

THE DEAREST PLACE.  
You know where earth seems dearest,  
Your heart has told you this;  
Where heaven bends down to the nearest,  
Your waiting soul to kiss.  
You know where cars are lightest  
And skies are ever fair;  
You know where joys are brightest—  
The one you love is there.  
You know where hours are sweetest  
And fairest pleasures dwell;  
You know where fields are sweetest  
With roses and asphodel.  
You know where kindly graces  
Strew blossoms every where;  
Your heart knows where that place is—  
The one you love is there.  
—Chicago Herald.

### HALLAM'S BURDEN.

BY EVELYN THORPE.

When Hallam had secured his luggage at the Custom House he drove to a hotel and registered in the name under which he had taken his passage from England. After that he walked about the city casually for an hour or two. The next day he inserted an advertisement in one or two papers.

Replies came to the same in large numbers speedily. Hallam selected one out of the many, singling it out at once as more likely to suit his purpose. In the course of the forenoon of the fourth day after his arrival he found himself concluding arrangements with a little old gentleman in gold-rimmed spectacles and baggy trousers for the occupancy of two of the latter's rooms. The advertisement had said: "A quiet neighborhood." The little old gentleman's house stood in a street which the onward rush of metropolitan life had left, somehow, so completely behind that it had not even been invaded by commerce. The advertiser also had described himself as a person of studious tastes in the occupations appertaining to which he did not wish to be disturbed. The little old gentleman had never, apparently, done anything more active nor practical in his life than to patter about among the dusty and musty books that filled his den on the ground floor.

The same evening Hallam was installed in his new house.

"He looks like the melancholy Jacques," cried the Doctor's daughter, Judith.

The little old gentleman expostulated wildly. Judith caught him about the neck, laughed, kissed him and stuck to her opinion. She had red hair, a skin like peach blossom, eyes that were never twice of the same color and not a regular feature in her charming face.

"Why does he want to make such a mystery of himself?" demanded this young woman.

"Mystery, my dear? Nonsense!" Judith again showed her dazzling teeth.

"He is mysterious," she affirmed. "A very mysterious young man."

The mysterious young man had slowly and deliberately unpacked his effects. Books he had in plenty, as well as the old gentleman down stairs. Hegel, Schopenhauer, Plato's "Apology"—ponderous tomes, brown-coated and well-thumbed. When he had leisurely disposed his new abiding place to his liking he drew forth pens, paper, ink, and, sitting down, wrote on sheets of foolscap till late into the night. His document he signed, affixing thereto his seal also.

Before retiring he looked out into the still calmness of the street, its remoteness dimly lighted by the flicker from the corner lamp-post.

Yes, he had certainly chosen his retreat well. The philosophic quiet he had looked for he had found. Also the secrecy—escape from prying curiosity. If there seemed one faintly dissonant chord in this satisfying harmony it was that which vibrated as the face and figure of the Doctor's daughter was evoked by memory. There was a sarcasm in her changeable eyes, a mocking in the dimples around her mouth. If any consideration so trivial could still have moved him to any sensation whatever, Hallam felt that he would have disliked that red-headed girl exceedingly.

The next day he took the sealed envelope of the night before and presenting himself to the old gentleman downstairs begged him kindly to take charge of it. "Until such time as I, or some one else, shall call for it, or circumstances shall seem to demand that it be produced." But in order to relieve him of any responsibility, Hallam added that he had made a little paper stating that he had entrusted the Doctor with the envelope and its contents, which paper he had signed. He suggested that the Doctor also sign this little paper, which the Doctor, good man, incontinently did.

When Judith heard of this affair she broke into another of her irreverent spritely lighthearts.

"And ever more mysteries!" she cried.

It was not to be denied that Hallam's mode of life gave some coloring to her suspicions. Shut up in his room all the day, he rarely went out save toward nightfall. He received no letters, no communications from any source whatever. With regard to his own affairs he was immutably silent, and there was upon his solemn face a settled gloom which even the good old Doctor thought, in his vague, benign way, "a strange in such a young man—in such a nice young man, too."

