

HEREDITY.

A soldier of the Cromwell stamp, with a sword and prayer-book at his side, at home alike in church and camp; Austere he lived, and modest he died. But she, a creature soft and fine— From Spain some say, some say from France.

MARGARET.

It was in the summer of 1870 that I first met Margaret, in a small Western town where I went to nurse a sick friend. The nearest railroad station was twelve miles away, and the letter which I had sent in advance having miscarried, there was no one at the station to meet me.

It was late at night, but availing myself of a waiting coach that carried passengers to and fro, I arrived, after what seemed an interminably long drive, at a large house that was dimly outlined against the sky.

There was a general look of forlornness about the place, as though things were going to ruin; and owing to the lateness of the hour, we had some difficulty in effecting an entrance; but my coachman at length made himself heard, and a window-sash having been thrown up, a childish voice called out, imperiously, "Stop your racket! I'm coming."

The door was almost immediately unlocked and partly opened; a small head thrust out.

"Is that you, Sam Barnes? Has anything happened to 'pa'?" was eagerly demanded.

"Dunno nothin' 'bout yer pa. This here lady is come to stay," returned Sam, indicating me with a wave of the hand, and shuffling his trunk.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said the child, in a relieved tone. And then she turned to me with a kind of pert embarrassment, and throwing the door wide open, she said—

"Well, if you have come to stay, perhaps you had better walk in."

I complied with this oddly worded invitation and walked in a wide, dark hall, lit by a tallow candle, which spluttered dimly in a tin candle-stick on the table.

I paid and dismissed Sam, and found myself alone with an odd-looking young person, who had crossed her hands behind her and was leaning against the wall, staring at me with the most sagacious expression.

There was no suggestion of youth about her, except in her small, slight figure and a certain immaturity about the thin, sharp features.

She might have been thirteen or thirty, so impossible was it to decide upon the bundle of contradictions presented by her dress, manner and physique. I heard later that she was eleven.

She wore ill-fitting, clumsily-made clothes, but her brows were straight and well-marked, and she had a pair of large, extraordinarily intelligent eyes, that looked all the larger for the bluish circles under them.

But it was the worn, anxious lines in the child's face that most attracted my attention. I was struck, too, by her manner, which had a certain mixture of composure and restlessness, of frankness and reserve.

"I am Miss Jeanette's friend, and have come to take care of her," I said, in explanation. "How is she?"

"Better. I fixed her poultice this afternoon, and she has been asleep nearly ever since. You can see her in the morning; she'll be precious glad you've come."

"You fixed her poultice?" I exclaimed. "Why, where was everybody?"

"Oh, Aunt Stubbs is most as blind as a bat, and ma'n't good for anything where there are sick people. Ma is nervous, and she always cries and drops things. I am glad I happened to hear you at the door, it is too bad you were kept waiting. You look awfully tired. I was dreamin', and heard the knockin', but I thought it was pa makin' a coffin for the baby."

"I am afraid I frightened you," I said. "You seemed to think something dreadful had happened to your father; I wrote you Aunt Stubbs had been in a door, and she would be expecting me; but I suppose she didn't get the letter."

"No, it didn't come that I know. Did you put it in a yellow envelope?"

"I don't remember," I answered, surprised at the inquiry. "I don't think I did."

"She always burns those without reading them. Bills, you know, pa is out late to-night he is making up his books."

"And you are sitting up for him, like a good daughter." I naturally answered.

She darted an angry glance at me and colored.

"Is she doing anything of the sort," said she, sharply. "I had to be up and down with the baby, and I thought I might as well stay dressed."

Surprised at having annoyed her, I said, "What baby? Such a baby? Not yours, surely?"

"My little brother. Where's dear Now, let me see; where will I put you to sleep?"

"I won't wake Aunt Stubbs up; it's no use," she went on reflectively. "Oh! I know; you can go in Miss Waring's room. She is away. She is awful fussy. She'd have a fit if she knew you had her room. I'll go get the key."

