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THE MAYOR OF SAWMILL FLAT

BY WILLIAM ATKINSON.

CHAPTER I.

It was the 1st day of September 1888. In Chaway New York City good citizens were either in bed and asleep, or were preparing to retire; in more remote London, the milkmen and market-gardeners had already opened up the business of a new day; but in South-western Arizona it was the hour of sunset.

Seated upon a camp-stool, in front of a frame shanty that boasted two small apartments, was a man, handsome in spite of his coarse dress and weather-tanned countenance, but prematurely gray and careworn. His white locks betokened threescore years at least; but if the register of a certain parish in the North Riding of Yorkshire tells the tale truly, John Lee was born in the year of grace 1850, and was therefore just thirty-eight years old. A cigarette protruded from the entrance of the single cabin, upon which some apprentice hand had printed the legend—("Dr. John Lee, Physician and Surgeon."

Now, although Dr. Lee was the only medical man within forty miles in every direction, he was not overburdened with patients, and had long since arrived at the conclusion that, viewed from a professional standpoint, Sawmill Flat was altogether too healthy a locality. Indeed, on this especial September evening he had been calculating the length of time since his services were last in requisition. He found that it was exactly eight weeks since he extracted a bullet from Tombstone Hank's hip—placed there by Hank's bosom friend, upon the occasion of a night-cap over a friendly game of "seven-up"—for which the grateful Hank had paid him six dollars—nominally as his per cent. deposit, but in reality as payment in full. It will be readily conceded, even though Arizona doctors are not expected to purchase dress suits, attend receptions, and make their professional calls in hansoms, that six dollars is, to say the least, a fair income for two months; so it is not surprising that John Lee was about to expect to

Fold his tent, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away;

in the more concise language of Saw Mill Jim, "to skip out."

For a man who had spent his boyhood's days amid one of the most picturesque of the New Yorkshire dales, the prospect from John Lee's shanty door was not particularly inspiring. Immediately before him was the Santa Fe Trail—that great South-western emigrant road along whose thirteen-hundred mile course hundreds of scalpless corpses have been left to rot in the summer suns and bleach in the autumn winds. Half down the trail could be seen the score or so of shanties occupied by the workers—the owners also shareholders—in the Big Bug Silver Mine, whose location was betrayed by the huge derrick and pulley-wheel rising above the cabins. Beyond the mine—north and west—was an endless expanse of alkaline soil, which sustained only that of the deadly rattlesnake. In the north the view was not quite so dreary, although it was dull enough. More than a mile away, surrounded by a clump of stunted cotton-wood trees and sickly willows, was the sawmill which gave the name to the settlement; while stretching away as far as the eye could reach rose tier above tier of low sandhills, that finally merged into the mountain range which crosses Arizona. Before the setting sun had touched the horizon, John Lee was so disgusted at his lot that many times he had to take refuge in a pipe of tobacco and shut out the view with thick clouds of smoke.

Tombstone Hank had settled down to his pipe upon "the instalment plan," or not for a moment he supposed that Sawmill Flat was the home of a poverty-stricken community. Lacking it may have had a mine, fine scenery and other natural advantages as well as in good schools, churches, and other refining influences but in gold and silver—especially the latter—by no means. For two years prior to the Big Bug Silver Mine had been in operation, and had made rich men of a dozen of the citizens of Sawmill in the while Jim Hawkins, the proprietor of the sawmill, and Andy Dunbar, the keeper of the general store, both had in addition to their respective properties at Sawmill Flat, goodly balances at the First National Bank of Tucson. As a matter of fact, money was really "monkey" to some of the Sawmill Flat people, who frequently paid most exorbitant prices for the commonest necessaries of life, but lived on and toiled on in the hope that railroads yet unbuilt would one day bring the outside world to their doorsteps or else that they themselves, poor as they were, would leave Arizona behind them for the comforts and civilisation of the States.

