AGRICULTURAL.

Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, said he,
"Don't be afraid of givin'
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks
Why, what's the use of livin'?
And that's what I said to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown the miser'lie sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is;
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-given it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin,'
And religion's no good for every day
But chiefly to keep in mind,
I don't think much for the man that gives
A loud 'Amen' at preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
For I noticed he didn't open his mouth
But once after that to holler,
"Hurrah!" says I, "for the minister,"
(Of course I said it quiet)
"Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things
As women's rulin' passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
And I couldn't help a winkin',
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it's not her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
But man's a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't see the application."
Now, if he said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not sot there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
"And now I come to the fellers
Who've missed this shower by usin' their friends
As sort of moral umbrellers.
"Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of hunting your brother's.
"Go home," says he "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smilin',
And lots of looking at our pew,
It set my blood a-biliin',
Says I to myself, "Our minister
Is sittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Am not that kind of critter."

Pithy Points.

Farm labor seems to be growing generally more scarce, and wages higher. This will give the working farmer an opportunity to pay himself better.

Good land and good stock are pretty nearly thrown away on a man who has not a natural liking for agriculture. See your boy has some aptitude in that direction before you insist upon tying him down to the farm.

The farmer who is a good manager will not be idle all winter because there is nothing to do. The system of work should be such that there is something to do. This winter idleness often destroys the profits of the summer's industry.

Every step in advance, in agriculture, is the result of experience. An agricultural paper makes the experience of one farmer known to all others, and so is a mutual helper. If you do not want to keep up with your brother farmers, then don't take an agricultural journal.

Sheds, tanks, vaults and compost heaps—or any one of them, will enable us to conserve the full value of the manure. Yet most farmers prefer to waste it in an open barnyard.

Every product sold from the farm carries away some amount of fertility. If no systematic effort is made to restore this, you are simply selling the farm by bits instead doing it at a lump.

The time at which manure is applied to the land is of much less importance than that the land gets it all. Delay in applying it usually means waste.

It is a good advantage to keep ahead of your work; especially when harvesting late fall crops. To be caught by a storm at this season usually means some loss.

Farmers who live in lea are well supplied with fruit and vegetables have few doctor's bills to pay. This consideration alone should induce you to have a good garden and orchard, if nothing else will do so.

Unless the corn crib is rat proof, it will hardly pay to hold your grain for higher prices.

When you figure on holding corn and wheat for a better market, take both shrinkage and insurance into consideration.

Jumping from one crop to another in attempting to follow the market, and grow the one that pays best, usually results in keeping you just a year behind.

The best time to start in the cultivation of a new crop is when the price for it is low. Then you won't be disappointed in the market, and will have a good chance of getting in for a rise.

Make changes in your system of farming with due deliberation. Don't get excited if there is a boom in some particular line. Those who come in after the boom is started usually suffer.

An exhausted soil is a striking commentary against the intelligence of the cultivator. The man who has worn out his own farm may well be written down an ass.

Farmers' Winter Solstice.

To the farmer whose acquaintance with Mother Earth, whose companionship with the animals of the farm inspire something more than the love of gain, the winter solstice is an enjoyable, fruitful season of the year. The earth in her white coverlid slumbers and rests, and the farmer rests, aye, and slumbers, too, dozing quietly by the fire, between chores, when storms rage without, and taking large allopathic doses between sun up and sun down. Contrary to the laws of plants, except human and animal plants, the farmer or his mind, grows and buds and blossoms in the winter, and, in consequence, bears fruit the year round, in the midst of time when work presses in all busy seasons. The boy with a new sled exclaimed as coasting began: "This's what winter's for!" The farmer over his books and plans for the coming year may in truth exclaim: "This's what winter's for."

At all events the thrifty, progressive farmer does much building in winter, indeed, it is not too much to say that summer success, in a great measure, depends upon winter work. When a man proposes to erect a new structure, he does not bring together a mass of miscellaneous lumber and a number of workmen, and then sit down to plan the new building. No, every detail is worked out in advance, and when the time comes to build the barn it is necessary only to put together the component parts. Thus in operations on the farm. Work in July should be arranged in January. What will you plant in this lot? What in that? How much manure labor will be expended upon this or that crop?

