

SARY CATHERINE'S BRIDAL TOWER.

The door of the little brown house opened at 5 o'clock on a beautiful June morning, and a sturdy young farmer, with a covered basket on his arm, stepped out and started down the road at a brisk pace, watched by a pair of bright eyes from the kitchen window.

Two hours later a wagon stopped before the little brown house, and a brisk "Hello," from the driver caused the door again to open, and this time a comely girl of twenty, with sunburned face, came out, followed by an elderly woman. The girl was in full holiday attire. Her dress was of pink calico. A wide linen collar encircling her neck like a small cape, was fastened at the throat by a green bow. The lower edge of the collar was scalloped, and in the center of each scallop was sewed a large brass button. The girl's head was crowned by a jaunty hat, lined with red, and trimmed with blue ribbon and yellow roses. In her hand she carried a paper parcel. As she took her seat in the wagon and was driven away, the elder woman, leaning on the gate, looked after her and soliloquized:

"Well, I s'pect that's the last I'll see of Sary Catherine Veeder, for she'll come back Mrs. Abner Basset. Laws a massy! It don't seem possible that it's ten year since I took her out o' the county house to do odd jobs about to save my old feet. But she's ben a good girl, has Sary Catherine. An' she'll make a good wife. An' Abner's as good a feller as ever wuz. Le' me see. It's four year since he come a-straying along wanting work. Pa had jest died, an' I needed help, so I took him, an' now he's a goin' to marry Sary Catherine. But they'll stay with the old woman jest the same. Well, I must go an' get the chicken-fixin's ready for the weddin' supper."

As Sary Catherine took her seat in the wagon the old farmer said, "Abner tol me yis' day that you wanted to go to town to-day. I thought he'd be goin' along."

"O," replied the girl, "He's ben gone two hours or more."

"Why didn't he wait and ride?"

"O, Ab's that independent! That he wouldn't ride, a long's he kin walk. He said he'd meet me at the Tavern by the horse-car stables."

"Must be suthin' mighty important goin' on to-day," said the farmer, with a sly glance at the girl's face.

Sary Catherine blushed, but made no reply, and the farmer continued: "Abner's a good, honest feller. I never knowed him to do a mean trick, an' I've knowed him ever since he's lived with Widder Tripp."

"Of course I'm glad to hear you say so," said the girl, "but 'twouldn't make no diff'ence if you hedn't, fur I know Ab, an' I know they an't a mean hair in his head."

The girl's faith in Abner was justified so far that he was waiting at the hotel near the car-stables when they arrived, and came forward at once to assist her to alight, and to inquire when Farmer Brown wanted to go back. "Sary Catherine'll be here on time," he assured the farmer. "Won't you ride back, too?" asked Mr. Brown. Abner laughed. "Not 's long as I've a good team o' shank's hosses," he said.

"We've got a good hour to wait, Sary Catherine, let's us go into the tavern and sit down. I've suthin to say to ye."

The gorgeousness of the little hotel parlor seemed oppressive to the ignorant country girl. "O my!" she gasped. "An't it scrumptious! What air them shiny black sofa and cheers made of? An' what a bewtiful black and yaller carpet! Do you believe, Ab, that we'll ever hev anything so fine?"

"No, o' course not. What'd I want of such grand furnitour? But we'll hev things good enough some day, I hope. But, Sary Catherine, I've ben out an' foun' a preacher who says he'll marry us if we'll come to his house at 10 o'clock. And see here, what'll we do if he don't want all the aigs? I've got six dozen, and three extra fud good medjer. Aigs is a shillin', so that'll make seventy-five cents. Now mebbe the preacher han't a big family an' won't want all of em, an' I han't nary a red. It makes me shamed when I see you a lookin' so purty an' nice an' you han't spent a cent on yourself, while I've spent every durned cent I had on these new cloze."

Sary Catherine had seated herself by the table, and as she spoke looked up at him reprovingly. "You han't got no call to talk that way, Abner Basset," she said. "You couldn't do no other way. You couldn't be married in overalls and a hick'ry shirt, now, could ye? It wouldn't a showed proper respect fur me. Now see here." She drew a handkerchief from her pocket, and untying a knot in one corner, took out three dimes and a half, which she laid upon the table. "There's thirty-five cents that I'd saved fur to have a little frolic on our weddin' day, but ef the preacher won't take all the aigs you kin give him half cash anyway."

