THE SUPPLY AT ST. AGATHA'S.

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS, IN "THE CENTURY."

At the crossing of the old avenue with the stream of present traffic, in a city which, for obvious reasons will not be identified by the writer of these pages, there stood—and still stands—the Church of Saint Agatha's.

The church is not without a history, chiefly such as fashion and sect combine to record. It is an eminent church, with a stately date upon its foundation-stone, and a pew-list unsurpassed for certain qualities among the worshipers of the Eastern States. Saint Agatha's has long been distinguished for three things, its money, its music, and its soundness.

When the tax-list of the town is printed in the daily papers once a year, the wardens and the leading parishioners of Saint Agatha's stand far upward in the score, and their names are traced by slow, grimy fingers of mechanics and strikers and socialists laboriously reading on Saturday nights.

The choir of Saint Agatha's, as all the world knows, is superior. Her soprano alone (a famous prima donna) would fill the house. Women throng the aisles to hear the tenor, and musical critics, hat in hand, and pad on hat, drop in to report the anthem and the offertory for the Monday morning press.

In ecclesiastical position, it is needless to add, Saint Agatha's has always been above reproach. When did Saint Agatha's question a canon? When did she contend with a custom? When did she criticize a creed? Why should she contest a tradition? She accepts, she conforms, she prospers.

In one particular Saint Agatha's has been thrust into an attitude of originality foreign to her taste. Her leading men feel called upon occasionally to explain how the eternal feminine came—a little contrary to the fashion of our land—to be recognized in the name of the church. Saint Agatha's first pastor, one should know, was a very young man of enthusiastic and unconventional temperament. He did not live long enough to outgrow this—for a clergyman—unfortunate trend of nature, having died, full of dreams and visions, in the teeth of a lowering conflict with his wardens; but he lived long enough to carry the day and the name for a portion of his people who desired to call their church in honor of a sweet, though rich, old lady who had put her private fortune into their beautiful house of worship, and her warm heart into their future success. It had befallen this dear old lady to bear the name of Agatha, which, for her sake,—and, of course, in due ecclesiastical remembrance of the strictly canonical saint of similar cognomen,—was accordingly bestowed upon the church.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and another numeral which I am requested not to indicate, but I may not deny that it is a recent one, the popular rector of Saint Agatha's took a winter vacation. He was an imposing and imperious man, full of years and honors, in the full sway of his professional fame, when he fell a victim, like any common person, to the grippe.

In the attempt to recover from this vulgar malady, he was forced to observe that his select physician had drugged him, *via* an exclusive bronchitis, into a minister's sore throat, such as any ordinary country parson might develop for lack of an overcoat, or a fire in his bedroom. Without undue delay or reluctance the rector of Saint Agatha's took ship for the south of France; and in the comfortable way in which such things are done in such quarters, the church was set trundling upon the wheels of a two months' "supply." This was managed so gracefully by the experienced vestry of Saint Agatha's that hardly a visible jar occurred in the parish machinery. Many of the people did not know that their rector had gone until a canon from London sonorously filled the pulpit one Sunday morning. A distinguished Middle State clergyman followed the next week; the West sent her brightest and best the succeeding Sunday, and so it went.

Eminent variety easily occupied that sacred desk. The wardens of St. Agatha's have but to say, Come, and he cometh who weigheth the honor of ministering in this aristocratic pulpit. In brief, the most distinguished men in the denomination cordially "supplied." On the whole, perhaps the parish enjoyed their rector's vacation as much as he did.

Now, upon the vestry there chanced at that time to be one man who was "different." One does find such people even among the officers of fashionable churches. This man (he was, by the way, a grandnephew of the old lady who built the church when Saint Agatha's was an unendowed experiment) had occasional views not wholly in harmony with the policy of his brother officers; and being himself a heavy rate-payer, was allowed, sometimes, by the courtesy of the majority,—when his notion was not really in bad form, you know—to have his way. He did not get it so often but that he was glad to make the most of it when he did; and when his turn came to control the supply for that Sunday with which this narrative has to do, he asked the privilege of being intrusted with the details of the business. This request, as from a useful man of certain eccentricities, was indulgently granted; and thus there occurred the events which it has been given me to relate.