Judith was mounting to her little room one night when she heard a latch-key rapidly inserted in the hall door. Her father was still deep in his books and did not look up as Hallam let himself in, swiftly and with curious noiselessness shutting the door behind him. But Judith, standing three or four steps above their lodger on the stairs said instantly, in a low voice:

"What is the matter, Mr. Hallam?"

Every trace of color had left his cheeks. His eyes had a wild look. He opened his lips as though to reply, but no sound came from them.

With unhesitating presence of mind and calm deliberation Judith came down the steps and softly closed the door into the dingy apartment, half library, half office, in which the unsuspecting Doctor sat.

"Now, Mr. Hallam—"

But at the moment footsteps echoed along the quiet street. It is not known whether they really seemed to pause near the Doctor's house or whether it only so appeared to John Hallam's disordered imagination.

"I have been followed!" were the words that broke from him. "They are on my track!"

The girl had grown almost as pale as he. A great seriousness had come over her face.

"Come!" she whispered.

They sped up the stairs and along the dark upper hall toward the back of the house. There Judith turned. No sound came from below.

"Mr. Hallam," she said, in low, trembling tones, "I cannot believe you to have been guilty of any harm that would make you dread pursuers—"

"No, no!" he whispered. "Indeed, I have done no harm—intentionally. But appearances are against me, and tonight—out there in the street, and my blocks away—I saw a man who is part of the broken life I had thought to leave forever behind me when I crossed the ocean and found this place of retreat. God bless you for those words of confidence. I am an innocent man, though on under suspicion of crime!"

"I believe you," said Judith's voice, after a moment, through the darkness in which they stood. She passed, feeling her way with her hands, into a room at the rear, and noisily opened a window, admitting the pale night-light.

"It is a step from this window to the roof of the back piazza," she said rapidly. "From there you could let yourself down, clinging to one of the pillars to the high yard fence. A lattice runs along that. At the back of the yard is an open space where the old house was burned down last year, leading into the next street below. You can make good your escape this way—at any time. This room we never occupy. The door shall remain unlocked. I need not tell you that you are safe so far as I am concerned."

The fugitive caught her hand in the gloom. "God bless you!" he ejaculated fervently again.

She left him like a shadow, retreating along the hallway. After a few moments the Doctor began to move about below, extinguishing lights, barred and chained the front door and came slowly creaking up the stairs with a candle. A silence then fell over the house, in which Judith kept long watch by her chamber door, and Hallam stood with thumping arteries by the light of the open window in the empty room. But no disturbance came as the heavy hours wore away and Hallam knew that once more he had evaded pursuit.

But, for how long? For days he remained snugly and cozily in his rooms, not so much even as venturing to his window. Judith he saw but once or twice, but her changed face, its gravity, its watchfulness, dwelt in his memory. A great gratitude toward this queer girl, whom he had begun by disliking so strenuously, crept into his soul. Here was a noble, generous creature, indeed, who could trust a fellow being or stranger, all appearances being against him. It was something to have known such a nature at the last pass. It was something to take away with one, as a last remembrance, the impression of such a character.

For Hallam felt the net of destiny tightening around him and asked himself if he had not been a coward so long to put off his doom. Well enough he had known that any day he might be discovered. The world was pitifully small when one wanted to crawl into some secret corner of it. Life he cared naught for. To carry on its burden had seemed a thing impossible. But he had wished to lay down the burden in a philosophic calm, in a mental state superior to all its petty miseries, not to have it shuffled from him in the ignominy of a felon's death.

Well, the deferred time for action had now come—amply come. Hallam unlocked a portmanteau and took from it a brace of pistols, which he carefully inspected. Then he mentally went over the steps he had taken to make his course clear and liberate all others from any suspicion of foul play. His confession was written out, with the expression of his purpose to take his own life and now lay in the hands of that good old man downstairs. He could produce it after the tragedy together with the bit of paper, signed by Hallam and himself, which stated that the sealed document had been entrusted to him at Hallam's special request. Hallam felt that he had taken every precaution to save these worthy people with whom he had found a haven from any unpleasantness. Once more from his heart swelled with gratitude toward the girl. Then he took up his hat and, for the first time in broad daylight, stepped out upon the streets. The end of all things seemed so near now that he had discarded all fear.