With that she ran upstairs, but came back almost instantly, and gathering up an armful of my wraps and parcels, she led the way into a large, bare, dismal bedroom on the first floor.

"Nice, isn't it?" said the child lighting the candle and looking around with an air of pride. "It is the best room, and all the things belong to Aunt Stubbs, only Miss Waring pays regular, and so she has them. If you have got all you want, I am off."

"I shall do very well now, thank you, but would you tell me your name before you go?"

Her hand was on the door-knob as I spoke.

"Margaret," said she, and went out; but she opened the door again immediately, and added, "I'm without waiting for another nodding twice in a jerky, ungraceful fashion, and disappear."

Tired out by my day's experience, I at once undressed and went to bed, but alas! not to sleep. After tossing and tumbling about restlessly for two or three hours, I determined to try what a sedative could do for me, although I rarely resorted to anything of the kind. The bottle was in my large bag, and the bag I found had been left in the hall.

I opened the door softly and looked out, and there, sitting on a chair with

her head resting on the table, sound asleep, was my new acquaintance. The poor child had rolled up her apron as a substitute for a pillow, and made a footstool of my bag. She looked much younger than she had done awake, but her expression was even sadder, and her whole attitude one of profound weariness.

I was about to rouse her when I heard steps on the veranda outside, and some one fumbled at the lock.

I understood then why Margaret had gone to bed, and why she had been sitting with me for supposing that she was waiting up purposely.

I retreated. A loud, thick voice called "Margaret!" and instantly the child started to her feet, went to the door and admitted a tall man, shabbily dressed and too evidently intoxicated.

"What the dickens do you mean by keeping your old father waiting?" he demanded, angrily.

"Hush, pa!" she answered. Don't make a noise. I was asleep and I didn't hear you. Sit down there, now, and let me take off your shoes," half-guiding him to the chair she had vacated, she gave him a little push that sent him into it safely, though rather askew, and kneeling down, she rapidly divested him of a pair of dusty brogans.

"Thank you, my dear child, thank you. You are the handsomest of all my children, Margaret, much the handsomest, and you have always been my favorite," returned the father, with various impromptu attempts to embrace her as she rose to her feet.

"Yes, pa, I know I am a beauty; but hadn't you better come up stairs?" said she, avoiding his arm, but giving him a kiss on her own accord on the forehead.

"Make me a bed here, my dear, I don't care where I sleep, and I can't bear to give trouble," suggested Mr. Rea.

"Pooh, pa! don't be ridiculous. I can't do that. Come along!" and with this, Margaret helped him up and propelled him toward the stairs.

"Take care, pa, you'll fall!" she cried, as he tripped on the first step, and together they slowly mounted to the floor above.

Their footsteps died away; I made a second and more successful attempt to get my bag, took my medicine, and after I complied with the little scene I had just witnessed, dropped into a sleep that lasted well toward noon of the following day.

Margaret awoke me, by bringing in my breakfast, and sat down near me while I ate it.

"I am surprised to find how late it is," I said, "but what have you been doing this morning, Margaret?"

"Well, I dressed the baby's gums, I dressed the children and gave them their breakfast, and then I went to the butcher's for Aunt Stubbs, and came back and put the feet in ma's bonnet, and sewed the buttons on pa's coat, and gave Miss Jeanette her pills, and then I made your chocolate, and brought your breakfast."

"And how is my friend?" I asked, unable to restrain a laugh at the gravity with which she rattled off this extraordinary list of occupations.

"She says it 'most cures her to hear that you've come, and she sends her love. Have you known her long?"

"Yes," I said, "she was my governess years ago, and we have been friends ever since."

"Aunt Stubbs says she hopes you will get up early," Margaret continued, "because Miss Waring is coming back, and will snort if she finds you in her room. But don't you hurry for that. The boarders are all dying to see you, and ma is going to put her best dress on for dinner."

