The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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PEOPLE.

Lord Randolph Churchill was almost seriously ill some time ago, but his health is now restored.

Kossuth, from feeble health, has been compelled to stop teaching English at Turin, and has gone to live in the Alps on a farm, where his sons will hereafter support him.

Angeli of Vienna is the favorite portrait-painter of Queen Victoria, who has sent for him to come to Windsor in November expressly to paint pictures of Beatrice and Battenberg.

The venerable Prof. Calvin E. Stowe was famous for years as a wit, a scholar and a fine public speaker, but was suddenly and completely relegated to dense obscurity by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and she was his second wife at that.

Mr Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is described by a London correspondent as being the type of a fanatical reformer with his hair standing in all directions, his light blue eyes bloodshot, his face red with ill-suppressed excitement, and his slight frame swaying to and fro, but looking like a brave man.

In one of his most frequently quoted poems Alfred de Musset asked that a willow tree be planted above his grave. Years after his death the request was tardily granted, but the tree refuses to grow and remains to this day a stunted skeleton. And no one in all France cares to replace it with a living plant.

Senor Campero, a merchant of Pueblo, Mexico, recently advertised that he would give a dollar to every needy man who applied, actually doing so for a week or more. Incidentally, and in no connection with this charity, it is mentioned that Senor Campero proposes to run as Mayor of Pueblo.

Newspapers in Schools.

A writer in the *Current*, after deploring the lamentable ignorance of public affairs and transpiring events displayed by the average scholar of the schools of the country, thus argues for the introduction of newspapers into the public schools:—"Remove the old-fashioned reading-books from the schools, and replace them with the better newspapers of the country. Of course, this is not meant to apply to the primary reading-books—the primer, first and second readers. Because the child, until it has advanced beyond these branches, has not attained that degree of intelligence which would enable it to grasp the meaning or retain in its memory the facts contained in a newspaper article. But this objection does not apply to the child who has reached the age of twelve or fourteen years. At that age the average American youth is fully capable of understanding and remembering what he reads. It may be objected that the average newspaper contains a good deal of so-called news that would be injurious, rather than beneficial, to the youthful reader; and that the style of language used by many newspaper writers is not of a sufficiently classic character to be utilized for the cultivation of the youthful mind. To the first of these objections it may be answered that, while it is true that much that would be at least worthless in the education of youth is published in all newspapers, yet the judgment and discretion of the intelligent teacher may be safely relied upon to select only that for perusal which will be both beneficial and instructive. As to the second objection, it may be said that while it holds good in many—alas! far too many—cases, yet there are plenty of newspapers in the country that can be relied upon as not only honest exponents of current events and public opinion thereon, but as so equally as fair representatives of the purity of the English language as are the school readers. Of course, in the selection of newspapers for schools the judgment and intelligence of the school boards and teachers must be trusted, not only to make the discriminations already cited, but also to use due consideration in choosing between the partisan and the non-partisan press. A good deal of thought and some little investigation of this subject have convinced me that the adoption of some such policy as is here suggested would be a long stride toward perfection of what is already the best and greatest and grandest educational system in the world."

Winter Evening Amusements.

As the cool winter evenings draw near, there is usually a buzz of expectation in every small Canadian town or village, among the young people, in the hope of amusement. There are plenty of clever, agreeable boys and girls and energetic adults who are ready to be amused and to contribute their share to amuse others; but the fun is apt soon to languish, with a feeble flicker or two, and then die out.

Nothing can be duller than the social atmosphere of most of our villages through a long winter. There are two reasons for this: Nobody is willing to take the lead or to inaugurate a new idea; and there is too much distinction of rank. The castes of Hindostan have not more rigid lines than the "sets" of a little Canadian town, with its mongrel population. The daughters of the judge scan the wife of the dry-goods merchant; while she, in turn, will not visit the carpenter's family, who haughtily pass the milliner without a bow; while the latter has nothing to do with the sempstresses who go out to work by the day; "good people, but not such as one could associate with, you know."

A well-bred, liberal woman from a large seaboard city happened to find herself in one of these clique ridden villages in New York, at the beginning of a long winter. She invited a member of each circle to her house, inaugurated half-a-dozen clubs, which included all the respectable young people of the town, without the slightest regard to their previous social standing. There was a club for music, another for reading, others for tableaux-vivants and Shakespeare, history and art.

Each club met at the house of a member once a week; the simplest refreshment was provided; and each in its turn provided a fortnightly entertainment to which the members of all the other associations were invited. For instance, one fortnight the entertainment was tableaux; the next a concert; the next short essays on art with a loan exhibition of such engravings or bric-a-brac as the town could afford; the next a roaring farce, played by amateurs. The performance, it may be, were trifling; but at the end of the winter these good neighbors had discovered fine traits and capabilities in each other, heretofore unsuspected, and had found, too, friends and comrades in the very men and women whom they had treated as social pariahs.

