

HE WAS AN ICONOCLAST.

The Man of Science Immediately Disposed of Two Popular Notions.

The man of science was tall and straight, with a bald spot on the crown of his head, and cold, gray eyes peering through gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Indian summer is pretty nearly dead now, isn't it?"

"No, I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Oh," said I, a little confused by his manner, "Indian summer, you know, the warm spell that comes late in the fall, after the first frost."

"No, I don't know," said the man of science, coldly. "I see that you are a believer in a long-expired myth. I used to hear of this alleged Indian summer in the days of my youth."

"Oh, but yes," I persisted, quite crushed, but not convinced, "you know we always have a warm—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the man of science, with a wave of his hand, "but it is true that sometimes the weather warms after it first gets cold. That's perfectly natural. The weather isn't governed by rules. Why shouldn't a warm wave follow a cold one in October or November as well as in any other month?"

"After a few moments' silence I made another attempt. 'The equinoctial will soon be upon us,'" I remarked.

"Why, the equinoctial storm, you know," I explained.

"Nonsense," he responded, with a disgusted shrug of the shoulders. "Equinoctial rot! There is no such thing as equinoctial storm. I have heard ignorant persons use the phrase before, but it always vexes me. It is another relic of bygone ages."

"But," I began, beginning to be vexed and I felt that here at least I was on solid ground.

"I know what you are going to say," he put in. "Yes, we usually have a heavy storm about the period of the equinoxes. But what of it? We usually have heavy storms before those periods and after them, too, don't we?"

"The equinoxes have nothing to do with the storms, which arise from wholly different causes, and may or may not occur at the same time. Equinoctial grandfathers, sir!"

I then gave it up.—N. Y. Herald.

THE IDEAL GUEST.

Knows When to Be Blind and Deaf to What Is Going On.

The ideal guest ought to bring something new and entertaining to the family resources from books, or through, or observation, and not be selfishly absorbed in her own enjoyment as to fall to do her part toward brightening the breakfast table chat and the festive gatherings.

It is related of an American girl that she was once in such a tremor of delight at being assigned a place at table next to a great English poet that she could scarcely keep from tears, but the only word which the great man addressed to her during the meal was the remark that he "liked his mutton in chunks. On the contrary," she continually has new stories of the gracious affability and delightful companionship of Phillips Brooks, and his genial qualities as a guest, which endeared him to every member of the happy households that received him into their circle.

"Oh," said Miss Mitford, "but we can, just as well as not," and to the dismay of the too courteous host they descended and the visit was prolonged for weeks.

One thing is so obvious it seems incredible that well-bred people should neglect it, and that is the courtesy of immediately writing to your hostess upon reaching home, announcing your safe arrival, and expressing your appreciation of her hospitality.

A colored brother once prayed with much fervor that he and his fellow supplicants might be forgiven for "the sins they had committed, and the sins they had omitted." When we look back over our summer visits, and are compelled to acknowledge that we have come short of being ideal guests, let this last at least be among "the sins we have omitted."—Emily Huntington Miller, in Chautauquan.

Terrors of the Swordfish. The capture and landing of a Portland of two hundred and eighty-one big swordfish by the schooner Albert Big in the last five weeks was not effected without some pretty narrow escapes from the swords of the fierce fish. During the last trip, when one hundred and nineteen fish were caught, one day was pierced three times by the swords. Once the sword went up close to a man's back. Of course, his escape from serious injury or death was a narrow one. In another boat one of the swords came up so close to a man's foot that it passed between his trousers and his oil skins and ripped the latter clear up to the hip. On the previous trip four swords pierced the boats, making eight wounds in all.—Boston Herald.

Not for Publication. "Here," cried the war correspondent, petulantly, "I believe you are concealing facts from me."

"The king of Denmark had his said."

"The truth is," whispered his majesty, "my amazons have reported several engagements with foreign troops, but I don't believe they care to have them made public just yet. You know how girls are about such things."