He had walked perhaps half an hour when a touch suddenly descended upon his shoulder. In that moment, when every drop of blood in his veins seemed to congeal, he had a sensation as if all things tangible were slipping from him. He saw a face, heard a voice, through a veil or mist, a roar of rushing water.

At the same moment an arm was passed under his own, the ruddy laughing face bent nearer and the gruff, hearty voice exclaimed:

"Hullo! What's up, my boy? A pretty pace you've led me all over town! We followed you up as far as here, but then all trace of you disappeared. You're looked for eagerly on the other side of the pond, I assure you. A fellow has no right to frighten his friends in this way. I think you must have fled on a false and hasty conclusion you arrived at. We'll talk the matter over at our ease. Here's a cafe—a restaurant. I find they are not quite gastronomic savages over here, don't you know. Suppose we step in."

Judith was alone and bending over a book she was not reading when Hallam came in. She raised her eyes as she recognized his footsteps and they became riveted to his face, so singular was the expression thereof, so great its change and so curious his glance as it rested upon her.

"Miss Judith," he said, quietly, "may I tell you a story—my own story? I shall be as brief as I can. I loved, or thought I loved, a very beautiful woman. And I had a rival. This woman was brilliant, a finished woman of the world, a coquette, an enchantress among men. She maddened me; she stole my senses away. She told me that she loved me. Yet one evening I found her with the man to whom I thought she had preferred me. He turned and struck me. What came after is a blur to me still. I made a wild thrust and saw him fall backward, striking his head against the stone steps of the garden and never rising into the house. I saw his brother emerge hastily hence. I saw my brother bent over the prostrate form. It was pulseless. All life seemed extinct.

I lost my head. I turned and ran, dodging through the night, leaping fences. I firmly believed the man was dead and that I had killed him. I took passage for America a few days later under an assumed name. I had made all my plans. Existence, even if I could have secured it with the sensation of perfect safety, had become unbearable. I saw that white face forever before me; I felt forever the faithfulness of the woman I had so passionately adored, an agony intolerable. When I advertised for a quiet retreat it was with the firm intention of blowing my brains out in it in a very short time. It was in anticipation of this that I gave your father that sealed paper, which was a confession of my intention. The days slipped by. What has happened within the last week you know. That man I saw upon the street was the woman's brother. To-day I saw him again."

Judith made a movement.

"He had tracked me and followed me to tell me that the man I thought I had killed had recovered completely, and that the woman for love of whom I had endured the torture of these last months, had sent for me to return. My fate had moved her, and the place in her heart other claimants had disputed before should be mine now."

Judith sat very still, her face like milk under the red gold sheen of her hair.

Suddenly Hallam knelt down before her.

"Judith," he said, "there is no love now in my soul for any woman but you. That love has been cast out by a holier love. What have you to say to me, Judith, you brave girl, you helper of those in affliction?"

History has no record of Judith's answer. But it must be supposed that it was satisfactory. For when John Hallam sailed away again there was a Mrs. Hallam, too.—New York Mercury.

### His Turtle Knew Him.

J. H. Brobaska, the well-known ex-conductor of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is noted for his fondness for dumb animals of every description, and if he had retained all his "pets" he has possessed at various times he would have a fair start in the way of a zoological garden of his own, says the *Courier d'Alene*, (Idaho) *Times*. Probably the most novel of all his experiences in this line—as related by himself—recently occurred on the lake near this city.

Some time last summer while strolling about Cour d'Alene's suburbs, he came across two small turtles, lively little fellows of the water species, and succeeded in capturing them. He placed them in his coat pocket, took them to Spokane Falls, and there provided them with a miniature aquarium in his room and commenced their domestication and education. One of them the tutor named "Pat," and the other one he called "Pete." Pat had evidently at some time in his life been a holler carrier, for on his back was a white spot as if caused by a drop of plaster falling upon it. As winter approached and Mr. Brobaska was absent from his room a portion of the time, he became solicitous for the welfare of his proteges, and finally determined to bring them back to the Cour d'Alene Lake and set them free. Accordingly they were again placed in his pocket and in due time returned to the native element.

