"Our" Church.

It's wonderful what lots of folks
Have got to loose their souls,
And their unworthy carcasses
Be cast in obscure holes;
Because they die outside our pale
We leave them in the lurch;
They might have known of this in time
And come and joined our church.

The doctrine that we advocate,
The way that we baptize,
Are primitive and simon-pure—
The rest are only lies;
We hold the cream of all the truth,
By study and research;
Of course it's bad for other folks,
But bully for our church.

We cast our ministers in moulds,
One pattern for them all;
We test their voices on one note
Before they get a call.
If one should dare to change his views
We then apply the birch,
And if that fails, we fire him out,
And make him leave our church.

Conversion we believe to be
A coming round to us;
The holding of another creed
We think ridiculous.
Of course we love to save their souls,
And take a lively search;
But lots of them we know are lost
Because they miss our church.

Our charity hides lots of sins,
That is, our own it cloaks;
But somehow it ain't big enough
To cover other folks.
A dreadful handy garment this
In case of spot or smirch,
But still it leaves a margin wide
For those outside our church.

Life-giving waters we dispense
If carried through our pipes;
But if it comes through other tubes
It's dishwater or swipes.
We help the poor, we heal the sick,
If roosting on our perch;
Unfortunately there are some
Who starve outside our church.

Our pipes are laid in Hindostan,
To north, and south and west;
And just a few find out our plan—
The Devil gets the rest.
We count it strange that God should leave
So many in the lurch—
But an uncommonly soft thing
For those inside the church.

So listen when we ring the bell,
And rush to get a seat;
This is the only air-line route,
With palace cars complete,
Don't listen to those other men,
Nor make a longer search,
"Through tickets, without change of cars,"
O come and join our church.
—Utica Observer.

ONLY JONES.

The officers of her majesty's twenty-fourth and eighty-fourth infantry were sitting around their mess table, in Castletown, the capital of the Isle of Man; one evening more than thirty years ago—that is, all of them except one; but then, that one was only Jones. Nobody minded Jones. Even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing," and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their "chaffing" they had come to find it little pleasure, and after some weeks of discomfort, Lieutenant Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favorable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital—he said it hurt his affections. Once Capitain DeRenzy lispingly wondered whether it was possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones calmly answered that "it was not possible for Captain DeRenzy to do so."

Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's ideas of proper behavior, but for some reason or other no one brought him to account for it. It was easier for them to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say it was "only Jones," or even to quietly assert his cowardice.

One evening Colonel Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room and was immediately accosted.

"Something new, Lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hares on this island, and we mean to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good driver. Will you join me?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel; such a thing is neither in the way of duty nor my pleasure. I thank you, Colonel, for your courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider; therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the Colonel rather sneeringly;"the country is quite open,and those low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, Colonel. I am afraid. If I should be hurt it would cause my mother and sisters very much anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice? The Colonel turned away half contemptuously and Ensign Powell took Jones' place.

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a rising storm; and as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Jones said earnestly to his Colonel:

"I am afraid, sir you will meet with a storm."

"I think so, lieutenant, but we promised to dine at Wynne hall, and we shall get that far at any rate."

So they drove rather gloomily away in the rain. Jones attended the military duties assigned him, and then about noon walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the narrow quay; but amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly toward the great shelving scarlet rocks, a mile beyond the town. He stopped an old sailor and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"A little steamer, sir, off the Cape of Man; she is drifting this way; and indeed I fear she will be on the rocks afore to-night."

Jones stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them, they were gathered on the summit of a huge hill watching the doomed craft. She was now within sight, and it was evident that her seamen had almost lost control of her. She must ere long be flung by the waves upon the jagged and frightful rocks toward which she was drifting. In the lull of the wind, not only the booming of the minute gun, but also the shouts of the imperilled crew could be heard.

"What can be done?" said Jones to an old man whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If they'd managed to round the rocks she would have gone to pieces on the sand, and there are plenty of men who would have risked life to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"

"How far are we above water?"

"The rocks goes down like a wall forty fathoms, sir."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty feet or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of light strong rope?"

"Much as you want; but let me tell you, sir, you can't live three minutes down there. The first wave will dash you on the rocks, and dash you to pieces. Plenty, of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you go down."