"I have been a day of triumph in the grey capital the monarch confined himself to a club soda.—Detroit Tribune.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

Cracked Wheat: One cup of cracked wheat stirred into four cups of boiling water, one scant teaspoon salt. Let cook over the direct heat for five or ten minutes, then set into double boiler or pail of boiling water and cook an hour.—Chicago Record.

Peach Jam: Take good ripe peaches; pare, stone and quarter them. To six pounds of cut peaches add three pounds of the best brown sugar. Stir the sugar among the peaches, and set away in a covered vessel over night. Next morning put the whole into the kettle, and boil slowly for about two hours, skimming it well.—Home.

Toothsome Breakfast Cakes: One quart of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, two eggs well beaten. Beat enough to make a good batter; bake in griddles, made each cake about as large as a pie plate. When each cake is done butter well and spread with sugar and cinnamon, pile up like layer cake, then cut down in quarters.—Farmers' Voice.

Corn Muffins: Take a cupful of granulated cornmeal, three-fourths of a cupful of boiling water, the same of cold sweet milk, a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, a level teaspoonful of salt, and a beaten egg. Mix together the meal, sugar and salt, scald with the boiling water, add the cold milk, stir in the beaten egg, and bake in muffin cups or in shallow pie pans. Good Housekeeping.

Potato Soup: Wash and pare three potatoes and let them soak in cold water. Put them into boiling water and cook very soft. Put a pint of milk to boil in a double boiler with a teaspoonful of chopped onion. When the potatoes are very soft drain thoroughly and mash them. Add them to the boiling milk and season with one teaspoonful of salt and a dash or two of red pepper. Rub through a strainer and put on to boil again. Make a tablespoonful of butter and stir into it one-half tablespoonful of flour, when well mixed, add enough of the soup to make it liquid, and then stir it into the boiling soup. Let it boil five minutes and serve very hot.—Mary Mason, in Boston Budget.

Cranberry and Apple Jam: Peel and core two dozen apples, or more if you wish to use them up while sound. Allow half a pound of cranberries to two pounds of apples, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar (brown) to each pound of the mixture of cranberries and apples. Put a teaspoonful of water in the jampan that you are to use for the jam, when it boils, put in the fruit and sugar, do not let it take care of itself. Stir it until it boils, and let it boil without stopping for half an hour. Try a little on a cold plate; as soon as it jellies put it into pots, cover while hot; it will keep for a year if required. It is nice to eat with a little of the jam on rice or tapioca in hot weather.—Leeds Mercury.

RIBBONS MUCH WORN. Used With Chiffon Their Effect Is Very Pretty.

Ribbons are always a godsend to women who have to consult economy, and as this year everything is to be ribboned there is much to be thankful for. A big black satin bow on the side breadth of a skirt, a fresh ribbon and belt collar often makes it possible to wear a gown that looked very shabby and forlorn. Black ribbons are particularly good, and a light waist that is not really soiled, but has become dulled and faded, can be made very presentable with collar, belt, cuffs and band down the front of broad, black satin ribbon. The full effects also make it possible to substitute a really plain dress for one that is soiled or faded, while added bits of fancy trimming never look out of place in this age of the world, when there seems to be no possible reason d'être for anything, particularly so as dress is concerned.

A touch of bright color will often go far to brighten a dark gown that looks dull and old than will anything else. Yellow in the spring of the year, red in the autumn, used to be thought the correct thing. Now either color is used at either time. They both work good results. Velvet is preferable to satin for autumn wear in trimmings, but it is understood, but it will be harder to choose becoming shades in it, as there is much less rarity of coloring. In red the carise or cherry shades is preferable to the magenta, which has lost its popularity.

