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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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THE PROFESSOR

—AND— THE HARPY.

(Condensed from Cornhill Magazine.)

III
A few days after this interview Mrs. Cecil and her daughter left home and did not return until late in the autumn. During their absence the professor settled down to his books and almost forgot Mrs. Harrington's existence. On the tenth of October however, he met Capt. Green, who informed him that she had left Lishbury for some destination unknown. His interest in her immediately revived and he began to wonder whether anything could have caused her to relinquish her prey.

Shortly afterwards he caught sight of Bob Annesley, clanking down High street in full war-paint and feathers, and crossed the road on purpose to say, So Mrs. Harrington has gone away, I hear.

"Yes," answered the young man gloomily but she is a coming back again."

The professor passed on. He foresaw there was going to be trouble, but he did not want to meet it half way. "Time enough for that when the Cecils come home," thought he.

The Cecils came home early in November; but Bob and Violet met no more in Precincts, the excuse of lawn-tennis being, indeed, no longer available at that season. That they met elsewhere, the professor had ocular proof, for he saw them several times riding together; more over, the dean's wife informed him that everybody said it was to be an engagement.

The professor held his peace, remembering one person who had said with some confidence that it would never be anything of the sort; and when that person reappeared suddenly on the scene, it seemed clear that the tug of war was at hand.

The professor might have let things take care of themselves at this point but for a conversation he had with Mr. Cecil, in which that gentleman intimated that he would like to know what Mrs. Harrington's intentions were. He determined to go straight to the harpy and ask her. He would make an appeal to that better nature which he knew she possessed.

Mrs. Harrington occupied lodging on the first floor of a small house near the cavalry barracks. The dreary shabbiness of her little drawing room was accentuated by a few little attempts to decoration, with which women surround themselves, no matter how scanty their means.

The professor had rehearsed the probable course of the interview beforehand and was ready with a remark which should at once render the object of his errand unmistakable; but he had omitted to make allowance for the unforeseen, and therefore he was completely thrown out on discovering two long-legged officers seated beside Mrs. Harrington's tea-table.

It is safe to conclude that that lady was a good deal astonished when Canon Stanwick was announced, but she rose to the level of the occasion and introduced him immediately to her other visitors. "Canon Stanwick, Capt. White—Mr. Brown. And now let me give you all some tea."

The professor would have liked to say that he would call again some time, but felt that he had not the requisite effrontery; so he sat down, took a cup of tea and wished for the end. He was very awkward and confused, feeling sure that the two officers must be laughing at him; but in this he was mistaken. Those gentlemen, if not remarkable for intellect, had perfectly good manners, and would wait until they reached the barrack square before permitting their hilarity which the notion of Polly Harrington cloistered with a parson must naturally provoke.

In the meantime, they did not do much towards lightening the labor of keeping up conversation. This duty fell chiefly upon Mrs. Harrington, who acquitted herself of it as creditably as any one could have done, and who established a claim upon the professor's gratitude by talking with as much propriety as if she had been herself a canoness. His preconceived idea was that property of language was about the last thing that could be expected from such ladies as Mrs. Harrington when, so to speak, in the regimental circle. Nevertheless, he did not find himself able to second her efforts toward promoting a general feeling of cordiality, and the next quarter of an hour passed away very slowly.

At length it flashed across Capt. White that the old gentleman meant to sit him out, and as soon as he had made this brilliant discovery he rose with great deliberation, pulled down his waistcoat, pulled up his collar, and said he was sorry that he must be going now. Thereupon Mr. Brown went through precisely the same performance, and intimated a similar regret. Mrs. Harrington did not offer to detain them. She accompanied them to the door, talking as she went, kept them for a minute or two on the threshold while she arranged to ride with them to the meet on the following day, and then returned, smiling, to hear what Canon Stanwick might have to say for himself.