Abner shook his head. "I don't like to take your savins. 'T seems as ef I ort to be the provider fur the family, an' I tell you, Sary Catherine, it goes agin the grain not to be able to pay the parson's fee. We'd ort to o' waited longer."

"No, we hadn't. I know where your money's gone, to pay honest debts, an' I an't a mite ashamed o' your not havin' a cent." She rose as she spoke, and going up to Abner, laid her hand on his shoulder and looked him lovingly in the eyes. "You don't find it hard to take me, do you?" she asked. A hearty embrace was his reply. "Then," said she roughly, "ef you take me, you've got to take all that belongs to me, so the money's yourn anyway. Don't let's us quarrel over it. Ef 'twas yourn, 'twould be mine, an' its bein' mine makes it yourn."

"Well," said Abner, taking up his basket of eggs, "Ef I must, I must, I s'pose, but I hope the preacher'll take all of 'em."

The preacher proved himself to be the most accommodating of men by taking the whole six dozen eggs without a demur, and with lightened hearts the newly wedded pair left the parsonage, each with an arm through the handle of the basket, which contained now only the bride's paper parcel.

"Now," said she gaily, "let's take a bridal tower on the hoss-cars. Then we'll eat our lunch that I brought along. Mother Tripp's affixin' the weddin' supper agin we get home."

Abner could do no less than agree to the proposition of his wife, much as it annoyed him to accept her generosity. The street-car driver was very friendly, and pointed out to them all places of interest until the rapid increase of passengers made it impossible. As he began to gather up the fares Abner felt his wife's hand in his coat pocket, and putting in his own hand, discovered the handkerchief containing the funds of the newly made firm. With a movement of impatience he drew it out, and turned to give it to his wife, but her eyes were so riveted upon something in the street that he could not gain her attention, and was so obliged to untie the knot himself and pay the fare. He then attempted to restore the handkerchief to her, but she refused it in a peremptory manner.

"What do you do that for?" asked Abner. "I'll tell ye bye an' bye." And with this he was obliged to be content until they had reached the end of the street-car line, and found themselves deposited in a small grove at the opposite side of the city from which they had started.

"Now tell me," said Abner, as they strolled along under the trees. "Why did you put that money into my pocket? Why didn't you give it to the conductor yourself?"

"Well," said Sary Catherine with a toss of her head, "I wan't agoin' to lose that man think you wuz a hen-pecked husband an' I a woman that carried the pocketbook and wore the trousers; an' I shouldn't a thought you'd a wanted him to hev such an opinion o' me."

"Well, but now you kin take it, can't ye?" asked Abner, tendering her the handkerchief.

"No, I can't, so there now. O, Ab, don't let's us quarrel over a little money so soon. I've knowed money to make lots o' trouble among new married folks, but I don't think it would with us."

"An' it wouldn't, Sary Catherine, ef it was where it ort to be. But I feel mean to take your arnin's."

"Well, Ab, ef you'd acted s' ef they belonged to ye, it'd make me feel like holdin' on to 'em like all sin, but now you don't want 'em, I feel diff'unt. We won't hev any mine an' yourn, but only jest ourn, won't we, Ab?"

Abner shook his head. "What's mine'll be yourn," he said.

"Of course; an' what's mine'll be yourn. An't that fair?"

Abner could not forbear smiling at his wife's earnestness, and replied, "Wall, I reckon we'll both arn, and both save, and t'll be fair ef we both spend. We'll hev things in partnership."

"Everything but cloze," said Sary Catherine with a sly glance; "you needn't ever say our trousers, Ab."

With a hearty "Ha, ha," Abner squeezed the strong brown hand of his bride, and the compact was made.

The frugal lunch was eaten under the trees of the little park, and as Sary Catherine brushed the last crumbs from her pink dress she said, "Now, Ab, you take the dime fur our fare and put it in your pocket, and see what is left fur our frolic."

"Fifteen cents," announced Ab, as he obeyed her directions.