The winter solstice brings, also, great enjoyment to the farmer's family circle. In summer, rising at four o'clock, and going to bed at nine, he has little time for social pleasures, but now, in the depth of winter, he has opportunity to make the acquaintance of the members of his family. If the farmer has children of the uneasy age, when the farm begins to lose its attraction, now is the time to try to win them over to longer stay and full appreciation. It is true that hard work and drudgery has driven many a boy and many a girl from the farm, and it is true, also, that a cheerless home in the long winter evenings has caused many a boy to drift to the dramshop—to some place where there is a bright light, a glowing fire, and cheerful, perhaps evil, companions. Let it be said in passing that an open fire will do more to keep the boys at home than a fire "hid-up" in the most costly parlor stove. An open fire is always an entertainer and an educator. Why, the fire talks, makes merry, and is one of the company. For business, the fire demands a stove, but for pleasure, to take part in the in an evening's entertainment, it must have a fire-place.

And in this quiet time, there is much to cheer the farmer and make him glad he is a farmer. There is great pleasure in spite of the hard work, in ministering to the wants of the farm animals. It is cheering to the farmer when he enters the barn to see every eye upon him, every ear raised and every face full of kindly greetings and expectation. The cows struggle in their stanchions, about feeding time, to get a nearer view, the horses stretch their halters, the sheep thrust their noses through the wicket, and even the pigs grunt with satisfaction, and lean with their elbows on the side of the pen. To thinking, feeling man it is something to be the centre of all this life, and to be the agent that maintains it in comfort and good cheer.

Not only does the farmer grow and expand intellectually in the snug winter time, but also the stock under his care are growing toward greater profit and usefulness. Some farmers appear to think that the young stock, the dry cows, and the oxen have sufficient if they have enough to keep a spark of life in them. It is a great error. Lack of food, poor food, neglect, are ruinous factors always. Let the winter solstice be a time of comfort to beast as well as to man, and there will be reward ample and sure.

The Merciful Man is Merciful to His Beasts.

God gave man dominion over the beasts of the field, so that he might use them in a proper way for food and for labor. He holds him responsible for their kind, humane treatment and any other treatment will react upon the character of the man. In domesticating animals we have changed their environments and characteristics and interfered with their power to care for themselves as they did in their wild state. No man can neglect to properly feed, water and protect his animals from the cold and from storms without becoming hardened, degraded and imbruted in his own nature, besides losing the profit that animals well cared for bring to man.

Both self interest and humanity indicate that all animals shall be provided with an abundance of food, adapted to their necessities and at the same time suited to prepare them for the purposes for which they are kept. If kept for their meat they should have that kind of food that will constitute build up flesh, muscles, lean meat, which is the kind of meat most nourishing and wholesome for man's consumption. If a certain proportion of fat is considered desirable such albuminous nutriments as are required to make muscle will, at the same time, make a due proportion of fat, while highly carbonaceous foods will create an undue proportion of fat at the expense of lean. Rations, consisting of timothy hay and corn meal, will have too large a proportion of carbohydrates—heat and fat formers—while good clover hay, with corn meal, will give a better balanced ration. A little wheat bran; linseed meal, cotton seed meal or oatmeal, added to the timothy and corn meal, will greatly add to its value and to the flesh of the animals.

If you want to make milk, butter, wool, or wish to impart force to the animal to enable him to move heavy loads or move fleetly over the ground, it is a curious fact that rations with a liberal proportion of albuminoids are best adapted for that purpose. Hence it is good economy in all stock raising to have a fair proportion of nitrogenous material.

A steady supply of pure water is indispensable for stock in winter, both to relieve them from the pangs of thirst and to provide for the proper digestion, distribution and assimilation of their food. In summer the succulent grass, frequently wet with dew or rain, partially takes the place of water; but in winter, with dry food, a regular supply of water is very important.

Good policy would condemn the practice of giving them their water ice cold. It reduces their temperature, which must be restored to the normal degree by the consumption of heat formers in the food. Where farmers keep stock enough to warrant keeping a steam engine about the barn to cut fodder and other purposes, it may be employed to raise the temperature of the water. Where the water comes from a well or deep springs the temperature may not be much too low if they can receive it directly from well or springs without being exposed in troughs.

While good food will maintain the normal temperature of animals, they must not be left exposed to cold air and the chilly winds and storms of winter without the protection of dry, warm stables. The first cost of erecting such stables may appear a little onerous, yet they soon repay it by their owner, in a third of hay and grain, that will be consumed by the animals to supply the requisite heat to keep them warm.

Those who may not feel able to build elegant, substantial barns and stables may provide cheap substitutes by using rough boards and filling in with straw. They will not look so neat and attractive as those made out of planed lumber and paint, but we have seen cattle looking very comfortable and happy in the coldest, stormiest weather in such rude home-made stables.