Now she knew as well as anybody to what she owed the honor of the professor's visit; but she did not see why she should make his path smooth for him. Therefore she smiled and held her tongue, while he, after some introductory commonplaces, managed to drag Bob Annesley's name, without much rhyme or reason, into the current of his remarks.

"A promising young fellow," he said; "but, like other young fellows, he gives his friends some anxiety at times. His mother, poor thing, is feeling very uneasy about him just now."

"Mothers," observed Mrs. Harrington, "generally do feel uneasy about their sons. That is because they have such difficulty in realizing that their sons may be old enough to take care of themselves."

"But they can't take care of themselves," rejoined the professor eagerly. "At least, he can't take care of himself. His position, as no doubt you are aware, differs in some respects from that of his brother officers, and I think that if you or I were in his mother's place, we should wish him to leave the army, live upon his property, and make a suitable marriage."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harrington; "and why is his mother uneasy?—because he won't leave the army, or because he won't make a suitable marriage?"

"Well, for both reasons, I believe. I think I mentioned to you some time ago that there was a talk of his marrying Violet Cecil, and I have since ascertained that his own feelings incline him towards a match which would give great satisfaction to all those who are interested in him; but unfortunately it appears that he is hampered by some previous entanglement with—"

"With an unsuitable person?" suggested Mrs. Harrington, still smiling. The professor paused. He wanted to enlist Mrs. Harrington's sympathies and to arouse the generosity which he was convinced that she possessed. Under the circumstances, it was politic to begin by telling her that she was unsuitable? However, he reflected very sensibly that there would be no getting on at all unless that much were either said or implied; and he felt, besides, that he was already in so uncomfortable a predicament that nothing could very well make it worse. This gave him courage to reply—

"I fear we must pronounce her so. All other considerations apart, the fact that he no longer wishes to make her his wife should be conclusive. He might feel—and I don't say that he ought not to feel—bound in honor to her; but it seems to me that she is equally bound in honor to release him from his engagement."

"I am not quite sure that I agree with you," said Mrs. Harrington. "I can't, of course, form any guess as to who the person to whom you allude may be; but let us put an entirely imaginary case, and see how it looks from the lady's point of view. Because you know, even unsuitable women have their point of view, and some of them might be disposed to think their happiness almost as important as Mrs. Annesley's. Let us take the case of a woman with whom life has gone very badly—a woman who has married young to a husband who ill-treated her, deserted her, and left her at his death with a mere pittance to live upon. Well, this imaginary woman is not very wise, let us say, although she has no great heart in her. She is fond of amusement, she likes riding, she likes dancing, and she won't disguise that she likes flirting too. She has no near relations; so, instead of taking lodgings in a suburb of London, or hiring a cottage in the depths of the country, as no doubt she ought to do, she attaches herself to a cavalry regiment in which she has friends, and she rides her friends' horses, and dances at their balls, and has great fun for a time. Perhaps it serves her right that this way of going on causes her to be cut by all the ladies, wherever she betakes herself; perhaps she doesn't care a straw for that at first, and perhaps she cares a great deal as she grows older. Perhaps she sees no way of escape from a kind of existence which she has learnt to hate, and perhaps that serves her right again. What do you think, Canon Stanwick?"

The professor's honesty compelled him to reply, "I shall not blame her for seizing any opportunity of escape from that life."

Yet most people would blame her she would have to make up her mind to that. We are supposing, you know, that Mr. Annesley is the way of escape that offers itself, and this forlorn woman seizes him ecstatically she must expect his friends and relations to tear their hair and call her bad names. I dare say that would trouble her very little. After knocking about the world for so many years, she wouldn't be over and above sensitive, and she would know perfectly well that when once she was married and had plenty of money, everybody, including her husband's relations, would be civil enough to her. But now, just as she is exulting in the prospect of peace and plenty, lo and behold! the miserable young man goes and falls in love with somebody else. What is she to do? You, in an off hand sort of way, answer: 'Oh, let him go free, of course; but I, on the side of the poor, disappointed woman, venture to say that she should be guided by circumstances. Suppose she knew this good-natured Bob Annesley to be a man who couldn't break his heart about anybody or anything if he tried ever so hard? Suppose she knew that she was quite as well able to make him happy as Miss Cecil? Mightn't she in that case be

justified in thinking a little bit about her own interests, and holding him to his promise?"