"Will you hev a dish of ice cream?"

"Ef you will."

"I don't want any. But there's enough to get you one, and a glass of sody too."

"No sir!" exclaimed the bride vehemently. "That's breakin' the bargain. What's that a screechin' for? Let's us go and see."

The grove was a favorite resort of nurses and their little charges, and a shrewd fellow had placed here a "merry-go-round," and it was the sound of the engine that had attracted Sary Catherine's attention. When they approached near enough to see it, her wonder was unbounded.

"Goodness sakes alive!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever! Hosses an' elephants an' waggins an' chairs all scootin' around like fun. An' folks a ridin' on 'em. See what it costs, Ab. It would be a most like goin' to furrin' lands to take a part of our bridal tower on that machine."

"Five cents," said Ab, as he came back from making the inquiry.

"Then we've got enough to give us one spell around. Come on, Ab."

So, as soon as the opportunity offered, the two took their places.

It took Sary Catherine some time to decide where they should ride. The elephant would not hold them both, or she would have preferred that. The horses were too small, but at last they planted themselves upon a seat, where, still arm in arm with the basket, and holding to the seat with their disengaged hands, they took their "merry-go-round." What delight beamed in their faces, and with what a sigh of satisfaction they stepped again upon solid ground!

"That'll be suthin' to remember as long as I live," said Sary Catherine. "But now what'll we buy with the other five cents?"

"Candy," suggested Abner.

"No, that don't last any time at all."

"Peanuts."

"No, let's us get suthin' that'll last. I know! Let's us buy gum. Five cents wuz of gum'll last a long, long time." The gum was bought. One stick broken in two gave immediate occupation to their jaws, the rest was tied up in the bride's handkerchief and placed safely in her pocket.

"You won't be afeard to wait an hour?" asked Abner as they once more reached the hotel. "Fur ef I start on now, I'll be hum before you."

"Of course I an't afeard," replied Sary Catherine. "Who should I be afeard of?"

"Well, good bye, Mis' Basset," said Abner, drawing her back in the shade of the window curtains, to give her his first marital kiss.

A blush spread over his wife's face at the new appellation. She gave him a slight box on the ear, exclaiming, "O, g' long, Ab."

"I'm a goin'," he responded with a grin at her embarrassment.

As Mr. Brown helped her into the wagon for the return ride, he said mischievously, "I suspicion that I ort to be interduced to you, as you are not the same woman I brought to town this mornin'." It's Mis' Basset now, an't it?"

"Well, I don't know as its anything to be ashamed of ef it is," responded Sary Catherine, with a blush.

"Course it an't, you didn't go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last, and Abner showed his good judgment in pickin' out a wife. He allus wuz a good judge o' cattle."

Sary Catherine took this compliment in the spirit in which it was given, and in friendly converse the homeward journey was made.

As they neared home they saw Abner and Mrs. Tripp standing at the gate waiting for them. "Much obliged to ye fur givin' my wife a lift," said Abner, proudly, as he came to assist her from the wagon.

"O, twan't no trouble," replied Mr. Brown. "I'll gladly take the whole family any time when I'm going to town. Good day."

Mrs. Tripp came forward to kiss the bride, and then hurried in to look after the "chicken fixin's."

No longer arm in arm with the basket, but with each other, Abner and Sary Catherine turned towards the house.

"An't this ben a bewtiful day?" said the bride. "This is my day, you know, an' to-morrow's yourn. I hope it'll be as bright as mine's ben. What a grand time I've hed."

"Yes," said Abner, "An' I've ben at both ends of the journey to meet ye. I hope it'll allus be so."

"Wall, I don't."

"Why not?" asked Abner with some hesitation.

"Well, ef you mean that you hope I'll go a ridin' through life while you go a foot an' alone cross lots a cryin' in order to meet me, an' save me trouble, I don't hope it'll be allus so. It'll do fur a bridal tower, but when it comes right down to the out 'n out business of life we'll both ride, or I'll walk with ye."

"The chicken fixin's is ready," called out Mrs. Tripp.

The newly wedded pair entered the house and shut the door, and the bridal tour was ended.

THE DEADLY TEA CIGARETTE.