"Do you know, old man, what surf swimming is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva."

"God bless you, sir. I thought no man could do the same."

While this conversation was going on Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting off the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket knife. This done, he passed some light rope through them.

The men watched him with eager interest, and seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body, you see."

"Ay, ay, sir; I see now what you are doing."

"Now men, I have only one request; Give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir; but how are you going to reach the water?"

I am going to plunge down, I have dived from the main yard of the Ajax before this. It was a high leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope around his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying: "Now, friends stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head one moment toward heaven, and taking a short run, leaped, as from the spring board of a plunge bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap. Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts, and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet from the cliffs and disappeared in the dark, gloomy depths.

When he arose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its center. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones rose far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on the shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continuously on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer to the wreck with every wave, really advancing more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear, hopeful voice.

"Help at hand Captain! Throw me a buoy."

And in another minute or two Jones was on deck, and the cheers on the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few minutes to fasten a strong cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here, sir," said the Captain. "We must rig up a chair for her; she never can walk that dangerous rope."

"A slight little thing; half a child sir."

"Bring her here."

This was no time for ceremony. Without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his left arm, and steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely on the shore. The crew rapidly followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body, and all things become possible.

There was plenty of help waiting for the half dead seamen; and the lady, her father, and the Captain had been put in the carriage of Braddon and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Jones, amid the confusion, disappeared. He had picked up an oilskin coat and cap, and when every one turned to thank their deliverer, he was gone. No one knew him; the sailors said they believed him to be one of the military gents, by his rigging, but the individuality of the hero had troubled no one until the danger was over. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks and went to pieces; and,it being by this time quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting party returned from Wynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of every one's conversation.

"Such a plucky fellow," said Ensign Powell. "I wonder who he was. Wynne says he was a stranger, perhaps one of that crowd staying at the abbey."

"Perhaps," said Captain Marks, "it was Jones."

Jones made a satirical bow, and said, pleasantly, "Perhaps it was Powell," at which Powell laughed and said,"Not if he knew it."

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted, especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Braddon, and all the officers had invitations. This had a peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present, and rumors of her riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It is said the little steamer was her father's private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and affluence.

Jones said he would not go to dinner, as he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o'clock and see the dancing. Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at his default. But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love with her than he had ever been with a woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his fancy had painted her during those awful moments that he had held her high above the waves.

As he passed, the squire remembered he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers."

"Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones' voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands, she said:

"I have found him! Papa! Papa! I have found him!"

Never was there such an interruption in a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the Lieutenant's voice, and the captain knew it, and poor Jones, unwilling enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made a hero of.

It was wonderful after this night what a change took place in Jones' quiet ways. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charms, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Bradden Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman and to get pretty little letters, which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to Conyers' to spend a month and a furlough being granted, he started off in great glee for Kent. Jones never returned to the Eighty-fourth. The month's furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out and entered upon a diplomatic career under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.

"Just his luck," said Powell.

Eighteen months after the wreck, Colonel Underwood read aloud a description of the marriage of Thomas Jones, of Hilford Haven, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers castle, Kent. And a paragraph below stated that Hon. Thomas Jones, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on a diplomatic service of great importance.

"Just his luck," said Underwood; "and for my part, when I come across one of these fellows again that are afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not afraid to say so, I shall treat him as a heir just waiting for his opportunity. Here is the Hon. Thomas Jones and his lovely bride. We are going to India, gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty fourth has lost Lieutenant Jones, for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as he boarded a wreck.

Mrs. and Mr. Bird.

When an agent rang Mr. Bird's doorbell the other day, says Max Adler, Mr. Bird himself opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm, and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the agent.

"Certainly she isn't!" replied Mr. Bird. "She is out. She is perennially and eternally out!"

"Where can I see her?"

"Why go down to the Woman's Suffrage club rooms, and if she is not there, go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and if she has left there, visit the hall of the association for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians, and if she has finished up there, look for her at the Church Aid Society or at the ninth ward soup house, or at the home of the one-legged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or the Polycarp orphan asylum, or at some of these places. If you get on her trail you'll see more pauper, and strong minded women and under-clothing for the heathen than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handle flat iron, just out. Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cool-handle flat irons. She would buy diamond breast pins for the niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended also to offer her a new kind of immovable hair-pin, which—"

"All right! You just go down to the home of the one-legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hairpins, and she'll order 'em by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to have 'em just now, anyhow."