Finally, farmers who have children will find their treatment of their domestic animals reflected in their characters. If they see the animals neglected, half starved crouching in cold weather with humped backs and staring coats under the corners of fences and on the lee side of the barn, if they see them beaten and scolded, and cursed, they will, very likely, grow up cruel, callous-hearted, tyrannical tormentors and contentious with equals, while associating with domestic animals always kindly treated, will have a tendency to make them gentle, humane and kind to their associates.

WINTER WRINKLES.

Mr. Choral—"I hear your wife ran off with a neighbor. That's very strange. Mr. Bloomingsale—"Oh, he hadn't been living here long, and didn't know her."

He—"Have you seen Mrs. Bornwell, the society lady who has gone on the stage?" She—"No, but I want to see her act dreadfully." He—"She always does."

The most difficult part of being a hero is the trying to look as if you don't know you were one and yet not looking as if you were too thundering cocksure you weren't.

"That lady seems ill at ease in a low-necked dress. She is awfully confused every time her partner looks at her." "Naturally. She's dancing with her husband."

"Do you quarrel with your neighbor yet about his dog coming over into your garden?" "No, that's all over now." "Buried the hatchet?" "No; buried the dog."

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my flowers, candy, books,
Gloves, anything I cared to send—
She took my rival in the end.

"What? Got your patent leather boots blacked and bought them only ten days ago! Wasn't the leather any good?" "The leather is all right, but the patent seems to have expired."

"What's the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "Oh, 'nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hatchin' teeth."

Mrs. Earls—"Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?" Mrs. Lamode—"Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them."

"You say you were struck by lightnin' an' are still livin'?" "Certainly. And, what is more, after being struck I walked home and wrung a quart of electric fluid out of my clothes."

Agatha Æsthete—"If there were only something in this mundane world that would solace all these vague yearnings, satisfy one's wildest longings and fill the aching void within?" Charlie Replete—"What is the matter with pie?"

Mrs. Hayseed (after talking for a quarter of an hour and getting no answers)—"Thar ye set, jest chewin' and chewin' with yer mouth always so full of terbacker yer can't say a word." Mr. Hayseed—"Mariar, I wish you'd learn ter chew terbacker."

Teacher—"If any pupil can answer let her raise her hand." Well, Mary, you tell." Mary—"Please, marm, I don't know." "Then why did you raise your hand?" "Couldn't help it, marm. I wanted to show the ring Uncle John gave me last evening."

Hused to be the proper thing,
When passion sought revealing,
For knights to pass the time before
Their lady loves in kneeling
But little did those fellows know
What sweet things they were missing:
For life's too short to day to kneel,
We take it out in kissing.

A Horrible Traffic.

The Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* publishes full details of the trial at Lemberg of 26 Jews charged with exporting women to the east for immoral purposes. The evidence makes it perfectly clear that as many as 60 girls have been forwarded in one gang to Constantinople, whence they were forwarded to various points in the East, including Port Said, while some were even sent to South America. The *Kreuz Zeitung* alleges that British officials, while cognizant of the traffic, have taken no measure to have it stopped or exposed. The *modus operandi* is the same in all cases. Replying to advertisements for governesses, &c., the unfortunate girls are enticed into the Turkish territory. Once there they are treated as prisoners, and compelled to submit to the most brutal and ignominious treatment.

A spanking breeze has nothing to do with the wind astern.

Emperor Alexander has freed the Kalmucks of Astrakhan from serfdom. These roving people are Buddhists, and they number 150,000 souls. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861 the Kalmucks were not permitted to enjoy the results of the reformation, for it was thought that so wild a people would abuse their privileges.

HOUSEHOLD.

Early Mental Development.

Both common observation and the closest scientific study have made it plain that youth is the period of sense ascendency. From this, most important conclusions follow, which we cannot ignore without paying a heavy penalty. Attention has been called to the infant in order to show that, prior to all school education, nature asserts herself and points the way in which the human brain and mind develop. Any education that overlooks these facts is directly against the organization we possess, and must be more or less of a failure. How far our methods have been and are in harmony with them I shall presently attempt to show.

For the moment let me follow the child out of the stage of infancy into that of school age. The boy of five, let us suppose, is sent to school a perfect stranger to books and the usual educational equipment. Everything on the road to school attracts him, to such an extent that likely enough he may arrive late. When at school the teacher may find him so rapt in the question of keeping him in order so that he shall not disturb others is a matter of serious difficulty. So long as he can be kept in action things go well enough, but to keep this activity within bounds is the problem.

