It seemed to me in my foolish pride That the heft of a woman's toil
Was simply to sit by the door inside,
And wait for the dinner to boil.

While out in the summer's score hing heat We men were sweating away, With aching shoulders and jaded feet, From dawn to the close of day.

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But, sir, I would have you be assured That thoroughly, one by one, My notions of housework have all been cured And this is the way it was done.

My wife suggested a day's exchange. As she dropped a kiss on my brow—
"Tis hard," she said, "holding on to the reins,
And riding the sulky plow. "You better stay in the house, my dear,

And wash a few of the things, And churn and sweep where it needs it here And read till the dinner-bell rings.

"The horses are gentle, and pretty true; I guess I can drive them straight; I'll try and turn a furrew or two, For the season is getting late.'

So off she rode on the sulky plough, With her jaunty hat and blouse, While I was inwardly vowing a vow How I would manage a house.

But somehow, I found the morning chores Were not in my usual line, Like those I had finished out of doors At least for a thousandth time.

Against the stove my fingers I hit, And blistered them stinging sore; In trying to scrub the clothes a bit I scrubbed my nuckles the more. The churning acted 'specially mean:

The butter would almost come, And then go back to frothy cream, As if I had just begun. The fire went out, as a fire will do

When the wood is not put in; And, as I thought of a meal for two, 1 did not know where to begin. But while I was fixing potatoes and pork Not fit for a dog to cat, My wife returned from her forencon's work

As fresh as a rose, and as sweet, With a mortified air I quit the room, And betook me to the shed, While she got a dinner exactly at noon

As good as ever was spread. We sat at the table opposite-wise, As always we did before, When she asked with a smile in her sweet blue

If I would exchange somemore? Then, sir, I confessed my faults and said "My dear, you're as good as a queen. The woman who keeps the family fed Is running a big machine.'

That Baby.

It was a wee mite of a thing in pink and white, delicate as a newborn violet and nor buried within a world of softest white stuff | ed; that rose up around its tiny face like billows | pror of a frozen sea caught in a ground swell. It | prec was, to tell the truth, a funny looking little creature-this little baby, with its soft silky hair lying in fluffy patches over its pulsating head and its fat little cheek all excavated with pristine dimples that as yet were un- or acquainted with the expanding properities fro and wondering, and the liliputian mouth cheek of modesty. seemed made only to pucker up for a mournful wail every time some mistaken old lady would try to spread a demonstrative kiss all over the little face.

Father and mother gazed upon this little newcomer into their household with all that pride and joy that can come from no fount save that of the love born of instinct. He would take the petite bundle of infinitesimal baby and innumerable skirts up in a gingerly, awkward sort of a way and look at it for a moment, and then he would lay it down gently upon the soft pillow again as if he feared it would break if it should by from canned ham. any chance be jostled against anything so tangible even as a strong current of air.

Then, when all the rest had gone, the mother in whose eyes now dwelt that new light hitherto unknown within their depths, would gather up with a confident grasp the little thing that was all in all to them both, and would insist upon calling the father's attention, for the four hundredth and odd time, to the many and fast multiplying beautics of the little creature and would then be highly indignant if he did not repeat twenty times in succession the admission that he was confident that it was the most beautiful and wonderful baby the world one cupful of molasses, pinch of salt, teahad ever produced. She would catch the spoonful sods, two teaspoonfuls of mixed infant up to her bosom and kiss its little spices (cinnamon, ginger and allspice), flour breathe, and then she would lay it down from the spoon. again and, moving slightly away, feast her eyes upon the litt'e one's varied charms when shrouded in the heightened enchantment borrowed from distance.

might be many babies who could tip the baking-powder can, if preferred. beam of the grocer's scales a pound or two more than theirs, and there might be a babics more beautiful than this little fellow, ready to admit the possibility of the approximate correctness, even, of such a line of reasoning. This was their baby, their of butter, a little salt, and water enough to ity to the larger felince, and are incessantly baby on earth for them and, besides, it was -their Valentine.

A Tale of Bricks.

