A CHINA CUP.

"Of course they don't want me," said Rosabel Raymond, sadly. "Nobody seems to want me. No home seems to be open to me any where. When papa died, he told me that Uncle Dallas would be kind to me, and take his vacant place. And he is kind, after odd, abrupt fashion. But Aunt Alicia doesn't care for me, and the girls look coldly on my shabby dress and pale, worn face. If I were an heiress, things would be very different."

Poor little Rosabel! The world looked very dark to her as she sat on the window sill of the third story back room in the Dallas mansion, which had been unanimously voted "good enough for Rosabel Raymond," and watched the dull reds and grays of the winter sunset fading out behind the crowding spires of city.

How desperately she longed for the snow mantled fields, the black, le fless woods of the country! She was so homesick, so solitary, so alone!

"O Rosabel, are you here?"

It was her Cousin Medora's soft, sweet voice. She disliked Medora more than either Augusta or Bell, although she could not tell why, and she was vexed that Medora should see the traces of tears on her eyelashes. But Medora pretended not to notice them.

"We are thinking, mamma and I," said Medora, "that you must be terribly dull without anything to do these dismal days."

"It is rather lonesome," sighed Rosabel, wondering at her cousin's unusual thoughtfulness.

"And so," added Medora, with the sweet smile that Rosabel always mistrusted, "when Miss Armitage told us of a place in the china painting and flower designing rooms—you always were an artist, you know, dear—I exclaimed, in that silly impulsive way of mine, 'The very idea for Rosabel!' You see, Miss Armitage's protege—Helen Hauvmonde—has gone to Rome to prosecute her art studies, and there is a vacancy. And the salary would be something of an object, of course, besides"———

"Of course it would be an object," said Rosabel, quickly. "You do not suppose that I do not feel my dependence here?"

"And," added Medora, thinking it best not to notice this outburst, "Miss Armitage says you can obtain excellent board for four dollars a week with a widow lady near the rooms, and that you would save a deal of time and no end of fares. So if you conclude to accept the position, perhaps you had better come down into the drawing room and see Miss Armitage."

If there was anything which Rosabel Raymond loved, it was her pencil. Water colors were expensive, and drawing boards came dear, and Aunt Alicia thought it very unfeminine for a woman to set up an easel and a palette, full of oil colors, "like a man," so that her tendencies had, since her residence in her uncle's house, been literally starved. Here, at last, was the much longed for opportunity, and she rose with alacrity and followed Medora Dallas down the stairs.

Mrs. Dallas and the Misses Dallas were openly exultant when Rosabel Raymond was gone.

"So dispiriting to have her around all the time, with her swollen eyelids and pale face!" said Miss Augusta.

"And so shabby as she looked too!" said Mrs. Dallas. "And how on earth was I to provide her with a wardrobe, when papa made such a dreadful fuss, over every dress that came home from Madame Ficelle's for my own girls?"

"Of all things, poor relations are the most intolerable!" said Medora, spitefully.

"But what are we to say if Mr. Ballard asks for her?" blurted out Belle, the most honest and least polite of the family.

"Say? Why, the truth!" declared Medora. "That she has left us."

For the secret of Miss Medora Dallas's anxiety to get rid of her pale little cousin, whose mourning was so distressingly becoming to her, was the fact of Mr. Hugh Ballard's admiration for the white statuesque face, the deep larkspur blue eyes, and the features which were as perfect as any cameo. Miss Medora had marked Mr. Ballard for her own prey, and declared war upon any unfortunate pretender who should come in her way.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Dallas hopefully, "he'll never inquire about her at all."

"Don't you believe it," said Bell, with a significant nod.

Bell was right. The very first evening that Mr. Ballard called, he inquired for Miss Raymond. Medora dropped her long lashes.

"Rosabel had a cold, reserved nature," she said. "She never seems to become fond of any of us, and she has gone away."

"Gone where," Mr. Ballard was persistent enough to ask.

"She said she would write and send us the address," said Medora, drawing on her imagination; "but she never did. It quite went to dear mamma's heart. Mamma regarded Rosabel as a fourth daughter. But Rosabel never was inclined to reciprocate affection."

Mr. Ballard glanced at Medora with an expression which she could not interpret, but it meant simply:

"If the girl is lying, she is doing it very artistically. Appearances are certainly against Rosabel Raymond; but it would take more than the testimony of one woman to make me believe her either cold or ungrateful."

These reflections passed through his mind as he was politely accepting Miss Dallas' invitation to accompany her to Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham's musical tea, the next day.

"It will be a bore," he said to himself; "but Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham is a genius, and there will be sure to be good music there."

There was good music there there, and also delicious "orange Pekoe" in the tiniest of cups, each painted with a separate wild flower or bunch of grasses; cake, ices and white grapes following the barcarolas and rondollettas—and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, in turning to place a chair nearer the window for Miss Dallas, Mr. Ballard's unfortunate elbow knocked one of the priceless cups off the carved shelf of the Japanese cabinet and broke it into three pieces.