Very often repressive measures that quite paralyze his nature are resorted to in order to adapt his organism to the environment instead of the reverse being attempted. It is forgotten too often that if this young creature were not active, even restless, inattentive—i. e., ever ready to secure some new impression—he could not develop after Nature's plan.

Parent and Child.

If a child imitates quickly and is very lively, it is most likely inclined to be passionate. It is your duty in such a case to be gentle and firm, and when its fury is calm it by drawing its attention from the cause of excitement. Scolding, frowning, or strong opposition will only increase its violence; for it will immediately imitate all these actions. Neither must you laugh or smile at its childish rage; but on the contrary, look gentle and sorrowful. If the child loves you (and it will love you if you have treated it rightly), the expression of your countenance will have a great effect upon it. The faults of passionate children are often confirmed and strengthened by the anger of their parents. I have heard it recommended to allow a child to scream till it is tired, and that thus it will cure itself, but I am sure such a plan only confirms the evil.

If, on the contrary, the character of a child is silent, and it is slow in noticing or imitating, it will very likely whine and fret. With such a disposition, keep it constantly in action by talking to it, playing with it, and directing its observation to the things about it, and after awhile, encourage it, by every means, to find amusement for itself. Such a disposition will require more activity on your part than the quick, lively child, but less watchfulness. It will require to be aroused to exert both its mind and body while with the active child it will perhaps be necessary to find amusement that will keep it quiet. With all children, however, proper amusements must be found, or they will be either mischievous or stupid.

Bright Tuesday vs. Blue Monday.

The old song runs as follows:

It's thump, thump, rub, rub, scold, scold all day;
There's naught of pleasure in the house upon the washing day.

This may have been true in olden times when the washing had to be done in the room that was dining-room, kitchen and laundry, and where among mankind dwelt the housewife herself bent over a steaming washtub.

It is severe labor at the best, but in these days new inventions and contrivances, together with the housewife's skill and brain work, have largely done away with its drudgery and discomfort. Occasionally we find women in the "old ruts" in life's road and if they thereby exhaust their strength they can only blame themselves for their suicidal course. By "old ruts" is meant the rubbing of clothes in two waters previous to boiling and rinsing in several waters thereafter. Many modern housekeepers can and do, wherein this unpleasant work with its steam can be kept from the living rooms. But alas! many a farmer's wife must needs wash where she lives. For there is no escape from the foul steam unless she is willing to try the suggestion herein set forth, a *modus operandi* I have found equally good in summer as in winter: for by this plan no permanent hot fire is necessary. Instead of "blue Monday," we'll call this "bright Tuesday," since this is the better day of the week—small pieces left from hand and dish-washing, etc. Place the most soiled pieces in the bottom of the tub, and when filled take a teacup half full of gasoline—use more if much soiled—pour it over most soiled garments, then immediately cover with the hot suds. In the morning after breakfast again heat a boiler of water; add sufficient hot water to rub out the clothes, which place in another tub, covering with hot water. In this water any garment not yet clean can again be rubbed. Now rinse in a blue water, and the shining whiteness of the clothing on the line will surprise you. Any garment that you will fade will come out of this gasoline suds without losing a drop of color—red flannels, which usually fade, will not leave a vestige of tint in the water. Do not dare to put a drop of gasoline in the boiler *on the stove*, for it is a dangerous practice, and has resulted in death to careless or ignorant people.

As some may prefer kerosene, I will give an easy direction which has proved successful. I have known fruit-stains that had been boiled in the fabric to entirely disappear by its use. Table linen is remarkably free from stains where kerosene is employed in washing.

For the washing of a family of six or eight, shave in thin slices a bar of soap, add a little soft water and boil till all dissolved; take from the fire and add four tablespoonfuls of kerosene, stirring till well mixed. Place over the fire a boiler two-thirds full of soft water and add half of soap-mixture; now put into this cold suds the finest clothes that have soaked over night, as in former direction, without gasoline. When these have scalded about twenty minutes remove to sudsing water, add another pail of cold water and the rest of soap-mixture to boiler, placing therein the rest of the clothes. When in sudsing tub the washboard can be used for the more soiled pieces, but sheets and pillow-slips will be found sufficiently clean without rubbing, hence the cloth is saved, as well, as one's valuable strength. Since learning this I will not allow a domestic to rub my garments to pieces, though she be unwilling to spare herself.