It was just before Lent, and the winter had been a cold one. One Friday evening in early March there came up, or came down, a drifting snow-storm. It was bad enough in town, but in the suburbs it was worse, and in the country it was little less than dangerous to passengers through the wide, wind-swept streets, the choking lanes and bitter moors.

An old clergyman, the pastor of a scattered parish, sat in his study on that Friday night, and thanked God that the weekly evening service was over, and his day's work done. He would have regretted being called out again that night, for he had got quite wet in walking to church and back, and the cold from which he had been suffering for a week past might not be benefitted thereby. This fact in itself was a matter of no concern under ordinary conditions to the old clergyman, who, being a lonely man in a forlorn country boarding-house, with nobody to take care of him, was accustomed to live under the shadow of a "common cold," and who paid no more attention to his own physical discomforts in the face of daily duty than he paid to the latest fashion in sable trimmings in the front pews at Saint Agatha's. There was no fur trimming on his overcoat, which was seven years old and pitiably thin. But he had been invited to supply at Saint Agatha's next Sunday, and to that unexampled honor and opportunity he gave the pathetic attention—half personal pleasure, half religious fervor—of an overlooked and devout man. In the course of a forty-years' ministry he had not been asked to preach in a city pulpit. The event was tremendous to him. He had been agitated by the invitation, which ran in some such way as this:

. . . In closing, permit me to say, sir, that it would be agreeable to us to welcome among us the grandson of our first pastor, that young rector who died in the bud of his youth and Christian originality. The fact of your ancestry will give to your presence a peculiar interest for our people at large. But I beg to be allowed to add on behalf of the committee, that certain qualities in yourself and in your own work have led us to believe that you may exert positive influence upon us of which we stand in need. From your remote and rural parish your life has not passed unobserved. Your labors as a pastor, and your methods of preaching, have been an object of study to some of us. We have come to rate you, sir, as one of the men of God. There are not many. In meeting with our people, the writer personally hopes that you may be able to teach us something of the secret of your own happy and successful experience as a minister of Christ our Lord. . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PERSONAL POINTERS.

The Rich Grow Richer—The Queen's Cooks—His Whiskers Pulled Out—Rosa Bonheur, etc., etc.

The rich continue to grow richer. Here is the Baron de Rothschild winning the first prize of 100,000 francs in the Marseilles Municipal lottery.

Jacob Green, a four-year-old child, fell out of the fifth storey of a New York house on Sunday, and landed on a pedestrian's shoulder. Neither was seriously hurt.

Christopher Columbus, the Esquimo baby born at the Chicago World's Fair, died at the San Francisco Midwinter Fair last week. The climate was too enervating for him.

The clerk of Queen Victoria's kitchen, who always carves, receives a salary of $3,500 a year. The chef receives the same salary, and the two confectioners, who attend to the making of pastry, jelly, etc., receive annual salaries of $1,500 each.

Mr. Munro Ferguson, according to a Scotch newspaper, said that after prodding Mr. Gladstone on the subject, tht ex-Premier said, "My dear sir, I might as well undertake to replace the first man in the garden of Eden as to carry Home Rule for Scotland."

Thomas Carlyle once told a young College graduate in the presence of General J. G. Wilson, "better continue at the plough all your days than depend on the writing of history for a living." He abandoned literature, and is now a successful preacher in Scotland.

William Wahl, a New York brewer, had his luxuriant whiskers pulled out lately in a row with his cousin, Herman Wahl, and as the wind can no longer blow through them, he wants it to raise on them. He has sued for $5,000 damages, and put his whiskers, wrapped in brown paper, in evidence.

Bismarck has lost none of his old-time gallantry. It was arranged by the deputation of ladies who personally visited him to present the 400 bottles of finest Rhenish wine contributed from Baden, Hesse, and the Palatinate that each should kiss his hand upon being presented, but the old soldier kissed them instead, and not upon their hands either.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone has completed the translation of Horace, upon which he has been engaged for some time. His work is said to be in the hands of Mr. John Morley, who has been granted the privilege of perusing it before it goes to the printer. The ex-Premier intends to devote his energy to the translation of another classical author, but he has not yet made a selection.