It is not necessary to confine the cold desert to ice cream. There is frozen pudding, tutti fruti, mousses and water ice, sherbert and sorbet, frappe and granites, frozen custard and ever so many other delectable dishes which can be made with the aid of some ice and rock salt. Rock salt is cheap stuff and it can be used several times over, adding a little new each time. The proportion that gives the best result for most frozen dishes is about one-fourth salt. Most people make the mistake of trying to freeze their material with ice broken into any and every size. It needs to be fine, almost as fine as the salt. If one has not a shaver for the ice, such as icemen use in making fine ice, lay the ice in a stout piece of crash, and smash it up on something solid, using a heavy hammer, alternate the salt and ice, lay packing and cover the top with a newspaper to keep the air off and prevent melting the ice where it will do no good.—St. Louis Republic.

Bosses Have Come Back. Bosses have come back, not only in fur, but in chiffon, ribbon and feathers. The last named are now quite short in some cases, and have for a fastening a little fur head such as a mink to hold them close to the throat. Even the chiffon boss has these little heads as a finish. When chiffon collars are short they often terminate in a huge chon on each side of the throat, from which long ends stream down to the waist, or even to the knees. Combined with the material itself, one often sees a bunch of leaves and bright berries or flowers adding to the size of the chon. Somewhat in keeping with the long-ended boss are the bows which are worn on the shoulders, from which the ends hang down almost to the hem of the dress.—N. Y. Recorder.

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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

A TYPICAL CONSERVATIVE.

His wife said that Jones was "conservative." And I think he was; at least I will give to Jones the benefit of every doubt. And every trick of tongue, to help him out. And say when men his memory recall: "O! speak not thus of him, it was his style; He was conservative."

He titled his acres with the poorest tools. He took no weekly papers, and the schools would all have closed could he but had his way. The buildings gone to wreck. "It doesn't pay."

He said, "to read the children's heads with stuff. If they can't cram and write, why, that's their fault. O, thought conservative!"

What thought to save had always been his bent. What though he scraped and grasped for every cent. Not always caring for the wrong or right. So long as gold and silver was in sight.

What mattered it to him what men might say. About, or to him, this was e'er his way; He was conservative.

He worked his wife to death, in doors and out; She was a "mortgage lifter," there's no doubt. Then Jones worked on alone, bewailing fate. That had deprived him of a running mate.

What though he gazed at his fatal blow; (In innovations he believed not, you know, Being conservative.)

"The roads must be improved," somebody said. "The roads," cried Jones, "why, sir, you're mad!"

The roads is good enough just as they air; To fix 'em and silver was in sight. My father and gran'father drove afore. And I, till now, and I can drive 'em more, I'm so conservative.

"Such tax, if laid, would be a perfect steal in 'stead of the dues that riders gather." A benefit! no 'tain't, that's what I say; We ain't a-gettin' nothin' fur our hay. And just suppose we could draw bigger loads.

More hay won't grow because we've got good roads; It's too conservative.

In spite of all that Neighbor Jones could do. The roads were rounded up, stone-surfaced too; The farmers drew their loads of grain that way.

The roads were lined with "wheels" and bunched gay. Land owners paid their tax, well satisfied. And Jones paid his; then went to bed and died.—An act conservative.

"WORKING" THE ROADS.

An Ancient Custom Now Fortunately Falling Into Disrepute.

There is no great loss without some small gain." By the same token there is no great gain without some small loss. The new order of things brought about by the good roads movement is likely to do away with one of the pleasantest features of the social life of farmers. At first thought this seems doubly lamentable, inasmuch as the social life of rural communities is already notably restricted and barren.

The happy feature referred to is likely to be eliminated by the movement to secure better highways and better methods of getting them, is the annual summer visiting, be enjoyed by the male members of rural communities who get together presumably for the purpose of "working" the roads. This presumption, however, is wrong, in most cases, as the real purpose of such gatherings is for the farmers to exchange views on political and neighborhood topics, tell stories, swap tobacco, and do whatever else will contribute to the restful enjoyment of those assembled.

At these meetings the rival village wits contest with each other, with what they term mind against mind, for the plaudits of their hearers. The great governmental questions are discussed and argued at great length. The boys indulge in jumping and wrestling matches, while the maturer members of the gatherings are content to whittle and look on.