In the Kitchen.

Have a little hand colander to turn molasses through as you use it. A few experiments may convince you that it pays.

Did you ever wish to color frosting or cake a lovely pink and have nothing at hand with which to do it? Next time try beet juices. Cut a blood turnip beet in thin slices, boil in a very little water and use the liquid thus obtained. If you would like some always ready for use, take more beets and a little more water, but do not boil too long or the color will be ruined. To a cupful of the liquid add a cupful of granulated sugar, boil twenty minutes and bottle, or you may add a small quantity of gelatine and pat in jelly tumblers. The syrup is quite as convenient to use.

If you have one of the new lemon squeezers, when making those pitchers of refreshing lemonade last summer, you probably took the lemons after squeezing, split them open and dried them as quickly as possible, that is if you did not go further and "candy" them. Dried lemon peel should be kept in a glass jar, or, if grated ready for use, in a wide mouthed bottle tightly corked. For flavoring cakes, custards and the like it is preferable to most of the so-called lemon extracts.

Buy at the drug store a few cents' worth of citric acid—which is obtained from the lemon and so need not be regarded with suspicion—put in a wide-mouthed bottle, which you should label, and when you wish for a lemon pie, and have no lemons try these receipts.

Hints for the Laundry.

WASHING FLUID.

Two and a half pounds sal soda, half a pound borax, a quarter pound resin, two ounces salts tartar, one and a half ounce liquid ammonia.

Dissolve soda, borax and resin in four gallons of water and boil ten minutes. When cold, add salts tartar, ammonia and four gallons of water. Keep well-corked.

STARCH.

Dissolve in one and one-half pints cold water, one level teaspoonful powdered borax, and two heaping teaspoonfuls starch. Dry clothes well without starching, wring through this solution, fold in a dry cloth for two hours, then rub with a dry cloth and iron.

Wash and rinse flannels in water of even temperature, be it hot or cold.

Iron stockings, underskirts, etc., wrong side out for convenience in mending.

Fold clothes smoothly; "A wrinkle in, has to be got out."

Rub irons on a piece of emery paper to make them smooth.

Keep plenty of clean iron holders.

To remove iron rust, apply lemon juice and salt and expose clothes to the sun.

To remove mildew, pin on leaves of the Jamestown (or Jimson) weed and boil.

A little vinegar in the rinse water will prevent delicate colors from fading.

Zephyr articles may be cleaned by rubbing them in flour or magnesia.

How to Use Almonds.

ALMOND RICE.—Blanch sweet almonds and pound them in a glass or marble mortar, mix a little hot water with them, press them and pour the juice off them as long as there is milk in the almonds, adding fresh water every time. To every quart of almond juice put one quarter pound of rice, and two teaspoonfuls orange-flower water; mix them all together and let them simmer over a slow fire; when the rice is cooked sweeten it to taste, and sprinkle a little cinnamon over it before using.

ALMOND CAKES.—Whisk four eggs and four ounces of powdered white sugar for twenty minutes, or until like thick cream; have ready two ounces sweet and three ounces bitter almonds, pounded and passed through a sieve, three ounces melted butter, and two ounces sifted flour; mix all carefully into the eggs and sugar, and bake on a deep baking sheet in a quick oven. When cold, cut into any shapes desired.

ALMOND SNOW CAKE.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, stir in it gradually one pound of arrowroot, and half a pound white sugar, beating the mixture thoroughly; whisk the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the other ingredients, beat them all well for twenty minutes put in almond flavoring to taste. Pour the cake into a buttered mould, and bake in a moderate oven from one hour to an hour and a half. Half the quantity of everything will be sufficient for a small family.

ALMOND CREAM PIE.—Beat eight ounces white sugar, and eight ounces sifted flour into eight eggs, add two glasses of milk, put all into a stew-pan and stir over the fire until it boils, then add one quarter pound soft butter, and one quarter pound sweet almonds, blanched and chopped very fine; make three quarters pound of puff paste, roll it out half an inch thick, cut out a piece the size of a tea-plate, put it on a baking sheet, and spread out on it the cream, then lay strips of the paste across each way, and a plain broad piece all around the edge; wash the top with a beaten egg and sugar, and bake in a quick oven.

ALMONDS MACAROONS.—Blanch four ounces sweet almonds and pound them with four teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water; whisk the whites of four eggs to a froth, then mix them and one pound sifted white sugar with the almonds to a paste; lay a sheet of wafer-paper on a tin, and put the mixture on in little pieces the shape of madaroons.