Five clean, new, perfectly plain bricks lay on the floor, and the girl who had brought them in surveyed them with ap- with sour cream, turn out in your mixing

going to wind them with ribbons and put | pinch of salt in one and one half cupfuls of them on the parlor table."

from to-day and see those bricks, and you'll this case, remember to sift in with the flour wish you had them. They are all to be one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. useful, and some of them oranamental." Seven days later the scoffer was introduced to a group of articles which she failed

to recognize.

proudly, " is a paperweight. I never had a of flour, pinch of salt, tablespoonful lard, more satisfactory one." The largest surfaces of the brick were painted dark blue, one of them forming a background for a spread with cooked fruit of any kind; roll spray of delicate white flowers. The sides up into a roll, pinching the ends so as to were left the orginal color, and the whole retain the fruit. Lay the pudding carefully was covered with a coat of transparent in the hot syrup, basting it with it and of my youth. varnish, through which the blue showed like place it at once in a hot oven to bake. Baste

not talk "shop" or business outside of business hours ; never laughs at his own jokes, coarseness, profanity or indelicacy : never intentionally wounds the of a baby laugh. Its little eyes were round | feelings of another, or brings a blush to the

Among the Cooks.

HAM TOAST. -One pint of milk, one ful teaspoonful of flour, half cup of chopped district. Leopards prey on goats, sheep, ham, four slices of buttered toast. Boil the milk and thicken it with the flour. Add the ham, boil three minutes, take from the bits and hares; weasels, on rats and mice. fire and add the beaten egg, stir well and But though the jungles which they visit pour over the toast on a hot platter. This is a nice dish, when there is only the remnant of a ham in the house, or it is nice for

other shortening, two cups sugar, one cup ly sets itself to hunt down and destroy anmolasses, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon- other. From their rarity, the uninhabited ful ginger, one teaspoonful cloves, one tea- | nature of the jungles which they haunt, and spoonful soda, four and one half cups of their habit of hunting at night-which a flour, three eggs. Stir butter, sugar, mo- | probable suggestion makes the basis of the lasses and spices together, then add the soda | early legends of the demon hunter and the dissolved in the milk, then the flour, lastly "" Hellequin" at a time when the " red the milk. This is very excellent molasses | dogs" still remained in Europe-observacake, but the quantities given make a very | tions of their habits are rare. large cake, so that for a small family it will | be necessary to divide the quantities.

GINGERBREAD. - One cupful of sour cream,

LUNCHEON CAKES .- Melt one pound o maple sugar and set in a warm place. Mold prepared bread-dough (raised yeast dough preferred) into smooth loaves. Cut off small It was a common enough sort of a baby portions, roll thin, and mark out into long after all, but then it was their baby, and strips. Twist into fanciful shapes, fry in they thought there had never been a baby in hot lard to a light brown, drain each cake, the world that could boast one-half the and dip into hot maple-sugar until well charms that were embodied in the little piece | glazed. The cakes may be cut into rounds of humanity they called their own. There and their centers cut out with a small

thousand parents who thought they had eight large sour apples, stew soft in a syrup an antagonist. We think it extremely probmade of one cup of sugar, one cup of water, able that future observations of the courbut this mother and father were not yet one teaspoonful of butter, and one fourth of age of the wild dog may justify a statement grated nutmeg. Mix one quart of flour, two once made, perhaps without sufficient eviteaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a cup dence, that they have "an inherent hostilonly baby, and it was therefore the only make a soft dough. Roll thin, cut into on the watch to destroy their whelps, so diamonds or rounds, place them upon the that the species are the instrument by which surface of the boiling apple sauce, cover, Nature keeps down the superabundant and cook twenty minutes. Serve in sauce- increase of the great felinee of the widerplates. These conveniently and speedily | ness. manufactured dumplings are light and de-

SPONGE CAKE. - Break two eggs in a cup, dish, heat well, add one cupful of sugar, "I suppose," said the scoffer, "you are beat, sift half a teaspoonful of soda and a flour, beat this in, and spice to taste. Sweet "Not exactly, but come around a week cream may be used in place of sour, only, in