"Mrs. Whitesworth Walkingham will commit suicide!" cried Medora, clasping her hands with simulated terror.

"I swear you to eternal secrecy!" said Mr. Billard, laughingly, as he wrapped the precious pieces in his pocket-handkerchief and disposed them safely in his pocket. "If there is a store in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City where this precious toy can be matched, it shall not be left unsearched."

For every one, Mr. Ballard said, knew that Mrs. Whitworth Wallingham was almost a monomaniac on the subject of her china; and he was really more deeply chagrined than he appeared to be.

"You can't match it," said Medora Dallas.

And she proved to be right.

In his despair, Hugh Ballard went to old Mrs. Magarreau, who was exactly like every body's fairy godmother.

"What am I to do?" said he blankly.

"Do?" said Mrs. Megarreau, nodding the diamond butterflies on her cap. "Why, go to the china painting and decorating rooms, of course, in Hammersley square. Take your sample, and they'll duplicate it for you in twenty four hours. Say that Mrs. Megarreau sent you."

Mr. Ballard devoutly thanked the old lady, and obeyed without loss o time.

It was a huge, airy room, with the windows all glorified with winter sunshine, and a soft steam heat modifying the rigor of the February air, where half a dozen young women were working at a large table. Mrs. Baker the superintendent, who sat at her desk, took the pieces of Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham's doomed cup and looked earnestly at them, with her head on one side.

"We have that shape in our wares." said she, "and I am quite sure that we can reproduce the design—blue iris bud's and marsh grasses. Miss Raymond's designs are some of them even more exquisite than this. Rosabel, my dear, come here."

And Rosabel Raymond, pale and pretty as ever, came unconsciously forward in her brown linen painting dress, with a bow of black ribbon at her throat, and her lovely chestnut brown hair smoothed back from her face. Mrs. Baker was holding out bits of fractured china, whereon were painted the blue iris buds and drooping grasses, but Rosabel never looked at them.

"Mr. Ballard!" she cried, her face brightening with a delight which she was too unsophisticated to repress, "what brought you to this place?"

"Miss Raymond!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"Earning my own living," said Rosabel, with quiet dignity.

"Does Miss Dallas—Medora, I mean—know where you are?"

"She ought to know," said Rosabel, "for it was she who recommended me to come here. For the Dallases, I think, were getting tired of me," she added, with a sigh. "But I ought to be very much obliged to her, for I have acquired a welcome independence, and the work here is exceedingly congenial to my tastes. Is that the pattern you wished copied, Mrs. Baker?" she asked, taking a piece of china. "Oh, what an exquisite group of buds! yet I think I can imitate it successfully."

"If you can replace that cup," said Mr. Billard, dramatically, "I am your slave for life!"

"I think I can promise to replace it without any such condition," said Rosabel, laughing.

And Mrs. Whitworth Walkingham never knew that her iris bud cup was broken until Hugh Ballard brought back its exact counterpart.

"You must have some spell out of the Arabian Nights," said she enthusiastically. "No," he answered, quietly, "no spell stronger than a woman's practiced eye and skillful hand." He came no more to Mrs. Dallas's Tuesday morning receptions and Friday afternoon teas. Miss Medora wondered vainly why. But one day she met him on Fifth avenue, and prettily reproached him with his recreant absenteeism.

"I have been fortunate enough to discover the abiding place of your cousin, Miss Rosabel Raymond," said he, gravely. Medora looked up, with a deep color mounting to her cheeks.

"Indeed?" said she.

"It was very kind of you to secure for her such a congenial position as that," he added.

Medora Dallas hung her head, and was silent.

"But she will not remain there long," he continued, cheerfully. "I am happy to tell you that I am engaged to her. We are to be married in a few weeks. Of course you will receive 'at home' cards when we are finally settled!"

Medora murmured something about "congratulations" and "delighted to hear of it." but Mr. Ballard smiled to himself when she had passed on.

"La belle cousine is not exactly pleased," he said to himself. "But what need I care for the frowns or smiles of other women, so long as I have won my little Rosabel?"

How Bananas are Raised.

As every body knows who has eaten a banana, the luscious pulp is seedless. The plants are propagated from other plants, so that the stock is not likely to run out. The plant requires for vigorous growth a deep rich soil, abundantly watered. With these conditions present there is said to be no risk of a crop in the hot regions where alone the fruit is produced. Nine months after a cutting has been planted a purple bud appears in the center of the unfolding leaves that shoot out from the head of the parent stem. The stem on which the bud appears grows rapidly above the main stalk. As the bud increases in weight the stem bends downward by a graceful curve, on the extremity of which the bud continues to grow till the purple blossoms falling off, little shoots appear as the embryo fruit. Each fruit has a yellow blossom at its outward extremity. At the end of from three to four months the fruit has grown to maturity and is picked long enough before it is "dead ripe" to preserve it in marketable condition. From the roots of the parent stalk other shoots appear, which are trimmed out or left to grow, as the cultivator may deem best. A single stalk, therefore, bears only one bunch or crop as its life work. Spaniards have a religious reverence for the banana, beleiving it to be the fruit of which Adam partook. This fruit has long been regarded as extremely nutritious. It is recommended above all others for invalids who are unable to swallow hardier food. An estimate by Humboldt claims that 44,060 pounds of bananas can be produced on the soil that would be required for 1000 pounds of potatoes, and that the same area that would be required to raise wheat enough for one man would produce enough bananas to feed 52 men.