"I can't answer positively," said the professor, sighing. "Justification must depend entirely upon the standard by which we judge. All I know is, that if such a woman as you describe resolved to sacrifice her worldly prospects she would err upon the safe side."

"Such a woman as I describe would probably differ from you there," observed Mrs. Harrington. "No!" exclaimed the professor suddenly, bringing his stick down upon the floor with an emphatic thump. "You may say that, but I do believe her to be a good-hearted and high-minded woman, in spite of all that she may have gone through. I believe that she has a conscience, and that she will end by obeying it at what ever cost."

"Are you not forgetting that she is a purely imaginary person?" said Mrs. Harrington, raising her eyebrows. The professor was about to reply, but what he was going to say will never be known for at this inopportune juncture the door opened, and who should walk in but Bob Annesley himself! The three persons thus unexpectedly confronted with one another all lost their presence of mind a little, and the professor could not afterwards have given any coherent account of what happened next, or of how long an interval elapsed before he found himself in the street again; as he wended his way homewards, he astonished more than one passerby by calling out in a loud, distinct voice, "She'll let him go! mark my words, sir, she'll let him go!" And when he had reached the privacy of his own study, he added confidentially, "And, between ourselves, I'm not by any means sure that she isn't worth a dozen of the other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.
(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, D. C. June 5, 1884.

The failure of D. W. Middleton's bank here brings to mind the fact that the earnings of three generations of Middletons have collapsed with the reckless management of this financial and overconfident scion. This family has held the clerkship of the Supreme Court of the United States from the foundation of the Government and held it to the time when there was no restriction or limitation upon the fee bill, so that every year the office was made to yield just as much of an income as a serviceable conscience might dictate.

At least, however, the extortions became so prodigious that Congress was obliged to step in and regulate matters, after which Middleton had nothing to live for, and died leaving the fortune that his son, with the aid of Providential dispensation, has suddenly got rid of.

The Chicago convention tears Congress up completely. Not even Belford, the Colorado beetle, is left to play his antics and gibe the Treasury surplus in the House, and as for the Senate, that body has become extinct altogether, only long enough to adjourn over the Constitutional period. The solitary Republican Senator who is not a candidate for the Presidency is old Sawyer, of Wisconsin, who nevertheless has a dark horse lightning rod out, and his ear at the clicking of every report from Chicago.

The country will hail with unalloyed satisfaction the adoption of the bill now pending in Congress that abolishes the fee system in the United States courts and which has been a scandal upon the administration of justice in these courts throughout the country. Under this fee system the marshal's office has been turned into an engine of the most outrageous oppression, tyranny and injustice, because there was no limit to the exactions that these officers might demand under the present statutes. We all remember what an infamous history these officials made in the administration of the general bankrupt act a few years ago, and the same scoundrels who then fished fortunes out of the insolvent estate, by collusion with the equally rapacious assignees, have been here this winter lobbying for another bankrupt act just like the last, and against the abolition of the vicious fee system. So far they have been defeated by Congress, but no one knows here what may yet transpire to enable them to defeat Congress.

Another of Washington's society pets has gone to jail; the National Rifles, the crack company of the Washington dude soldiery, is without a colonel and the Government exchequer is short, nobody knows how much through the speculation and speculations of Col. J. O. P. Burnside Disbursing Officer of the Post Office Department. This Burnside was one of those self righteous sort of chaps who avoided the ways of the ungodly until petroleum with its fascinating "put" captured him and the Government funds necessary to keep up his out of pocket speculation. To show how easy it is for these disburser officials to get away with the Government funds and not get caught, the amazing fact is brought to light that Burnside's accounts with the Government have not been adjusted since June 30, 1881, a period of three years! How many more of these fellows may turn up defaulters, nobody can guess for nobody knows how their accounts stand, and nobody seems to be invested with the duty of finding out.

