

Proud Mrs. Brandleth.

She was a proud old woman. Many West Indians are endowed with more pride than is good for them, and she was an instance. Perhaps it was the blacks, or the climate, or living on an island where there was no aristocracy save that which was constituted by money. She was very rich, there was no doubt of that; and she had a very lovely daughter, there was also no doubt of that—a fair-haired girl, with large dreamy eyes, and a fair skin, and lips that suggested a pout, yet broke into the most enchanting of smiles now and then—not very often either; perhaps the girl's life had been lonely, as an only child's often is, and perhaps she was half afraid of her mother. Her happiest days had been her school-days; she had been sent to England for her education, and when she returned to the narrow circle, and the stiff, uncompromising mother, who since her husband's death had managed the estate herself, and was absorbed in the produce of sugar and the politics of government house, Alice felt lonely and weary enough. Yet Mrs. Brandleth was very proud of her beautiful daughter, and waited serenely, convinced that the day would come when a wandering duke, or perhaps a stray prince sent over to improve his knowledge of tropics, would fall in love with her and insist upon laying his name, rank and fortune at her feet. Having this conviction strong upon her, it was provoking when one fine day Alice informed her, trembling enough, that she engaged herself to Hugh Trevor, a young surgeon who was vainly trying to get a practice in the island—for the population was more inclined to trust its broken bones and epidemics into the hands of older practitioners.

"If you dare to think of such a thing," she exclaimed, "I'll leave every penny away from you, and what is more, I will let you starve rather than give you a shilling!" after which comfortable assurance, having no money and no prospects, the pair prudently got married on the sly, and trusted to "luck."

Luck betrayed the trust and never came near them, or only luck of the worst description did; so they realized all they had, and, after one unavailing appeal to Mrs. Brandleth, determined to leave the West Indies and seek for better fortunes in England.

"I should so like to see my old friends again; yes, do let us go, Hugh, dear; besides, we can make a better fight with poverty there than here," Alice said, thinking wistfully of her school days, and a little wistfully of the manner in which her tropical acquaintance had cut her since her marriage. So with two hundred pounds in the world they set out for England.

"It is no use trying in London," Hugh said, "we should only be lost in the crowd, and, allowed to starve quietly. We'll go to some small sea-side place, or country village, and set up, and hope for the best. Unless there is some one there before us, patients must come in time"—a reasonable supposition when one considers that, in the long run, disease and death are never inconstant long together anywhere.

"Let us go by the sea, then," pleaded Alice; so they went to Drayton-on-Sea, a small sea-side place where fisher-folks abounded, and where there were hills around, with here and there houses scattered about, all inhabited by the probable patients of Hugh Trevor's future.

There was no surgeon at Drayton-on-Sea before Hugh Trevor went there, but a railway came soon after they settled there, and very soon after that a surgeon—an older man, with long experience—came and practiced more for love than fees, for he was well off, and so the bright future the Trevors were seeking was still far away.

"Oh, Hugh! what shall we do?" poor Alice said, looking up with troubled eyes at her husband. Their second child was just born, and their last bank note just changed.

"Never mind, my darling," he said bravely, "better days will come yet."

"Shall I write to mamma," she asked.

"No," he said; but she did, only to have her letter remain unanswered.

II.

The first and most vivid memory of anything that little Frank Trevor ever had was the fishing village of Drayton-on-Sea; of the grand hills guarding it and the great gray sea bounding it. It always seemed to him as if there were two other worlds besides the one in which he lived, for every day—nay, two or three times a day—did not the train pass by Drayton-on-Sea, coming from unknown land behind, and rush by to some unknown land beyond? He watched it come and go with a wondering, thoughtful face many a time, and speculated on all the strange things the whizzing engine had seen, but he was quite content when it had gone. Then there was the sea. He and his little sister spent half their time down on the sand beach, watching that great world of waves, with nothing beyond save the sky which lovingly touched it in the dim distance, and the white sails of the passing ships. Every morning for many and many a long day, his mother came down to the beach with him and little May, and sat

watching the tide coming in or going out.

