

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper a gallery from a post office, whether directed to a name or whether it is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the paper's delivery.

"FORTUNE IN A TEA-CUP."

"Your fortune in a tea-cup, a present, or a letter. Or wish: do let me tell it! Now really you had better! Just drink it up a little more, and then they will be fit—"

It was incompatible with the dignity of the foreman of the Briggsville Bugle to lose his self-control in this way, and he looked around uneasily as a fluffy-haired girl at a case near by sniggered and made a whispered remark to another compositor; then they looked at him and laughed.

What made the foreman jump was a whistle from the speaking-tube not far from his ear. He did not immediately obey the summons, and another whistle more pronounced and longer than the first made him glauc his mouth to the tube and bawl back: "Hello!"

"Come into my room at once. Don't you understand?" Mr. Bernard Bergeois thought he understood, and, taking off his apron, he went into the hallway. From an adjoining room he heard the clicking of a typewriter, at intervals with a steady "plink" and then with brief intermissions of silence.

"I don't think I quite understand, sir," faltered the foreman. "It is but a little after four o'clock." "That makes no difference. Can't you hear? Send every one away from here except my office boy. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

Every now and then the "old man" would absent strike a key with his finger, and then look up and jerk out a few words. "But there are five columns to set—"

"Come earlier in the morning, then. I don't want anybody around now. How can a man write with those presses out there making such an everlasting noise, and you never in the composing room giggling and making such a racket? Why don't you have better discipline out there?"

Mr. Bernard Bergeois had no answer ready. He was quite nonplussed. Never before in the course of his professional career had he received such an order as this. "Send everybody home!" Was the "old man" going insane? Did he not know that to-morrow was publication day?

of him, and watched the other employees file out with a lordly air. "Hope you have a very pleasant time," he said, politely, to the fluffy-haired compositor. "We can run this office alone this afternoon, we can. I will edit the editorials and set them up, the other men he's trying to get important letters and can't be disturbed. Good afternoon."

Cox made himself comfortable in the easiest chair he could find, and amused himself by looking over a pile of exchanges on a desk at hand. Presently this began to bore him, and he began rummaging about the room. It was seldom that he was in the lower office alone, and he amused himself by climbing up on a high stool, and taking a pen and ink and scribbling on some of the office paper.

"I can do this when I'm one of the editors," he chuckled to himself. Just then he heard some one coming up the stairs slowly and turn in at the door of the office. He raised his head and looked over the desk and saw a woman standing there. She had a very pale face, but was very handsome. She looked at the boy wearily.

"Well, that depends," said Swipesey, still scribbling vigorously and looking up between dabs at the white paper before him. "Which one do you want to see?" The woman sighed wearily and then said, with an effort: "Mr. Griswold."

"I am very sorry," began the boy, hitching his stool a little forward and grabbing up his pen and ink. He carefully laid down before him, "but he is very busy—very busy indeed—and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed. If there is anything I can do—" and he paused expectantly.

"Nothing," she replied, and sat down in a chair near the window. "Will you please tell him a lady is waiting to see him when he is at liberty?" Now, the office boy scarcely knew what to do. "He did not exactly care to go upstairs on an errand like that; it would ruin his dignity, after the remarks he had already made. Besides, the editor was in a nasty temper and might throw an ink bottle at him, or something, I'd disturbed. The speaking tube—there was his salvation!"

"This was the first time that Swipesey had seen the lady face to face, and he started a little and looked at her again. Then he put his hands behind him and stared at the floor for a moment. "I know who you are," he said, presently. "You are his wife."

"The woman looked up quickly and raised her hands in a startled way. She seemed a bit flustered, and asked in a way that convinced Swipesey that she scarcely knew what she said: "How did you know?"

"I knew! I guessed! I put two and two together, and I know more about the old man than the rest of the people; and do you know, if you will let me say so, I think you haven't treated him right." The woman flushed, and looked at the boy angrily.

"Don't get mad about it," he advised her, in a friendly way. "I mind my own business. What you two people want to do is to make up and stop all this." He paused, with a judicial air. "How did you know this?" the woman asked. "Does Mr. Griswold make a confidant of an office boy?"

up, seemingly unaware of the boy's presence. "But I mustn't ask too much. I was in the wrong as much as he."

"Now I tell you what to do," said Swipesey, with eagerness. "If you put this into my hands, we'll fix it up all right." His eyes shone, and he took a few steps forward, with his small hands clasped together and his face raised hopefully toward the woman. "You let me go upstairs and sort of prepare him. I'll not say who wants to see him, but I'll just give him a hint. And then you go up and surprise him; and if you look at him and smile, and if you tell him you are sorry, I don't think he would send you away; now, do you?"