FOR THE FARMER.

Chicken Chat.

BY FANNY FIELD.

"Which breed is the best to keep for eggs alone?" is one of the conundrums that I find in my letter box this week.

That depends upon what you are going to do with the eggs after you get them. The writer believes that the Hamburgs will lay a greater number of eggs in a year, than fowls of any other breed, and if I were keeping fowls especially for producing eggs for a country market, I would keep some variety of the Hamburg family. Their eggs are small, but in most markets—especially in the west, and more especially at country stores—"an egg is an egg," and size makes no difference about the price. Hamburgs are small, active, non-sitters, very healthy when allowed unrestricted liberty, but they seldom do well when confined to yards. There are several different varieties of Hamburgs, and each has its admirers who claim that their favorites have some special good qualities not possessed by the rest of the Hamburg tribe, but the truth of the matter is, there is little difference except in looks.

My second choice would be the Leghorns. They are somewhat larger eggs, but when compared with the "Rocks," both eggs and fowls are small. Leghorns are also non-sitters, and one variety of the family is as good as another, except that the rose-combed varieties are the best for the poultry raiser who lives where the winters are severe. Leghorns do better than Hamburgs when confined to yards, but as they are naturally very active, they do best when on free range. But if I were keeping fowls especially for eggs for a city market, or for private customers, I would keep Plymouth Rocks, Brahmas, or Houdans, or something that would lay good sized eggs—such eggs as I would like to buy. The Rocks and Brahmas lay eggs that for size and quality, suit private customers much better than Hamburg and Leghorn eggs; will hatch and rear their chicks, and will do well in confinement. The Houdans are of medium size, non-sitters, and great layers of large, white eggs, but like all the small, non-sitting breeds, are very active, and in order to do their best must have all creation, or as much of it as they choose, for a foraging ground. And right here let me say to Mr. Blew, that I am not acquainted with any breed of fowls, large or small, that would prosper if "crowded" into pens of two hundred each, and if he has any idea of attempting to keep Leghorns that way he had better give it up. It requires a good deal of poultry knowledge to make two hundred fowls pay even when divided into flocks of twenty-five, and each flock in a separate yard, but when it comes to crowding two hundred fowls under one roof and into one yard, no amount of poultry knowledge or any other knowledge could make them pay. If kept altogether in one yard I would not board two hundred Leghorns one month for all the eggs they would lay in one year.

THE COST OF KEEPING.
Fowls varies according to the climate, cost of food in different localities, etc., but the cost of keeping the different breeds in laying time does not vary so much as the breeders of the smaller varieties would have us believe. It costs more to grow the large breeds to the laying age than it does the smaller ones, but after they reach that age there is but little difference in the amount of food necessary to keep fowls of the different breeds in laying time, the "poultry authorities" who tell us that the Leghorns and other small breeds "eat only one quarter as much" as the larger breeds, to the contrary, notwithstanding.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Cooking Recipes.

FRENCH CRACKERS.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three fourths of a pound of butter, whites of five eggs; before baking wash over with the yolks of the eggs and dip in sugar.

ROILED SALT MACKEREL.

Soak in water over night. In the morning dry it without breaking it, cut off the head and tip of the tail, broil on a buttered gridiron, lay it on a hot dish, garnish with chopped pickle and dress with pepper, butter and lemon juice.

Soak in water over night. In the morning dry it without breaking it, cut off the head and tip of the tail, broil on a buttered gridiron, lay it on a hot dish, garnish with chopped pickle and dress with pepper, butter and lemon juice.

ROAST HARE.

Skin, clean and wash with great care, stuff with a force-meat of crumbs and fat chopped pork seasoned with onion, pepper and salt. Sew up, bind the legs to the body in a kneeling posture and place in a dipping pan. Pour over them one cup of boiling water, and invert a pan over them. Baste occasionally with butter. When done dredge with flower and give a final baste with butter. Thicken the gravy with flour.