Though she is past seventy, Rosa Bonheur spends a long and busy day at her easel. Photography is her only recreation. Her atelier is crowded with artistic treasures as to be, in an admirers phrase, "a private Louvre." It contains many complete and incomplete works of her brush, some of which are said to be as great as the productions of her earlier years.

The church in which the Coburg wedding ceremony was performed was consecrated in 1738. Before the time of Martin Luther, it was used as the chapel of a convent conducted by barefooted friars, and the organ, stone pulpit, and baptismal font now in the palace church are relics of the days of the friars. The convent was converted into a palace in 1542. The parents of Queen Victoria were married in this church in 1818.

Mr. Lawson Tait exonerates the human race from the imputation of being the only creatures that naturally take to drink. Wasps, he says, have the same proclivity. Mr. Tait has watched the wasps eagerly attacking over-ripe fruits, when the sugar has in some degree been converted into alcohol. Around such fruits especially rotten plums and grapes, the wasps may be seen fighting and struggling for precedence, and afterwards when they are absolutely drunk with the spirit, they crawl away in a torpid condition, and hide themselves in the grass till they have slept off the orgie.

What They Mean.

Sweet Girl—"What do the papers mean when they talk about a womanly woman?"

Father—"They mean one who knows how to make pumpkin pies."

An Encouraging Sign.

Farmer Meadow—"How is your son doing in the city?"

Farmer Harrow—"He hasn't said much about his business, but he writes me that he's got lots of friends there."

Farmer Meadow—"That's encouraging. That shows that he ain't had to borrow money yet."

THE SEPARATOR CREAMERY.

In the creamery, as in the private dairy, the first and most important requisite to success is cleanliness.

As it is impossible to turn out a good finished article without good material to work upon, no milk should be accepted but that of good quality and free from any objectionable odor or taint. It is important that milk should be ærated as soon as drawn from the cow, care being taken to see that the air is pure. It should also be protected from rain; rainwater in milk makes it impossible to secure a good quality of butter. Milk from healthy cows only, fed on wholesome food and having access to pure water, should be accepted by the buttermaker. The pastures, yards and lanes should at all times be kept free from carrion and all decaying matter.

The milking should always be done with dry hands and in a cleanly manner, the udder being well brushed or wiped with a damp cloth. All vessels, pails, etc., should be of tin and should be thoroughly scalded each day. Wooden pails should never be used. The buttermaker should at once reject any milk that is found to contain any bad odor, or any that is delivered in cans not properly cleaned and scalded. It is well to accompany the rejected milk with a notice as to its defect, and also, if possible, with the remedy.

After strictly enforcing the foregoing, the butter-maker should keep the factory in the best possible condition, as an example to those of his patrons who may visit him.

In order to keep the separator in good running condition, all oil must be kept wiped off, and the bearings kept free from any water, dirt or grit. Keep all parts with which the milk comes in contact thoroughly clean and scalded every day.

The temperature of the milk to be separated should be from 80° to 85°, not allowing it to go higher, as the cost in time and ice in cooling is increased, and the quality of the product is likely to be injured.

The cream should be cooled as soon as possible after separation to about 45° to 50°, and held at that temperature until about eighteen hours before churning, then warmed to about 60°, or churning temperature. If the cream should not ripen sufficiently, add sufficient starter to give the cream a sharp, acid taste and glassy appearance on the surface. About two per cent. of starter will usually be sufficient.

To prepare the starter, take fresh skim milk that is known to be free from any odor or taint and warm it to 90°, keeping it at that temperature for twenty-four hours, when it will be ready for use. It should be kept excluded from the air as much as possible, more especially if the air be at all impure. Use a small amount—about one per cent.—of the starter already made to stimulate the development of next day's starter. This may be omitted on Saturday, as the length of time over Sunday will give sufficient development of lactic acid, and the starter will be entirely fresh each week.

We favor cooling the cream to a low temperature immediately after separation, and ripening it in a few hours, using starter when the season and condition of the milk requires it, for the following reasons:

1. The solids in cream other than fat are subject to rapid decomposition.

2. This decomposition is not favorable to the keeping quality of whatever it effects.

3. Butter always contains a proportion of solid matter that is not fat, and the less this has advanced towards decomposition the better the flavor of the butter, and the longer will this flavor be retained.