In the meantime the work of making a good road languishes the while. The highway is left in a half-finished state to wait for a repetition of the same poor policy the following year. It is true that now and then a pathmaster is found who believes that an honest day's work should be given in road-making the same as in any other capacity, and he compels every one to do the proper

part in a respectable home garden. We wish to have our garden look nice, as well as produce large and useful crops. In the garden the surface as fine and mellow as we can get it, and this even for crops, such as tomatoes, potatoes, etc., which can be and are usually planted as a field crop. Appearance counts for something, especially in a respectable home garden.

Young Pigs in the Orchard. All young pigs in the orchard should be kept from rooting and free to root the soil as much as they like. Ringing older hogs is sometimes necessary, as in a dry time old sows will get in the habit, if unringed, of gnawing at the bark of the trees and thus destroying them. An old hog also in rooting will make deep hog wallows in the soil, destroying some apple roots and making the surface very uneven. It is probably from eating apple tree roots in the soil that the older hogs get their liking for apple tree bark and learn to attack the trunk above the ground. When they get this habit it is impossible to entirely break them of it. However well fed they may be, they like a few apple tree bark for a change.—Rural World.

Care in Butter Manufacture. There must be a feeding of the best and wholesome food; a cleanly care of the stable, so that the true germs of ferment shall have their first lining; a studious looking after the milk as it is cream and proper churning. So it is true that food is not the source of true butter flavor but improper feeding does injure the flavor by putting in obnoxious tastes that can only at the best be removed by "fire," it only makes it imperative that dairying be conducted on yet better known principles; in other words, the best in dairying can only be secured and maintained by a thorough understanding of demonstrated dairy principles and practice.—John Gould.

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GROWING THE CHERRY.

This Delicious Fruit Does Not Require the Attention It Should.

Its planting is often limited to but a few trees on home premises, and because of limited amount of fruit birds are most damaging to it. Its early bloom and fruit are subject to destruction on level lands, low lands, hot, sheltered localities that release frosts quickly when they drop untimely and late. The cherry does not do well on wet lands, and thorough drainage is an absolute necessity. This is best attained if the fruit is grown on high rolling lands, ridges, bluffs, and in such localities where the grape thrives. If so planted it will be a fairly sure cropper, more sure with us than the apple. It is advisable to plant trees that are in vigor and not too old. One year we consider better than two, and considerable care should be taken to plant trees very early and on well-tilled ground. It is beneficial if they are planted among raspberries—small fruits of bush form and four years—will well established and they come into bearing. Pruning from the start should receive some attention, and no knife used on stem, but the leading shoots should be pinched back, and heading-in practiced on the trees. The cherry has the unfortunate habit of the peach—making principally terminal growth, and by extension pushing the entire tree out into a few long, bare limbs with a few scattering branches on them that die from want of nourishment because the sap flow is not checked. This can be largely obviated and the bearing surface of the cherry largely increased by heading in and making a dense head around the central stem. Such caution may not be necessary east and south, but it is necessary in the west to attain success because of our natural dry air and arid conditions, since the glaring of the hot sun that continues at times for months does much injury. A dense head shade the fruit and normal condition of the bark, preventing sun scald, bark bursting and destruction of cell structure. Because markets are bare of home-grown fruits, fruit cans are empty and the fruit has a good demand. The picking costs 40 to 60 cents per bushel, and we have always received from \$2.50 to \$3.20 per bushel for the fruit, averaging \$3 to \$6 per tree from trees planted eight to eleven years. In varieties we would confine ourselves to Early Richmond, principally two-thirds of that sort, and one-third to one-half of Morrello and Wragg, which are very similar, but both very regular bearers and reliable. In good Richmond years the Morrello does not sell so well, but we think so large a proportion should be of the late sorts, since off-Richmond years when there are no cherries, in spite of the fiery acid of Morrello, they will sell very readily and at a high price.—W. M. Bomberger, in Prairie Farmer.

They Come Handy. Uncle (to his respectable nephew)—You have got to be no better than a common beggar. Hardly a day passes that you don't come to me and borrow money. Thank heaven, you are my only nephew, and I wish I didn't have you.