A RICH ROLY-POLY. -To one quart of water, two cups of granulated sugar add any flavoring preferred and let it boil until "Brick No. 1," said the showwoman it forms a syrup. Make a dough of a pint of loving me? two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix with plainly hopeless. sweet milk or water. Roll out thin and

carnivorous beasts. As a rule, each ferocattle-slayers or deer-killers, just as cattle king with them. There are numbers of or deer happen to be most abundant in their and when they can get them, on tame dogs; wolves, on sheep and cattle; stoats, on rababound in defenceless animals, the wild dog does not limit his attacks to these. The

toto by such enemies as dogs;

packs deliberately pursue and destroy both an emergency digh, since it can be made the black and Himalayan bears and the tigers, affording, perhaps, the only instance Molasses Cake. - One cup of butter or in which one carnivorous species deliberate-

But the general belief of the wild tribes of India is borne out by two stories told by Col. Baldwin of their attacking the bear and the tiger, which put the fact beyond doubt. A bear was found by an English officer standing at bay before the dogs. He had face until it scarcely had a fair chance to to make a batter which will fall readily killed one; but his hide and body were torn in strips by the bites of the pack. In the other case, the fresh bones of the tiger were found, from which the flesh was eaten; one paw still remained whole, and close by lay the freshly killed bodies of three wild dogs, which had fallen in the fight. Remembering not only the strength and activity of the tiger, but the astonishing pluck with which, even when wounded, it will constantly charge a line of elephants, and endeavor to scale the howdah -which is, in fact, a fort with an armed garrison-it is difficult to overestimate the courage of the APPLE-SAUCE DUMPLINGS. -- Pare and core | wild dogs in meeting and destroying such

Tim's Full Name.

A negro, familiarly known as "Tim" White, on one occasion found it necessary to record his full name. The not unratural supposition that "Tim" stood for Timothy was met with a flat denial.

"No, sah! My right name is, Whattimorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo' sho't, sah !"-

A Hopeless Case.

Frank-Do you know how I can cure May Belle -No. If she loves you her case is

Hard Hit.

She-Maude? Oh, she's one of the friends He-I didn't take her to be as old as that.

A RAILROAD TO UGANDA.

Seductive Prospects Before the tish Investor. -M'tesa and M'wanga at Kings.

hocked and the Church Missionary and beset by many difficulties. I them kindly, and for nearly two he is on his mettle.

exclaimed, "Has every nation of tremolo and demi-semi-quavers. they were all brothers !"

al which has just ended in a charac- fill it more than half full. .lly British land grab.

as at his court the King strolled around to the gap. "Yes," said Emin, "you walk just altogether antic. tried for "lese majeste."

, M'tesa died in 1884, and his son ra, a boy of 1S, succeeded to the and soon began a series of persecuthe native Christians. His cruelty unbearable, and all parties combined

ON THE THRONE.

just as bad and was in turn deposed Protestant and Roman Catholic paro made common cause against him, v managed to reinstate M'wanga. 1889, the Mahommedan party, y Kabarega, King of Unyoro, sent against him and M'wanga appealed

ever such call on Britons go unan-Capt. Lugard was dispatched as strator to Uganda, where he arrived nething like order, and by listening brought comparative peace once on the country.

wasn't until after thousands of roats had been cut and a few white d it was only comparative peace, for Kabarega, King of Unyoro, ains, as obstinate an old central chump as ever slit a weazand.

ega, says Mountency Jephson in shie, is a man who has done even ischief than M'tesa or M'wanga. ve king, I suppose, in Central Afcreated more widespread ruin and han he. He had managed to collect from the Arabs who trade with me 5,000 guns of various descripom old muzzle-loaders to Sniders ningtons. With these he has armed t scouts whom he sends on raiding expensions into every country round. Al-