4. This decomposition in cream is very rapid at a high temperature, while at a low temperature it is retarded.

CHURNING.

See that the churn is well cleaned inside with a brush, at least once a week in cold and twice a week in hot weather, and scalded each day before and after using. Cool it before putting in the cream, which should always be strained into the churn.

Thick cream churns easier than that which is thinner; but to get the best results it should contain from 25 to 30 per cent. butter-fat. If for any reason it should be thicker than this, it should be diluted with pure water or skim milk of the proper temperature. Churn at as low a temperature as is possible to get butter in from thirty-five to seventy minutes. To warm or cool cream, do so by putting warm or cold water or ice around the vat or vessel containing it, and stir it frequently. Never put hot water, steam or ice directly into the cream, as this tends to injure the grain of the butter, and causes, in too many instances, white streaks and poor flavor.

When necessary to use color, add sufficient to make the butter as nearly as possible the color of that made in June. Always add the color before starting the churn. About one-half ounce per thousand pounds of milk in winter will usually be found sufficient, gradually increasing to that amount in the fall, and lessening towards spring.

As soon as the cream breaks, or at the first signs of butter, add enough cold water to lower the contents of the churn 2° or 3°, and continue to churn until the butter granules are the size of wheat grains. Allow the churn to rest in a position to draw off the buttermilk for four or five minutes, that the particles may all rise to the top. Then draw off the buttermilk, straining it to prevent any loss of butter. Add at least as much water as there was buttermilk at a temperature of 50° or 52° in winter, and 45°, as nearly as possible, in summer. Revolve the churn as fast as possible for about two minutes, then draw off the water, straining as in the case of the buttermilk. Then add the second water—about the same quantity as for the first water—at 56° to 58° in winter and 52° to 58° in summer, and repeat as before. If for any reason the second water does not come off clear, or nearly so, repeat the washing until it does.

Allow the contents of the churn to drain well; then take the butter out carefully, using a wooden spade, care being taken to keep it in a granular form. Weigh, and place the butter on the worker, adding salt sufficient to suit the taste of the customer. From three-fourths to one ounce of salt to one pound of butter will usually be found sufficient.

Work carefully and evenly, avoiding any rubbing or friction, until the salt is evenly distributed and excessive moisture is expelled. From seven to eight times over will usually be sufficient. Turning inwards and outwards, then doubling, is meant to be once over on the power worker. Then pack in tub. If for prints, about five or six times over will be sufficient working.

To prepare ash or spruce tubs for use, they should be pickled in hot brine for twenty-four hours or steamed over a steam jet for thirty minutes. Tin-lined tubs should be thoroughly scalded and cooled before using. Remove any resin or specks on the tin. Put the butter in the tub in small quantities, pounding it thoroughly around the edges with a suitable pounder, keeping the surface of the butter level. The tubs should be filled to within one-half an inch from the top, leaving the surface slightly crowning. Cover with parchment paper or butter cloth, or, what is better, with both. This should be covered with a salt paste, made by putting salt in cold water. The tubs should be filled until the salt is level with the top of the tub. Lining the tub with parchment paper before putting in the butter will be found to give good results.

The temperature of the storage room should not be higher than 56°, and as much lower as it can be kept uniform.—[From the Agricultural College Bulletin.

ONLY A COUGH,

But It Resulted in the Massacre of Thousands.

When one remembers the important role played by Marshal St. Arnaud in placing Napoleon III. upon the throne of France and his glorious death in the face of the enemy during the Crimean War, it is sad to think of the degradation to which has sunk his son, Comte Julien de St. Arnaud, who has just been committed for trial at Newgate, in London, on a charge of having obtained a sum of $25 by means of a forged check.

Marshal St. Arnaud was one of the most unscrupulous promoters of the coup d'etat. But what he lacked in principle he made up in courage, gallantry and brilliancy. He always used to attribute the bloodshed which inaugurated Napoleon III.'s reign to a terrible cough with which he was afflicted at the time of the coup d'etat. When asked whether the troops were to fire upon populace or not St. Arnaud was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted several minutes. Finally, when he ceased, the Marshal just managed to gasp the words "Ma sacree toux" (my cursed cough). The officer sent to take the Marshal's orders, having waited until the latter recovered his breath, repeated the question, and again St. Arnaud began coughing violently, terminating, as on the previous occasion, with the exclamation, "Ma sacree toux!"