"Mother," he often asked, "where is father?"

But she always gave the same answer.

"He is on the sea, my child, attending to all the people that may be ill on a large ship in which he is, and he tries to make them well."

"And what are you saying to the sea, mother?" he asked one day. She turned and answered him as if he had been a man rather than a wee child—

"I do not quite know, my darling. I am sending a prayer out with the tide, I think, to your father, to come back again. I always fancy that some of those great waves may travel far away till they touch his ship, and when the tide comes back that perhaps they will bring me some answer or some whispered message from him."

And so the months went by, and then suddenly some terrible news came, that made his mother wring her hands and rock to and fro in an agony of sorrow.

"Don't cry, mother," he said climbing into her lap; "come down to the shore and watch for father." But she only sobbed the more, and cried—

"Oh! my child, my poor child, we shall never watch for him more. He is drowned and gone forever."

"Did you see him?" he asked, childishly; "were you on the shore?"

"No, darling, he was far away—much farther than we can see—and he is drowned, and lying in the great sea forever," she wept.

Then he knew that there was a great sea-world beyond his sight, and that somewhere in it his father was lying dead, and so the child's face grew grave, and his eyes always seemed to be looking much further away than even the great hills themselves could see. The fisher-folk and the people scattered in the houses on the hills around were very good to Alice in her sorrow, but they could not provide for her and her children, and when a letter came from her mother, kind enough now, begging her to come back to the West Indian Islands, they tried to persuade her to go. But she refused; she could not accept what had been denied to her husband, and though money was enclosed it was long before she could bring herself to spend a shilling of it. She preferred even the charity of the fisher-folk. So letter after letter came, but at last there was one she could not resist.

"Remember it is your own mother who are stealing your heart against," Mrs. Brandleth wrote, "and I feel for your sorrow as if it were my own, for your father died before you even remember. I am getting too old to travel alone, but I must go to you if you will not come to me."

Then she broke up the little home—the home in which, in spite of poverty, she had been very happy in days gone by, and in which her children had been born—and went to her mother. But she could not stay there, and so after a few years Mrs. Brandleth put the sugar plantations under the care of an agent and once more Alice Trevor came to England to live in a small country town.

III.

Ten years from the time when Alice left Drayton-on-Sea, and the sun shone no longer down on a little fishing village, but on a growing place of fashionable resort. The houses which dotted the hills were closer together, and at their feet there stretched terraces and streets, and on the once lonely shore were the marks of many footsteps on the sand, and rows of boats for hire, and sailors hanging about, seeking for idlers who would sail beneath the summer sun or listen to their yarns.

"A glorious day, ma'am," Tom Hardy said to an old lady who, feeble and tired, sat down on one of the few seats scattered about. "Ah! a glorious day, ma'am. Would the young lady like a sail? I've a neat little craft yonder."

"No, thank you," she answered quietly. "May, dear, give me my knitting," and the old woman and the young girl sat down, shaded from the fierce rays of the setting sun by the life-boat which was drawn up on the sand behind them.

"Is the paint wet?" the old lady asked.

"No, ma'am, 'tain't wet," the sailor said; "it's the one behind I've been touching up. It isn't long we've had her, you see. They say it was a Mr. Greathead who invented her, but it's a great heart that gives it, I think. A lady gave that to Drayton-on-Sea just a year ago this August. It's saved a good number of lives already, too." There was no reply from the old lady, but the bright face of May Trevor looked up at him, for it was she and her grandmother, Mrs. Brandleth. They had come to see and stay a month at the place where Alice's married life had been spent, and had left her now at the lodging, too tired to come out; besides, the sea was always a dreary look with a terrible past history to her.

"Yes, miss," he went on, encouraged by the look, "I owe my life to a life-boat—not this one, but to a life-boat many years ago—that is, nine last spring. We were took up by one, me and two others, just as we had given up all hopes and were clinging to almost the last bit of spar left. She was a boat of an American that took us up, and belonged to a ship that was bound

outwards. There were only us three saved from the wreck, and one of us died."