A few days ago, while Mr. Brobaska and some friends were rowing upon the lake, the former espied a small turtle swimming upon the surface a short distance from them. He instantly stretched out his hand to the uncouth voyager and called out: "Pete, Pete, come here, old boy!" but as the summons was not obeyed he changed the salutation to "Pat, Pat!" At the pronunciation of the magic name the little paddler stretched out his neck, turned his head, and as the call was repeated changed his course and swam fearlessly to the boat, where he climbed into his master's hand, was placed in the latter's pocket, and has again become a citizen of Spokane Falls. Mr. Brobaska hopes in time to find "Pete" again and recover him in the same way.

### Artificial Rainfall.

Colonel D. T. Casper, who has been connected with the Signal Service since its foundation, early in the seventies, told a *New York Star* representative some curious facts about the service.

"A curious little clause was tacked to the Appropriation bill," began the Colonel, "while it was before the Senate, and went through the legislative mill inordinately enough and is now a law. It provides that, under the direction of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, \$2000 shall be expended on experiments in the artificial production of rainfall. There are those who are disposed to make merry over this provision of the Appropriation bill, but really there is nothing so very absurd about it. No doubt there is plenty of moisture at all times, if only it could be gathered in the right place and be made to fall upon the earth. Man has accomplished as difficult things as that in the realm of applied science. Then why not that? It is not contemplated, however, to produce rainfall by the slow growth of forests in the arid regions. The success of that method is still disputed. Under the new law it is proposed to find out whether rainfall cannot be produced by electricity, dynamite explosions or other mechanical agencies. Taking the cue from the fact that heavy cannonading on a battlefield or a Fourth of July celebration is followed by copious rains, the experimenters will work accordingly. The process of burning powder to produce rain has hitherto been too expensive to warrant its general use, but possibly cheaper explosives will be found. It has been proposed, among other things, to attach twenty-five pounds of dynamite to a toy balloon and then send a flock of such balloons into the air, with lighted fuses attached. At any rate," concluded the Colonel, "one way or another, the arid lands of this country are bound to be brought under splendid cultivation sooner or later. They comprise some of the most fertile soil on earth."

### An Elephant-Like Pig.

Mr. Aekom, living in Van Wert County, Ohio, brought a queer freak to town. Mr. Aekom is a breeder of thoroughbred Poland China hogs. In a litter of piglets, farrowed recently, was one which very nearly resembled an elephant. It had enormous ears, a long trunk and one tusk. It was the color of an elephant and its feet turned up in a peculiar way. The trunk started from the forehead and extended out and down over the mouth. It is one of those peculiar freaks which occasionally occur in the animal world.

According to a recent report of the Austrian Minister of Agriculture, there are now 490 Government horse-breeding establishments in Austria.

## AGRICULTURE

### TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

#### BLIGHT IN PEARS.

The disease which affects pear trees by blackening the limbs is known as fire blight. It also affects quinces and apples. It is quite probable that the presence of quinces in a pear orchard is not desirable, as these trees may infect the pear trees, but pears are attacked and destroyed when there are no quinces near. The first appearance of the disease in a tree is shown by the profusion of bloom, an expiring effort of nature, no doubt, to resist the fatal attack. Then the leaves fade early and drop off, and the small twigs are seen to be black and dead in places. The best thing to do is to cut back the tree to the main limbs, leaving only a head, which will sometimes save it and make a new healthy growth. To prevent it liberal dressings of fresh wood ashes or air-slaked lime should be given, and a pallid of water, in which four ounces of sulphate of copper are dissolved, should be sprayed over each tree. As this is washed off the limbs or falls to the ground it reaches the roots and enters the tree in time.—New York Times.