CREAM PIE.

One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour beaten well together, add one cup of milk, bake with only one under crust.

HOARHOUND CANDY.

Boil one and one half ounces of dried hoarhound one pint of water, strain and add three pounds of brown sugar, boil until hard, pour out in flat, well greased tins.

SUGAR BISCUITS.

One pound of butter, two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Rub the butter into the flour and add the cinnamon, dissolve the soda in the milk, mix with the sugar and work the whole to a stiff dough; knead cut into round cakes an inch thick; lay in buttered pans and bake in a quick oven.

CRACKNELLS.

One pint of milk, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of yeast. Heat slightly, and mix with enough flour to make a light dough; roll thin, cut into long pieces two inches broad. Bake in a slow oven.

EGG PLANT.

Slice the plant one-quarter of an inch thick, sprinkle with salt; place layer upon layer and let stand twenty minutes; dip in a batter and fry in butter and lard; or dip in egg and roll in rolled crackers and fry.

HOMINY FRITTERS.

Two teacups of cold boiled hominy, one teacup of sweet milk, salt, four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, one beaten egg. Fry in hot lard.

COFFEE CAKES.

Three cups of bread sponge, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs. Roll thin, cut out as for biscuit; sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and bits of butter. Bake slowly.

JUMBLES.

One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, flour enough to roll. Bake in small tins.

COTTAGE CAKE.

One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one tablespoonful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt; flavor with lemon.

TEA CAKE.

One cup of butter, one cup of sugar one cup of flour, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder.

BAKED EGGS.

Break eight eggs into a well buttered dish, season with salt and pepper, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, one quarter of a pound of butter. Bake twenty minutes and serve hot.

A correspondent of the California Rural Press says he cleared his poultry house of mites, with which it was over run, by sprinkling the inside with the water in which the potatoes for the household dinner had been boiled. Two applications cleared them all out.

Chicago's egg trade is assuming large proportions. The average annual sales amount to 399,360 cases, which at 30 doz. each makes the total number 14,379,600.

House scraps, that is the waste from the family table, will half keep a small brood of fowls, who will supply the household with fresh eggs all the year. The profits of poultry keeping though not large, are satisfactory.

What a Pin Did.

Now that the great inventors have "stood in" with the unfair sex in their already sufficiently successful efforts toward deceiving the blundered branch of mankind, it is hard to tell whether we are drifting on the great beach of uncertainty. A firm of rubber manufacturers in New York, advertise what they describe as their "patent balloon contours," by whose aid the bosom of an alleged beauty can be made "like both to sight and touch." The advertisement does not say whose touch, but perhaps we had better touch the suppositively before our rubber editor files an injunction.

However what we started to say was that it must have been some contrivance of this sort was the matter of the lady who attended a party on Van Ness avenue the other evening. She was waiting in the room, fondly clasped in the arms of a well known society man, when in one of the convulsions of the glide he pressed her elastic form rather more warmly than usual against the pin that secured his buttonhole bouton.

"I wonder what makes the gas hiss so this evening?" said the young man, glancing at the chandelier.

The lady gave a sudden glance at her corsage, turned pale, and pressed still closer to her partner.

"Mr. Diffey," she whispered, hurriedly, "just see if you can't waltz out of that door onto the veranda. It's so warm here."

This was successfully done, and then sending the perplexed young man for her wraps, the wrecked female safely gained the dressing room before she had entirely collapsed.

This touching incident teaches us never to despair in the hour of danger and misfortune, and that—presence of mind is often a substitute of absence of body—and things.

According to the Washington Post

114 of the 220 delegates so far chosen to the Democratic National Convention are in favor of protection or opposed to any interference with the tariff, 86 in favor of the Morrish scheme of tariff reform, and 8 occupy a doubtful position upon that question. Be hold how easy and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in harmony.