The woman looked down at the lad, and smiled sadly at him. She could not help being amused at his eagerness to help her and the lonely man upstairs. He seemed to divine what she was thinking of, for he said: "Oh, you mustn't think I am dipping my finger into something that ain't my business, for I should like to hear him laugh as he did a long time ago; and"

"HERE SHE IS, SIR." besides, it ain't right for two people to be apart the way you and him are." The woman laughed nervously. "I don't think you had better meddle, after all," she said. "You may be a very bright boy, but it might make him angry to think that I had allowed—"

"I never set up to be bright," said Swipesey, in an injured tone. "If I was an entire stranger he might not like it; but being on the staff, why it's entirely different—see?" The woman laughed again, and then asked: "What do you propose to do?"

"Well, you sit right down in that chair again, and I'll run upstairs. It'll not be gone but a minute, and then I'll come back for you." Before she could say a word to stop him, he had whisked out of the room, and she heard him going up the stairs two steps at a time. She sighed again, and looked down and watched the people passing.

Then Swipesey was back with a cordial encouraging: "Come along, I've fixed it. He'll see you." And they went in the stairs—up into the office, which had become quite dark now, and was but a cheerless place at best.

Swipesey threw open the door, saying: "Here she is, sir." The old man was scribbling. He had laid aside the typewriter for the pen, and he kept on for a moment. Then he looked up in a bewildered way, threw down his pen, rubbed his eyes, sprang up, and with a bound was across the room. "Grace!" was all he said.

And Swipesey smiled in a self-satisfied sort of way, and closing the door, left them alone. And when the editor came downstairs into the lower office a half hour later, with a shining, happy look in his eyes, he found Swipesey sitting in the chair, with his feet high up on the desk and his hat tilted on the back of his head, buried deep in the folds of a newspaper.

"Come upstairs with me, Cox," he said, joyously. "I want to introduce you to my wife. I want everybody on the paper to know her." "I suppose so," said the boy, discontentedly. But then he added, in his impudent way: "You needn't introduce me to her. She and me knows each other already."—William E. Baldwin, in Harper's Weekly.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Herbert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, commenced life as a clerk in a book store. His attention was drawn to historical literature by being asked by his employers to aid in the preparation of an almanac of the coast. He has collected one of the most valuable historical libraries in the world.

—Sergeant John Leitch, now a citizen of Indianapolis, was one of the brave six hundred who rode up to the mouth of the guns at Balaklava. He was a boy of seventeen when he enlisted at Nottingham in the Eleventh Hussars, who formed a part of the famous Light Brigade, and is still a straight and soldierly man.

—In the days when Edwin Arnold, even though an Hindu newspaper man, was brimful of Hindu philosophy and literature and thoughts regarding them, he was often known to say to people whom he met on the street: "My dear friend, I am very glad to see you, but really you have taken me out of the Himalayas mountains."

—M. Sarcely, a French journalist, has a novel way of gaining news. He has elegant apartments, rich cigarettes and of prominence enjoy his hospitality and unburden secrets and matters of interest. These he makes subjects for the bright comments over his signature which grace the Parisian press.

—Gough's library is so remarkable in many respects, especially as to the bookbinding and his testimonials from temperance societies at home and abroad, that the suggestion has been made that it be preserved entire, and be exhibited publicly, in the alcove of some public library for instance. Worcester is regarded as the most appropriate place for such a display.

—General Alger tells this story of an experience he had in the little son Allen had in an earthquake in California: The boy had missed his usual evening prayer, having fallen asleep, after a day's hard riding, without undressing. When the shock came he sat bolt upright in bed and cried out: "O papa, I know what's the matter. God's angry with me for not saying my prayers."

—Postmaster-General Wanamaker has a large plate glass instead of a cloth top off his office desk. Beneath the glass is a map of the United States, showing parts of Canada and Mexico. A writing pad rests upon the glass, and there are the customary desk fittings. The map shows the counties in each state, the principal cities and towns, the lines of railroads, and when visitors talk to Mr. Wanamaker about the post-office and post-offices he can follow them on the map which is spread out before him.

—Justice Field is the scholar of the supreme bench. Besides his Greek and Latin he is thoroughly versed in modern Greek and Turkish, and can converse fluently in Greek and Italian. His library is one of the finest in Washington, and he himself is probably the most interesting man at the capital. His extensive travels, combined with his long experience of life and wide reading, make him a most agreeable and entertaining companion. In personal appearance he is tall, with a somewhat stooping figure and a large head that looks like Shakespeare's.

—Sir John Macdonald's widow will hereafter be Countess or Lady Earningscliffe. It is not yet made known whether her new rank will extend to her heirs, but it is thought that without doubt her son, Hugh Macdonald, will succeed to the title, because such has been the custom following the patent of an earl. However, if she has also obtained a subordinate title as baroness, in addition to the higher title, her son will be called baron during her lifetime, by courtesy. At her death both titles will be his. Hugh Macdonald is an able and successful man in professional life.