I expressed as best I could my appreciation of this compliment.

"You haven't eaten your meat," she went on, presently. "Nobody ever eats it after the first day. Mr. Smith, one of the boarders, says he hopes it will be better now you've come. But it won't, you'll see. Aunt Stubbs never has any money, and the butcher says he can't stand it. I hate that man!"

I laughed again at this, and Margaret rose.

"I must go now," she said, and left the room.

As I was dressed, I went to see my dear old governess, whom I found very weak, though convalescent. Her delight at seeing me knew no bounds.

"Ah," said she, "I have made no such friends since I am in America as you so kind friend. And I have suffered, yes, but I am better, and she is better. Margaret, the niece de Madame Stubbs—you have seen?—I would now be not here. Elle a so much encouraged me par ses conseils, elle m'a soignée, as if I was her own mother. C'est un ange!"

I was soon established in a little room that I discovered to be Mrs. Stubbs's person. She was a frowzy, subdued-looking woman, with a wondering eye, and a chronically apologetic manner, and was dressed in brownish black mourning and a cap that was never straight during the six weeks it came under my hand.

She was of a reminiscent turn of mind, and as she had adored her late lord, J. C. B. Stubbs, she told me rather more about his brilliant talents, and striking appearance, and remarkable peculiarities than I cared to hear. But she was a good soul, and worked like a beaver, and sheltered her brother and his family under a roof, every shingle of which was mortgaged.

"John had fixed up the place splendidly," she once told me, "and when he was elected to the Legislature, he said to me, 'Maria, go must have a door-plate,' and he got it, and a week after it was screwed on, my poor John was taken out right past it and buried."

The first day, at dinner, I was introduced to Margaret's parents. Her mother was a peevish looking woman, with some pretensions to gentility. Everything with her was either "gentee" or "ungentee."

Her best dress was very bad, indeed. It was a cheap silk, most elaborately made, and surmounted by a dirty lace collar, fastened with a pin very nearly as large as the Stubbs door-plate and made of the same metal.

She had evidently once been pretty, and was determined to be so still, if rouging and powdering, and frizzling, and furbelwing could accomplish that end.

When I spoke of having met Margaret, who was not present, she looked ill at ease, and spoke of her patronizingly as "a good child, but very plain," adding later that she was "like her pa's family," and, presumably, not "gentee" in consequence.

The father was gigantic in stature, and as large as the Stubbs door-plate, and told his story to even the least observant looker-on.

He seemed pleased when I spoke of Margaret's kindness to my friend, and persistently passed me all the dishes he could reach, including one quite at the other end of the table while Mr. Smith, the postmaster, a small, fierce-looking man who habitually helped himself to the best of everything, looked on with undisguised alarm and disapproval.

During the next few weeks, each day

threw fresh light upon Margaret's character, only to bring out new beauties, fresh evidences of unselfishness and thoroughness, noble devotion to duty, and patient endurance of evils that would have crushed any ordinary spirit, combined with a courage and a steadfastness I have never seen equalled.

For one thing, she had the entire charge of the three younger children, for her mother was utterly helpless, a thrifless creature, who did nothing but amuse herself, and dress herself, and could never be brought to see that this was not the whole duty of woman.

No sooner had she breakfasted than she put on her bonnet and started off to pay visits in the village.

Where she went and whether she was welcome or unwelcome, I have no idea, but she frequently stayed out all day. When she came home at night she was generally cross and tired, and after taking her supper, she would pick up a novel to read, or Margaret at work altering her dresses according to her directions.

These dresses were second-hand finery, sent her by a rich sister, and were continually remodelled in accordance with every caprice of fashion.

How often have I caught a glimpse of the poor child's pale face being over some such piece of work, after a day in which she had been alternately cook, nursery-maid, house-maid, seamstress, laundress, and no one knows what besides!