ALMOND CREAM.—Boil two dozen blanched almonds and half a dozen bitter ones in a little milk; when done add the yolks of five well-beaten eggs (let the almonds cool first), one wine glass of orange juice, and sugar to taste, then one quart of thin cream. Stir it over the fire until it thickens but do not let it boil, pour it into cups or jelly glasses, and serve cold.

ALMOND ICING.—Blanch one pound sweet almonds, and soak them in cold water for twelve hours then chop them very small, pour them in a mortar, and mix them gradually with the white of an egg, the juice of a lemon, and three pounds sifted white sugar; spread this over the cake and let it stand three days to harden, then spread over it a sugar icing made as follows: Work together with a wooden spoon the whites of four eggs, the juice of two lemons, and three pounds sifted sugar, spread it over the cake and let dry in a warm place, but do not put it in the oven. If not wanted for fruit cake use only the first icing.

ALMOND PUFFS.—Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces white sugar, two ounces sweet almonds, four bitter almonds. Blanch and pound the almonds in a mortar to a smooth paste; melt the butter, sift the flour smoothly in it, and add the sugar and pounded almonds. Beat the mixture well and pour it into small well-buttered cups, bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, or longer if the puffs are large. Turn them out on a dish with the bottom of the puff uppermost.

ALMOND MERINGUES.—Whisk some whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix with them, quickly and thoroughly, some fine white sugar, allowing one tablespoonful for each white of egg. Then place a sheet of white paper on a meringue board, and with a tablespoon, lay out the mixture on it in little heaps the size of an egg, and about two inches apart, keeping them all the same size and shape. Strew a little powdered sugar over them, and put once place the board in a moderate oven. When the meringues are of a straw color and seem hard to touch, take them out, carefully detach them from the paper, scoop out the inside and replace them in the oven to dry out very slowly, having the oven very "slack" and the oven door open. When they are dry and cool fill them with a small quantity of cream prepared after the recipe given in almond cream pie, and join them in pairs by sticking together the underside of each.

ALMOND BISCUIT.—Mix well together one pound white sugar, half a pound sweet almonds and a few bitter ones, pounded fine, one quarter pound sifted flour, six eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, the grated rind of two lemons, and a little finely-sliced citron peel. Pour into small moulds and bake in a moderate oven.

ALMOND CREAM CAKE.—Pound three ounces sweet almonds, one quarter pound butter, two ounces loaf sugar, and a little rose water to a thick paste. Spread it on a buttered tin and divide it into eight cakes; bake it in a slow oven. When cold put a spoonful of preserve on each cake and cover with some almond cream prepared as for the pie.

MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA.

The Monarch of the Canadian Forest in His Native Wilds.

The moose, or elk (alces malchis), is the largest member of the deer family; indeed it is the largest mammal of Europe and America, the elk of Northern Europe and Asia being the same as the American moose. Like other wild animals of the vast American continent moose exist only in easily diminished numbers, legislation by the Canadian and United States governments having no doubt been the means of saving these fine animals from absolute extermination. Not so long ago hundreds of moose were slaughtered in the province of New Brunswick for their skins alone, the carcases being left to rot where they fell. Owing to the character of those districts, which contain a vast number of lakes, swampy, low-lying woods, and morass, the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia remain to the present day the favorite haunt of the moose, and there, under certain restrictions, he may be hunted.

In his well-known book, "The Wild North Land," says Black and White, Capt. Butler gives his experiences of moose hunting. "No man," he says, "save the Indian or the half Indian can hunt the moose with chance of success. . . . Hunting the moose in summer and winter is one thing—killing him in a 'snow yard' or running him down in deep snow is another." To hunt the moose undoubtedly requires years of study of the habits and ways of these animals. The ordinary method of pursuing them is simply by "still hunting," as it is called, or stalking. The hunter searches for the trail of the animal, which he tracks in the most absolute silence and exercising his utmost knowledge of wood craft. Arrived in the immediate neighborhood of where the moose is feeding or resting he makes his final and stealthy approach. Every bush, every thicket is minutely and silently examined, and when the actual spot of concealment is discovered the hunter gently breaks a small twig, a huge, dark, old-world looking animal rises up, and, should the shot so carefully led up to prove successful, falls to rise no more.

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LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

Madeline Brohan, one of the most charming of the actresses of the Francais, turned out to be the daughter of a Scotchman named Brown.