Hank finished his pipe, and, after blowing a few clouds of tobacco smoke from John Lee's pipe so effectually shut out the Doctor's immediate surroundings, that he soon lost himself in a maze of thought, from which he was considerably startled when a loud voice ejaculated, "Evenin', Doc."

"Good-evening, Hawkins."

"Come along, Doc."

"Come along where?"

"To the Fair. Where else? Come, liven up, Doc."

"Why, what's going on? I've been as dull as the same once to-day, and it will soon be bedtime. No; I think I'll not go, Hawkins."

"No go? Why, man alive, it's the night of the town meeting. Come on!"

"Meeting! By Jove, that's a fact, I had clean forgotten it. Anyhow, what's the use of my going to the town meeting? No; I won't go."

"Look around it, Doc., ain't you a public-spirited citizen? Ain't you a real-estate man? Ain't you a man of edgecation? Don't you hear at Sawmill Flat, anyhow, and isn't you a movin' of Sawmill Flat towns-man? Come along."

Doc. felt compelled to laugh at this unusual earnest appeal, and the mirth temporarily dispelled his lhueness. There was a pretty shrewd man, and, in a way, he was generous too.

"Where down in the mouth, Doc., that's the matter with you. Don't you lose a cent, partner, for this here place is going to strike lie, sir, you bet! In ten years from now the City of Sawmill Flat will have five thousand people and five hundred and your two hundred acres, which you declared glad to get two hundred dollars for today will be cut into building lots and sold at high prices for city lots. Why, my soul, Doc., you'll soon have a city practice, and be a millionaire landed man!"

Thus exclaimed the Doctor.

"Hawkins, if you want a nugger or two from me, you know where old Jim Lee lives, don't you?"

"Come very good, Hawkins—very Well, I'll go down and look on.

"Give me time to take several paces in silence. Then, with much abruptness, Hawkins said: "Why don't you merry Andy Dunbar? Jim would say "Yes" and Andy Dunbar would be tickled to death and set you up in good shape. Didn't you do it, Doc.?"

Doc. Lee pulled at his gray moustache for a few moments before he replied: "Hawkins, he said, "a few months ago you did your good will to me, so I will answer your question. I broke one girl's heart, and that is sufficient for me. I do not love Jenny Dunbar, and I shall run no risks where a good woman is concerned."

"Pardon, sir," said Hawkins bluntly, "I ask pardon, sir."

Sawmill Flat formed part of the town of Rincon, in San Bernardino, a district larger as the English county of Kent, and settled by a sparse population of two or three hundred, most of whom resided at Sawmill Flat. Looking to the future, this township had been formed for local government purposes, the executive being none other than Jim Hawkins, who was known as the Reeve. Other township officers were one Elias Youngblood, Justice of the Peace, one constable, Pedro Lopez. The law called for a town meeting twice a year, when all the male residents of legal age were entitled to give voice to their opinions upon present resolutions, &c., regarding local matters. Hitherto, during the six years that San Bernardino the town township had been systematically ignored by its citizens. But on the present occasion, since the settlement, and become incorporated under the municipal laws of Arizona as a city. No cash and no enthusiasm was to be spared to bring about the desired result.

The meeting was held in the town-hall, which was a room about twenty feet square, and was attended by well-nigh every resident of Sawmill Flat. No time was lost in appointing the Reeve and the Justice a deputation to wait upon the Governor of Arizona for a charter; nor was it long before fourteen thousand dollars was subscribed to be spent in erecting a new City Hall and an Hotel, in sinking wells for a water supply, and in widely advertising the advantages and glorious outlook of the new City.