The officer was no fool. He could take a hint as well as any one else, and, saluting, he left the commander's presence. On returning to the Brigadiers and Colonels who had sent him for instructions, he was asked what reply the Marshal had made, to which he responded that the General's only words had been "Massacrez toux" (massacre everybody). The command was obeyed to the letter, and many thousand persons were shot down and bayoneted in the streets of Paris.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE

It Was Considered a Pretty Good Thing Way Back in Pliny's Time.

All authorities that have treated on longevity place exercise, moderate and regularly taken, as one of the main factors of a long life. That there are many exceptions does not alter the fact that physical excerise is as useful in keeping one healthy as it is to prolong life. Good walkers are seldom sick, and the same may be said of persons who daily take a certain prescribed amount of exercise. Exercise is both a preventive and a remedial measure. In my own practice, I have seen a case of persistent transpiration that followed the least bodily effort, and which annoyed and debilitated the person at night—this being a condition left after a severe illness—disappear as if by magic after a day or two of exercise on a bicycle. Pliny relates that a Greek physician who took up his residence in Rome was wont publicly to declare that he was willing to be considered a charlatan if at any time he should ever fall ill, or if he failed to die of any other disease but old age. Celsus, in speaking of the same physician, observes that his faith, in the benefit to be derived from exercise, was so great that he had in a great measure abandoned the administration of internal remedies, depending mostly on hygienic measures, and exercises. As an evidence of the correctness of his views, Pliny tells us that this physician lived to be a centenarian, and then only died from an accident.

CRIME IN ONTARIO.

Statistics From the Annual Report of the Inspector.

The annual report of the inspector of prisons, of common jails and reformatories was presented by Mr. Gibson to the Legislative Assembly last week.

The table of crimes shows a decrease this year on that of previous years. Eight thousand six hundred and nineteen criminals were arrested in 1893. Nine thousand and eleven were sent down in 1892, and 10,423 in 1891.

Of these 8,619 only 5,408 were found guilty and sentenced, as compared with 5,495 in 1892. One hundred and nine were sent to Kingston penitentiary 65 to the reformatory for boys, 669 to the Central prison, 137 to the reformatory for females and 4,428 to common jails.

The crime most prevalent was that of drunkenness, about 36 per cent. of the committals being from that cause. The next in order of frequency are crimes of vagrancy, larceny, and common assault. Four thousand four hundred and seventy-seven of these prisoners were men and 931 females; 2,765 temperate and 5,854 intemperate; 6,915 could read; 1,704 were illiterate.

The city of London was not so fortunate as the rest of the Province, and the record of crime increased from 497 in 1892 to 537 in 1893. Forty-six of the 537 were females; 56 were illiterate; 259 were temperate; 278 intemperate; 218 were committed for drunkenness, which is 68 more than last year.

There was an increase in the expense of the jails in 1893. One hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-five dollars was expended, which is about $1,700 more than last year. London jail cost $6,683, which is an increase also of $100.

THE "CHILIMAN" TRAGEDY

(CONCLUDED)

Mrs. Sheringham in this ship?" she cried, with starting eyes, and the wildest, whitest countenance you can imagine.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then it's she who murdered Sheringham. She is capable of it. She's a tigress!" she cried, in a voice pitched to the note of a scream.

"That's what I have come to talk to you about, and I am glad you have found your voice."

"Where is she?" she asked, and a strong shudder ran through her.

"She is in the cabin below—dying; she may be dead even now as we converse."

She uttered something in Spanish passionately and clasped her hands.

"Now hear me," said I, "since you have your ears, and have found your tongue. You are suspected of having murdered the man you eloped with."

"It is false!" she shrieked. "I loved him Oh! I loved him!" She caught her breath and wept bitterly.

"In my own heart," said I, touched by her dreadful misery, "I believe you guiltless. I am sure you are so, now that we have discovered that Mrs. Sheringham is on board. Will you answer me a question?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"You know that Sheringham was stabbed to the heart with a dagger?"