The quality of courage possessed by the most wherever you go, north, south or west hunting-dogs appears in a marked difference of Unyoro, the Warasura bandits are the of habit from that noticeable in all other scourge and terror of the country. Gordon, who established stations in Unyoro as far as cious animal has its natural and favor- M'ruli, made war upon Kabarega, and tried ite prey, which may vary in different locali- to capture him, but the Unyoro would only ties, but is in each case the eariest and most carry on a guerilla warfare and always reprofitable victim. Tigers, for instance, are | tired before Gordon's advance, taking their

WONDERFUL CAVES

in the rocks and mountain sides in Unyoro which are capable of containing great numbers of people and cattle; these are known lonly to the people of the country, who in time of war use them as hiding places. Unyoro, therefore, being a very broken country, would be difficult to subdue, but I have frequent'y heard both Emin Pasha and Macbay say that it is imperative for the peace of central Africa that Kabarega should be suppressed.

Heard in the Choir Loft.

The congregation raised its eyes to the organ loft. There was a grand burst of melody from the great pipes and the choir sang. The alto began. Directing her glance toward the groined roof, she sounded aloud the notes of praise.

"As the hart pants-the hart pa-

It was a joyful noise, and the congregation listened spellbound. "For the wa-aters of the still poo-o-

The alto was regarding the seprano earn-

"Poo-oo-l." "I wish you'd see if my dress hangs straight, Liz.' The organ was carrying the inspiring strain along.

"Poo-o-o-l-" The tenor, with eyes devoutly fastened on space, made audible acclaim: "So thirsteth my soul for Thee."

The organist was employing both hands and feet to fill the holy edifice with music, and his efforts were conspicuously success

"Bill "-"my soul for Thee." The instrument took another turn. -"Got any chewing with you?"-"for Thee, O Lord."

congregation attributed the motion to a deep earnestness. "As the ha-a-art--" The liquid harmony fairly floated from

The basso shook his head slightly. The

came to her relief for a moment at, inter-"Your dress is straight, Jen-" "paa-ants for the still "-" how's mine "-"poo-o-o-ol, so thirsteth my soul"-"plague take suspenders,"--" for Thee, O

the throat of the soprano. The organ

"A-a-amen." The congregation moved with a big sigh. The spell was broken. The service pro-

A Surprising Procedure. .Tommy Cubbage (at the Sunday dinner

table)-" Mrs. Tillinghast had her knitting at church this morning." Mrs. Cubbage (shocked)-" What on earth was she knitting in church !" Tommy-" Her brows."

> She said he was her idol ere The ceremonies bridal, And now since he won't work a bit,

She calls him still her "idle."

THE PIG.

Nonsense About a State and Respectable Member of Animal Society.

The pig is a fitting, evanescent quadruped M'tesa of Uganda was a very great | that runs through the circuit of his life in out for all that no one in Europe a few brief moons. Before he is hardly inything about him until Stanley dis- aware of it he has become a distended, full I him in 1875. Then missionarydom blown hog, hedged in by many limitations

sent out five missionaries, two of He steps with alacrity while he is young reached Uganda in 1877. M'tesa and tender, and always takes the cake when

I went fairly well. In 1879, however, He is the cynosure of all eyes for the ench priests sent out by Cardinal languid droop of his eyelids and for his rie, arrived in the country, and from peachy pink and white complexion. Even in dewy youth he is possessed of a voice of remarkable timbre, and can render an aria and Protestant missionaries, and in the key of A, three sharps or four flats. tercation became so bitter that without an effort, and is an adept on the

nen, then, a different religion? I His capacity for close, compact storage is unparalleled. He will swallow a brimy were in theory. But that was ming pail of milk, and then you can chuck uning of a great and very unbrother- him into the pail lengthwise and he won't

He can flatten himself out and craw M'tesa was a great king. Once when | under a gate when a weasel would scoot

ie capital clad in a frock coat and In the fore end of his career he is a glowhe wasn't just like a European ing, throbbing creature, almost quaint and

Emperor of Germany." You see, Nature gave him the gift of grace in his as so far from Berlin that he could tail, but made such a botch in the inside of his head that a fellow man is sometimes dubbed pigheaded; however, this is often more than the average pig can stand.