We beds to be made, Margaret made them; it was she who, with Aunt Stubbs' help did the children's sewing; was any one ill, Margaret nursed them; and as to the odd jobs, who can number them? The poor little body and soul and heart and mind must have all been one great ache, sometimes after a field-day, for instance, when she had been mortified by her father, and snubbed by her mother, and the weather was warm, and the children troublesome, and the work unusually heavy. But I never once heard a complaint from the brave spirit, and I never saw her break down into tears.

About a month after my arrival, Margaret made the acquaintance of a young girl, who took a fancy to her, and asked her to go to a picnic. Moved by some vagrant impulse, she had agreed to go.

"I'll take Bob and Tom with me, ma—they won't be any trouble, and you will take care of the baby," said her mother, and for a wonder that remarkable parent made no objection.

On the morning of the long-looked-for day Margaret came into my room to say good-by. She was dressed in a new print that she had just bought, and she sported a straw hat which she had given her. As she stood there, holding a small brother with each hand, she looked for once almost like other girls.

"Keep an eye on ma, please," she said, in a beseeching tone, "and don't let her give the baby a teaspoonful of parrotie without any water, as she did to Bob, here, and almost strangled him. She isn't used to taking care of children, you know. My dear baby never gives a bit of trouble, though, to anybody, he is so good!"

I promised to do as she wished, and she left the house. Three times during the day did I go over to Mrs. Rea's room, ostensibly to offer my services, but really to see how she was getting on. She was looking very important and bustling around, the first time, with baby in her arms.

The second time she received me coldly. Baby was on a sofa near the fire, and she was reading. The interruption was evidently unwelcome.

On my third entrance I was surprised to find her gone, and the baby lying on the hearth, apparently badly burnt about the face, as I saw to my unpeakable horror when I picked it up.

Mrs. Rea afterward explained that the little child had stepped over to the rectory to get the pattern of a lovely mantilla she had admired in church the Sunday previous.

As for Margaret, when she was told the news, she gave one shriek and fainted dead away. As soon as she was able to sit up, she flew to her room, and there nursed it with frantic tenderness day and night, until it was quite well again.

Happily the injuries, though serious, were not as great as I at first had feared.

I did my best to atone for my share of the sorrow, and I was not without some really was blamed by one of them. And I grew more attached to Margaret every day, as I watched her devotion to the sick child—a child herself, but as capable and thoughtful as though she had been a woman of forty.

I discovered, too, that she had a poetical and imaginative side to her character. She was passionately fond of reading, and had devoured the few books that had come in her way with the greatest eagerness.

By the time my sick friend had regained some health, and my summons home had been issued, I had been in my home in Margaret, that my eldest brother offered to give her a good education. I laid the matter before her parents who were both delighted, but Margaret would not listen to it for a moment.

"Eh! what a me!" she exclaimed, in amazement.

"Gracious mercy! You've done this!" (turning to me a grateful face). "What a good man your brother must be! I'd like it of all things. It would be nice to learn about everything—but," and she looked at me with a sad smile. "I couldn't take the baby and suppose I couldn't take the baby and the mother's throat was tightened. I shook my head and smiled. Her face fell, but presently she smiled in response.

"Well, when the children are big, and ma gets well, and Aunt Stubbs don't have to take care of her anymore, I'll get some books and study by myself."

I threw no cold water upon the millennial programme, but I wrote home about it, and the result was an arrangement that went into effect the following year. A servant was hired to attend to some of Margaret's many duties, and she spent part every day at the best school in the village.

The morning I left the Stubbs mansion I found by my plate a breakfast of dainties tied with a coarse twine, and an untidy brown-paper package containing a battered blue and gilt copy of Tom Hood's poems. This had been left at the house by some summer boarder, and had long been considered a gem of Margaret's collection. I carried away a blurred vision of a queer, pathetic little figure that will never leave me.