It Thickens the Head, Then Exhilarates, Then Raises Cain.

The vice of smoking tea is not new to Europe. Russia is responsible for the tea cigarette, but how the habit originated is not known. Tea is, to a great extent, a national beverage in Russia. The Russians have tea houses where we have saloons; a man goes into a tea house and orders a quart of tea and some cigarettes, as here men order beer. Tea is cheap and plentiful in Russia. It has been for years a custom of many rich Russians to take the most expensive cigars from the factories of Havana, costing in some cases \$1.50 each in Cuba, and pack them in gold or silver boxes which are made airtight, there being a layer of green tea at the bottom of the box, a layer of cigars, another of tea, and so on until the box is filled. Then the box is closed, and it is kept closed until the cigars are needed for consumption. The idea is that the tea gives a very attractive and peculiar fragrance to the fine Havana tobacco, and this is true. From this, possibly, sprung the idea of the tea cigarette. Moreover, cheap Russian cigarettes are a nightmare; they are sold at the rate of about ten for 1c, and their quality may be best estimated by the fact that the Russian poor man smokes only half, and throws the rest away. Tea, being so plentiful and cheap, may have been tried and found more agreeable.

Several descriptions of the tea cigarette have been printed, but these have erred in the presumption that the tea was taken as sold, rolled up in paper and smoked. This would be practically impossible, as the sharp edges of the tea would cut the paper in all directions, spoil the draught and render the cigarette unsmokable. To make the tea cigarette one takes a grade of green tea which has but little dust, being composed of unbroken leaf, and dampens it carefully, just enough to permit the leaves to be rolled without being broken, and so be left pliable and capable of being stuffed in the paper cylinder, while the dampness is not sufficient to stain the paper. The cigarettes are laid aside for a few days and are then ready to be smoked.

The feeling of a tea cigarette in the mouth is peculiar. The taste is not as disagreeable as might be supposed, but the effect on the tyro is a sense of thickening in the head and a disposition to take hold of something or to sit down. If the beginner quits then, that settles it; he will not try tea cigarettes again. If, however, the smoker sits down and tries a second cigarette, inhaling it deeply, then the thickening feeling passes, and is succeeded by one of intense exhilaration; the nerves are stimulated until the smoker feels like flying, skirt-dancing or doing something else entirely out of the common way. This stage lasts as long as the smoker continues, which is until the reaction of the stomach sets in.

Words cannot describe the final effect of the tea cigarette. The agony of the opium fiend is a shadow to that of the nauseated victim of the tea cigarette. It will be hours before food can be looked at, yet the first step toward a cure is a cup of tea. An hour afterward comes the craving for the tea cigarette.

THE SAILORS' FRIEND.

Mr. Samuel Plimssoll, the originator of the famous "Plimssoll mark" to prevent the overloading of ships, formerly member of parliament, at one time president of the National Amalgamated Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland and author of "Our Seamen" and "Cattle Ships," is dangerously ill. He was born in 1824, and went into parliament for the express purpose of helping the sailors' cause. While in parliament he was instrumental in bringing about the passage of several amendments to the shipping laws.

ONE EMPEROR OF THAT CLASS.

German policemen appreciate this lese-majesty business about as thoroughly as anybody. One of them arrested an Englishman the other day for publicly declaring the emperor was several kinds of a blank blanked fool. "That's all right," protested John Bull; "it wasn't your emperor, but the emperor of China, I was talking about!" "That won't go," replied the policeman; "there's only one emperor who is—what your said!" And he had the Britisher fined \$1.15 for describing the emperor in a way that a fool, though a way-faring man, might understand.

HOUSEHOLD.

AN APPRECIATION.

A woman's room. Its daintiness Proclaims it Hers. Each quaint recess Fragrant with flowers; each cosy seat Subtle with invitation meet A man's requirements more or less.

It soothes one like a faint caress, A Lover's sympathy—confess You have not ever seen so sweet

A woman's room?

Her books and pictures—all express Her varied moods. Ah, how I bless The day that brought her little feet More near—since, to be quite complete, It needs the rustle of Her dress—

A woman's room!

—Mary Bateman.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Spanish sandwiches.—Cut white bread in strips three and one-half inches long an one inch wide. Butter slightly and spread with cottage cheese mixed with a little cream. Salt and pepper.