Cannot the young people who read of this experiment do something in their own homes to bring about an era of good feeling?

The Yacht Livadia.

The Czar Alexander II.'s famous yacht, the Livadia, turned up long ago as a coal hulk in the harbor of Sebastopol. This is an ignominious ending for a craft which was expected to revolutionize marine architecture and which was certainly one of the most georgous vessels ever built. No such vessel had been since Noah navigated the eastern waters; her hull was hidden in a projecting basement which supported a row of pillars; she had four tiers of decks paved with black, white and red marble; there was a magnificent marble fountain; the baths were hewn from white marble blocks; rows of electric lights illuminated the saloons and avenue-like corridors, and the many sets of appartments were finished in rare woods and stones, furnished with the most costly trappings and ornamented with Oriental splendor. Although that Livadia was more like a fairy palace than a modern yacht, and it is not strange that the impression went abroad that one purpose of her creation was to dazzle the Asiatic mind and increase the awe and mystery with which it regarded the Czar. But the Livadia was not a safe sailor, and she was practically discarded as worthless.

Life's Chivalry.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Where, in the busy city's care and strife,
Its thirst for riches, and its toil for bread,
Is found that soul of chivalry in life,
Which some are mourning for as truly dead?
Shall we seek for it in the forest glade;
In hoary dim cathedral gray with age,
In chancel where the mailed knights are laid
With rusted lance, no further war to wage;
In mouldering castle, or in ivied tower,
Where pomp and pageantry were wont to be?
Ah, no! But yet the ancient spirit's power
Is with us, and its form, if we would see,
To labor cheerfully from hour to hour,
To do good gracious, is chivalry.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

By the Author of "THE FLOWER GIRL," "LOVELY LADY LYNHURST," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

They had reached the old churchyard now, and leaning on the low white gate, Geraldine pointed to the further side, where a granite pillar stood out conspicously from among the other surrounding tombs. At its base a figure crouched, and it was this which had attracted Miss Mainwaring's attention.

"Percy" she said slowly, "it is a murderess drawn towards the spot which conceals her victim. Percy, I must go! Heaven has directed my footsteps here to-day. Nay"—as he made a step forward by her side—"stay here! I would go alone. What I have to say, must be said to her alone."

Mr. Braithwaite regarded his cousin with some degree of apprehension. She was strangely excited, and he saw that it would be useless to attempt to thwart her; so he wisely agreed to let her have her own way.

"Very well," he said calmly. "I will remain here, as you wish it; only make your interview as short as possible."

He pulled out a cigar and proceeded leisurely to light it, whilst his cousin went swiftly forward, her footsteps making no sound on the short velvety grass, her skirts trailing behind her noiselessly.

Within a few feet of the monument erected to the loving memory of Harry Clifford Braithwaite she paused undecidedly. The kneeling figure had not moved. So quiet was it that for one terrible moment Geraldine fancied it was lifeless. The head was bent forward and rested on the cold granite, so that no glimpse of the features was obtainable.

"She is guilty, or why does she come here? It is remorse which brings her," Geraldine said to herself, and hardened her heart against the sinner. "I know you, Dolly Jarvis," she said aloud, in clear firm tones. "What are you doing here at his grave?"

Then the bowed head was raised, and a face so beautiful in all its deathly pallor was disclosed that Miss Mainwaring could not repress an exclamation of surprise. Yes, the sweet sensitive drooping lips, the beautiful eyes, the pure complexion the perfect features were the same as of yore; but, instead of the sunny smile, instead of the eyes brimming over with mischief and mirth, they were filled with a great and mute despair. A despair so profound, an agony so intense was written in every lineament of that lovely face that Geraldine was smitten dumb for the moment. Slowly the pained far-off look faded, and was replaced by one of recognition, as Dolly began to comprehend in whose presence she stood. Then the faintest rose-flush dyed her wan cheeks, and her lips parted, but no words came. But Miss Mainwaring had by this time in some degree recovered herself.

"I am Geraldine Mainwaring," she said, "once the betrothed of my cousin, who lies buried there." And it seemed that some inner force compelled her to speak almost against her will. "And you—you are his murderess!"

The last word was hissed into the kneeling girl's ears as she clutched her arm. Never would Geraldine forget the look which Dolly Jarvis cast upon her, so full of horror, amazement, and terror was it. Slowly she rose to her feet, and, stretching out her arms as if to ward off some cruel blow, with faltering steps and with her eyes still fixed on her accuser, she moved slowly away, without uttering one word of exculpation or confession. And, strangely enough, Geraldine Mainwaring made no attempt to retain or follow her, or to wring the truth from her. Nay, as the small lithe figure disappeared in the opposite direction to the gate by which Geraldine had entered, that young lady murmured in a softened voice—

"Poor girl, she loved him too! I will try to remember that; and, if—if she has sinned—ah me, her sufferings have been even greater than mine!"