"Besides I have a gum top for a feeding bottle; this is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what to do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup house with spoons, but they must have it from a bottle with a rubber nozzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers. Bribe 'em!"

"How'll I know her if I see her?"

"Why, she's a large woman with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambia fund, and to the Asthmatic Asylum, before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote 'em herself."

"Shall I tell her you told me to call upon her?"

"It doesn't make any difference. But you might mention that since she left home the baby has had four fits, Johnny has fallen out of the pear tree and cracked his skull, Mary and Jim both have something like croup, and Tommy has been bitten by Jones' dog. It won't excite her; she won't care a cent; but I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her if she can manage to drop in here for a few minutes between now and the Fourth of July, she might maybe wash the baby, and give the other children a chance to remember how she looks. But she need not come if it will interfere with the happiness of the one-legged medicants, or make her asthmatics miserable. Mind and mention it to her now, will you?"

"I will."

"All right then. I'll go in and put some fresh sticking plaster on Johnnie's skull."

And with the baby singing a vociferous solo, and the other children clinging to his legs, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The agent had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

The com plaint of the Baltimore *Sun* that the rudiments of a sound, practical education are no longer within the reach of every child in the community has much reason in it. That journal says further that the practical has been sacrificed to the ornamental, and adds: "The children of the poorer classes have only a limited time to go to school, and this fact seems to be lost sight of by the School Board, which contemplates an educational course of twelve or thirteen years. For such good, sound, practical education as the most of our boys need, five or six years of schooling are sufficient if their attention is directed and confined to the proper studies."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Nid-Nodding.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Poppy buds hang over one by one,
All the garden-alleys glow with heat;
Slow and languid are the little feet,
Glad to linger in the doorway cool,
Home at noon from school.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Where the lazy little brooklets run
Through the meadow, swings an idle bird,
Chirps the faintest carol ever heard,
Twittering through the tinkle of the rill,—
Then the nest is still.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun
Droop the heavy grasses every one,
Kissing down the drowsy laddie's eye;—
Croons a locust from the field close by;—
Lost in dells of dream-land, cool and deep,
He is fast asleep.

Johnny's Essay on Meat.

Wen Mr. Gipple was in Africy he seen sum natif niggers wich is called Hottentops, and they likes their beef raw like dogs,and he see 'em cut it off of the cattle while they was a life and bellerin. And sum of the cattles had ben cut up a good deel that way, but not dide. One day the King of the Hottentops he see Mister Gipple, and he sed, the King sed ; "Did you se any cattles long the road you cum ? Cos mine have strade a way and I cant find them."

Mister Gipple he sed : "Yes, sir, jest over be yond that hil is a porter-house stake with one horn broke off and bout a mile further long yule find a rib roast eating the willers, and near by I se two honches of bull fitin sum soop-bones, and onto the other side the spring I ges yule see a livver and sum tripe a layin' in the shade and chewn their cuds." But Mister Brily, the butcher, he kanocks 'em onto the hed with axes and cuts their throte in a minnit, and me and Billy we say hooray! Cows is beef, and a calef it is veal, but little pigs is mutton.

One time I was in Mister Brily's shop, and he had cut off a pig's hed and set it on the top of a barl, and ole Gaf fer Peters he come in and seen it, and he sed, ole Gaffer did: "Mister Brily, yure pig is a-gittin' out." Mister Brily he luked and then he sed: "That's so, Gaffer, you jest take that stick and rap him onto the nose fore he can draw it in." So Gaffer he tuke the stick and snooked up reel sli, and fetched the pig's hed a regular nose-wiper, hard as ever he cude with the stick, and ka nocked the pig's hed off the barl, an-you never seen sech a stonise ole man! But Mister Brily he p'tended like he wasn't look'n' and ole Gaffer he sed: "Mister Brily, you must excuse me, but, when I struck at that pig, it dodged and cut its hed off agin the edje of the barl."