"And did the other live?" May asked.

"Yes, miss, but he kept it secret. He was poor, you see, and his wife's mother had behaved badly, and let him and his wife and children almost starve, though she had plenty. So when he'd make enough to come back, without a penny in his pocket, and came here and found that he was counted dead, and that his wife had gone to her mother with the little ones, he thought it no use to take them back to starve again, so he determined not to let her know he was alive till he'd money enough to keep them. So he went back to America. He wanted me to go with him, but I says, 'No, sir, 'tish't money I want, but just the sea-faring life I've been used to, to make me happy.' However, he went, and he's made a lot of money; 'twas he sent me the money to get yonder little craft with, now that I felt inclined to settle down a bit; he wished me to come here because it was where he lived before he set sail."

Mrs. Brandleth looked up at him with startled eyes, and lips that would scarcely move.

"Where is he now?" she asked, while the color died from May's face, and her hands nervously clasped themselves together.

"He's gone to seek his wife, and tell her he's not dead. She'd have her sorrow over mourning for him, when he first got back, you see so he never let her know. He'll be over there by to-morrow or next day, I expect."

Mrs. Brandleth rose, pitiously clasping the sailor's hands. "Tell me his name," she said, feebly.

"Mr. Trevor, ma'am; he's a doctor."

"She heard no more, but sank fainting at May's feet."

"I always felt that Alice laid his death at my door," she said, when she opened her eyes; "she'll forgive me now, and he will, too, for I have taken care of you both for him."

A telegram was sent out that afternoon to tell Hugh Trevor that he would find his wife and child where years before he had left them. And then they waited with an impatience and happiness that seemed almost too much to bear, till that happy day should come when the train, which years before had seemed to little Frank to come from some unknown world, should bring the lost one back again.

"If I had known it all these years!" Alice said. "It would have been better to have told me."

"It was my fault, dear," Mrs. Brandleth said. "He thought you would have refused my help, perhaps, if he lived, and he could not do much for you. Tom Hardy says he has been working all these years to endow you with his earnings at last. And thus the one unkind thought vanished."

"I think I will go and meet him," Alice had said at first, meaning to go to Southampton and bring him back to Drayton; but she gave up the idea long before she received the telegram from him to say he had reached England, for Mrs. Brandleth had broken down beneath the excitement and long years of her busy life, and was ill and failing. So when the day came at last Alice left May—May who was almost a woman now—to take care of her grandmother and went down through the summer fields to the little station to meet her husband.

It was late when the train came in, almost evening time, and the sun was setting when the husband and wife went hand in hand toward the house where Mrs. Brandleth and May were awaiting them. Mrs. Brandleth was watching them from the window. "The day is nearly done," she said, and a moment later she tottered forward to meet her son-in-law. "I am so thankful," she said, as she kissed his bronzed cheek.

She never saw the sun rise again; but she died knowing that when it looked next upon them she best loved, it would be to see that their only sorrow was that which her parting gave them.—*Cassell's Select Library.*

He Wouldn't Divide.

Henry George delivered a lecture at Chicago on the subject of an equal division of property, which was very convincing, particularly to the janitor of the hall where the lecture was delivered. Mr. George advocated the idea that all property, emoluments, incomes, etc., should be divided equally. The janitor went to Mr. George after the lecture, shook hands with the lecturer, and told him he had been very much entertained, and in fact convinced that Mr. George's theories were sound, and should be adopted. He said he would be willing to commence dividing up right there and as Mr. George received a hundred dollars for his lecture, while the janitor received a dollar for taking care of the hall, if Mr. George would kindly give him fifty dollars, he would divide his dollar with Mr. George, and thus illustrate the beauties of the new doctrine. Mr. George declined to divide. He said it was not this year, but some other year, that the division was to be made. The janitor was very much disappointed when Mr. George refused to waive up. As a waive-up Mr. George is a failure, though his theories are very beautiful to contemplate.—*Pock's Saw.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

As far as possible eggs to be set should have been laid only one or two days at farthest. There is a loss of vitality if the egg is even once thoroughly chilled after it is dropped. The increase in vigor of chickens hatched from eggs set as soon as laid will insure a larger percentage of chickens and a smaller death rate after they are hatched.