A large lot of costumes in Berlin has failed on account of their inability to get the German Empress to pay her bill. She is as fond of display as the Emperor, and is said to rarely wear a dress more than once.

There has just died in the workhouse at Evaux, in the Department of the Creuse, an old French woman upwards of 114 years of age. She had long been bedridden, but to the last she loved to talk about the events of her youth, and she perfectly remembered the Year of Terror, which she used to call "L'annee de la peur." She died simply of old age, passing away quietly without the slightest pain.

The German Socialists report that they control seventy newspaper organs, of which twenty-two are political dailies. The subsidies granted to some of them amount to 66,000 marks a year. The 'Vorwarts, the leading Socialist organ, circulates about 37,000 copies, and makes money. The Socialist book trade is also growing. Sentences passed upon Socialists during the twelve months ending Sept. 1 aggregated 117 years' imprisonment and 20,000 marks fine. The year before they were 88 years and 18,000 marks.

According to news received in Berlin from Venice the Empress Frederick a few days ago was walking in the streets with her little dog unmuzzled, in contravention of the police regulations at present in force in that city, when it was seized by a constable, and, despite her Majesty's protests, carried to the station. The Empress had to appear in the police court to answer the charge, but without giving her name was at once recognized, and recovered possession of her pet without further trouble.

Two great Corsican families, the most powerful in the island, the Gavinis and Casabianosa, have just been reconciled after a political hostility of more than thirty years. During this entire period the politics of the island have centered about the heads of these two houses. It mattered little what form of Government ruled from Paris—Empire or Republic—it was all the same. These Corsican Montagues and Capulets dominated the entire island, and their retainers followed them blindly wherever they led. Now the romance is ended.

Hubertz, a bootmaker in business at the Rue des Maraichers, was very fond of fencing, and whenever a friend called at his shop he generally brought out the foils. The other morning a plumber named Ousses looked in, and the two were soon at work. Suddenly, however, the button fell unnoticed on the foil which was being vigorously applied by Ousset, and the weapon entered the nostril of the unfortunate bootmaker, killing him on the spot in the presence of his wife and another friend who had remained to watch the sport.

The income tax report for the kingdom of Prussia, published three weeks ago, shows an increasing number of millionaires. There are 8,445 persons who confess to more that 300,000 marks. The actual millionaires of Prussia are divided into three classes—the mark millionaires, the thaler millionaires, and the so-called income millionaires. Before the new mark coinage was introduced into the German empire a millionaire meant a man who had a million thalers. The introduction of the mark has now enabled the owner of a third of that sum to claim the title. If the mark millionaires are struck from the list and only thaler millionaires admitted, the total in Prussia at present is 1,780. Last year there were only thirteen persons in Prussia who confessed to being income millionaires. The drastic application of the new income tax law has raised the number in 1892 to thirty-five persons. Their names are not known, though the province in which they live are given. Eight of the number are taxed upon a yearly income of 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 marks. Six of them are Berliners, one is a bankbenefiner, and one a Dusseldorfer. The Wiesbaden millionaire is, no doubt, Rothschild, as Frankfort-on-the-Main is in the Wiesbaden district. The Dusseldorf millionaire is conjectured to be Krupp of Essen. The four richest men in the kingdom are set down by the Reichsanzeiger as having years ly incomes respectively of 7,000,000, 4,980,000, 4,020,000, and 3,000,000 marks.

Cotopaxi in Action.

Mr. Whymper, in his new book, "Travels Among the Great Andes of the Equator," speaks of Cotopaxi as "an ideal volcano." "It is in a state of perpetual activity, and has been so ever since it has had a place in history." Its activity is irregular, however. The last great eruption took place in 1877. Early in that year a somewhat unusual degree of activity was noticed, and columns of smoke—composed of fine dust, or "volcanic ash"—were seen to rise a thousand feet above the summit of the mountain. The people of the surrounding country seem not to have become alarmed until June 25th. Then shortly after midday, an immense black column about twice the height of the cone, or about eighteen thousand feet, was projected into the air, accompanied by tremendous subterranean bellowing.

All night the summit glowed, but in the morning there was nothing unusual in its appearance till half-past six o'clock, when another enormous column, rose from the crater.

Within an hour and a half it began to grow dark in Quito, and the darkness increased until at noon it was like midnight. One man told Mr. Whymper that he tried to go home, but could not see his own door when directly opposite to it. Another said that he could not see his hand when it was held close to his face. The wind had carried the column of dust in a northerly direction, shrouding the city.