This having been done with much unanimity, Chairman Jim Hawkins arose to make a speech. "Boys—Feller Citizens, I should say—from the looks of things, the City of Sawmill Flat will come into existence on the 1st day of January 1889. When it does, we want a man to take charge—a good man and a smart man. We don't want no shyster for Mayor, which we are pretty sure to get if we don't make the office a liberal paid one. We want a competent man, a man with a level head, and a man with interests in Sawmill Flat. In other words we want one of ourselves, and one of our best selves at that. Now, you fellers as know how to do things up in proper shape can make a good living, and you ain't going to neglect your business to run this city for next to nothing a year. We ought to pay the Mayor of Sawmill Flat a salary of at least five thousand dollars, and then he'll do the fair thing—at least, if he don't, we can string him up or tar and feather him."

This proposition of the Reeve's was also duly moved and seconded without a dissentient.

But the salary question being settled, there were many aspirants for the honour of the nomination to be first Mayor of the new City. The meeting now took the form of a requisition. He found that it was exactly eight weeks since he extracted a bullet from Tombstone Hank's hip—placed there by Hank's bosom friend, upon the occasion of a night-cap over a friendly game of "seven-up"—for which the grateful Hank had paid him six dollars—nominally as his per cent. deposit, but in reality as payment in full. It will be readily conceded, even though Arizona doctors are not expected to purchase dress suits, attend receptions, and make their professional calls in hansoms, that six dollars is, to say the least, a fair income for two month's; so it is not surprising that John Lee was about to expect to

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AGRICULTURAL.

The Farm Hand.

We are surprised, says the Western Farm Journal, as we think the subject over how many successful men who earned their first money and made their start in life as hired hands on the farm. Some of them are prosperous farmers, some breeders of fine stock, others engaged in merchandizing in such lines as agricultural implements, etc., while others are in the learned professions. All of them, so far as we can remember, are men of at least fair mental ability, all of good habits, every one of them industrious and temperate, and all stand well in general society.

This fact suggests the reason why from working at from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, and the oldest of them at far less, they have risen to independence and some of them to opulence, while other farm hands as strong as either mind or body have scratched a poor man's head all their days.

The first condition of advance is for the farm hand to secure the confidence and esteem of his employer and his employer's wife. This can be done very easily provided right doing is easy. There is a far closer bond of fellowship between the farmer and his wife and their hired help than between the manufacturer and the employe. The farm hand is usually in the farmer's home, sits at the same table and enjoys all the social privileges of the family, while the employe of the manufacturer boards himself and both he and his family are as little known to the manufacturer's wife as if they lived in a foreign land. The farm hand is the companion of the farmer every day in the field or at the barn and hence has every opportunity to win his confidence. He is a very indifferent hand who cannot, by little kindnesses, by courtesy and cleanness of speech, win the respect of the farmer's wife. No farmer can withhold respect and confidence from a hired hand who does his work well, as well in his absence as in his presence, and can be trusted with the minute details in the feeding and management of live stock.

This confidence secured by faithful work, an advance in wages will surely follow. No farmer can afford to part with a competent and faithful farm hand and take the inevitable risk of filling his place with an indifferent one who by neglect of his duty will cost his employer half a year's wages.

This confidence secured, the way toward success in life is open. The farm hand can, at the present rate of wages in the West, lay by from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per year. He can secure the name of a clever man and well edgecated man, a man of experience, a man who owns real estate in this town, and a man that's one of ourselves. He needs the money that will go with the office of Mayor, and because he needs it, he'll try to earn it. I refuse to Doc. Lee; and he's a blamed good feller, as we all know."

The Doctor's name was cordially received and there was a hurrah as Hawkins resumed his seat in the chair. John Lee was well liked in the Flat, except by one or two new-comers.