Uncle Ned he sez the sabbadges in the Feejy eats themselfs, and one time there was a mitionary preecher went there for to peswade 'em to stop it, and, one day wile he was goin' round the country preachin' pork an' beens, he stopt at a sabbage's house for to git diner. W'en him, and the sabbage set down to the table there wasent nothin' for to et ony jest a man's leg. The mitionary preecher he was afraid of the sabadge, and dident kanow wot to do, so he stuck his fork in the leg and turned it over, and sed: "I can't eat this, coz it's too done. Wot kind of a cook have you got?" So the sabbage he took it away, and bime by he cum back with a other leg, wich wasent only jest warmed thru, and set it on the table and sed: "No gest of mine shall ask for enny thing and not get it. That's the cook."

Trifles.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.

Affectionate sailors hug the shore.

It's always leap year with the frogs.

A farmer's crib is a gnawful place for rats.

Flourishing business—Ornamenta penmanship.

A pen may be driven, but a pencil does best when it is lead.

Financially a tramp is centless; aromatically he is quite otherwise.

Hood called the slamming of a door, by a person in a passion, "a wooden oath."

It is hard to believe a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie if in his place.

Some people are like blotters. The more impressions they receive the cloudier they become.

"Poppy, I know why some pistols are called horse pistols." "Why, my son?" "Because they kick so."

Louis XVI asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," answered the count, "when it is spoken in Irish."

An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

A sailor put a saddle on hind part before. A bystander showed him his error. The sailor exclaimed: "How do you know which way I am going to ride ?"

Pheilm (to tourist who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen)—"Dad, and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gettin' wid the shrames through the roof. Come outside, sorr; it's dryer in the wet!"

"Oh, doctor, how I suffer!" "Come, come, madame! I don't believe there's anything serious the matter with you." "Oh, how you torment me! It would serve you right if I were to die right under your nose!"

John Bull as he looks at the cups won by "Parole," and ponders upon Weston's victory upon the land and Hanlan's upon the water, remarks: "Well, any way, I'm a terrible fellow at checkers and backgammon."

"That which thou hast to do, do with all thy might" said a clergyman to his son one morning. "So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye "Ah! what was it darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his off-spring's curls. "Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blue blazes."

About this time of year city people are getting terribly anxious about the welfare of the country cousin. This anxiety and solicitude will grow as the season advances, and when they can bear it no longer they will pack up four children and two trunks and go and see about it.

An unlucky Irishman was once imprisoned for an infraction of the law. His faithful wife visited him and found him greatly cast down. With the intention of cheering him up, she said: "Arrah be aisy, Paddy; shure ye'll have an upright judge to thry ye, any way." "Ah ... [illegible]

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Dods' Lectures.

As already announced Miss Matilda Lees Dods, a graduate of a school of cookery at Edinburgh, has delivered a course oflectures on that subject in Detroit Illustrating her remarks by actually preparing and cooking the different dishes described, she drew large audiences of interested ladies and awakened considerable enthusiasm for better methods of cookery. The following are samples of her work before an audience:

TRUSSING A FOWL.

Miss Dods took a needle and piece of string, remarking that the needle was better than the skew, which breaks the flesh. She first passed the needle through the under part of the wing, then through the top part of the leg, and then straight through the body, the other leg and wing, bringing the two ends together, which were then securely tied. Another needle was threaded and passed as close to the backbone as possible, then over one leg; through the breast and over the other leg, when the string was also tied. Trussing for roasting should be done the same way, except that the fat of the fowl should not be taken off, the claws only being removed. Miss Dods then plunged the fowl into boiling water into which a spoonful of salt had previously been thrown. It was boiled 1 hour and 20 minutes. When done a dressing was prepared and thrown over it. This was made from 2 hard boiled eggs, 2 ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, 3 gills of milk, and a little pepper and salt. Miss Dods first removed the whites from the eggs and chopping them into pieces. The butter was melted in a little saucepan, after which the flour was mixed with it and well stirred. The milk was added, and when the mixture boiled the pepper was thrown in. When it boiled it was allowed to cook two minutes. The whites of eggs were then added. The strings were removed from the fowls and the dressing poured over the breast. A wire seive was then introduced and the yolks grated through it on to the fowl. When this was done, it was pronounced ready for inspection, and it looked like a dainty dish.