For some years after I wrote to the child at intervals, but got no response—then I wrote to her mother, and she in her line. My brothers got occasional reports from her teacher, who spoke in high terms of his protegee's intelligence and industry,—and then came a long period in which we heard nothing.

I was looking out of the window one morning last winter, when a carriage drove up and a lady got out, and rung the bell and was admitted. She no sooner saw me than she rushed forward, took both hands and kissed me.

This proceeding was eminently calculated to take my breath away, but judge

of my surprise when I found that this stranger was Margaret grown up, grown younger, prettier, happier, than I ever could have believed possible! Margaret clothed only reminded me as laying the cloth, cleaning the grates nursing, sewing, sweeping, toiling, and mending, now richly-clad, perfectly ladylike in voice and manner, happily married, and mistress of a beautiful home.

It was soon all explained. Will Brooks had come to Deerfield and boarded in the neighborhood. He had seen, and was delighted to see, learned to care for Margaret, and married her, and had taken not only her but hers, into his big house and heart.

The boys were all at school. Aunt Stubbs was dead. Perverse fates had made of "ma's" confirmed invalid just when a carriage in which endless visiting might have been done was placed at her disposal.

"Poor pa," had made a vow—and kept it. She was going to New York to join Will, he said, and would stop to show him the neighborhood, and he would be all about us, and was as grateful as could be for all our kindness, and so on for two hours.

My brother was away from home, a fact which we both regretted. It was delightful to see, off the stage, such a rustic justice done, and a harvest of happiness as richly reaped as it had been richly deserved.

The following week I got a beautiful pearl ring from Tiffany's "with Margaret's love and gratitude" on the card accompanying it, and I know my brother made of "ma's" by a letter he got at the same time, although he passed it to me across the table without a word.

F. C. BAYLOR.

A Brave Deed; or, Cheated of its Prey.

BY MRS. M. E. BRADDOCK.

"Somebody must go for the doctor."

It was Reine de Fac who spoke, and her words fell ominously on that little band of watchers. One of their number must brave the violence of the storm; a human life was at stake. There was silence for a moment; then Mark Maston said, in a low, firm voice, "I will go."

Reine heard him, and turned deadly pale, but no sound of emotion passed her lips, and no one noticed her pallor in the growing dusk. A minute passed, the door slammed, and Mark was gone.

There were two roads to Paxton, where the doctor lived, the highway and the beach. The distance was shorter by the beach, but the way more perilous; for at flood-tide the waves lashed high the cliffs which shut off retreat inland.

It took Mark Maston but an instant to decide his course; every moment was precious, and he must try the beach. He glanced along the shore; the water was about twenty feet from the cliffs, which presented their rugged front to the whistling eastern blast. Thinking only of the loved one at home, he dashed along.

Two miles before him a headland projected into the sea. If this was passed Mark Maston was safe. On he sped. The gale caught the spray of the breakers, and whirled it against the cliffs, drenching the bold messenger to the skin.

At last the headland came in sight. Mark stopped, and shading his eyes, gazed fixedly ahead. A shudder shook his frame. While he looked, a mighty billow came rushing in from the north, and dashed high on that projecting cliff.

Turn back, Mark Maston; turn back or you are doomed!

But no; with clenched teeth he ran on to certain death. But is it certain? Can he do it? Can he reach there in time?

Yes, gentle reader. I think he can, if he plods right along. It is only half a mile, and he has got nine hours and a quarter to do it. The tide is going out.

Mark Maston is saved! The sea is "cheated of its prey!"—Harvard Lampoon.

A Snake Charmer's Narrow Escape From a Python.

