his face. He feels sheepish to think of how little patience he had with her when she did not take the same enthusiastic interest in the place that he did before they had seen it. The agent is pointing out the choice lots, but Mr. Scribbler does not see them nor hear what is being said. He only sees the flower garden, those juicy strawberries, that bouquet of roses and that pleasant porch, on which he was to sit and smoke in the evening, all dissolving in thin air. They finally arrive at the station. The sun beats down and reflects back again from the barren ground. The agent hopes they like the place.

"Oh, yes, very much," from Mrs. Scribbler, with a sweet smile for which her husband wants to throw his arms around her and kiss her right there. "Mr. Scribbler will call at the city office if he decides to buy a place."

The train comes at last and they return to the city. How cool and pleasant the flat seems in comparison with that Boom Town. When the time for Mr. Scribbler to take his vacation comes they go to the country for two weeks, as usual, and the remainder of the warm weather they take occasional trips to the seashore. A year or two later they do take a house in the country, but it is not in Boom Town.

A CRIME TO FEED SPARROWS.

ANY ONE FEEDING OR SHELTERING THESE BIRDS IS LIABLE TO IMPRISONMENT FOR A YEAR AND A FINE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

"You are liable to imprisonment for one year and a fine of $1,000 for feeding those birds," remarked a bystander to a man who was throwing crumbs to a flock of sparrows in an uptown street one day when the ground was covered with snow.

As harsh as it may seem, perhaps, that is the law of this State as it stands to-day. It is not only a misdemeanor intentionally to feed these visitors who wore out their welcome so soon, but it is just as great an offence against the law to put up birdhouses in trees or other places for them. The law is evidently a dead-letter, however, because no one ever heard of a person being prosecuted for violating the statute, and it is being constantly broken, not only in this city, but all over the State.

The statute was passed in 1886, and is part of Chapter 427 of the laws of that year. It reads:

"The English or European sparrow (Passer domesticus) is not included among the birds protected by this act, and it shall be a misdemeanor to intentionally give food or shelter to the same."

Over in Twenty-third-st., between Ninth and Tenth aves., there is a row of houses known as "London Terrace." They are well back from the street, and there are trees in front of all of them. In a number of these trees, near Ninth-ave., are birdhouses for the benefit of the innumerable sparrows which frequent the trees. Whether they were put up for that purpose or not, the sparrows certainly use them, and if the law had any vitality whatever it would seem that it might be invoked to punish the owners of these trees.

No case can be found on the records of the law having been invoked, and it would undoubtedly take a brave District-Attorney who would be willing to try to send a person to jail for a year for throwing crumbs to a flock of half-frozen, half-starved birds, or for putting up a little birdhouse to shelter them.

NOT A GRAMMARIAN.

From The Washington Post.

A certain Western Senator—whose name is not necessary for the purposes of this story—had an apt illustration on his lips the other day, and he would have given the Senate the benefit of it if he had not noticed Mr. Bland sitting on the Democratic side of the chamber. The Senator had been criticising the language of the Seigniorage bill. Mr. Bland is the author of that bill and is from Missouri.

"I wanted to tell the Senate," said this Western Senator, "of the story of two men who were discussing an article which one of them had read. After one man had criticised it pretty freely, he turned to the other and said: 'Are you a grammarian?'

"'Heavens, no,' was the reply, 'I am a Missourian!'

"I think that story would have been appropriate to the Bland bill," said the Senator, "but I really did not like to get it off while Mr. Bland was within the sound of my voice."

A COLD WAVE.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

"I see," said the grocer, thoughtlessly, for he had forgotten that the man with the ginger beard was sitting behind the stove, "I see that the temperature drapped twenty degrees in fifteen minutes down in Texas the other day."

"I don't call that nothing," said the man with the ginger beard. "I remember when they was a party of us campin' up in the Black Hills that the temperature drapped so sudden that one of the mules in the outfit, which was in the act of kickin', was caught an' froze that way, an' stood with its heels in the air two days. We had a thermometer along, but the cussed thing went back on us, so I can't ezzactly say jist how much of a drap it was."

"Oh, yes," said the school teacher, "it is a well-known fact that at a temperature of about forty degrees below zero the mercury freezes and hence cannot register."

"That wasn't it at all, young man," said the man with the ginger beard, with fine scorn. "The durn mercury drapped so quick that the friction made it red hot and busted the glass."

The man from Potato Creek began to snicker, but the man with the ginger beard stopped his mirth with a stony stare.

A LIGHT THAT HAS SHONE FOR 150 YEARS

From The Providence Journal.

During the past 150 years a bright light has twinkled nightly in the window of a farmhouse at South Ferry, a mile below Saunderstown, on the west shore of the bay. This light has been a welcome beacon to mariners who have run in under the lee of Beaver Tail to escape the fury of outside tempests. But now, for the first time in this long period, the farmhouse has been deserted, and stands solitary and dark. For the past few years the dwelling has been occupied by J. L. Eaton, the well-known pilot. He established a reporting station there, connected by a telephone, and vessels which put in for a harbor in time of storm were so reported. Pilot Eaton has moved up to Saunderstown, to get within speaking distance of a neighbor or two. He has taken his telephone along with him, however, and will still circulate among stormbound craft which desire to be reported as formerly.

Redfern

DRESS AND HABIT MAKER TO ALL THE ROYAL COURTS OF EUROPE.

SPECIAL FEATURE.

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