MAKING MILK ROLLS.

Miss Dods then initiated her audience into the mysteries of making milk rolls. The ingredients used were 1 pound of flour, 1 ounce of butter, 1 ounce of sugar, a large pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a pint of new milk. The flour was placed in a bowl, and the butter, salt and sugar added. The quantities were then mixed with the fingers, after which the baking-powder was added. Then the milk was poured in, and here Miss Dods remarked parenthetically that sufficient milk should be used to make very dry dough, as the dryer the dough the better the baking-powder rises. The board was then floured slightly, and the mixture turned out and lightly kneaded, as the less the dough is handled the better the rolls will be. The dough was cut in six pieces, each being cut across the top. They should be cooked 15 minutes on a slightly floured baking-tin in a quick oven. As baking powder begins to ferment as soon as it is wet, Miss Dods explained that it should be got into the oven as speedily as possible. When done, the rolls were brushed with milk and sprinkled with sugar, and then placed in the oven to dry, remaining there one minute, when they were ready for the table.

CULINARY PROVERBS.

Miss Dods' lectures abound in bits of useful information, from which an exchange compiles what it calls "twenty-four proverbs in cooking" as follows:

There is greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake, put them in warm water an hour before cooking.

The only kind of a stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas stove; with it you can simmer a pot for an hour or boil it at the same rate for twenty minutes.

Good flour is not tested by its color. —White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

In cooking a fowl, to ascertain when it is done, put a skewer into the breast, and if the breast is tender the fowl is done.

A few dried or preserved cherries, with the stones out, are the very best thing possible to garnish sweet dishes.

Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea and coffee. Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours. Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change to butter.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

In boiling eggs hard, put them in boiling water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

You must never attempt to boil the dressing of a clear soup in the stock, for it will always discolor the soup.

In making any sauce, put the butter and flour together, and your sauce will never be lumpy.

Whenever you see your sauce boil from the sides of pan, you may know your flour or corn starch is done.

Boiled fowl with sauce, over which grate the yolk of eggs, is a magnificent dish for luncheon.

Tepid water is produced by combining two-thirds cold and one-third boiling water.

To make maccaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water or stewed in milk.

The yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed into anything else than a dry mold.

Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe in a dry towel.

To brown sugar for sauce for puddings, put the sugar in a perfectly dry saucepan. If the pan is the least bit wet, the sugar will burn and you will spoil your saucepan.

[illegible] cakes may be fried as [illegible] they must be put in hot butter or lard. The grease is hot enough when it throws off a bluish smoke.

The water used in mixing bread must be tepid hot. If it is too hot the loaf will be full of great holes.

To boil potatoes successfully. When the skin breaks, pour off the water and let them finish cooking in their own steam.

In making a crust of any kind, do not melt the lard in the flour. Melting will injure the crust.

In boiling dumplings of any kind, put them in the water one at a time. If they are put in together they will mix with each other.

THE FARM.

Ayrshire Herdbooks.

From the American Cultivator.

Notwithstanding the fact that the history of the Ayrshires as a breed extends back to the year 1805, in its native bailliery of Cunningham, Scotland, it is only within two or three years that any effort has been made in that country to have a properly authorized registry, or herdbook of the animals bred. And this seems the more surprising, when herdbooks of other breeds have existed in England for many years, and when our own breeders of Ayrshires, as early as 1863, issued under the authority of the "Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Neat Stock," the first volume of an Ayrshire Herdbook, which contained the pedigrees of 79 males and 216 females. This first American Ayrshire Herdbrook, was published under the authority of a general committee of publication, who undertook to issue, and who did subsequently issue, herdbooks of the Devon, Ayrshire and Jersey breeds, some of which extended to hree or four volumes. The second volume of this herdbook appeared after an interval of five years, in 1868.