A thrilling incident happened in Forepan's circus yesterday afternoon, while Nala Damajante, the Hindoo snake charmer, was going through her performance of handling half-a-dozen squirming pythons. It was all in the twinkling of an eye, and scarcely a dozen persons in the great audience were aware that Damajante had for a moment been in deadly peril. She had finished the wonderful act of walking about the raised platform with six snakes coiled like a living herd-dress over her forehead, and had taken the huge python, whose weight is ninety pounds and length five yards, and its coils were coiled about the upper part of her chest and throat. To those nearest the performer, the muscles of the snake could be distinctly seen working beneath the spotted skin. Suddenly the reptile gave an angry hiss and darted forth its quivering tongue, and most at the same moment the coil about the woman's throat was tightened. Damajante's agent, who was standing near the entrance to the elephant house, appeared to know that there was a possibility of something of the kind taking place, and was keeping his eye on the performance. He started forward quickly but quietly, as not to alarm the audience, and had got half way down the race track, when Damajante, who had already realized her great danger, succeeded in unwinding the tail end of the snake from her body. The middle and most powerful part of the python was still about her throat, and the pressure was increasing. She was very pale but thoroughly calm. The head of the python, hissing horribly, was still grasped in her right hand. Damajante, with remarkable nerve, managed to free her left arm, and in another instant had, with all the strength she possessed in both hands, unwrapped the writhing neck from her throat. She placed her dangerous pet back in its box, bowed, and retired.—Philadelphia Press.

The New York State Capitol at Albany.

The New York State capitol at Albany which was originally to cost \$9,000,000, has gradually increased its demands until the last estimate now is \$18,530,000, and the probability is that it will cost more than this. The reports that it is architecturally dangerous are pronounced without foundation, but that it is defective in many particulars, there is no doubt.

Edward Gould has completed fifty years of service as cashier of what is now the National Traders' bank of Portland, Maine.

FARM AND HOUSE.

Agricultural Notes.

An Iowa Journal, the Traer Clipper, remarks that the farmer in that latitude who "will not take to the cow or steer is selling out," because he must.

Mr. S. W. Delano, St. Clair, Mich., had the pleasure of crediting 50 Plymouth Rock hens with 1,620 eggs in 64 mid-winter days.

When you prepare your hills for tomatoes this season mix a little bone-dust or ashes with the manure in the hill, and notice how much the crop will be improved thereby. But do not leave the manure in a heap in the hill, but mix it thoroughly and deeply with the soil by means of the hoe or fork.

A bill has been passed by the province of Ontario, Canada, for the encouragement of tree planting. It provides that any municipality may pay out of the public funds a bonus not exceeding 25 cents for every tree—ash, basswood, beech, birch, butternut, cedar, cherry, chestnut, elm, hickory, maple, oak, pine, sassafras spruce, walnut or whitewood—planted along a highway of farm boundary line or within six feet of such boundary.

A writer on the subject of laying hens says, he began with a flock, the average laying of each hen being only 55 to 85 per annum. By selecting for hatching, from year to year, the eggs of those hens that laid the greatest number, he brought them up in process of time to lay from 190 to 210 each. We have well authenticated instances of hens laying 250 eggs in a single year, and even more than this number is guessed at. It is highly profitable, under ordinary circumstances, to keep hens which lay 150 to 200 eggs in a season, and quite the contrary if they produce only 60 to 80. The non-sitters are such as give the former; but the sitters, when a good breed, will generally reach about two-thirds of this number.

Industrial Training for Women.

It is a singular fact that there is not in all the United States an endowed institution for the training of women for professional or industrial labor. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the wealthy ladies of the land, many of whom now give so generously to colleges and institutions for the education of men, will devote some of their means to the establishment and endowment of institutions for the thorough training of women in useful callings.—Home Journal.

Preparation of Kalsomme.

Eight pounds of whiting and one-quarter of a pound of white glue make the right proportions. Soak the glue over night in cold water, and in the morning heat till it is perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash the consistency of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomme brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk is used instead of water, the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied, all holes and crevices should be stopped with plaster of Paris mixed with water. Colors to tint the walls may be procured at any paint store. M. W., says: "If zinc white is used instead of the whiting, it will last white for many years. The first expense is more, but the investment pays: Use first a sizing of white glue."