One of the new settlers arose as Hawkins sat down. "Feller-citizens," said the man, "I take it that you meant what you said at the outset when you resolved that the Mayor of Sawmill Flat must be a good man, an honest man, and a man with a clean record. Now, I don't suppose, you want a jail bird—a murderer, for instance—a"—

There was an angry buzz of voices, and many a hand found its way to a pistol-pocket when the insinuation was uttered. But anger changed to surprise when the audience discovered that the speaker was looking squarely at Lee, whose face was a deep crimson. When, therefore, Hawkins called for order, quiet was quickly resumed:

"Gentlemen," said Lee in a low voice that noticeably shook with violent agitation, "I beg very respectfully to withdraw my name from the consideration of this meeting. On no account will permit my name to be presented for the Mayoralty.—Mr Reeve, if it is within your province, and if you will do me a favour, I should like you to adjourn this meeting for one week, when I will request the privilege of addressing my friends—and others—in this room."

It was well for John Lee, as well as for the man who had cast so terrible a slur upon him, that he promised what was evidently to be an explanation at a future meeting. Otherwise, there would probably have been a terrible uproar that night in the embryo City of Sawmill Flat. As it was, Dr Lee's request was complied with, and the meeting stood adjourned for one week.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poultry in Summer.

The hot weather of July and August affects the poultry as much as human beings or the farm animals, and unless they have appropriate quarters and feed they will frequently contract diseases, or go moping around as if all ambition was lost. It is a poor practice to be lavish with the grain in summer. It is too heating, and the birds will suffer more from the heat than if fed more generally on green vegetables, fruits and grass. The blood becomes so heated on such a diet that the fowls are daily subjected to a strain upon their systems that is injurious. It is a bad time to fatten fowls for the markets, for attempts to do this often result in their death. Corn especially should be fed scantily, wheats and oats being better for a general diet. If they have plenty of range on the farm, it is only necessary to feed them grain once or twice a day. Fruit and vegetables fed to them the first thing in the morning are very beneficial, and they will soon pick up enough worms and bugs to supply their bodies with all the food essential. At night just before sundown throw the grain down for them, and let them eat as before retiring.

A constant supply of cool, fresh water is essential in hot weather as appropriate food. Our fowls suffer more from the lack of this than anything. We fill up the pans or drinking troughs once a day, and make them last for 24 hours. But the water gets hot and dirty before night, and the chickens will not drink it unless forced to from sheer thirst. If a running brook is not at hand for them, replenish the drinking bowls several times a day, morning, noon and night. Drinking water soon becomes contaminated, and it soils the pan so that it will need washing out frequently with water and a few drops of carbolic acid. If there are any stagnant pools or ponds of water from the manure heap they should be fenced in so that the birds cannot get at them. These often breed disease in hot weather that it is difficult to control.

Then we have in hot weather the thousand and one bugs and lice that make the lives of the chickens miserable. They live upon the blood of the birds, and gradually suck out their life blood unless they are controlled. The mites and lice make life as miserable for the chickens as so many mosquitoes and green flies would for man, if he were shut up in a room with them, and no means of destroying them. They irritate the chickens in hot weather and cause a decided depression in their energies. Yet they can easily be controlled and the chickens protected. A little fresh, strong insect-powder dusted over the feathers will quickly dispose of the lice, and the mites can be controlled with a little kerosene sprayed on the roots. Repeat this operation two or three times during the hot weather, and it will make a vast difference with the health of the fowls. When hot weather has passed the young chickens will be fattened for the Fall markets, and it is very essential that they should be in good health at the beginning.—[Annie C. Webster.

A Word to Fathers.

We have read a story of a little boy who when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself.

"I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him."

There is a sharp reproof to the father in the reply of his son. Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him that they never feel confidentially and lovingly acquainted with him.

They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear him and respect him, and even love him some—for children can not help loving some everybody about them—but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him. They seldom go to him with their little wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping-off plan father are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near.

"No one," says an Adirondack camper, "can fully value air-frying-pan until one has taken to the woods. Our guide fries bacon, and he does it in the frying-pan. He boils potatoes, and he does it in the frying-pan. He bakes bread, and he does it in the frying-pan. He sweeps up the floor, and he does it in the frying-pan."

noxious insects as a sweeping fire that will lick up everything clean. The ground will then be in the very best condition for late fall or early spring planting.