At that comparatively early day in American herdbook history, it is not surprising to find crude ideas prevalent on the matter of pedigree, and on the claims to registry of individual animals. Of those recorded in these two volumes, 280 bulls out of 400 recorded have pedigrees tracing back to importation; and 530 cows and heifers out of 758 are also traced. The second volume was issued, as compiled by Mr. J. N. Bagg of Springfield. The third volume was published in 1871, as the "American and Canadian Ayrshire Herd Record;" the Canadian portion, consisting of about 300 pedigrees, having been certified for registry by Mr. George Leclercs, Secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture; the American portion being the work of Mr. Bagg. It contained the names of 330 Ayrshire breeders, thirty-seven of whom were residents of the British Provinces, and the remainder representing twenty-one American States. The number of bulls recorded extended to 931, and of cows and heifers to 1951, the Canadian pedigrees being in parenthesis. The fourth volume appeared in 1875, recording 1973 animals, carrying the registry of males up to 1546, and of females to 3309; the volume representing 384 breeders and patrons. Mr. Bagg was the editor of this volume which is the last one of his editing, and the last one of its series. In Vol. 1, the names of 129 owners and breeders are recorded; in Vol. II. 206; in Vol. III. 332, and in Vo. IV. 384.

The same year that witnessed the publication of Mr. Bagg's last volume saw also the appearance of the first volume of the *North American Ayrshire Register* compiled by E. Lewis and the late Joseph N. Sturtevant, of South Framingham, "wherein every animal is traced to importation." This volume recorded 238 bulls and 521 cows and heifers, from 117 owners. The second volume was published in 1877; the registry of males being carried to No. 524, of females to No. 1174, and the owners' names being 164. In the third volume, published in 1878, the registry of males was carried to No. 751, and of females to No. 1671, from 254 owners.

In 1876 appeared, under the editorship of Mr. J. D. W. French, the "first volume, new series," of the Ayrshire Record, being a continuation of the old American and Canadian Ayrshire Herd Record. This volume was published under the auspices of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association, of which Mr. Wm. Birnie, of Springfield—one of the editing committee of the first American Ayrshire Herdbook in 1863—is president, and which is made up of about 60 gentlemen, the leading Ayrshire herders of our country. In this volume 277 owners are represented. The second volume appeared in 1878, and contained the names of 486 owners.

An American registry of Ayrshires of fully 16 years' duration, together with careful and judicious breeding, have together given our animals of this class a high character and standing. Indeed, according to the testimony of American gentlemen who have visited the Ayrshire cows in their native homes, those forming the best herds of American breeders far surpass the animals found in Scotland, in every feature of excellence possessed by the breed.

Currant Borers.

Mr. D. W. Coquillett, in the Germantown *Telegraph*, has this to say about currant borers: "These borers are produced from eggs which were laid by the parent moth on the outside of a bud, only one egg being consigned to one bush. As soon as hatched, the young borer gnaws its way into the stem and continues its course downward, casting its chips out of the hole by which it had entered the stem. When about to assume the chrysalis form it repairs to a place a short distance below the orifice on the stem and closes its burrow beneath it. Just before being changed to a moth the chrysalis, by means of small hooks situated on each side of its body, works itself up to and sometimes partially out of the hole which the caterpillar had previously gnawed through the stem; and while in this position the perfect moth makes its escape.

The currant borer moth more nearly resembles a wasp than it does one of those insects which are commonly called moths. Its body is black and is furnished with a fan-shaped tail, by which it may be readily distinguished from insects of the wasp kind. On the back of its abdomen are three or four transverse gold-colored lines. Its wings are transparent, their edges black, and the fore wings are crossed near the middle of a black spot; the tips of the fore wings are also black. The fore wings expand about three-fourths of an inch.

Currant bushes which are infested by these borers should be cut off close to the ground and burned. This should be done in the latter part of April or beginning of May. If delayed until after the middle of May some of the moths will have completed their transformation and escaped.

Michigan Peppermint.

Mr.Kinsman, of Burr Oak, Mich., told the members of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers' Club recently how some of the Michigan farmers find profit in the peppermint crop. It is estimated by some of the authorities that St. Joseph County produces nine-tenths of all the peppermint oil in the country. Mr. Kinsman said: Peppermint wants a dry season to yield oil in paying quantities. Any land good for corn—rich enough to give good crops—is suited to peppermint. The field selected is usually a clover lea, ploughed in the fall, the planting done in spring in rows three feet apart, he plants nearer in the rows. The first season cultivation is given as for corn, the object being to keep weeds down. A full yield of oil runs up to six or seven pounds to the acre, the range being all the way from two and a half to seven pounds. I suppose the average may be set down at about four pounds to the acre. The price is usually about $5 a pound. The cost of the distilling apparatus is from $125 to $200.