A Garden in a Cornfield.

From the New York Tribune.

The old-fashioned kitchen garden, fenced in, surrounded with currant bushes and berry plants often spread far out toward the centre, with a few bunches of peonies and here and there a rose-bush and a clump of hollyhocks, where possibly the plough might be used with a good deal of turning and tugging, but more likely the spade with still harder work, belongs to a by-gone age, and savors more of penance than of profit. Nowadays, with the perfect implements for planting and cultivating, the penance may be made easy. If there is no better spot, one corner of the cornfield may be taken, and all of the seeds be planted in rows, thickly or thinly, according to their habit of growing. Let the rows extend across the field, and if too long make part of them corn or potatoes. The ground need only be well prepared, as for corn, and made fine with the harrow and marked with a corn-marker. For the fine seeds like lettuce, onions, etc., the garden rake may be used to smooth the surface along the rows.

When these seeds come up, scrape the earth and weeds away on each side from the young plants with a light touch of the hoe, and leave the row clean. The plants will then be seen distinctly, although small, and the cultivator will mellow the ground between the rows as well as around the plants. The soil will use most of the garden work. A little hand weeding may be required in the row, if the ground is weedy, otherwise the gardening may be done with a horse and cultivator. Cucumbers, melons, beets and everything may be planted after the marker and be covered with the hoe or the garden rake. One man in a day can plant seeds enough for a bountiful supply for a large family. Vegetables and plants raised in this way will grow faster than in a garden and mature sooner. A row or two may be left for the later planting of radishes and winter cabbage, and meanwhile the cultivator will keep the ground clean and mellow.

When July comes the open spaces between the rows of onions and lettuce, and where vacant spots have been made may be sown with turnip seed and raked over, and so all of the ground will be utilized. The pea-rows, later in the season, and where the early potatoes grew, may also be converted into a turnip-patch. A few extra loads of manure—the best rotta—ploughed under where the garden is to go, will make good growth; and the quicker most vegetables grow the better the quality. The first of June the radishes may be put in and they will be crisp and tender. A little wood ashes and hen manure, mixed together and worked into the soil, will give vegetables a rapid start. Manure and wood ashes are also a superior fertilizer, but not quite so active as the other. Plenty of vegetables are a blessing to a housewife, and help wonderfully to surround the farmer's table with good cheer.—F. D. Curtis, Kirby Homestead, N. Y.

Strawberries.

This is a berry which all can raise. To have them in perfection, as they have no superiors, it must be perfectly ripened on the vines and eaten a few

hours after they are picked. Those shipped here from a distance look like strawberries, but they have lost their flavor and health inspiring principle. Any one can have them fresh except the man who is willing to sacrifice many of the comforts of life and health by crowding into the towns and cities. The last half of April is the best season for setting out strawberries. Take time and care in setting out. Make the soil fine, but do not press the dirt too hard against the plant. But above all be careful that the central bud is not covered with dirt. If the plant has many full fresh leaves, most of them should be cut off, and do not set too deep. Three square rods will furnish berries enough for a large family. In their season there is nothing like them.—Des Moines Register.

Pepper, Pure and Adulterated.

Pepper, when freshly ground, has an appetizing, fragrant smell and taste, and the best store article rarely approaches. Black and white pepper are from the same berry, the difference being simply in the preparation. The outer husk of the berry is black, the inner seed being much lighter, or nearly white. The best pepper is made from the whole berry ground up, husks and all. Those who are now coming home from Europe, often bring back a pretty little pepper mill for the table, to be used instead of pepper box. It is filled with whole pepper, and holding it in one hand you turn a little handle with the other, and grind a few grains of fresh, fragrant pepper into your soup or stew. Black pepper is largely adulterated. The pepper husks from the London made white pepper manufacturers, are for sale on this side of the Atlantic for 50 cents a pound. The whole pepper costs at the import