FOOD FOR CALVES.

Milk is the natural food for young calves, and for those to be kept as cows it is none the worse, but rather the better, for being skimmed. It does not fatten so much and the bulkiness of this kind of food distends the paunch and thus gets the animal in the habit of eating a large quantity of food. This in a milk cow is the tract most important in determining her value.

TO MAKE TREES BEAR EARLY.

It is always noticed that varieties of fruit which grow spreading and low bear earlier than the same species of fruit which have more upright habit. Taking advantage of this, if the latter are bent down early in the season, they may be set to bearing. After the leaves have put forth, if the tips of the leading shoots are stopped by pinching off the ends, the same result is produced. The sap is thrown back, then side branches with fruit is produced, just as would be on upright branches bent down.

THE QUALITY OF EGGS.

There is great difference in the character of eggs from different hens, but it depends full as much on the feed as the breed. The dark-colored eggs laid by Asiatic breeds of fowls are most popular, and bring something more in market than the white-shelled eggs. These last are generally smaller, and they are produced by fowls which forage freely, while the dark-shelled eggs from Asiatic breeds are produced from grain feeding. During the Summer fowls that get no feed except what they pick up eat much grass. This produces eggs of poor quality.

TRAMPING OF CLOVER.

It is astonishing how easily clover is kept down by a little trampling. Walking through it a few times in one track while young makes a path plainly visible for weeks or months after. The grasses are much more hardy, and on light soil seem to thrive rather better for some trampling, as it presses the soil close about their roots. This is one of the strong arguments against pasturing clover. It is liked by all kinds of stock when made into hay, but in its early growth it has not nearly so much sweetness as the grasses whose roots run near the surface.

A VARIETY OF GRASSES.

In seeding down few farmers use as great a variety of seeds as they should. The consequence is that meadows do not yield what they might be made to, and the pasture or hay is less appetizing. The best results of feeding are found by giving a variety. More will be eaten and with better appetite. Besides the traditional timothy and clover there are many perennials highly esteemed in Europe, but scarcely known to most American farmers. It is a good sign for our farming that other grasses than those heretofore sown are now receiving much attention.

APPLE TREES BY ROADSIDE.

There are many places by roadsides where apple trees might be profitably planted, and they would besides add to the attractiveness of the drive, especially when laden with either bloom or fruit. The wash from the roadway will keep them thrifty, and where the centre of the road has been laid up with stone a network of fine roots will run beneath them from the trees ready to take what plant food is washed down to them. This makes it possible to grow trees with profit by the roadside, where they are planted higher than the road bed. The roots will soon find where the manure wash goes to and follow after it.

MOISTURE FOR GOOSEBERRIES.

The trouble with mildew on gooseberries is due mainly to the fact that our climate is too dry and hot for them. The American varieties are partially acclimated and will endure this better than the English sorts. But they should be planted on heavy and rather moist soil, and should be mulched heavily so as to keep the soil moist and cool. On light land thus mulched gooseberries can be grown, provided the plants are not too much thinned. If the bushes grow in clumps one protects the other from the sun, and the soil beneath them does not dry out so soon. Probably a dressing of salt to attract moisture will be beneficial.

SUBSOILING ON NEW LAND.

Experiments repeated several years in subsoiling on new land by Western experiment stations fail to show any benefit from the practice. The conclusion is that new land does not need to have its subsoil broken up, and may possibly even be injured thereby. In all new land, full of vegetable matter, there are natural watercourses through the subsoil, worked by passing water along the lines of decayed tree and grass roots. The effect of a subsoiler must be to break up these natural underdrains, and if the soil is naturally compact it soon becomes too wet. Even an old land subsoiling often does as much harm as good unless it is preceded

DOMESTIC HINTS.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.