When farmers are preparing to put in a crop of winter wheat on stubble ground we advise burning the ground over under all circumstances. In burning stubble there is no waste except of nitrogen, and the amount of this is so small in stubble that it is not worth speaking of, and the damage that the stubble will do in preventing a solid seed bed is far more than the value of the nitrogen. Every farmer knows how nicely the ground works after it has been burned over, and how easy it is then to secure a good seed bed. In addition, great hordes of insect pests have been destroyed.

The ash of the stubble contains all the elements of real value except the nitrogen. Try the renovating value of fire on these stubble fields, and after trying once the practice will be continued.

How A Married Woman Goes to Sleep.

Instead of thinking of what she should have attended to before going to bed the average married woman thinks of it afterwards. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his head in front of the fireplace, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent: Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar-door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go downstairs and and lock it, for I heard some person in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. He returns, and is just getting into bed when she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get into the pantry."

"Let her get in, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no," returns his wife; "she'd steal all the food."

Then James paddles downstairs again, and steps on a tack, and closes the door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb in, his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big jug."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen, and falls over a chair and breaks one or two cups in search of the big jug, and then jerks the stair-door open and howls: "Where are the matches?"

She gave him minute directions where to find the matches, and added that she would rather go and fetch the water herself than have the neighbourhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes upstairs, and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, lot us have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay and don't care," shouted James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife as she pulls the clothes viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have And there's Amarintha, who, I believe, is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," said James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, and presently the time James is falling into a gentle doze she prods him in the ribs with her elbow and says:

"Did you hear about that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"What Jones?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquired James.

"I declare, says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know, Mrs. Jones at No. 21? Well, day before yesterday Sisson Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones had——"

Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort she pulls all the clothes off him, wraps herself up in them and lies awake until 2.0 a.m.; thinking how badly used she is.

And this is how a married woman goes to sleep.

Top-Dressing Wheat Fields.

Many good farmers, where Winter wheat is largely grown, apply more of the stable manure to this crop besides dressing it liberally with commercial fertilizers. They claim that it pays better to apply to the wheat, not because that crop itself is a paying one, but the manure thus applied remains in the soil, helping the clover so largely grown. Again, by the time the land comes around to clover again the clover sod does as much good or more than a dressing of unfermented stable manure could do.

In plowing under green manure in the Spring, if the season following is dry, it sometimes does injury rather than good the first season. This top-dressing of composted manure never does injury to wheat if applied judiciously, and with a due amount of mineral fertilizer. Spread the composted manure as thinly as you can; harrow it thoroughly to incorporate it with the soil. There are very few places where the amount of composted stable manure that a farmer can spare for wheat will hurt his crop. On the contrary, more stable manure for wheat might help bring up the average crop of this country to something like that of England, which is 29 bushels per acre.—[Prairie Farmer.

The Feeding of Sheep.

England has a climate so moist that it is difficult to cure grain and hay to perfection there. Hay can be made with great labor under cover or in ventilated stacks, but grain is so difficult to secure in sound condition that little of it is used in fattening animals except linseed or cottonseed meal imported for that purpose. This forces the stockman to feed large amounts of roots, rape and cabbage, for the production of which the damp climate is admirably adapted; and the enforced use of so much succulent feed produces tender, juicy mutton, just as the use of stubble gleanings and alfalfa makes soft pork in California. Our Canadian system of grain-feeding makes firm, solid pork and hard, and butter that will "stand up," but it is not so well adapted to make sweet, tender, succulent mutton. When we import English breeds of sheep we are apt to give them too much grain and not enough roots and rape. This has a tendency to produce mutton that is drier, harder in its fat and more heating to the system of the consumer. Our people eat it with no vegetable accompaniment perhaps but potatoes, and with white bread from which all the true bone and muscle nourishment has been religiously bolted out, abundantly spread with butter (as if the mutton was not fat enough), and washed down with numerous cups of nerve-exciting coffee. The Briton consumes with his succulent mutton some nourishing bread and copious draughts of beer or ale, all of which give him rotundity and a florid countenance, while the diet of the Canadian too frequently renders him spare and nervous. It might be well for us, in importing the British breeds of sheep, to copy more closely their methods of feeding for mutton. Less corn and more roots would probably produce a better quality of mutton.