Mr. Lorillard and the Jersey Farmer.

From Baldwin's Monthly.

A good story is going about the clubs concerning a New York millionaire who owns a big stock farm in New Jersey. He has put in force strict rules about the admittance of curiosity seekers, and if one happens to get in, he is soon hustled off.

The other day a neighboring farmer called on business. He had never been on the place before, and entering at a gate he found open, was strolling about looking for the superintendent, when the owner, who happened to be there, encountered him. Supposing him to be merely an idler or a prying person, he asked him what he was doing there.

The farmer, taken aback by such an address, replied: "Nothing."

"Do you know at which gate you came in?" said the owner.

"I do," said the farmer.

"Well, then," said the owner, "get out there as soon as you can."

And the farmer walked out. Shortly after, the superintendent came up and inquired if neighbor So-and-so had been there. He was the only one anywhere about who had the timber they wanted very much, and they wanted it immediately. He had promissed to come that morning to see about the sale of it. "Well," said the owner of the farm, "I shouldn't wonder if I had just sent him off with a flea in his ear. I found a man strolling about here, and supposing him to be one of those stragglers, I cleared him out. Where does he live? I will drive over and see him."

Off he started at once. Reaching the farmhouse, he drove in, and, seeing him, began an apolegy, but was cut short by the farmer, who inquired if he knew at which gate he came in. He said he did. "Then," said the farmer, "I want you to get out as quick as you can."

The owner of the stock farm was obliged to depart.

Gossip About Persons.

The Prince Montenegro will be invested by the Sultan, on his arrival in Constantinople, with the order of the Osmanieh in diamonds.

Mr. Alferd Austin in the National Review (London) relates the following anecdote of the Earl of Baconsfield: "See what my gracious sovereign sent me as a present at Christmas," he said to me one day. It was a copy of the edition de luxe of "Romola;" and in it was written, in the beautiful flowing hand of the Queen, "To the Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G., from his affectionate and grateful friend, Victoria." "But," he added, "I cannot read it." I ventured to recommend him not to make that confession to everybody, for it would not raise their estimation of his literary acumen. "Well," he said, "it's no use. I can't."

The ashes of Columbus have been sadly disturbed since the great discoverer was first buried at Seville. Time after time his remains have been moved about till they finally lie in the Cathedral of Saint Domingo, and now they are to be turned out of their resting place and inclosed in a plate-glass urn. This urn is to hold the casket containing the actual ashes in such a manner that the remains will be plainly visible.

Mr. Henry Irving will be accompanied to America by Joseph Hatton, the prominent author and journalist, who will devote his time while with Mr. Irving to writing that gentleman's impressions of the country.

The authorities at the Vatican intend to discount the Luther celebration as far as they can by publishing two volumes of the documents concerning the career of the Reformer, which have been discovered among the archives of the Vatican by Signor Balan, the principal librarian.

When Jefferson was in England, some years ago, he took the little son that was born to him in London down to Stratford-on-Avon to be christened in the little church where Shakespeare was buried.

S. Fennimore Cooper's remains repose beside those of his wife, in the churchyard of Christ Church, Cooperstown, beneath a plain slab, which bears his name and the date of his birth and decease. In Lakeside Cemetery is erected a monument to his memory, which is surmounted by the figure of Leatherstocking.

The king of Roumania is seeking the pope's consent to annul his marriage. The queen has returned to her family.

Mrs. Terhune, the novelist, better known as "Marian Harland," is a Virginian by birth, but resides in Springfield, Mass., where her husband is pastor of a church.

There is a movement in London to erect a memorial to Charles Dickens. There is none existing. It is proposed to erect a a statue; also to place plaques on the house in which he resided.

Archibald Forbes predicts only moderate success for Henry Irving in this country.

President George T. Angell, of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," says in a letter to a Boston paper that his next door neighbor has just died of typhoid fever, contracted from drinking impure water at one of our mountain resorts, and he reitrierates his oft repeated injunction never to drink at mountain seashore or elsewhere water about which there is doubt until it has been boiled to kill the dangerous germs it may contain.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has a clock which was once the property of Napoleon the Great.

Victor Hugo is now hard at work, his hours with the pen extending from 6 a. m. to 10 a. m. He has several small tables in his study which are covered with MSS. of the various subjects on which he is engaged, and he passes from one to the other as ideas on any subject occur to him.