Nephew—I am a better man, uncle, than you are. So far from wishing you dead, I wish I had five or six more such uncles.—Texas Siftings.

Found and Found. Grocer (to new boy)—See, now, if you can lift this fifty-pound bag of flour.

New Boy—No, sir, I can't.

Grocer—Thought you said you could carry fifty pounds?

New Boy—But this wasn't weighed on your scales.—Chicago Record.

Costly Education. Mrs. Nurch—You can't think, Brother Caleb, what an expense it's been to us, leaving Amelia to play the pianer.

Brother Caleb (dolefully)—It can't compare with what I had to pay out when George was learning to play the races. And he didn't learn much, either.—Puck.

Just Like a Man. Mrs. Fozzleton—George, to-morrow is mommer's birthday, and I think we ought to give her something. You must remember she has been with us ten weeks now.

Fozzleton—Yes; let us give her a send-off.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Circumstances. Miss Amy—Of course you are familiar with Longfellow's poem, "To Stay at Home Is Best."

Dolly—Yes, Miss Amy, and I think he must have written it just after returning from a summer outing.—Tammany Times.

Very Glaring Mark. Hotel Porter—There's no danger, sir—better keep your head in, sir.

Frightened Guest—Why?

Porter—It's so red, sir, I'm afraid the firemen'll turn the hose on it, sir.—Chicago Record.

Groundless Fears. The Philanthropist—In giving you that quarter, sir, I'm afraid I've befriended a hard drinker.

The Beneficiary—You're mistaken this time, sir; drinking is one of the easiest things I do.—Puck.

Climbing Right Up. Bumpus—Zigzag is making money hand over fist.

McSmith—What is he doing now?

Bumpus—He is on the stage as a professional rope climber.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Stark Mad. Lawyer—Did you examine this lady carefully before certifying that she was insane?

Physician—Yes, sir. I asked her age, and she made herself out two years older than she was.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, October 14, 1893.

Table with market prices for various commodities like CATTLE, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

SMOOTHING THE SOIL.

A Device Whose Construction Is Explained by the Cut.

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Cricket Firms in Season.

Prizes of pigs and kegs of salt beef are the objects for which the Samoans play cricket. The game, which is enlivened by the music of a native band, takes a large number of players, sometimes thirty or forty being entered on a side. The Samoans have also taken kindly to large boats built after European models, and these have almost entirely taken the place of the large canoes in which they formerly traveled. Instead of working the men use a large part of their time in traveling in these boats from island to island talking politics. Some of the boats require thirty or forty oars for propulsion, and are between seventy and eighty feet long, the latest addition to the fleet measuring one hundred feet in length.—N. Y. Tribune.

Perhaps the oddest thing in prison methods in the latest novel west is the treatment of inmates of the county jail at Cathlamet, Ore. Three times a day, every day in the week, they are taken out of jail and escorted to the dining-room of one of the several restaurants and hotels in town, and there they take their meals in more comfort and ease than many of the people who have to work for the privilege of eating. The keepers of restaurants and hotels refused to take bids for furnishing food to the jail, and this picnic for the prisoners is the result.

Great improvements have been recently made at the mouth of the river. The old branch into the Baltic has been straightened and shortened from ten miles to four and a half, and the channel broadened by shifting a dike on the left bank six miles further west. The Danzig branch is shut off by a lock. The changes make the river more accessible, and at the same time will prevent destruction by floods. The work cost five million dollars.

Like a Venomous Serpent. Hidden in the grass, malaria bit waits our approach, to sprout and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, constipation, grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

"I will kill him," cried the poet, "if I have to tie him fast and road him to death with one of my own sonnets."—Harper's Bazar.

Kate Field in Deaver. DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country. I should say nothing by the civility of the employes, the comfort of the cars, the excellence of the roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

In case of doubt in a Kentucky poker game always draw both guns.—Washington Post.

"Isn't that a new ring?" "It's new to me."—Littell.

Dr. Wal