"If!" It was singular that Geraldine should have admitted that "if"; and yet, in the face of the blank and hopeless despair written on Dolly Jarvis's countenance, in the face of her manner, which had implied that she was guilty—or why should she not have refuted the charge brought against her?—Miss Mainwaring felt less assured of that fact than she had hitherto done. There was something pathetic in the sadness of that beautiful face, something that told rather of sorrow than of guilt.

With a thoughtful look, Geraldine, after a few minutes spent by her lost lover's grave, slowly retraced her steps, her cousin's words persistently recurring to her. "It was of no use to rake up a scandal that could reflect little credit on any one concerned in it, and nothing could bring poor Harry back to life!"

Well, perhaps, after all, he was right. She found Percy where she had left him. He hastened to open the gate for her as she approached; and, as she passed through it, he glanced curiously at her; but she was unusually reticent.

"Well?" he queried, finding that, woman though she was, she did not use her tongue for once. "Are you satisfied now, or——"

"Quite satisfied. We will never speak on the subject again, Percy."

"Agreed!" the other said, quite cheerfully, for he had some hopes of winning Geraldine himself in these days, and he had found a dead rival, in the shape of poor Harry, far more difficult to overcome than a living one could have been.

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, father, I wish you'd be persuaded by me to leave this place! Let us go away somewhere where we are not known. I am sure you would be happier."

Dolly's voice was tremulous; but there was no mistaking the eagerness with which she awaited the old man's reply.

"Happier?" he repeated, in a tone of mockery. "As if that were possible! As if anything could make my life other than a hideous burden! But," he went on quickly, as he regarded his daughter with keen scrutiny, "you have heard something?" and his face reflected some of the anxiety and terror so plainly depicted on Dolly's wan features.

"Yes," the girl answered slowly, "I have heard something."

"Ah!" Adam's brow contracted, and he drew his breath heavily; then he asked, still outwardly calm—"What is it?"

The girl crossed the room with faltering footsteps, and came and knelt beside Adam, where he sat in an old arm-chair, his eyes, unseeing, gazing out into the narrow street where the twilight shadows were fast deepening.

"What is it?" Adam repeated, as Dolly twined her arms around his knees, and laid her soft cheek against the toil hardened hand.

"Miss Mainwaring is staying at the Hall," Dolly said, in a low voice. "I met her this afternoon, and—and she spoke to me."

"Well?" There was no sign of feeling in the carelessly-spoken monosyllable; no one save Dolly perhaps could have guessed what it cost him to utter it.

"Father, I am afraid—indeed I am almost sure she suspects."

"Ah!" This time it sounded almost like a sob; then, recovering himself instantly, he added—"Tell me what she said."

"Oh, no, no, I cannot!" the girl wailed passionately. "Only let us go away from this hateful place. Oh, father, it is killing us both!"

The hand which had been passing backwards and forwards over the soft chesnut hair ceased its caressing motion, and Adam, lifting the fair face which the girl had hidden on his knees, gazed at it long and earnestly.

"Yes," he said, at length, "you are right—it is killing us both. I have been selfish, Heaven forgive me—and cruel. That I should suffer is but just; but that you——"

"Nay, nay, do not reproach yourself. You were mad, and yes, I was mad too."

"You are an angel!" cried the old man fervently. "Oh, my child if aught could atone; but it cannot, it cannot! There is only one way open to me."

"You mean that we must leave here?" Dolly cried eagerly.

"Yes, I must leave here." And, in her joy and gratitude, the girl never noticed the personal pronoun he employed.

So they sat on in the gloaming, father and daughter, with the knowledge of a terrible secret between them, which yet could not destroy their love for one another.

When St. Jude's presently struck nine, Adam started from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Go—leave me now, child; I have some preparations to make for the change we contemplate. It is getting late, and you must be tired. Light the lamp, and then I would be alone."

Dolly obeyed his wishes, and then came to his side.

"Good night, father," she said, stooping to kiss him, as was her wont.

He drew her down until her head lay on his breast.

"Good night, my child; may Heaven bless you! And remember, whatever happens, I have done it for the best."

And with those words still echoing in her ears, Dolly Jarvis fell asleep that night.

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In the early dawn of the summer's morn, old Sue, entering the little parlour, was startled to see the blacksmith sitting in his favourite arm-chair beside the table. His head had fallen forward upon his breast, his hand still grasped the pen with which he had signed his name for the last time. With an exclamation of surprise, which was quickly turned in horror, Susan hastened forward. One touch of the cold nerveless hand, one glance into the wide staring eyes, revealed too plainly the fact—Adam Jarvis was dead!