Herr Krupp, according to the special catalogue prepared for his display at the Amsterdam colonial exhibition, employs 20,000 workmen, consuming daily 3,000 tons of coke and coal, and produces 750 tons of iron and steel daily, in the form of guns, rails, bridge work, axles, anchors, chains, etc. Over 20,000 of the famous Krupp guns have been turned out of the works.

Catching a Deer With Fish Hooks.

m the Lake Superior Sentinel.

Will Hendrick, while out fishing one day last week, near the head of the bay, captured a 175 pound deer with horns. The young dentist had no shooting-iron with him at the time, but on seeing the animal enter the water he cautiously pulled his little rowboat between his buckship and the shore and drove him out into the bay, where after a hard and long spell of rowing, he managed to catch him. He hooked into the deer's neck with a couple of fish hooks, and then with his fish line he managed to steady the boat until he could lasso it, which he did by throwing the boat's painter over its horns. The buck was not to be bagged so easily however, for he turned upon his pursuer, and a lively tussle was had. An old buck will fight hard at such a time—if there is any one who has any doubt in the matter let him ask Hendrick. At one time he struck the boat a blow with his forefeet which nearly capsized it. Will hung on to the boat like grim death, and by the dexterous use of an oar he finally knocked the buck out, and brought him in.

A Mountain Alligator.

William Blackheath, who has just returned from a six-months' sojourn in Arizona, has brought to the Comstock the skin of what he, for want of a better name, calls a Gila monster, but which is evidently that of a saurian of a different species. The skin now measures seven feet from tip to tip, and it has evidently shrunk some inches in drying. Though about the color of an ordinary Gila monster, the reptile is evidently a kind of inland crocodile, or, more properly, a cayman, as it has not the webbed feet of the crocodile. The strange saurian was found in a small valley in the Whitestone Mountains. When alive it stood two feet high, and its body, just back of its fore-legs, was over three feet in circumference. The creature was as savage as a bulldog, and as full of fight as a viper. It was found by the dogs of Mr. Blackheath and partner. When the men arrived at the haunt of the reptile—to which they were attracted by the fierce and peculiar barking of their dogs, three in number—they found that one dog had already been killed and the others were badly cut up and covered with blood. The creature displayed such activity and was so diabolically vicious that the two prospectors feared to go near it, being armed with nothing better than a prospecting pick and a shovel with a short handle. Finally the thing got one of the dogs by the fore-leg, and finding that it held on like a terrier, with no sign of loosing its hold. Mr. Bleckheath ran forward and struck his pick into its head. Even then the reptile held on, and it was not until it had been struck several blows with the pole of the pick that its jaws relaxed and it gave up the ghost. When the dog was released it was found that his fore leg had been broken at a point about two inches above the knee. Mr. Blackheath says he has met with several of the creatures known as Gila monsters that were two feet and two and a half feet in length, but never before or since saw or even suspected the existence of one so large as that whose skin he possesses. It was a surprise to all the white men in that section, but some of the Indians asserted that far south in the Sierra Madre Mountains they had seen some that were as large or larger. Unfortunately, in flying the saurian, Mr. Blackheath's only idea was to have the hide tanned and made into hose and gaiters, and therefore he did not preserve the feet, otherwise the skin might be stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist. He says the teeth of the creature were over an inch in length, were sharp as a needles, and in shape resembled the teeth of a shark.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Paragraphs of Wit.

"It's early, isn't it?" yawned the boy, lazily turning in bed to the sound of his own name, muttered in wrathful shouts; "its early, isn't it?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," roared his father; "but I am!"

And before the pliant skate-strap was half tired, the boy made up his mind that if the old gentlemen had been a little surlier, the bastinado wouldn't have lasted half through the sentence. But it lasted quite long enough as it was.

Not one of the cackling old hens in this country appear to know or care that a Florida turtle will lay 140 eggs in a day without making the least bit of noise. The hen fuss over one little egg is absurd.

"Mamma," said a little Covington boy "what does 'heluffa' mean?" "Why, my child, I don't know. I never heard such a word. Where did you hear it?" "Papa said it." "When?" "Sunday morning. I heard him tell Mr. Jones that church was a heluffa place to go when the fishing was so fine."

A Chesterfield in tatters: "Is the lady of the house in?" asked a tramp of the servant who rang the door-bell of one of the stateliest mansions in Austin. "De lady ob de house don't come to de door to talk wid de likeobyou." "Then," said the tramp, elevating the remnant of a hat, with a grace Chesterfield might have envied, "tell the lady of the house a gentleman wishes to speak with her in the parlor."

A knock-down argument: Mrs. Percey Ballavoine Tubbs—Tom has had awful bad luck—poor fellow! Mr. P. B. T.—What rubbish! Bad luck means bad management. A man of sense keeps his wits about him and his eyes open, is prepared for bad luck and sees it coming. If he hasn't intelligence enough to get out of its way he deserves—Mr. P.B. T. is hit by a snowball and knocked into the middle of next w ek.