Agricultural Depression.

Whatever depression there may have been in agriculture in Canada in past years, it seems to have been far worse in England. At a recent farmers' meeting in Maidstone, Mr. J. Harbridge reported a number of actual sales as compared with sales and offers on the same property in past years. One farm which was sold years ago for $200,000 sold within the last four months for $70,000. Another owner refused an offer twenty years ago of $20,000 and within the last year sold for $8,500. Evidently the causes of agricultural depression are not local.

Management of Stubble Fields.

Now that the harvest will soon be over the problem of how to manage the stubble fields is worthy of serious consideration. When these have been sown to clover and timothy and the stand is perfect or good and the growth rank, there is nothing further to be done or desired. There will be no waste of nitrates through fall rains as the soil will be completely filled with roots, and instead of loss the work of restoring fertility will go bravely on.

Unfortunately many farmers have not yet learned the great value of clover in this respect, and many fields with nothing profitable to occupy them will, like idle boys or men, proceed to do mischief. Whenever the rainfall is abundant as it is this year over nearly all the western states, a crop of weeds will spring up as if by magic. This may, to a great extent, be avoided, when it is not desirable to plow the ground, by simply running over the field with a disc harrow and thus covering the shatterings which will, by their immediate growth, prevent the waste of nitrates, and at the same time produce a crop of oats or wheat that will have some value as forage, and at the same time smother out the growth of weeds. When this is not done and the weeds have a start we would let them grow until they are in bloom, and then mow them and burn them when dry. After all there is no purifier like fire. Nothing will so completely destroy weed seeds and whole bodies of

HOUSEHOLD.

If I Were Fair.

"If I were fair!
If I had little hands and slender feet,
If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word and faded at a frown;
If I had clinging curls of burnished brown;
If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles,
And girlish limbs, and pretty girlish wiles—
If I were fair, Love would not turn aside.
Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide,

If I were fair!

If I were fair,
Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold
Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love obeys;
The mystic witchery of her shy ways.
If I were fair my years would seem so few;
Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view,

If I were fair!

If I were fair,
Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy.
And hide its dimples in my shining hair.
Bewildered by the maze of glory there!
But now—O! shadow of a young girl's face;
Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold fingers trace;
You will not blame the child whose wee hands close,
Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose
So rich and fair.

If I were fair,
O! just a little fair, with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no one shunn'd my presence or my kiss,
My lighted world would almost break beneath its bliss.
The wild coach pilgrim shall attain his goal,
And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul,
When day's dim twilight merges in sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars
I shall be fair!

EDITH RUTTER.

Preserving.

Preserving with sugar, pound for pound, is not extensively practiced now, most people preferring the simpler and more healthful mode of canning with a small quantity of sugar; still there are some things that are better for the following of this mode. I think there is no fruit more delicious than the strawberry, either fresh or preserved; yet there is none about which the housekeeper feels more uncertain. It is something that cannot be preserved without plenty of sugar.

If one wishes to preserve the pineapple by cooking, care must be taken that it is not exposed to a high temperature for any length of time, as cooking hardens and darkens the fruit.

Slice or shred and put in an earthern dish. Use one-fourth to three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Let it stand all night, for what spoils the strawberry improves the pineapple. Turn into a preserving kettle and heat slowly; then skim. Cook but two minutes, then seal in jars.