"Yes."

"It bears this inscription: 'Charles Winthrop Sheringham to Leonora Dunbar.' Was that dagger in your possession in this ship?"

"No. Mr. Sheringham gave it me. There was no such inscription as you name upon it. I left it behind me when I came away. I swear before my God I speak the truth!"

Her voice was broken with sobs; she spoke with deepest agitation. Her manner convinced me it was as she represented.

I said. "Come with me and see the woman, and tell me if she is Mrs. Sheringham."

She shrank, and cried out that she would not go. She was perfectly sane; all her stubbornness was gone from her; she was now a miserable, scared, broken-hearted woman. I told her that the person I took to be Mrs. Sheringham lay insensible and perhaps dead at this moment, and by putting on an air of command I succeeded at last in inducing, or rather obliging, her to accompany me. She veiled herself before quitting the cabin. The saloon was empty. We passed swiftly into the steerage, and she followed me into the cabin where the woman was.

The poor creature was still unconscious; the stewardess stood beside the bunk looking at its dying white occupant. I said to Miss Dunbar.

"Is it Mrs. Sheringham?"

She was cowering at the door, but when she perceived that the woman lay without motion, with her eyes half closed, insensible, and perhaps dead, as she might suppose, she drew near the bunk, peered breathlessly, and then looking around to me, said:

"She is Mrs. Sheringham. Let me go!"

I opened the door, and she fled, with a strange noise of sobbing.

I stayed for nearly three hours in Mrs. Sheringham's berth. There was nothing to be done for her. She passed away in her unconsciousness, and afterwards when I looked more closely into the nature of her injuries I wondered that she could have lived five minutes after the terrible fall that had beaten sensibility out of her over the windlass end.

I went to the captain to report her death, and in a long talk I gave him my views of the tragic business. I said there could be no question that Mrs. Sheringham had followed the guilty couple to sea with a determination to so murder her husband as to fix the crime of his death upon his paramour. How was this to be done? Her discovery at her home of the dagger her husband had given to Leonora Dunbar would perhaps give her the idea she needed If Miss Dunbar spoke the truth, then indeed I could not account for the inscription on the dagger; but there could be no question whatever that Mrs. Sheringham had been her husband's murderess.

This was my theory, and it was afterwards verified up to the hilt. On the arrival of the Chiliman at Melbourne, Miss Dunbar was sent home to take her trial for the murder of Mr. Sheringham; but her innocence was established by, first, the circumstance of a woman having been found aboard dressed as a man; next, by the statement of witnesses that a woman whose appearance exactly corresponded with that of "John Burgess" had been the rounds of the shipping-offices to inspect the lists of passengers by vessels bound to Australia; thirdly, by letters written to Leonora Dunbar by Sheringham found among Mrs. Sheringham's effects, in one of which the man told the girl that he proposed to carry her to Australia. Finally, and this was the most conclusive item in the whole catalogue of evidence, an engraver swore that a woman answering to Mrs. Sheringham's description called upon him with the dagger (produced in court), and requested him without delay to inscribe upon the thin plate, "Charles Winthrop Sheringham to Leonora Dunbar."

And yet, but for the death of Mrs. Sheringham and my discovery of her sex, it was far more likely than not that his wife would have achieved her aim by killing her husband and getting her rival hanged for the murder.—[Harper's Weekly.

CLUBS AND KNIVES

Used With Fearful Effect in a School Row.

During a debate between the scholars of a country school house a few miles north of Winchester, Ohio, the other night, a fight occurred between Nathan Mansfield and Edward Carroll, aged 15 and 18, which resulted in the former being, it is thought, fatally injured by being stabbed in the back, while Mansfield was struck on the head with a large club. The entire school was in a general fight, even down to 6-year-old children.

Miss Eva Kratzer, the teacher, with a piece of stovewood, struck a young fellow named Henry Steinman, a bully who had insulted her. Four of the young men who live away from the schoolhouse had to be carried to their homes on account of the affray. Citizens in that vicinity are greatly excited over the matter, and the School Directors swore out a warrant for the arrest of the entire crowd who visited the debate and created the disturbance.