"Well, sir, where do you work, Samuel?" inquired a Chicago judge of a colored prisoner, yesterday.

"I work in a bank, sah."

"What under sun is your position in a bank?"

"I'se a teller, sah."

"What bank is this you speak of, and what are your duties as teller?"

"It's Al Hankin's ferry bank, and I tells the gam'lers that they can find any sort o' game they's spilin' fur, sah."—Chicago Eye.

"Ought clergymen wear mustaches?" asks a Methodist Advocate. Why not? We should think a minister of the gospel might be permitted to wear a mustache, when Lydia Tompson is allowed to wander about with one bracelet. Certainly, parson, brace up and wear a mustache like King Humbert's, if you don't object to looking like a "thirty days after taking" advertisement.

A lady once wrote Roscoe Conkling a note when he was in the Senate, asking permission to bring her little girl to see him. He replied in a courteous note, naming the hour at which he would receive her. At the hour named the lady and child stood before him. "Mary," said the mother to her ceild, "this is the great Senator Conkling." "Yes, little Mary," said Lord Roscoe, with a Jovian smile meant to be encouraging, "but remember," solemnly lifting his forefinger, "that there is a greater than Senator Conkling."

The girls in one of the large New York tobacco houses have struck. Oh, well, that strike is a failure at the start, for being out of work not a girl will Havana one to back her. That 's'nough of that. Give us a sneezy one. At-chew!

Judge Ritchie, of Frederick, Md., has sixteen beautiful and accomplished daughters, only one of whom is married. This is what the French would call an embarrassment of Ritchies.

"Young Politician" writes: "Why does a state have a legislature?" My dear boy, it doesn't. The legislature has the state, every time. Has it by the throat, by a large majority. Has it by the pocket-book. Has it on its back.—Somerville Journal.

Population of the Austrian Empire.

The census of the population of the Austrian empire, taken for the night of Dec. 31, 1880, gives the following general results: The total population of the whole empire was 37,786,000 souls. Of these, 15,642,002 fell to the Hungarian portion, and 22,144,244 to the Austrian or Cisleithan portion. According to their nationality, the populations are distributed as follows, in round numbers: There are 10,000,000 Germans, 6,191,000 Magyars, 7,055,000 Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaks, 3,290,000 Poles, 3,180,000 Ruthenians, 1,220,000 Slovenes, 4,176,000 Serbo-Croats and 2,518,000 Roumanians. There are, taking them altogether, 19,000,000 Slaves—a little more than half the whole population of the empire. The ratio of population to area is moderate. In the western portion, embracing an area of 300,259 square kilometres, the ratio is 74 to the square kilometre; whereas in the eastern portion with an area of 324,015 square kilometris, the ratio of population is only 48.3 to the square kilometre. The corresponding ratios are: In England, 187: in Belgium, 181; in Saxony, 173; in Germany 84; in France, 71; in Russia, 15 to the square kilometre. With respect to religion the inhabitants of Austria-Hungary are classified as follows: Roman Catholics, 29,753,169; Orthodox Greek, 3,450,000; Calvinists, 2,130,000; Evangelical (German Reformed Church), 1,450,000; Jews, 1,640,000. The Jews dwell principally in Galicia, Hungary, Moravia, and Vienna; in Vienna alone there are 86,000, or about one-twelfth of the whole population.

Recent prairie fires in Texas destroyed $250,000 worth of property.

HOUSE AND FARM.

The Housewife's Recipes.

In using ground spices tie them in muslin bags allowing one or two bags to each jar of pickles.

Hard-boiled eggs pressed with chicken or veal add to the relish and the appearance also of these dishes when cut in slices. Pains must be taken not to press the eggs out of shape.

This is an excellent recipe for Graham gems and differs from any before given: One cup of Graham flour, one cup of fine flour, two eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Have the gem pans hot, and twenty minutes will be long enough to bake them.

INDIAN SUET PUDDING.—One-half pound suet, chopped fine; one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, teaspoonful ground cloves, teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

HOW TO COOK CORN.—Green corn, as a rule, is cooked too much. Young, juicy ears do not require more than ten minutes boiling, for they grow hard instead of tender by excessive cooking. Leave the inner husks on, but strip off the silk and put them into boiling water slightly salted. Remove the husks before sending to the table, and serve wrapped in a napkin.

POTATO EGGS.—Mash five or six well-boiled potatoes, add salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cup of cream; work well, and when quite free from lumps, add two well-beaten eggs and a cup of finely-minced ham. Make the mixture into egg-shaped balls, roll in flour and fry in good dripping, turning them careful not to spoil the shape. Pour over a parsley sauce and serve.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Burst open four nicely baked potatoes; scoop out the insides with a spoon and mix with them a wineglass of cream, a tablespoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, the juice of one lemon and three well-beaten eggs; beat the batter several minutes, or until it is quite smooth, and drop in large tablespoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat and fry a light brown; dust powdered sugar over them and send to the table on a hot dish.