#### GOOD BUTTER.

In addressing the Vermont Dairymen's Association, Professor Cooke gave the following practical suggestions:

"The best butter is that which best suits the taste of the person for whom it is made. The keeping quality is no longer considered essential. The consumers want to be near the churn as possible. They no longer want a high flavored article, but most persons of a refined taste like it nearly like sweet cream in taste. Agents urge the merits of their various systems of butter making. By following out the season it will probably be seen that every one has taken a first prize, perhaps several. Every one has also made admirable butter. The man, the cow, and the feed have more influence than the system. Dairymen are wisely changing their herds so that they may engage in winter dairying and so come up to the times. The methods of to-day are very different from those of twenty-five years ago. Less labor is required, while the quality is much better. A man whose taste for good butter is educated is willing to pay for it, but will demand three things. A clean cow giving healthy milk, good feed, and cleanliness in every stage of the process. As regards enlarged butter, no expert can tell this in the world if properly done, unless the odor is absorbed by the milk after it is drawn. When this is fed the stables must be well ventilated and free from the odor. The cream should be churned as soon as the acid appears so as to get that creamy taste."—The winter cream will churn better if thinned with warm water.

#### PLOWING DEEP.

All soils cannot be treated alike, and because one farmer finds it best to plow deep should not be accepted by every one as conclusive evidence that deep plowing is the best under all circumstances, and especially is this the case where shallow plowing has heretofore been the rule.

It is not a good plan, in old ground especially, that has been plowed shallow for a number of years, to all at once bring several inches of subsoil to the surface in which to plant a crop. And get this would not imply that if properly done deep plowing would not be more profitable. Either one of two plans should be followed—the plowing should be deepened gradually, or, if plowed deep for the first time, the work should be done a considerable time ahead, so as to give the different elements time to act upon the soil. If the land is plowed deep in the fall for the first time, usually by spring it will be in a fit condition for planting, or if plowed in spring it can be sown in the fall. But some soils should not be plowed deep, even when this plan is followed; while with others the deeper it is turned the better.

The character of the soil should largely determine the kind of plowing that should be done, and land that has been previously cultivated, if deep plowing is the best, should be deepened gradually, turning up a little subsoil at each plowing, until a great depth has been stirred. Generally, if done properly, deep plowing and shallow preparation and cultivation will be found the best, and a deeply stirred soil will induce a more vigorous growth, while the plants will be able to stand moisture better than when only plowed shallow. So that when the character of the soil will admit, the better plan is to plow deep and thorough, taking care to do the work in good season.

The action of the light, heat, cold, rain, snow and air is to render available plant food that is already in the soil, and if the subsoil is brought to the surface in this way in sufficient time to be acted upon by these, the work can be done with benefit.

But before plowing deep, understand the character of the soil and know that it will stand deep stirring.—*Prairie Farmer*.

#### MISTAKES IN PRUNING.

A common error in pruning, says Professor D. E. Lantz in the *Industrialist*, is the idea that a branch which is to be removed should be cut one or two inches from the trunk, leaving a stub. An examination of these stubs two or three years later reveal a dead place extending deeply into the wood and doing permanent injury to the tree. On the other hand, a considerable branch may be removed from a thrifty tree if cut close up to the trunk, and the scar will grow over in a single season. After a tree is once started in a permanent place it ought not to be severely pruned. During the first season of growth there is often a tendency to put off new shoots along the trunk. These must be removed, but they can be easily rubbed off when they first appear. If left there is a tendency of the part above these shoots to die. At least they lack vigor and make but little growth. A common mistake in pruning is to cut the tops out of large trees. The finest trees are those that grow in the natural form. Any attempt to make a dwarf of a tree is unnatural and shows want of taste, horticulturally speaking. Evergreens especially should not have the tops removed unless they are grown in a hedge. The natural shape of a tree is not seen in a crowded forest, but its shape when growing freely in an isolated position.

In all correct pruning the first principle is based upon the fact that sap always tends to the extreme end of each branch, hence the importance of accurately adjusting the balance between the roots and branches of the vine, bush or tree. The finest fruit ripens under the shade of the leaves, therefore in summer pruning do not remove large quantities of leaves and shoots, but simply break off the ends of the shoots and then with water and other refuse of like nature. Trellis vines so that the air can circulate freely between them and the ground, and thin out all weak or imperfectly formed bunches. This can be done when the grapes are about the size of peas. During the growing or fruiting season the vines should be gone over at intervals of two or three weeks to pinch back shoots remove suckers, etc.

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Fine fruit makes its own market. The poorest farmer has the most dogs. Have you killed the briars and bushes? It saves cold fingers to dig potatoes early.

Pure well or spring water for the swine.