For the life of her the old woman could not suppress the cry of mingled horror and grief which escaped her as the dreadful truth dawned upon her. "Now Heaven have mercy on me!" she sobbed. "Alas that I should have lived to see this day! and my bonnie bairn left fatherless as well as motherless! It will kill her, too, poor tender heart! How shall I break it to her? Ah me, I cannot tell her! She must not know—not yet. I'll just send for the doctor when t'forge is opened; he's a kind-hearted man, and 'll know what to say better'n a poor creature like mysel'. And—yes, of course; I wonder I didn't think of that first—Tom Larkins—he'll do it best of all. He'll be 't work soon, and I'll keep quiet till then, and maybe the child will not be roused afore."

But, even as she thus soliloquised, there was a fluttering of light feet down the stairs, and Susan had barely time to make her exit from the room and shut the door behind her, keeping one hand on the handle, before she found herself standing face to face with Dolly—Dolly looking so ghastly and weird in the pale dawn that old Sue, whose nerves had received a great shock, had much ado to keep herself from crying out again.

"Lor', miss," she managed to gasp, "what a turn you've give me! What is 't that has brought you down so early, and—and not dressed too?"—for Dolly had only a loose wrapper thrown over her night-dress. "You'll catch your death of cold, child, standing there with nothin' on. Take my advice and go back to bed at once before you get a chill."

But Dolly took no heed of this warning. On the contrary, she came a step nearer and laid her hand impressively on Sue's brown, bony, bare arm.

"You are trying to deceive me," she said calmly; "but it is useless. Where is my father—and what—has—happened?"

The words dropped out singly, and, before Susan could recover her scattered wits sufficiently to answer, Dolly had gently pushed her on one side and entered the room behind her. Then indeed the old woman sprang forward, but too late. Already Dolly had raised the bowed head and pillowed it on her arm. Not a tear did she shed, not a cry did she utter; only the beautiful eyes were filled with piteous entreaty as she asked, in a half-frightened whisper—

"What is it? Has he fainted?" Is he ill?"

"Hear her! Ah, Heaven save us all, but she never guesses he is dead!" ejaculated Susan, unconscious that she was speaking aloud.

"Dead?" repeated Dolly, in a bewildered tone. "Oh, no, not dead! We—he and I—arranged it all last night—to go away somewhere together. Yes, yes; he will be better when we have left Midhurst, and we shall be happy once more—poor father and I!"

. . . . . .

In the poor little darkened room, with a solitary tallow candle, Dolly Jarvis jealously kept watch beside her dead father. Three days had come and gone since that terrible morning when she had come down only to find that she was an orphan, that Adam had indeed made his preparations, and had left the scene of so much happiness and, alas, misery also, for ever! During this space of time the girl had never broken her fast; old Susan's tearful entreaties and Tom Larkin's had been alike unavailing. Her beauty had always been of the fragile order, now it was almost ethereal.

So at least thought a visitor who entered unannounced and stood in the chamber of death, silently and sorrowfully contemplating the ravages which grief had made in the young girl. Involuntarily she drew the comparison between this scene and a similar one in which she had herself figured five years ago. Then it had been a young man whose life had been cut off in the prime, mourned by the girl who should have been his wife. All the surroundings had spoken of wealth—the many waxen lights, the costly flowers, the rich perfumes, the polished oak coffin, with its brass plate and inscription. Now it was a prematurely aged man whose only child refused to be comforted because he was no more. Here, if there was no actual display of poverty, there was none of the trappings which take away at least some of the horrors which must always attend death.

A few half-blown monthly roses lay on the coffin-lid, which was of plain deal covered with cloth; the air was close and stifling, the solitary candle emitted a sickly light. Geraldine Mainwaring shuddered; then she went unhesitatingly forward.

"Dolly," she whispered softly, placing her cool hand on the girl's hot feverish ones, which lay tightly clasped in her lap—"Dolly," she repeated, "I have come to ask you in the presence of him—can you forgive me?"

Then, as once before, the girl raised her drooping head and gazed straight into Geraldine's eyes.

"Forgive!" she echoed, in a dazed tone. "Yes, I am sure he was forgiven at last; he suffered so—ah, how much! Poor father! And—and it was an accident. I can always say that truthfully—he never meant to do it."

The sweet piteous pleading in look and tone touched Geraldine greatly; her own eyes filled with tears.

"I know—we all know—now how it happened," she said soothingly, "and we do not blame the dead."

"Dead! Yes, they cannot harm him now, can they?" Dolly questioned feverishly. "He said he would go away; I had begged him to do so. I had told him I had seen you, but not what you said—oh, no, I would not hurt him by repeating that! But he kept his word, you see, and he has gone away. By-and-by I shall be glad perhaps; but not now—not now!"

And then relief came in a burst of hysterical tears, which may have saved poor Dolly's reason.

There had been an inquest the day before—in this as in that other case, five years ago—and it was then that Adam Jarvis's confession had been read—a statement which he had written during those silent hours when the angel with the sickle was already, unseen and unknown, hovering near him. Briefly explained, it amounted to this.