Time wings him along with a swift swipe until he finds himself suddenly transmitted into a blase hog with but one impulse, and ose him, and place his brother that is to get all he can and keep all he can

A hog is a hog and you lose time in trying to dilate on him, for he wants to do all the dilating himself.

Many years ago some brilliant mind formulated an astrocious libel and flung into the faces of the herd this taunt-"Root, hog, or die." Now if he had only said : Swine inspire.

Otherwise expire. imperial British Africa Company's there would have been both rhyme and reason in it, for it would have stood the test of science and it would have got its feet into the trough of poetry, where they approxmately belong. Besides it would relieve mber, 1890. For eighteen months | the hog of the necessity of exertion and it red to bring these rival fractions | might have bumped along the corridors of time, sending out sparks of truth and har-

A hog likes to lie down and do nothing industriously for hours at a time. I might say for hours on the stretch, only my phrasing would imply too much tension. You can better understand why I don't stick closer to my subject when you consider how soon the pig flickers out and is as though he never was.

When a hog leaves off being a pig he wan's to go somewhere as of yore, but almost always he finds himself too big to squeeze in, so he lies down in the mud until supper time, unless he is coerced. I recall vividly an instance of coersion when a town boy visited a country boy and they drove the hog into the orchard and took turns riding him all through the long sultry hours of a July afternoon. When their exercise was finished the hog was also finished. They performed a lay in concert, though it was somewhat different in character. When the hog lay down in the mire it was a soft lay, and a long lay, but when the irate farmer lay on it was a hard lay and the blisters stayed by for some time.

When the hog reaches his ultimate, and is securely cornered, he has been known to make as many as two braces of billionaires in a day.

TIMES THAT TRY THE COWBOY'S NERVE.

Stormy Night's, When His Lot Is Eardly a Happy One.

In the windy, bleak nights when the rain falls in torrents or the snow, flying in clouds seems to cut asunder all that comes before it, that cowboy has the greatest obstacles to overcome. These are the nights when a sudden stampede might destroy all the rounding-up work of weeks preceding. Mounted on his best bronco the cowboy rides out to his post on the outskirts of the gathered herd, miles away, perhaps, from the camp. As the wind whistles in hoarse cadence along the surface of the ground and through the sagebrush, his dull chant floats over to the uneasy herd. A few steers made restless by the cold start to wander away from the gathering place, and through the blackness of the night the cowboy sees their moving forms. Without ceasing the song he moves gently past them and they are turned back to the thousands they have attempted to leave. Once in a while a steer escapes, to return again at break of day, but the general stampede seldem happens.

But when a stampede does occur the cowboy's nerve is tried to the utmost. "Milling" a stampede is one of the most dangerous operations that a cowboy has to endure. To mill the cattle is get them going in a circle and letting them run themselves down. A frightened herd of several thousand will run over a train or anything. The only way to stop them is for some bold fellow to mount a horse and ride around the herd, and by constant cuts of the lariat or squirt get the leaders turned. He must follow close after the leaders and not mind those in the rear. They will follow. But it is certain death if he is unhorsed or his pony stumbles. The frightened herd would trample him to death in a moment. A cowboy once told me that he was trying to mill a stampede one very dark night. He was almost at the leaders when his horse stopped. He had raised his spurs to plunge them into his pony's flanks when a flash of lightning showed him that he was on the verge of a precipice some 200 feet high. He said he went back to camp sick and it was a week before he could take to the saddle.

Diogenes, a Tragedy in Two Acts.

Aristarchus (seeing Diogenes nosing around with a light)-Ah, there, old boy, what are you doing with that lantern? Diogenes (stoically)-Looking for an hon-

Time-Four hours later. Aristarchus (meeting Diogenes without the light)-Halloo ! have you found your

honest man? Diogenes (wrathfully)-No, I'm looking for the son of a gun that stole my lantern.

If a man did not glory in his own wicked. ness he would accuse the devil of being a woman.