Paint over or wax over all considerable wounds on your trees.

Grow the apple on a bush-formed tree or on one well trimmed up.

Let the poultry occupy the orchard during all the insect-breeding season.

Apple trees and all fruit-bearing trees and plants require a good deal of potash.

It is better to grow fruit than to grow briars and thorns. The latter usually cost the most.

Straining will not clean dirty milk. Virtue in this case consists in keeping out the dirt.

Herbs for winter use should be carefully dried in the shade and kept in a cool, dry place.

Pull yourself together and concentrate your efforts, and do not try to spread over all creation.

Attend the fair. Exhibit your stock, compare it with other stock and see wherein yours is inferior.

Feed the high-priced corn to low-priced cattle, and that will make both corn and cattle worth more.

Fattening steers, if fed one good ration of grain, can dispense with one-third of the pasturage required without grain.

One of the very finest fertilizers for melons is old bones, gathered up and reduced by placing them in alternate layers with ashes the year previous to using them.

When apples fall on the ground and rot the grass is sometimes injured, due to decomposition and acidity of the fallen fruit. A dressing of lime or ashes is the proper remedy.

With all the new varieties of berries that have been introduced it is doubtful if anything has been gained in the flavor, though the size and appearance have been greatly improved.

Although experiments have failed to reveal a difference in the fruiting value of the several varieties of *Helianthus*, it has been well demonstrated that a corn silage does not possess equal value as food.

A chestnut orchard would be a good thing on many a farm. The tree grows rapidly, and usually assumes a handsome shape when not crowded. Plant wide apart, and cultivate and prune when young.

The first cost of working land to a proper depth is considerable, but when once done and the impediments—that is, rocks, stones or stumps—disposed of, there is an annual saving of time and of tools in the work.

An acre of clover should provide sufficient hay for a cow one year. Where the cows have pasture and the hay is only used in winter there should be a sufficient quantity for two cows. It is not every farmer who can make an acre support a cow one year, however.

Corn husks possess a value in market much greater than their value for breeding. They are used in the manufacture of bed, but if saved for that purpose they must be harvested before wet weather and be clean, dry and in bright condition. They are shipped baled.

The old method of training a pet lamb at the house and then turning it into the flock is still practised by some flockmasters. It is well known that sheep will follow a leader, and if the petted lamb has been taught to come at a call or peculiar sound the whole flock will be governed by following the particular one that has been trained.

Small potatoes make excellent chicken feed if properly fed. Boil, and while hot, mash with cornmeal and bran and feed warm. Give only what they will eat up clean and not often than every other day. The trouble which follows from feeding potatoes is due to over feeding when the birds are hungry and without mixing the potatoes with meal and bran.

You cannot keep the chicken coops too clean, and even after they leave the hens and cluster nightly by themselves see that their shelter is dry and clean and avoid crowding. Divide the flock in lots of one dozen; they will be healthier and grow faster for this attention. Every day we clean up the droppings and scatter sand about the floor, consequently the air is pure at night.

In a paper read before the Illinois State Horticultural Society occurred this statement: If you once let the earth dry on the roots of evergreens nothing will save them. The outside moisture on the roots must not be allowed to dry if you want trees to live. There is a resinous substance on the outside of the roots, and if the roots once become dry water can never penetrate that resinous covering, and the plant cannot but die.

Just after the wheat harvest hens take to laying, and the eggs produced at this time are apt to make strong, vigorous chicks. The scattering wheat is picked up in the field after harvest, or around barns where this grain is being stored away. The same qualities which make whole wheat the best grain for human food give it superiority in the production of eggs, which contain in concentrated form the nourishment required for healthful action both of body and brain. The whole wheat grain is also the best food for the young chicks after they are large enough to eat it.

Put one tablespoonful of butter in a heated frying-pan, and when it changes color put in a chopped onion, fry it a pale brown, take it out with a skimmer and put it in a saucer where it will keep hot. Remove the seeds from a green pepper, chop and fry that also, skin it out and keep hot. Slice three large tomatoes, drags with salt, fry them in the same pan, and when brown arrange them on a heated platter and sprinkle the fried pepper and onion over them. Add more butter to the pan and fry an egg for each person, cooking it on one side only and be very careful not to break the yolk. When they are done lay them carefully on top of the tomatoes and make a gravy by adding a tablespoonful of flour to the butter remaining in the pan. Mix until smooth, pour in half a pint of sweet milk, stir constantly until it boils and pour around the stew, not over the egg. Serve very hot. This is a dish which will take the place of meat either at dinner or breakfast.—*Housewife*.