PICKLED GRAPES.—Take ripe grapes; removed imperfect and broken ones. Line an earthen jar with grape leaves. To two quarts of vinegar allow one pint of white sugar, half an ounce of ground cinnamon and a quarter of an ounce of cloves. Let the vinegar and spices boil for five minutes; then add the sugar. Let it come to a boil and when cold pour over the grapes. If poured on while hot it shrivels them, even if it does not break the skin and spoil the appearance of the pickles.

PICKLED WALNUTS.—They must be gathered when green and soft enough to stick with a needle. Keep them in salt and water for four weeks. Drain them thoroughly, and lay in vinegar just enough to cover them for a few days. For one hundred walnuts boil an ounce of cloves, an ounce of allspice, and some chopped horseradish in a bag, with this vinegar that has steeped the walnuts. Add some fresh vinegar, just scalded, so as not to lose its strength. Pour over the walnuts in a stone jar, and tie up with flannel and oiled paper when cool.

MARBLED CAKE.—One cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar beaten to a cream. Stir in four well-beaten eggs and one cupful of milk; sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three cups of flour; beat in well with the creamed butter. Dissolve a large spoonful of chocolate with a little cream and mix with a cupful of the batter, cover the bottom of a pan with the batter and drop upon it in two or three places a spoonful of the chocolate, forming rings, and then another layer of the batter, and so on until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven.

Miscellaneous Farm Items.

Pear trees come into bearing after planting sooner than apple trees, and annual crops are more certain with the usual treatment that both crops get. Generally, too the pears bring the best prices.

According to Secretary Chamberlain's September report, apples in Ohio figure as a quarter crop.

Before planting a pear orchard take careful counsel as to the varieties. Too many sorts has been the cause of many sad disappointments.

F. D. Curtis says that twenty years ago he treated a stunted Fameues apple tree with a wheelbarrow full of leached ashes, and the tree shows the benefit of it to this day. Mr. Curtis also says that too many varieties of fruit are a nuisance and an endless amount of work.

"Pickling" seed-wheat has the effect of destroying any rust spores that may be adhering to the grain, but it can not be considered as a means of insuring the crop from rust.

Mr. John Tallman, of Mount Morris, N. Y., has, according to the Rural Home, been much aided in his potato culture this year by "a new parasite," in size and form much like the large squash bug, but beautifully colored with a variety of hues—yellow, green, gray, black, etc. It feeds on the Colorado beetle and its larvæ, and threatens to exterminate that pest.

Clayey loam, says the Rural New Yorker, is the best wheat soil obtainable. If the land has been plowed for wheat in August, cultivate it enough to pulverize and "firm" it. If the land has to be manured, it will pay best to have the manure as fine as is possible and well rotted, so as to mingle with the soil directly, and soon become available for plant food.

Some genius who evidently does not believe any farmer should try to own all the land that joins his homestead, says that "the possession of too much land is the bane of farming in many sections of the country. No one can afford to allow an acre of land to lie idle. Unless producing some valuable crop it is growing weeds, which are the most expensive crop both for himself and neighbors that a farmer can raise." And yet how many who do not half cultivate their farms are constantly "hankering arter" more land!—Tribune and Farmer.

When a tiller of the soil is thoroughly conversant with his business it is well for his sons to follow in his footsteps, for they will have to at least have some knowledge of the business. A practical knowledge of one's business is the lever and success.

The Chicago Tribune recently mentioned the birth of a calf from a Jersey heifer 1 year and eighteen days old. The Breeder's Gazette is reported as stating that the Jersey heifer Susan Amelia, 17,759, dropped April 27, 1883, she being at the time 1 year and ten days old. The same papers tells of a shorthorn heifer, dropped May 20, 1825, which May 17, 1826, dropped a fine heifer. The young dam was just three days less than a year old, and was herself sucking her dam.

The American Dairyman remarks pithily as follows: There are many degrees of feeding, such as poor feeding, good feeding, and over-feeding. High feeding can only be indulged in with young animals, and always then with more or less risk of permanent injury to the beast. The overworked or starved organs of digestion will never fully recover from the injury, and, what is ar worse than the immediate injury to the animal thus wrongfully treated, the evil effects of this bad treatment are sure to be felt by the offspring, so that such a course, if persisted in, will surely bring destruction to the herd.

Bogus Disease.

"Wolf-in-the-tail" usually co-exists with "hollow-horn" and is equally without foundation as a cause of disease. In the tail of a healthy cow the bones, which are quite large at the root, gradually diminish in size until they finally disappear entirely, their place being supplied by a rather soft, flexible gristle. During any serious internal disease the circulation in the tail, as in the other extremities, is lessened, and the part becomes relaxed. Sometimes there is a slight dropsical infiltration, which often makes it difficult for one who handles the tail to convince himself that some of the bones are not really wanting. Their absence is then accounted for by supposing that they have been devoured by a hypothetical worm—the "wolf"—but though "cow doctors" have sometimes found this marvel we have never heard that it has been seen by a trustworthy practitioner. Here, as in hollow-horn, when the real disease is properly treated, the imaginary disease of wolf-in-the-tail disappears.—Rural New Yorker.