Chicken Patties.—Mince chicken left from dinner. Add pepper, salt, a little flour, and cream. Stir over the fire till it thickens. Line patty-pans with pie paste, fill with the mixture and bake.

Salmon with Eggs.—Cover a platter with perfect leaves of curled lettuce, the stems for the center. Pour off the oil from a can of salmon; lay the fish carefully in the center of the platter, and season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Boil nine eggs hard, remove the shell and cut each egg in three slices into a crock; stir salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of vinegar together and pour over the eggs. Place them around the salmon, on the platter, and serve at once. The green lettuce, the white and yellow eggs and the pink salmon, makes this dish as pleasing to the eye as to the palate.

Pineapple Pie.—Take two cupfuls of finely chopped pineapple (canned will do), two tablespoonfuls of sponge cake crumbs, half a cup of pineapple juice, if the canned is used, otherwise use water, sugar to taste, three eggs. Mix together the pineapple, crumbs, and a good teaspoonful of sugar, the juice, and two well-beaten yolks of eggs. Line a pie-dish with crust, put in the mixture, and cook until the pastry is well dried and browned. Whisk the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the pie is cooked and while it is still hot, cover the top with the froth, and replace it in the oven for the egg just to set.

MRS. PARLOA'S RULES.

To oil a floor use boiled linseed oil with one-third of turpentine. This should be applied when the entire room is free from dust use a woolen cloth, and only a small part moistened at once, always following the grain of the wood and rubbing as hard as possible. When the work is finished, the room should be left for ten hours or more.

To the cleaning of kitchen walls the same rules apply: As little water as possible, washing only a small spot at a time, and always rubbing up and down, never in a circle. One tablespoonful of household ammonia to a quart of water is a good rule for this cleaning. Wooden skewers are useful to keep out-of-the-way places clean.

Anything that cleans brass or nickel quickly is injurious; whiting and ammonia, rubbed on thoroughly, cannot be improved upon for bathtubs, while the combination of rottenstone and oil is excellent for brass.

Iron filings, rubbed with the foot, are effective in removing spots from the floor.

Clean woodwork and painted walls with a flannel cloth wrung out in warm soap-suds, then wipe absolutely dry with another piece of flannel. Under no circumstances use a scrubbing brush.

Clean sink and bathtub pipes with half a pint of washing soda, dissolved in six quarts of boiling water. Carbolic acid in the proportion of four tablespoonfuls to a pint of water, is necessary for the same purpose when there is sickness in the family.

A PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

A veritable little State, inhabited and governed almost entirely by women exists in the Province of Smolensk, in Western Central Russia. It is about fifteen versts, or ten miles, square, and contains a large number of populous villages, and the region is one of the most fertile in the Czar's domain.

In that part of Russia it is called the "Women's Kingdom," because the male population, almost to a man, emigrates en masse each springtime to Moscow and the other great cities not far distant in search of employment, for the summer season is the busiest one in these Russian towns. During the warm weather fairs are held and commerce is at its height. The men are therefore enabled to find work at such wages that they can return to their rural homes in the autumn with a greater store of rubles than they could have accumulated from tilling the soil.

The women are strong and hardy, and being left alone till the fields, harvest the crops and do other work which ordinarily belongs to masculine husbandmen. Some dress in short skirts, but a few of them, to secure greater freedom of movement, put on male attire, and the casual traveler through the province is unable, seeing them at work in the fields, to distinguish their sex. In large households the young girls attend to the ordinary feminine tasks of preparing meals, sewing, butter making and the like, but they are generally eager to begin the outdoor work of their older sisters as soon as they are able.

The most remarkable feature of this "Women's Kingdom," however, is that the government of the various villages is entirely in the hands of the sisters, wives and mothers of the absent men, and remains so, in many cases, even after the men have returned. Each town has its "lady Mayresses," who preside at all meetings of the village Council, whose members are likewise women. Questions of public interest are debated and decided upon as in other legislative assemblies, and there is no more

jealousy and bickering than is ordinarily the case when the legislative body is composed of men. Perhaps this is largely due to the fact that the months of outdoor labor give the women strong nerves, as well as strong bodies, for among them it is considered a disgrace to indulge in tears or hysterics if anything goes amiss.