#### BLACKING STOVES.

Every good housekeeper dislikes to see a grimy stove, yet often dreads equally the grimy hand acquired in the process of blacking. A pair of thick gloves is, of course, a necessary part of the outfit of any woman who does kitchen work, and yet desires, as she should, to keep her hands dainty. As a rule, far too much blacking is used on stoves. A cake of blacking such as is sold for eight cents ought to last a year for blacking one stove. If more blacking is used, it will not be rubbed into the surface of the stove as it should be, but remain as a fine dust to be afterward blown about the kitchen and cause a generally grimy appearance, so often seen in unclean-for-kitchens. A fresh coat of black should not be applied oftener than once a month, when the flues should also be cleaned out and the interior of the stove thoroughly brushed out. Before putting on new blacking, the old blacking should be washed off. The new coat must now be applied and the stove thoroughly polished.

The edges of the stove, if they are of polished iron, should not be blacked, but cleaned like a steel knife with sapolio or brick dust. The stove knob and other nickel parts of the stove should be rubbed bright with a chamois skin or old shrunken flannel. An ordinary paint and whitening brush is one of the best things with which to apply blacking to a stove. A stiff brush, such as is used for polishing, is the best brush for polishing. During the month, polish the stove with the polishing-brush each morning, just after kindling the fire. Keep an old cloth always on hand in cooking, to rub off any grease spot as soon as it occurs. If the spots are obstinate, a few drops of kerosene oil put on the stove cloth will remove them. The ground edges and nickel work of the stove should be rubbed off at least once a week, besides the monthly cleaning when the stove is blacked.—*Boston Cultivator*.

#### TOMATO RECIPIES.

Among the following recipes, says Mrs. E. R. Parker in the *Courier-Journal*, every housekeeper can find a mode of serving tomatoes which will be acceptable to every member of the family:

Fried Tomatoes—Peel and slice, season with salt and pepper; dip in egg, then in grated crackers or bread crumbs. Fry in hot lard.

Broiled Tomatoes—Take large, smooth tomatoes, wash and wipe them, put on a gridiron over a good fire, turn until cooked; take up on a hot dish, with butter, pepper and salt.

Tomato Toast—Strain a quart of stewed tomatoes; put in a saucepan with butter, salt and pepper; let heat. Have slices of nicely browned toast; butter, lay in a hot dish, and pour the tomatoes over.

Baked Tomatoes—Cut a slice from the blossom end, take out the seed, and fill with a dressing made of grated crackers, butter, pepper and salt; bake half an hour, pour over melted butter and serve.

Scalloped Tomatoes—Put in a deep baking dish a layer of bread crumbs with bits of butter, and a layer of tomatoes sprinkled with pepper, salt and sugar; continue until the dish is full; spread bread crumbs and butter over the top; bake one hour.

Stewed Tomatoes—Peel and chop a dozen large, ripe tomatoes, mince onion and add a teaspoonful of sugar. Put in a saucepan and stew three-quarters of an hour; add a teaspoonful of stale bread crumbs, an ounce of butter, with pepper and salt; cook slowly half an hour longer.

Tomato Omelet—Peel and chop fine half a dozen ripe tomatoes; season with salt and pepper; add half a teaspoonful of bread crumbs. Beat five eggs, and stir in with a small lump of butter. Heat an omelet pan red hot, grease with butter, and pour in the tomatoes; stir until thick; let brown and turn; garnish with hard boiled eggs, sliced.

Stuffed Tomatoes—Take a dozen large, ripe tomatoes; cut off the ends, take out the seed and pulp, sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper; have ready a pound of meat, chopped fine, with a slice of ham mixed, the tomato juice, a minced onion, a teaspoonful of bread crumbs, two beaten eggs, salt and pepper, fill the tomatoes and bake one hour.