Take a dozen good, small, juicy oranges, peel and put in a cold place. Make a shortcake out of a pint of prepared flour, a tablespoonful of lard and the same of butter rubbed well together and made into dough with a cup of sour milk. Roll about an inch thick into a sheet, put into a well-buttered pan and bake in a quick oven a light brown. Take out of the pan, and with a sharp knife divide in two as a biscuit. Spread the orange thinly sliced between the cake, sprinkling well with sugar, put the rest on top and cover with sugar just before sending to the table. Eat with sauce made from the juice of three oranges and two lemons boiled in a pint of water and seasoned with sugar and nutmeg.

ONION SOUP.

Take three large onions, slice them and then fry to a light brown in a large spoonful of butter. When brown add half a teaspoonful of flour and stir constantly until red. Then stir in slowly one pint of boiling water, stirring steadily till it is all in. Boil and mash four large potatoes and stir into one quart of boiling milk, taking care that there are no lumps. Add this to the fried onions, with one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of ground pepper. Let all boil for five minutes and then serve with toast or fried bread.

GOOD DARK CAKE.

Pour one quart of boiling water over one pound of fat salt pork chopped very fine, add one pint of molasses, one pound of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, cinnamon, allspice and cloves, two grated nutmegs, six well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, flour enough to make a stiff batter, one pound each of currants and raisins well floured. Stir all together thoroughly. Put in two medium-sized sheet-iron pans well greased and bake in a slow oven three hours.

BLACK SPICE CAKE.

The yolks of four eggs; mix 2½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder in 2½ cups of flour, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of syrup, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of butter; the butter must be melted after being measured and stirred with the sugar; 2½ teaspoonfuls of powdered cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of allspice; the spices must be put in the flour, the syrup added after the sugar and butter are stirred together, then the eggs and milk; lastly the flour.

CREAM SPINACH.

Boil and chop the spinach in the usual way. Set it on the fire in the saucepan and stir until it is perfectly dry, add two spoonfuls of butter and stir for five or six minutes. For each two quarts of spinach add two table-spoons of cream, and stir again for five minutes and then take it from the fire. Stir in a spoonful of butter and serve hot, garnishing with hard-boiled eggs and croutons. The eggs should be cut in quarters or even smaller pieces.

EGG SLAW.

Chop finely some tender white cabbage. Let it lay in water half an hour before using. Drain all the water from it. To about three cupfuls of cabbage add a tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one of French mustard or of mixed mustard. After mixing well together, add two well-beaten eggs in a cup of boiling vinegar, a little cayenne and a tablespoonful of butter. Pour this over the cabbage; toss well together and serve.

BOMBYN CROQUETTES.

To one quart of boiling water add a teaspoonful of salt; stir in gradually a heaping half-pint of the finest hominy; boil three-quarters of an hour, and put it on the back of the range where it will remain hot an hour longer; then put in a large bowl and add the beaten yolks of two eggs, mix it thoroughly and when cold shape into cones; dip the cones in beaten eggs, roll in crumbs and fry in boiling fat.

FRUIT CAKE.

Wash and drain well one pound of currants, chop coarsely one pound of raisins, chop or slice one-half pound of citron. Beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together, then add to them one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of spices to taste. Stir into this mixture six cups of flour, reserving one-half cup to mix with the raisins to prevent their settling to the bottom. Add fruit last.

STEWED TRIPE.

Cut the boiled tripe into small pieces and add three or four small onions; pour over the tripe and onions a little warm water. Let it cook slowly until both are tender and the water nearly boiled away. Then add milk sufficient to make good gravy, a tablespoonful of butter made smooth in an equal quantity of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and boil three minutes.

COLD LEMON Pudding.

One-half box of gelatine soaked in four tablespoonfuls of water for ten minutes; and a pint of boiling water, juice of two lemons, one cup of sugar. Strain and set away to cool. When cold, stir in the whites of three well-beaten eggs. A thin boiled custard or thick cream may be used to pour over the pudding.