HUMOROUS.

—Mrs. Homebody—"See here! do you call this good measure? This can't be half full!" Milkman—"That's all right, mum. It's condensed milk, you know, mum."—Boston Transcript.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Regular dusting with a soft brush or cloth should keep bronze clean and a little sweet oil, gently rubbed, will remove the purple tinge that comes.—N. Y. World.

—Bells Cake: Break two eggs in a cup, add two tablespoons of sweet cream, fill the cup with sweet milk and one cup of sugar, and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half a teaspoon of soda.—Farm and Home.

—"Aunt Sarah" gives an excellent recipe for cleaning silver. "Rub the silver with a piece of an old, soft napkin moistened with a little olive oil; then rub it with calcined magnesia, using a brush when necessary, and afterward with a clear, soft chamois."—N. Y. Tribune.

—To restore rancid butter to its original taste, beat up a quarter of a pound of good fresh lime in a pint of water. Let stand an hour, pour off the lime water carefully, and in this wash the butter thoroughly. Wash afterward with cold spring water and salt slightly.—Detroit Free Press.

—If you want your windows to be nice and bright, add a little ammonia to the water and wash thoroughly. Use no soap as it leaves the glass of a milky color. You can not obtain satisfactory results by wiping them off with a damp cloth—but they must be washed with plenty of water. Dry them with clean cotton cloths, and polish with a chamois or soft paper.

—One way of preventing delicate and sweet-scented flowers from flagging is to cut them with several leaves on the stem, and when the flower head is placed in water, to allow only this head to remain above the water, while the leaves are entirely submerged; by this means the leaves seem to help support the flower, which will then last for three days in a fairly cool room.

—A Good Lemon Jelly: Soak one package of gelatin in half a pint of cold water for two hours or more. Pour on this one quart of boiling water, and add a pint of sugar. Set the bowl in a pan of boiling water and stir until the sugar and gelatin are dissolved; then add half a pint of lemon juice, and strain through a coarse napkin. Turn into molds and set away to harden.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Warmed-over Potatoes: An excellent way to warm over potatoes is to put a lump of butter into a saucepan. As it melts add a tablespoonful of flour, stirring it so that it will not burn. Then pour in a cup of rich sweet milk (pure cream is preferable), and season with pepper and salt. Keep stirring with a spoon so that the ingredients will be well mixed, then put into this cold sliced potatoes. Let them boil up for a few minutes, then send to the table hot.—Detroit Free Press.

—Royal Pudding: Cover a box of gelatine with water and let it dissolve, then pour over it a pint and a half of boiling water, add a pound of sugar, and the juice of four oranges and three lemons, stir until the sugar is dissolved. Strain, and set in a cool place. Dip a large mold in ice water, cover the bottom and sides with canned cherries; cover with the liquid gelatine, let it harden, fill up the space with more gelatine, and set it to cool. Serve with vanilla cold sauce.—Housekeeper.

GEMS OF ART.

Parasol Handles Much Shorter Than Last Season. The gauntness, lightness and fastidiousness which characterizes all the feminine modes this season is especially marked in parasols. Such charming effects as are seen in lace, chiffon and tulle in the most fetching colors, all puffed, ruffled and shirred.

THE FARMING WORLD.

TWO ROBBER FLIES.

Often in passing over a field during the months of July and August you will be startled by a large fly buzzing suddenly before you, which at a casual glance somewhat resembles a dragon-fly.

In flying it makes a deep buzz and goes booming off with a sort of whirling motion, as if the large body was almost too much for the wings to carry.

It is what is commonly known as the robber-fly, belonging to the family *Asilidae*. Several species may be met with here. One of the largest, a villainous insect covered with coarse hair and always holding an unshredded dagger ready for instant use, is called locally the grasshopper-eater, from its well-known habit of pouncing upon and getting the life out of grasshoppers.

This species measures nearly two inches in length, and in point of strength is an easy match for any grasshopper it chances across. (See Fig. 1.) Fig. 2 is a smaller species of a glistening gray, and having, on the whole, a much better appearance than the first named insect.

Its habits are much the same, though it confines itself to the smaller forms of insect prey. One member of the *Asilidae*, the *Trypanospora*, or bee-eater, is very destructive to the honey-bee, Prof. Riley having known one to kill 141 bees in a day.—Prairie Farmer.

MAKING SMALL CHEESE. How to Secure Good Results with Forty or Fifty Pounds of Cheese. A subscriber wishes directions for making small cheese that take but forty or fifty pounds of milk. The fresh, sweet milk is curdled by the use of rennet tablets. Too much should not be used, as it makes a hard cheese.