On that eventful evening, when Captain Braithwaite had lost his life, Adam had been returning from his wooing through the pine-wood, when he had recognised his daughter and the young officer talking together. A few words which he over-heard and misconstrued, had led him to believe that the Captain had acted even a baser part than he had really done; and, without preface or warning, the blacksmith had raised his mighty fist, and with one tremendous blow, had struck the betrayer of Dolly's affections.

Attacked thus suddenly and unawares, Captain Braithwaite made but a feeble resistance to his assailment, and in the struggle stumbled, and slipped over the precipice, while Adam, heedless of Dolly's wild cries, had stridden off, reckless of any injuries he might have inflicted on the young officer, but hardly dreaming of the consequences which had really attended what he termed the "drubbing he had given the rascal." He had grown uneasy as the time sped by, and Dolly did not make her appearance; but, when she at length returned, and in a few heart-broken words made her confession from beginning to end, he was horror-stricken. A fearless man, possessed of great strength, he became a coward at the vision of the hangman, and, in a moment of weakness, consented to carry out his daughter's suggestion, which was that the blame should be permitted to fall upon her. No one but herself knew of Adam's presence at the interview which had taken place between Dolly and her lover. The pine-wood was quite out of the blacksmith's way in going to and from Doctor Seymour's; so suspicion was hardly likely to fall upon him.

"Having made our plans, I was compelled to stand by them," Adam wrote "though many a time and oft, I felt I must confess the truth when I saw how my pretty lass was shunned and suspected. I had made up my mind that, if things went seriously against Dolly at the inquest, I would have cleared her and given myself up, and even that open verdict, which seemed to cast a doubt on my poor lass, nearly made me do it; but I thought of the hangman, and remained silent."

Then he went on to say that life became a living death to him, that he shunned his neighbors, because he feared they would read his secret in his guilty looks, and yet still more terrible was solitude; whilst even Dolly's presence, once so dear to him, seemed to be an everlasting reproach. But it was Miss Mainwaring he feared most. Instinct told him that she who had loved the dead man with a great and deep-seated passion, would never rest until she had discovered the truth. So he had come to the conclusion that she would no longer fight against fate. Dolly who had been an angel to him, who, while abhoring the sin, had yet loved and pitied the sinner so greatly, should have her innocence publicly declared. She had begged him to go away—well, he would go tomorrow; he would give himself up to justice.

It seemed strange that he should have written this confession when about to proclaim the truth in his own person—perhaps he thought it was less painful to break his intelligence first in this form, or maybe the shadow of the dark messenger was already with him. Some instinct, sure, but undefined, may have warned him that, if atonement were to be made, it must be done quickly.

Ah, Heaven had dealt mercifully with Adam Jarvis, after all! The contemplation of that "giving himself up" had been too much for him. He had "gone away" in the dark solemn night; but Death had been his companion.

The verdict that he had died of disease of the heart was true enough, for his heart had been slowly but surely breaking ever since that terrible moment when he had realised that his hand had destroyed a fellow being.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Those people who have imbibed prejudices against vaccination would be edified by reading the history of the Bath Vaccine Association, which is the oldest establishment of the kind in England. To test the efficacy of vaccination, it long ago adopted a peculiar plan. Persons occasionally applied for vaccination who were already well marked—in some cases thrice marked. After operating successfully upon any of this latter class, thus giving the individual concerned a fourth mark, the Association presented him or her with a bond for one hundred pounds—$500—to be redeemed in cash by the Association whenever the person thus vaccinated should take small-pox. In other words the Association was willing to pay $500 for any proof that it was possible for any person thoroughly vaccinated to take small-pox. This proof has never been given. It is stated that some of those so vaccinated placed themselves in contact with small-pox and in instances went so far as to attempt to inoculate themselves with the disease in order to claim the reward, but that their attempts to catch it failed.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries may be easily driven away if kerosene is freely used. Those who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other, in regular order, until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line, also on the place where they come in, the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open awhile and the scent of the kerosene will soon be gone.

If your flatirons trouble you by dropping black specks from the top or sides when ironing, take them in a pan of soapsuds and give them a thorough washing, and dry quickly, to prevent rusting.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well, and the hand will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

To make lamp-chimneys look beautifully clean, wash them in warm soap-suds, turn scalding water over them, wipe dry with a soft cloth, and rub with a piece of newspaper. This will give a nicer polish than can be obtained in any other way. Windows treated in the same way will be found to look much nicer than if simply washed and rinsed.

To take ink stains out of table cloths, napkins, etc., put the article to soak immediately in thick sour milk, changing the milk as often as necessary.

A few drops of hartshorn put into a little water will clean a hair brush nicely. If very dirty use a little soap also. After cleaning, rinse in clean water, tie a string to the handle, and hang up to dry.