Breaded Tomatoes—Cut smooth, solid tomatoes in slices, dry each slice carefully and dust with salt and pepper; beat an egg until light, mix with a tablespoonful of boiling water; dip each slice in this, and then in grated bread crumbs; put two large tablespoonfuls of lard in a frying pan; when very hot, put in the slices of tomato, fry brown and turn; take up carefully and serve.

Canned Tomatoes—Work a teaspoonful of rice through several waters; add a teaspoonful of curry powder and a little salt to a quart of stewed tomatoes. Put a layer of tomatoes in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of rice, another layer of tomatoes, until all is used; have the top layer of tomatoes spread with bread crumbs, over which place bits of butter. Bake in a moderate oven fire for half an hour.

The largest fruit farm in West Virginia is the Becker farm, near Harper's Ferry. It contains 5000 apricot trees, 37,000 peach trees, 3000 plum trees, 50,000 miscellaneous fruit trees, and 35,000 grape vines.

Berlin horse cars carry 100,000,000 passengers per annum.

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MONDAY.

Brown Brown, he was sayin' last night, That the heart could be judged by the face, An' a fellow could tell of his right; By his enemy's views of the case; An' he said to me, "Jonathan, when you are sound at the core, it is true That your goodness will shine out to men An' they will perceive it in you. An' if you are bad at the heart, You may try to keep all of it in, But the fast thing you know it will dart From the liver right out to the skin." Well! It may be the parson is right, In boratin' a prodigal so— I was lookin' it over to-night An' I said to myself—"I dunno Arter all I've been in the wrong When I said it wan't nothin' to me What other folks thought. I'll go long An' see what my standin' may be, An' I guess as the Lord sees my heart He will want to be fixin' it right; So Jonathan, boy! we will start On the road of repentance to-night." —Julia H. May, in *Detroit Free Press*.

### PITH AND POINT.

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"The Ozar never rides in a carriage now." "Why?" "He has discovered a revolutionary tendency in the wheels."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The farmers say there is an abundant crop of pears this year. We trust that the burglar will be able to say the same.—*Lovell Courier*.

"I've caught cold twice this week," remarked a detective. "You always were a lucky fellow," said one of his fellow officers.—*Washington Post*.

A man sat down on a horse's tail; Quick his form in a moment fell. It rose like a shot, but it didn't fall. One-half as high as his yell.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Mrs. Gusher—"O doctor, how I should hate to be buried alive!" Doctor—"Calm yourself, madame. No patient of mine need fear that fate."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"The contradictory in terms—" "This curious how words group— Yet the man 'who isn't in'— It is always 'in the soup.'" —*San Francisco Bulletin*.

Art must always get its inspirations from nature. The zebra gave us our first idea of striped clothing, and the elephant was the inventor of loose trousers.—*Puck*.

"It is strange, the ties that attach us to disagreeable things at times," as the dog said to the tin can sequel. "Still, in one's life such things are bound to a cur."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Strivas was wily, we never can. The tutee are his, who for torma; The tutee little shoe of tan May hide a very painful corn.—*Chicago Post*.

Mrs. Rafferty (looking at a camel)— "I tell you, Dianna, the way they ill-treat these animals is somethin' awful. They must have bate this poor hare prey night to death to raise such a lump on his back."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Mrs. Brown—"You don't seem to have a very high opinion of your husband's ability." Mrs. Malaprop—"No; he's a very ignorant man. Last night he spoke of persons acting in concert when he should have known they only sang at such entertainments."—*Eyech*.

High Priced Doctor—"You are now convalescent and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object." Patient—"All right, doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill."—*New York Weekly*.

However calm a man may be, And temperate in writing, Though he be led quick easily In matter he's handling, Although he be polite to men As scholar at the Hub bora, Still if he sees a pen, His written thoughts are stubborn.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"Perhaps," said the fresh young man as he plumped himself down on the sofa between two giddy girls, "perhaps you were discussing some choice secret?" "Oh, no," said one of them. "I was just saying to Minnie that no thing should separate us, but really I didn't expect it so soon." And the beating of his own heart was the only sound he heard.—*Texas Siftings*.

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