After the rennet is stirred in leave the milk in a warm place for about an hour when the curd is set. A convenient way of setting the curd is to lay a square of muslin in the pan, securing the ends and pouring the milk into the muslin. When the curd is set the corners and edges of the muslin are drawn together and tied, and the whole lifted out and hung up to drain.

As soon as the whey is drained off the curd is put into a mold of any shape or size desired. Have them made of maple, beech, or of tin. They must be without top or bottom. Mats of rushes, or clean rye or wheat straw may be used to rest the molds upon when the cheese is making. The mats are placed upon a cloth which absorbs the moisture. The molds and their contents are turned daily for three days and if desired are sprinkled with salt at each turning. If to be eaten fresh they will be ready in three days.

FACTS FOR FARMERS. By the use of a dry and wet bulb thermometer farmers can predict frosts time enough in advance to take precautions for protecting tender plants. Fill the poultry-house full of the dust of the bubach, or Dalmatian set powder; close the doors for an hour, and if well blown in, the dust will kill the lice.

SELECTING SEED CORN.

A Better Quality Can Be Secured in Early Fall Than Later On. If good corn is taken a better quality of seed corn can be secured early in the fall than at any other time. A better opportunity is afforded of noting the size and thrift of the stalks, the earliness of maturity and other characteristics that are essential to having a good quality of seed.

With anything like a good crop a better quality of seed can generally be laid away by selecting from that grown on the farm than from any other source; but if this is done it is necessary that good care be taken in the selection and that the work be done in good season.

And by a careful selection of the best each fall, thoroughly drying and storing it away, seed corn can be secured that can be depended upon to germinate under anything like favorable conditions when planted in the spring.

Nearly all corn changed from one locality to another needs to become acclimated before the best growth and yield are possible, and it is for this and the lessened cost that, so far as is possible, it is best to grow and select the seed-corn on the farm.

As soon as the grain begins to harden well, it will be a good plan to go through the field and select out enough for seed. If not convenient to pull the ears at that time, mark them so that they can readily be seen later on. They should always be gathered, dried and stored away before cold freezing weather sets in. Seed corn, if thoroughly dry, will stand any cold weather without injury, but if wet, cold weather injures the vitality seriously.

It is always best to lay in a larger quantity than will actually be needed, so that a second selection may be made, giving in this way the best quality. Dry it thoroughly and then store it in a place where it is sure to keep dry and where rats and mice cannot get at it.

Seed-corn selected in this way can nearly always be relied upon, and all things considered, is the most economical as well as the best to plant. To rely upon corn selected out of the crib in the spring when more or less of it has been left in the field exposed to rain, snow and freezing weather is a poor plan.—St. Louis Republic.

FRUIT EVAPORATOR. A Novel Yet Effective Dryer Very Popular in the South. In the Carolinas, where immense quantities of apples and peaches are each year dried for market, many of the farmers use a novel yet effective dryer for the purpose. It consists of a water-tight tin vessel, or rather pan, two and one-half feet in width and from four to five feet in length and three inches in depth. The usual method of using it is to place one end of the pan on the stove, the other end being supported by the light bench, as shown in the engraving.

At or near one corner of the top is soldered a small funnel, through which water is poured into the pan which is partly filled—a cork being placed in the funnel, leaving a small hole for the escape of steam should too much be formed. The fruit is spread evenly over the upper surface of the pan, the juices being evaporated from sliced apples in two or three hours; time even with a moderate fire. This arrangement can be and is often used, and the cooling and baking progressing at the same time, as indicated in the accompanying sketch. Those who do not have a large stove often build a simple arch out of doors, upon which the pan is set.—American Agriculturist.

KINDNESS TO COWS. It Is Sure to Secure an Increased Yield of Milk. I visit many herds of cows during each year and find it impossible for a man not to notice the different methods practiced by dairymen. There are many, judging from their actions, who seem to think that a cow has neither nerves nor senses. I believe she is possessed of a very nervous organization and is surpassed by very few of our domestic animals in intelligence. I have seen cows dogged from the pasture through the yard to the barn, covering their backs with mud and filth and producing a nervous and frightened condition, causing them to hold their milk, thereby greatly impairing their usefulness. I have seen them after coming into the stable, instead of quietly taking their places, whirl around and around like a top, at the same time being pounded over the head and horns with a cudgel, and the hired man swearing at them because they would not take their places. And when milking time comes and the milkers goes to the stable with the pails, and his well-known voice resounds through the stable, they are momentarily keyed up for another nervous time and more or less of the milk is kicked over. Much of it is retained in the udder and the whole management is unprofitable and unsatisfactory.

I have seen cows driven gently from the pasture to the barn; if any of them failed to take their accustomed place, they were quietly guided to the right place, perhaps patted and fondled and sometimes would not even stop chewing the cud and were ready to repay the kind treatment. Which of these two methods is the most profitable and satisfactory?—S. Burchard, in Farm and Home.