A dog is property when it has been stolen; but it is not property when the tax assessor comes round.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

PLANTING POTATOES IN DRILLS.

As long as potatoes were planted mainly in little patches for home use, in one corner of the cornfield, they were generally put in hills, with rows both ways and the same distance apart as the corn. But potatoes do not need so much room as this. If the ground is rich and moist, as it should be, the rows need be only two feet ten inches apart, and the seed be dropped at intervals of twelve to fifteen inches in drills. The land can only be worked one way by this method, but the yield will be largely increased. Use good-sized potatoes and cut out the eyes, so as to plant only one or two in a hill with a good chunk of potato attached. If cut to single eyes the pieces will be so small that many will often fail to grow.

DEPTH OF POTATO SETS.

There is a difference in variety as to the depth at which the young potatoes will form, and it is not entirely due to the way in which they are planted. The Early Rose class of potatoes set near the surface. The white varieties, such as White Star, Burbank and St. Patrick, are deeper in the soil. This makes the white potatoes rather less liable to rot, as the fungus which causes the disease first forms on the leaves and then is washed down to the tubers. Thus, hilling potatoes is a partial protection against rot, and is absolutely necessary for Early Rose and other kinds which naturally set near the surface, and unless artificially covered are very likely to become sunburnt.

UNDERDRAINING WET PLACES.

In no country in the world do so large a proportion of its farmers own the land they till as in the United States. And yet there are thousands who act as if they were only leasing their farms and were liable to be turned off at any time. The amount of work done every Spring, and often both in Spring and Fall, in opening furrows for surplus water to pass off from the surface, would soon dig and lay an under-drain through which water would forever pass away underground, and requiring no extra expense. Considering that a well-laid under-drain is a permanent investment, no farm improvement pays better interest in the saving of labor in draining low ground, to say nothing of the fact that the water which soaks away underground leaves the soil rich, while that which washes over the surface carries off fertility.—*American Cultivator.*

The Process that Cotton Fiber Goes Through.

Few people ever stop to think of the twistings and turnings and the various processes that cotton fiber goes through after it is taken from the pod before it is wound upon a spool and ready for the housewife's needle. The whole story is told, however, in a small space in one of the cases in the hall in the National Museum, given up to an exhibit on of textile fabrics. This is one of the many object lessons in the museum, which combined are intended to tell the story of man as he exists on the earth. First is shown a specimen of cotton in the pod just as it is picked, without having the seeds removed. Next is shown a specimen of the same cotton after it has been ginned and the black seeds removed. The Sea Island cotton is used for thread on account of the length of the fibre. A sample of the sacking in which the cotton is baled is also shown. Then the cotton is supposed to have been baled and shipped to the thread factory. Here the first thing that is done with the cotton is to subject it to the "picker" process, by which the cotton from several bales is mixed to secure uniformity. During the picking process much waste, in the form of dust, dirt and short fibres, is separated from the good fibres, by the picker. Next the "picked" cotton is wound on a machine, in sheets or laps, into a roll. The next process illustrated by a practical exhibit is the carding, by which the sheets of cotton are combed or run out into long parallel fibres. The cotton is next seen drawn through a trumpet-shaped opening, which condenses it into a single strand of "silver." Then eight such silvers are run together into one, six of the strands thus produced are drawn into one, and again six of the strands from the last drawing are combined into one. Then comes the slubbing or fast "roving" process, which consists of winding the strand and bobbin. Two strands are twisted and again wound on a bobbin. After a number of other twistings and windings, during which the strand is gradually reduced in size until it begins to assume a threadlike appearance, two strands of this fine "roving" are run together and twisted, under considerable tension, on a bobbin that makes 7000 revolutions a minute. Two of the cords thus produced are then wound together on a spool, and then twisted from that to another spool.—*American Cultivator.*

Kill the Curs.

The life of one little child is worth more than all the dogs that have inhabited the earth from the dawn of creation down to the present time. Ninety-nine out of every hundred worthless curs that infest the land ought to be killed off and the hundredth one put under heavy bonds.—*New Orleans Picayune.*