Choice Recipes.

PUMPKIN PRESERVES.—Take a good sound, ripe pumpkin, peel, and cut in inch squares. Let stand over night in a weak solution of alum water, and in the morning spread on platters set in the sun for two hours, or in a warm oven. Then take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of pumpkin, some raisins, and a lemon or two. Cook till pumpkin can easily be pierced with a straw, then skim out and cook juice till thick enough to keep, as other preserves. If properly made it can't be told from citron.

EGG PIE.—Make two very thin cakes of Indian meal, flour, and soda, just as for corn bread, and wet it with sour milk, and bake them in a quick oven. Make a gravy of one teaspoonful of butter, the same of flour, a cup of milk, and salt and pepper. When it is boiling drop in cold, sliced, hard-boiled eggs; leave them in long enough to heat, but don't let them boil up, or they will fall to pieces. Butter one of the hot Indian cakes, lay it in a round pan or dish, pour on the gravy and eggs, and lay on the other cake, buttering it on the top and sprinkling on pepper and salt.

A DELICIOUS SIDE DISH.—Cut the remnants of a cold boiled or roasted chicken in small pieces. Make a sauce of one pint of cream, two ounces of butter, the yelk of one egg, beaten, and a tablespoonful of corn-starch or arrowroot, seasoning with salt and white pepper, a little sugar, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and one bay leaf. Put the pieces of chicken in this sauce in a stew-pan and simmer half an hour. Stew some rice quite soft in milk, seasoning with salt and pepper. Put the chicken in the centre of a dish, place the rice around it as a border, and serve.

SWEET PICKLES.—Eight pounds of fruit, four pounds of the best brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, and one cup of mixed whole spices, stick cinnamon, cassia buds, allspice, and cloves—less of the latter than of the former. Tie the spices in a bag, and boil with the vinegar and sugar. Skim well, then add the fruit. Cook ten minutes, or till scalded and tender. Skim out the fruit and put into stone jars. Boil the sirup five minutes longer and pour over the fruit. The next day pour off the sirup and boil down again, and do this for three mornings. Keep the bag of spices in the sirup.

GREEN CORN AND PEACH PUDDING.—One cup of green corn, which is obtained by cutting the kernels with a silver knife and pressing out the pulp with the knife, being careful that the kernels are not loosened from the cob, one cup of sliced ripe peaches, crushed slightly, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one cup of water. Mix thoroughly, and put in an earthen pudding dish, placing thin slices of peach on the top. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over and wash the cranberries, and put in the preserving kettle, with half a pint of water to one quart of berries; now put the sugar—granulated is the best—on the top of the berries; set on the fire and stir about half an hour: stir often to prevent burning; they will not need straining, and will preserve their rich color cooked in this way. Never cook cranberries before putting in the sugar. Less sugar may be used if you do not wish them very rich.

Striking It Rich.

"Have you called on the Browns yet?" she asked as the new minister was about to take his leave after making a call.

"I'm just going," he replied. "It's the third house from the corner, I believe?"

"Yes—third house. They are very, very nice people, and I know you'll like 'em."

When the minister rang the bell there was some delay in answering it. Meanwhile the screen doors permitted him to hear from the interior. Brown, who seemed to be up stairs, called over the banisters:

"Say; Helen, where in thunder is that old vest I spoke of?"

"Who are you talking to?" demanded a voice from below.

"To you, of course! If you were any sort of a wife you'd put things where they could be found."

"Solomon Brown, don't you cast any slurs on me. If I don't know more about housekeeping than all the Browns on earth I'll commit suicide."

"You do, eh! What did the pauper Smiths have to keep house on?"

"Solomon, you are a vile wretch!"

"Much obliged, but it's living with you that's done it!"

At this juncture the minister was ushered in, and Mrs. Brown soon entered the parlor, extended both hands, and gayly exclaimed:

"Ah! I'm so glad! Solomon and I both wanted to see you so much! Solomon—Solly, dear, hurry up and come down—our new preacher is here!"

And Solomon came down, painted a grin on his face, and greeted the good man with:

"Well! well! but this is good of you! Wifey and I were just wishing you'd call."

Only two children have been born in the White House since it was built.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

In France, as well as in Italy, Mary is frequently added to a distinctively masculine name as a remembrance of the Virgin. Thus Hugo was Victor Marie, and the late Pope was Giovanni Maria.

The term "Nihilist" was invented by Turghenell in 1862, and was used to designate a set of freethinkers and students who destroyed no life but those of many thousands of frogs, experimental physiology and medicine being their favorite study. The revolutionary movement to which the name of "Nihilism" was afterwards applied in 1871-72, and for five or six years was quite a pacific propagandist movement, accompanied by no act of violence.