The eruption was visible from points at the south. For some time no alarm was felt. The inhabitants are accustomed to see the mountain smoking and blowing off steam, and even a column of ash several times higher than usual would not attract special attention.

At ten o'clock however, some residents of Mulalo were looking at the summit, and all at once saw molten lava pouring through the gaps and notches in the lip of the crater, bubbling and smoking "like the froth of a pot that suddenly boils over."

In a few minutes the mountain was enveloped in smoke and steam, and became invisible; but out of the darkness a moaning sound arose, which grew into a roar, and a deluge of water, blocks of ice, mud and rock rushed down, sweeping away everything that lay in its course, and leaving a desert in its rear. For a part of its course it is estimated that it travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The scene upon the cone itself must have surpassed anything ever seen by man. Molten rock filled the crater up to overflowing. Its rise was sudden, and its fall, perhaps, equally abrupt. One may well pause to wonder at the power which could raise the quantity sufficient to fill this vast arena, nineteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, even for a moment.

The weight must be reckoned at hundreds of millions of tons, its heat at thousands of degrees Fahrenheit; and when it emerged through the depressions of the rim—on all sides at once—and fell in streams or cascades upon the surrounding slopes of snow, ice and glacier, much of it must have been instantly blown into the air by the sudden evolution of steam, and falling again upon the cone, must have bounded downward in furious leaps, plowing up the mountain like cannon-shot.

Portions of the glaciers, uncemented from their attachments by the enormous augmentation of heat, slipped away bodily, and partly borne by the growing floods, arrived at the bottom a mass of shattered blocks. Blocks of ice were carried eight or ten leagues from the mountain, and some of them remained for months upon the plain, and when they melted, left behind them hillocks of rubbish three or four feet high and several yards in diameter.

The flood swept away houses, farms, factories and bridges, and two years afterward Mr. Whymper found the country a wilderness.

Out of the Question.

"Can you relax the features a trifle?" asked the photographer, raising his head from the back of the camera. "The expression is too severe. Try to look a little more pleasant."

"Never mind the expression," said the sitter, dejectedly. "The expression is all right. Go ahead with the picture. You can't expect a man that's just lost four silk hats, a suit of clothes, a horse and $67.50 in cash besides on the election to look as pleasant as if he had fallen heir to a farm."

"It isn't any of my business, of course," suggested the photographer, "but could you have waited for this job until you were feeling a little more cheerful?"

"No," said the man in front of the camera, an added shade of gloom crossing his face. "I am doing this on a bet, too."

MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA.

The Monarch of the Canadian Forest in His Native Wilds.

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A OALGARY MIRACLE.

The Most Wonderful Case Ever Recorded in the Northwest

Miss Lela Cullen is Rescued from What Her Physicians and Friends Thought to be Her Deathbed.

Winnipeg Tribune.

CALGARY, N.W.T., Oct. 20, 1892.—For some time past the residents of this town have been deeply interested in the case of Miss Lela Cullen, a young lady, who had so nearly approached the portals of the great unknown, that her friends despaired of her recovery, and who has now fully, indeed almost miraculously, regained her health and strength. Having read on various occasions in the Tribune the particulars of what appeared to be miraculous cures, your correspondent determined to investigate the case of Miss Cullen, and now sends you the particulars fully believing that you will be justified in giving them the widest publication.

When your correspondent visited the residence of Mrs. Cullen, the mother of the young lady, he was courteously received, and in reply to his enquiries as to whether she would be willing to give the facts of her daughter's wonderful recovery, for publication for the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Cullen readily assented. "My daughter's first illness," said Mrs. Cullen, "was in June 1890, when she was taken with the measles. At that time she was seventeen years of age, tall, fine looking, and exceedingly healthy, weighing about 140 pounds. All the family took the measles, and all got over them without trouble except Lela. Her case from the first baffled all the ordinary remedies used for that disease, and as the measles did not come out, a physician was called in. He administered remedies, but with no better results, and her case seemed to baffle the physic an's skill. After a few weeks my daughter began to improve somewhat, but did not regain her former strength, and six weeks after she was first taken ill, her face, neck, and limbs broke out in blotches. The doctor was again called in, and said it was the measles getting out of her system, and that she would soon be all right again. The doctor's statement was not verified however, for not only did my daughter not improve, but she gradually grew worse. Soon after she began to swell, first the fe