Overdoing Cultivation.

A farmer tried the experiment, last year, of raking several plots so that the soil was as fine as possible, and then sowing wheat. The effects of this extra care were not evident in better crop or larger heads. There is such a thing as making a soil too powdery. If it is at all heavy soil it will crust over and bake, after the first hard rain, like cement. We know a farmer who, after getting his corn ground in good order, invariably goes over it two or three times more with the expection of making it in better condition for the growing of corn. With all his cultivation he never raises a very large crop, no more and frequently not as good as do his neighbors with good but not extra cultivation previous to planting. Enough seems to be sufficient for all practical purposes in such cases and that there can be too much cultivation of the soil when either wet or dry, is evident to most practical farmers. It is, however, not of frequent occurrence, and few err in this direction. The general rule is too little rather than too much.

Drying Sweet Corn.

Have the corn clean from silk, cut from the cob with a sharp knife, not, however, close to the cob. Then turn the knife and with the back of it press out the pulp from the ear, and you have a plate of milky rich corn. Butter plates or bright tins, spread the corn half an inch thick and put at once into a moderately hot oven, hot enough to scald the milk but not to scorch it. Watch it for half an hour, as you would bread or cake, baking, turning around the plates, and by that time, with a knife or spoon turn and stir the mass, set the plates back in the oven and let them remain if it is not hot. If there is need of a hot fire in the stove, it is as well to take out the corn till the fire cools down in the afternoon, as after it is scalded it will not sour if left to stand awhile. The difficulty most people have, is in the corn souring. This is because it is not scalded at once, but put in a merely warm oven. Stir the corn often enough not to have it dry fast to the plates, and by a day after it is cut, it can usually be put into a paper bag and hung near the stove to finish drying. Or put it into the back oven after partly dried. Occasionally a bit on the edges of the plates may be brown; if so, cast aside, and only put away the white, nice corn.

How to Keep Eggs.

Take clean, pure paraffine and melt (about 11 degrees in the shade is the required heat;) dip each egg in and wipe off smooth and clean, and pack in bran in a barrel or box; keep it in a cool, dry place where it will not be likely to be disturbed, and where the temperature will not vary much during the time they are there. Pack each egg small end down and so they will not touch each other. They must be gathered and put down fresh, for if the eggs have commenced to decay no earthly process will arrest its career.

Eggs have been kept in this way for two years and came out as fresh as when first laid. Paraffine is inodorous, tasteless, colorless, harmless and cheap. It will repay the trial.—Canada Farmer.

To Remodel Princess Dresses.

If you possess a princess shaped dress you can make it quite en rapport with the present styles by proceeding as follows: Cut away all the skirt front, leaving sufficient only for a basque about four inches deep, or a peak. The remainder of the dress may keep its former shape; but the bodice should be open in the middle of the back, and eyelet knots let in on each side, so that it may be laced. The skirt front is then replaced by a tablier of plain silk, is the dress figured; or of brocaded silk if the dress is plain; or, again, covered with lace. The silk tablier should be cut on the straight, gathered at the waist like a nurse's apron, and cut out into turret blocks at the foot, showing a fluting three inches deep of the same material as the dress.

A square lace shawl laid over a silk lining to match would also look extremely well by way of tablier; deep facings of material to correspond may be placed on each side. For a dinner or evening toilet the bodice should be cut open in the shape of a square, if it is not so already, and the opening edged with lace; the front of the bodice which fastens at the back is then covered with a plastron in the Grecian style, pleated in the shape of a fan, and is finished at the point with a bow. Two narrow scarfs, proceeding from each side of the skirt, cross midway up over the tablier and are tied into a loose bow. The semi-long sleeves are trimmed with a drapery of the material and with lace.

Value of Lubricants.

One of the most practical experiments made with a view to test the value of a good lubricant is due to the ingenuity of M. Morin, who has found that the friction of a cast-iron shaft upon a dry bell-metal bearing amounts to 0.2 of the transmitted power, while with a wrought iron shaft the friction is more then 0.25; therefore, if such shafts were dry and unlubricated, one-fifth and one-fourth respectively of the total fuel cost would become wasted in overcoming friction. By carefull lubrication of these same shafts, the loss is reducible to 0.065 in the one case, and 0.089 in the other—showing most strikingly the relation of lubrication to mechanical movement.

Items of General Interest.

Leading citizens of Keokuk, Ia., intend to remove the remains of Keokuk, the Indian chief, to a point near that city, and erect a suitable monument to his memory.

At Vicksburg, Miss., wells sunk about 260 feet reach the Gulf level, and an abundance of excellent water, with fine sand and sea shells, is found.