In the camp of a New York regiment was a pet crow belonging to Henry Duval. This crow had but one leg. It was fed in the presence of other crows, that looked with wonder at its fearlessness. They evidently supposed his loss of a leg accounted for the care he received, for one day, when it was whistled for to come to its dinner, a crow stepped from a crowd of visiting crows, hopped on one leg to the soldier, ate heartily, and hopped twenty feet away. Then it let down its other leg, which had been hidden under its wing, and flew away.

Young women in white, with pages in green at their heels, made the eye of the Austrian Emperor twinkle as the procession at Pilson filed past him the other day. But Pilson is celebrated for its breweries; consequently the bar of Gambrinus was the chief attraction of the cavalcade. The Beer King, a giant, when opposite the Emperor emptied an enormous beaker to his health with a mighty "Hock!" in which thousands joined. Casks innumerable, large and small came next, with coopers at work on the carts. The gardeners, surrounded with palm trees and flowers, rolled past, with the goddess Flora, attended by children. A newly married couple, with hundreds of the peasantry wearing their national costumes, and 230 miners from the mines of the neighborhood closed the procession.

The famous village of totem poles at Wrangel, Alaska, lies along the beach, he mountains rising high in the rear, with snow on their tops. About a dozen white people live there. There are about 20 native houses or huts. The designs of the totem poles are different. On the top of one perched a raven—they are all of wood, and sometimes the tree or log from which they are made is hollowed out in the back, another tops off with a fish or a bear, and humour and gravity are comically intermingled. One of the simplest, and yet most interesting poles, has a bear on the top looking down with a grin, as much as to say, "Here I am, high and dry, and well out of your way." Tracks of the bear are cut in the upright pole—a foot and a half thick on three sides of it, the toes all pointing up. An Indian grave, built of logs laid up "corn-cob house" fashion, is surmounted by a life-size wooden figure that closely resembles an alligator, although it is a mystery where these Indians got the idea of an alligator.

On a farm at Pottstown, Pa., rabbits girdled a lot of young apple trees some years ago. In two cases of choice fruit the owner undertook to save the trees. The young shoots which usually spring up from below the "girdle" were allowed to grow long enough to reach the sound bark above the "girdle," and then inserted under the bark, after the manner of inoculating trees, and securely tied. They grew and nourished the main stem of the tree above, and now, after some years, the trees rest entirely upon their inserted supports and are as vigorous as any in the orchard. One of these trees has five of these "legs," which have now by growth been almost consolidated. The other tree has seven, all entirely distinct as yet, but growing closer. The old stem below the insertion is dead and decayed in the one tree and in the other it is entirely gone, and they look as if standing upon stools.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

A Couple Who Were Married After Forty Year's Separation.

Forty years ago the Rev. Thomas E. Myers, then a young man of 30 years, persistently courted Miss Elvina Cobb of Baltimore county. They afterwards had a misunderstanding and parted. Although they had a deep affection for each other, they never made any attempt to become reconciled. Some weeks ago the couple met at Emory Grove camp meeting for the first time since their separation. Each had been twice married and had buried both life partners. Their hair was silvered, and with the whilom lover time had dealt severely with his once sturdy frame. The matronly widow of 55 saw before her a feeble and bent form, but it seemed none the less capable of exciting a romantic interest. Mr. Myers, who was noted for his piety and fine theological learning, seemed to regard the widow with great interest, and soon became her accepted escort in walks around the camp. There were a few friends on the camp ground who had heard of the early romance, and the venerable lovers at once became the subject of tender interest.

On the day before the camp broke up a young belle of 18 in passing rapidly along a favorite walk near the camp turned a corner and suddenly saw the Rev. Mr. Myers in the act of presenting a bouquet of wild flowers to the blushing widow. The gallant lover was making a graceful and courtly bow when the astonished beauty met his gaze. He blushed, trembled, and dropped the flowers, and seemed overwhelmed with confusion as the intruder turned away with a merry laugh.

The episode seemed to convince Mr. Myers that he should clear himself of the suspicion of flirting, and he forthwith proposed to Mrs. Hall, who, after some persuasion, agreed to change her name for the third time and become Mrs Myers. The engagement was at once announced, and Mr. Myers expressed his desire to have the ceremony performed just forty years after the date of their separation. On the desired anniversary, which fell on a recent Tuesday, they were married. The Rev. Dr Thomas Poulson officiated, and the bride and groom stood under a huge silver bell while the knot was being tied. After the ceremony Mrs. Myers, whose friends had insisted on attiring her in full bridal array, not excepting the orange blossoms, was congratulated by hundreds of her friends and her husband's parishoners.

A process has been devised by a Russian inventor of so impregnating wood with a certain chemical that matches made from it can be used several times over.

The increasing masculinity of English girls is a topic for many London essayists. In dress, talk and manners it is the fashion with daughters of wealth and refinement to be as much like their brothers as decorum will allow.