The entire labor of fitting the ground, planting and tending is simple. Much of the work can be done well by boys. For the planting small pieces of roots are used; they are dropped in the rows at suitable distances and covered usually by pressing a little earth over them with the foot. The cultivation is confined to the first year. In the second year the plants run together and the best crop is had. The third year the crop is reduced, and after that the field is ploughed, when it can be used for corn, for although the peppermint exhausts fertility to some extent there is still enough to support corn and give a fair crop. The roots are raked out when the ground is ploughed and used for setting, every joint sending out a spear, much the same as is done by quack grass. I have seen the statement printed that twenty pounds of oil have been produced on an acre, it may be true, but the average cannot run much beyond four pounds, and that amount at full prices pays very well for the labor employed. There is one peculiar feature of the crop, or of working it up. The peppermint must be cut in dry weather, and no more can be cut at a time than may be worked up in the next twenty-four hours, the distillery running day and night. I do not know why it is so, but if the plants are cut when wet very little oil can be expected.

The Verbena.

No low-growing flower can at all compete with the verbena for producing a continuous show of bloom throughout the season, provided it is properly grown; yet it is seldom seen in perfection. Formerly there was no question about it; all one had to do was to strike the cuttings, set out the young plants in any kind of soil, and a beautiful show of flowers would reward him. Not so now, as the rust, etc., will inevitably spoil all unless the greatest care is exercised. Never allow a verbena to "stand still;" keep it constantly growing. Use only healthy shoots for propagation, and so soon as rooted, pot off at once in light, fibrous loam. They do not relish a strong heat, but succeed best in a cool atmosphere. An English authority recommends watering exclusively with tobacco water, which, he affirms, will destroy all manner of insects as well as rust. Place the plants always near the glass, and as soon as the plants show signs of being pot-bound, shift them into a size larger. Select for your beds a new, turfy loam—they will not grow thriftily nor bloom satisfactorily in old garden soil; water during a dry time, and if your varieties are well selected your bed will be a constant feast.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Potato Bug Parasite.

The agricultural editor of the New York *Sun*, a man well posted in entomology, makes an interesting announcement in regard to a parasite which has appeared on the potato bug, and from which farmers have reason to expect great service. He says it has long been known that the Colorado potato beetle had several natural enemies among insects, but they appear to have done very little towards reducing the number or ravages of this great pest. A few years since Prof. Riley announced that he had discovered a minute parasite mite infesting the beetles, from which he had great hopes of aid in destroying them, and he named the mite *Uropoda Americana*. He received his first specimen from Ohio in 1873, and later it was found near Poughkeepsie, N. Y. This season we have found this mite in great numbers in New Jersey, and they are evidently destroying many of the beetles, as we find them dead and literally covered with their parasitic enemies. The mites are quite small, not larger than the head of a very small pin, and of oval shape, and a yellowish-brown color. This mite promises to do much more to rid our fields of the potato beetles than its many larger enemies.

Michigan Trees.

Professor Beal speaks with enthusiasm of the great beauty and magnificence of the Michigan forests, produced by the mixture of deciduous and evergreen trees, especially in their autumn tints, and of the streams, hills, and valleys, and the lakes where they abound. He finds men now actually living who can see no beauty in a tree, except for the cords of wood, the loads of lumber, or the hundreds of rails it will make. He mentions some trees which have been of great value. A walnut tree at Pottersville sold for $1000, the wood being highly ornamental in beautiful waves, and it was made into veneering. A black walnut at Brookfield, seven feet through, sold for $1200 for the same purpose in New York. Two thousand dollars were refused for a very large blistered walnut at Saugatuck. At Grand Rapids a black cherry tree with very dark wood was shipped to Central America, and from there shipped back to this country and sold as good mahogany. Large quantities of curled and bird's-eye maple, and some choice trees of rock elm, white oak, and white ash, are sold for ornamental work.

The Cornish mines have been worked for over 1,000 years, and are entirely exhausted.