Andrew H. Smith of Rohrersville, Md., while searching for potatoes in his garden, noticing a hole of peculiar shape, thrust his hand into it and was bitten. Acute pain was followed by a copious flow of blood. He had been bitten by a large copperhead.

Frederick Hass, confined in the Norristown, Pa., asylum for the insane, was sane, the physicians for the institution acknowledging his sanity, but it required a writ of habeas corpus to get him out.

The monuments of Luther to be unveiled at Madgeburg celebration on Nov. 10, represents the great reformer as looking up to heaven, his head uncovered, his left hand pressing against his heart, in the right the Bible. At his feet lies the papal bull.

The English papers state that Mr. Arthur St. George, the inventor of a telephone, has perfected a contrivance which is supplemental to the telephone, and will enable every description of conversation carried on through the instrument to be not only recorded but reproduced at any future time.

The English sparrows, which are eaten in Philadelphia for reed birds, are considered a great delicacy. The flesh of the sparrow is darker than that of the reed bird, but the Philadelphia cooks say that only those who have never eaten any thing but reed birds can tell the difference.

It is said that the cochineal trade has been nearly ruined by the discovery of aniline dyes. Until very recently this trade was the mainstay of the island of Teneriffe, the cochineal depending upon the cultivation of the cactus plant, which, since the supercession of the trade by aniline, is no longer the remunerative business that it formerly was. The failure of the trade has affected all classes of society, the rich as well as the poor.

The secretary of the Williamsburg (N. Y.) gas company has received a contribution to the conscience fund from a boy who writes as follows: "When I was a small boy I used for the fun of it break the glasses in your street lamps. I should have known better, and I did, but anyhow I broke them. I have since been converted to the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and his spirit tells me to pay for those panes of glass. So I most cheerfully send you $5, which, I think, will cover everything."

Gen. John Hodglon, one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Dubuque, died, aged 83. He was one of the negotiators of the Ashburton treaty.

A brother and sister, who belong to the Danish race, are living near Sioux Rapids as man and wife. They have a family of deformed children in consequence.

An attempt to introduce silk culture into Scott county has failed, owing to inability of the projectors to pay a more careful attention to the raising of the worms.

It is claimed that a vault to be constructed for a safe deposit company in Cincinnati will be the largest burglar-proof vault in the United States. It is to be 47 feet 8 inches long, 21 feet 1 inch wide, and 8 feet in height, inside measurement. In addition to the other locks there will be a time lock connected with two separate movements—one to work in case the other fails—and by means of an ingenious contrivance, if both movements should stop, the time lock would then present no obstacle to opening the vault after properly setting the other locks. It is claimed that this does away with the chief objection to time locks.

A Berlin journal speaks of the injurious effect of greasy water on steam boilers in south Germany, where the water frequently contains magnesia, which substance is also contained to a much slighter extent in the waters of the Rhine. The fatty acids form with the magnesia a totally insoluble soap. By making the experiment on a small scale, a white powder will be seen floating on the water, and on putting the finger into the water this powder envelopes the finger and protects it from being wetted. Even when the water is not greasy, magnesia has an injurious effect, as experience has proved in the case of waters containing much carbonate of magnesia.

The river Witham in England has just been the scene of a novel contest. More than 500 anglers entered the lists to compete for valuable prizes, the fisherman who caught the largest fish withein a certain time to obtain the first prize. At a given signal all the anglers cast their lines into the water, and the keenest rivalry was shown by the contingents of fishermen from different towns. Several of the contestants presented abnormally large fish, on which they based a claim for the prize, but it was easily shown that they had resorted to the old trick of buying them, and they were ignomininiously debarred from the contest.

In the British Cabinet there are three regular total abstainers—Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. Sir W. Harcourt is a member of the Red Ribbon Order. Mr. Gladstone tastes little wine, Russian tea being his favorite beverage. Mr. Labouchere is a total abstainer and Mr. Parnell very rarely touches wine. Lord Derby is the only member of the ministry who, like Pitt, Fox, Canning and the old heroes, loves a good bottle.

"For Sale."

A Detroiter who advertised a horse last week noted down the objections of all who called to look at the animal, and some of them are here given:

"Too large."
"Too small."
"Too old."
"Not old enough."
"Too lively."
"Rather too sleepy."
"Object to the white hind feet."
"Would take her if she had more white feet."
"Don't like her color."
"Color is just right, but she is too fat."
"Weighs too much."
"Don't weigh enough."
"Has a bad eye."
"Eyes all right, but ears too small."
"Yes, handsome ears, but the nose spoils her."
"Legs all stocked up."
"Legs all right, but feet bad."

If Shakespeare had said that no man knew what he wanted in a horse there would be none to dispute it.—Detroit Free Press.

The man who wrote a little pamphlet entitled "How to Get On in the World" was put off a street car the other day because he hadn't enough money to pay his fare. He can now write another work on "How to Get Off in the World."