The report of Col. Kitchener on the fall of Khartoum, which has been issued by the British War Office attributes the disaster to the starved condition of the troops and the desertion of their posts by the native contingent. The Arabs entered the city by the Boeri gate, which was not defended. He acquits Faraz of the charges of treachery.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A white camel is an odd object that serves as a nine days' wonder at the London Zoo.

Statistics show that the population of Ireland has decreased 3,200,000 in forty-five years.

The weight of 1,000,000 dollar bills in greenbacks is within a fraction of 2,841 pounds.

The depression of the coal trade in South Wales is so serious that over 40,000 men are affected by it.

Dr. Hierme Betsef, an eminent oculist, says that the common electric light produces color blindness.

Fire has not left the hearthstone of one farmer in Georgia since it was kindled with flint and steel in 1842.

Congressman Holman does not believe that the Indians in the United States number more than 210,000.

Every defaulter and thief striving to reach Canada by way of Chicago is arrested and detained in that city.

The popular supposition that an ostrich never lays but one egg, and drops that anywhere upon the sand, is nonsense.

The oldest apothecary shop in Berlin will celebrate in 1888 its 400 h anniversary. The shop was recently sold for $3,000,000.

The St. Paul *Globe* says a man at Milbank, Col., has a chicken with a head at each end, one white and the other black, but no tail.

It is now denied that fish diet make brains. There never was any foundation for the belief except theory, and experiments have proved its falsity.

An experiment has been made in France with the result that ducks lay more than double the number of eggs that hens do in the same period of time.

San Francisco fishermen say the seals and sea lions in the harbor must go. They consume 44,000 tons of fish a year—enough to supply the whole city.

Among the negroes of the Carolina coast telling ghost stories is a favorite amusement, and the stories are not spoken but chanted with a flavor of exaltation.

Mail carrying in Arizona is attended with some danger. Lately the horse of a carrier failed him while he was thirty miles from his destination, Agua Caliente, but he kept on his way on foot. After he had gone fifteen miles he became exhausted, and was found on the road in a dying condition, his mail bags having been dragged off by wild animals and torn to pieces.

OVER THE OCEAN.

John Ruskin has twice read his own obituary.

French officers who attempted to witness the maneuvers of the German guards were compelled to retire.

The Japanese do not use their own beautiful table ware; they import their dishes from England at great expense.

General Booth, the Salvationist, is having a hard time in Yorkshire, where the unconverted respond to his appeals by flinging sticks at his head.

The oyster industry in France is now pursued on a large scale. Hundreds of millions of the bivalves are sent to market annually and the business steadily increases with each year.

Queen Victoria has a strong dislike for the royal sepulchre of her family at St. George's for the reason that the tones of George IV., whose memory she holds in abhorrence, rest there.

Vienna is about to put into practical operation an aeronautic institute, where a constant supply of balloons of every kind and style will be kept on hand. Aeronauts are to be free.

There is talk of buying up and pulling down the houses at the eastern end of St. Paul's churchyard so as to open up a good view of London's greatest building from at least one side.

A veritable prairie fire has taken place in England on the wide commons which stretch for many miles through Western Surreys Cause—Boys. Result—Devastation and serious loss of property.

London tram-car and omnibus men work from fifteen to seventeen hours a day, sometimes for seven days in a week. In Bristol boys of fourteen or fifteen work sixteen hours a day for twelve shillings a week.

Charles G. Leland writes that the masses in France believe that the American civil war was between the Spaniards of South America and negroes of North America. He affirms that as fast as Frenchmen learn that Americans are very much like Englishmen their feeling changes to hatred.

An American actor now in Germany advertises that he has with great difficulty secured leave of absence from President Cleveland to play in Austria a month. An American tourist added to the bill a foot note saying that while the President reluctantly granted the permission to go, he peremptorily refused to give permission for him to come back.

Killed by Bee Stings.

Thomas Fader of Gouldville keeps several hives of bees in his garden. The other forenoon he was at work among his bees. A man with whom he had some business dealings called at his house to see him. Mrs. Fader went out to call her husband into the house. As she approached the bee hives a number of bees flew into her face, and she was stung several times. One of the bees stung her in one of her nostrils, and another one stung her on the upper lip, at the base of the cartilege dividing the two nostrils. Mrs. Fader's cries brought her husband to the spot. He extracted the stingers and applied wet earth to the wounds. He went with his wife back to the house, and had no thought of any consequences resulting from the bee stings more serious than the swelling and pain. He left his wife in the kitchen applying ammonia to the wounds, and entered a front room, where his visitor was. A few minutes later he heard a heavy fall in the kitchen. He ran out, and found his wife lying in convulsions on the floor. Her nostrils were swollen shut, and her lips were twice their natural size, and had turned dark blue. She breathed short and quick through her mouth. Her face was so swollen that its identity was entirely lost