The political and financial condition of the "Women's Kingdom" is as flourishing as that of any province in the empire. It is a curious fact that in most other provinces throughout Russia there is said to be bribery and corruption on every hand, and a public office is considered a legitimate source of plunder. But among these women "purity in politics" is the rule. The female tax gatherers are never guilty of extortion, and the imposts which the Government levies are paid cheerfully and exactly.

SAURKRAUT.

Although the great majority of people like sauerkraut yet comparatively few know but one method of cooking it, and that is to fry in meat fryings, and send it to the table hot, greasy and hard to digest, while in truth that is the poorest way in which it can be cooked.

Baked Spare Rib and Kraut.—This is always an acceptable dish. Prepare a spare rib for baking, crack the bones through the centre so it will fold, fill it with kraut, fold together and bake in a moderate oven, adding half a pint or more of boiling water with which to baste it frequently. When nearly done open the rib and let the kraut brown a little. When done, heap the kraut in the centre of a large platter; carve the rib and arrange it on the platter around the kraut. If the rib was a fat one; to the fat and liquor left in the pan, add a pint of water and when it boils slowly stir a tablespoonful of flour that has been smoothed in a little cold water and make a gravy to serve with the meat.

Baked Kraut.—Partially drain the kraut, put in a baking pan, and cover it with fat pork cut as thinly as it can be sliced. Add a little boiling water; cover the pan and bake for half an hour or longer according to the amount of kraut. Then uncover, and bake until the meat is nicely browned. Add more boiling water if necessary to keep it from baking dry.

Stewed Kraut.—Put the necessary amount of kraut into a stew pan, and add enough liquor from boiling beef to almost cover it. Cover closely and stew for an hour, or if more convenient set into the oven and bake. If one has not the meat liquor, boiling water and a generous lump of butter may be substituted, which makes it very nice, but has not quite so good a flavor as is given by the beef.

PALMS.

A thrifty palm growing in a pot will often add as much to the decoration of a room as a handsome piece of furniture. Especially is this the case when they are large and wide-spreading. They are easily grown and are beautiful for a corner or bay window or a dining room. They should be planted in deep pots, and should be kept free from dust. This may be accomplished by frequently wiping the leaves with a damp cloth. Palms need plenty of water, and should be so placed that they may have the light upon all their leaves although too much sunlight is not desirable.

MACARONI CAKES.

One pint peanut kernels rolled fine, one-half pound sugar, three eggs, butter size of a walnut, eight tablespoonfuls of flour. Can drop on greased tins or roll out and cut in round shapes and bake. These are very good.

Neat maid servants, instead of men, are now seen in many of the best houses. They require less wages and cost less to keep, and do considerably more. So altogether, maid servants are becoming more and more popular. The livery, so to speak, of a parlor maid of the period is a plain, well-made black alpaca gown, with tight-fitting sleeves, gathered slightly only at the top; no apron, a small white square for a cap, with a black bow; large white linen collars like boy's Eton collars, and deep white linen cuffs.

HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

It is better to advertise a little too much than not quite enough. Put your heart in your advertising if you expect a hearty response to it. The ad that is understood by the most people is likely to be the most profitable. Let no rival outdo you in quality of advertising—it often makes up for quantity.

It is much easier to waste advertising space by using too little than by using too much. Better start in advertising small and increase gradually than commence big and collapse.

The man who doesn't believe in himself finds it difficult to make the people believe the ads he writes. To get your ad read is a great point. To get it remembered is better still. But to draw cash customers is best of all.

Because you can make money in your business without advertising it, is no proof that you could not make much more if you did advertise.

It is nice to have your advertisements quoted as "bright sayings," but it is much better to have them draw customers with money to spend.

SELF-EXTINGUISHING CANDLES.

A candle has recently been brought out which extinguishes itself after it has burned for an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin, which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.

OBJECTIVE NOT SUGGESTIVE.

M. Wallace—Is your sister Alice an obliging girl? Willie—Obliging ain't no name for it. She's all the time obliging me to do what I don't like.