All fruits are prepared for preserving in sugar the same as for canning. Then a rich syrup is made—four pounds of sugar to a pint of water—and the fruit is simmered in it until tender and clear. Such fruit as quinces and hard pears should be cooked until tender before being put in the syrup.

Some kinds of fruit are better for having the sugar added to them when partially cooked, while others should always have it added the moment they are placed on the fire. Again, one kind is better for standing for hours in the sugar, while others should not have the sugar touch them until they are ready to go on the fire. There are a few fruits which are far better without sugar than with it. This is the case with the prune, which sugar should never be put; long, slow cooking serving to develop a fine rich flavor.

PRUNES AND CRANBERRIES are more often badly cooked than any other fruit.

Those who always use French prunes will find the California prune has as good flavor if cooked properly. Wash one pound of prunes and put into one quart of water; add no sugar; cook slowly three hours.

Cranberry sauce is seldom found half made either at finely-kept houses, hotels or restaurants. You will find it either purple and tough, strong, sour or half sugar. Cranberries should have a pint of sugar to a quart of berries. Put a scant pint of water in the saucepan, then one quart of cranberries, put the pint of sugar on top. When the berries begin to boil skim, then press them against the side of the dish. Cook rapidly about ten minutes. No other method will give as good satisfaction.

These last two suggestions do not come under preserving, but I use them to illustrate the fact that the treatment that makes one dish perfect may ruin another.

Cranberries need not be preserved for they are best eaten freshly cooked; to-day they will be good but to-morrow not as finely flavored.

THE SECRETS OF JELLY MAKING.—In no department of preserving does the housekeeper feel less sure of the results than in jelly making, so much depends upon the condition of the fruit. This is more pronounced in the case of small fruit than with the larger kinds.

When currants are over-ripe or have been picked after a rain, the result of using them will be uncertain. Perhaps we notice it more with this fruit than with any other because it is so generally used for jelly. An understanding of the properties of fruit which forms the basis of jellies may help the housekeepers to a better knowledge of the conditions and methods essential to success.

Pectin, which forms the basis of vegetable jellies, is a substance which, in its composition, resembles starch and gum. It gives to the juices of fruits the property of gelatinizing. A housekeeper knows that the longer starch is boiled the thinner it grows as in the case of cornstarch used for thickening or for moulds. Pectin is in its best when the fruit is just ripe; better a little under-ripe than over-ripe. When boiled for a long time it loses its gelatinous property and becomes of a gummy nature.

Those facts show the importance of using fruit that is but just ripe and freshly picked, as well as the need of care not to overcook the juice.

To make currant jelly pick the fruit free from stems; put it into a preserving kettle without water, crush with a wooden vegetable masher; stir until hot when the juices will come readily from the fruit. Pour into a cheese cloth and drain without pressing or put into a flannel bag. For every pint of juice allow a pint of sugar. Heat the sugar in a pan in the oven stir often not allowing it to brown. Put the juice in the kettle and when it begins to boil stir in the sugar, let it just boil up and the jelly is done. Have some tumblers heated by rolling them in hot water; wipe them on the inside and set in a pan of warm water, turn in the jelly.

Put a paper on the jelly and over that tie cotton batting.

One form of preserves which is most useful, convenient and whole some should be more generally adopted than it is; namely, the canning of fruit juice for creams, ices, drinks, etc. Certainly, every housekeeper ought to preserve enough of the juices of the strawberry, raspberry, peach, apricot, grape, etc., for her own use. They can be preserved with or without sugar, but I should always advocate sugar.

Lessons of the Great Teacher.

Behold God exalteth by His power. Who teacheth like Him? Hearken unto this, O Job; stand still and consider the wonderous works of God.—[Job xxxvi., 29.

Many years before the word of God became incarnate, before the Teacher of Nazareth uttered the marvelous beatitudes and then declared himself to be the Light of the world," God, who in the last days spoke by His Son, had many voices busily engaged in making known His mind and purposes concerning the sons of men