REGINA FAIRFIELD:

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

"Wolfgang," I said, softly, "I have been unjust to fancy for an instant that such a cause could produce such a terrible effect; but what is it, then, my brother?"

"Ah! a matter of heart and soul, of life and immortality, of heaven, and hell—leave me! I am distracted, delirious—leave me! You see that I am mad!"

"Can I not serve you in any manner, Wolfgang?"

"No, in no way but in leaving me alone. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you something—not now."

I reluctantly left the room, my thoughts still continuing absorbed in Wolfgang and dwelling upon his woe.

To have seen him the next morning no one could believe it possible that he would ever, under any circumstances, have yielded to such tempest of grief, or abandoned himself to such a more than womanish weakness. Dark, erect, haughty, reserved, he seemed, even to me, quite inaccessible. My affection for him was so great, my wish to do him good so importunate, that in a few days I re-essayed to do so.

We had been sauntering through the lawn together. We sat down on a bench under the shade of an oak tree. He fell into silence—into gloom. I thought that now was a favorable opportunity. His hands were folded, and his eyes bent in abstraction upon a ring, which he then evidently saw not, on his little finger. "Of what are you thinking, Wolfgang?" I asked. He started, turned, flashed on me a broad blaze of steel-lightning from his gray eyes and replied, with a sneer:

"I was thinking whether the coral, or the turquois, made the prettiest seal ring!"

Repelled by his freezing reserve and almost insulting scorn, I arose in anger and left him. That night, as I was in my room alone, he suddenly entered, and, throwing his arms around me, strained me, to his bosom almost distractedly, saying: "Bear with me, Fairfield! I could not sleep with an estrangement between us. Bear with me. I am always the same. I am an embodied war! I am not always myself."

The tender, the childish weakness certainly possessed him now. I thought—I wished I knew which was the other one—whether the haughty, repugnant scornful spirit, or whether the tender, loving, almost infantile nature, was his own peculiar self. I did not like to be hugged by a boy either. I never did. There is a physical repulsion about the thing; and I felt the antipathy then, even when the affections of my soul moved so strongly toward him. I returned his embrace in a hurried manner, and then released him, loving him a hundred times more comfortably, after he had withdrawn his arm from around my waist, than I did while they encircled me; but then I possessed a cold, he an ardent, temperament. He left me seemingly the happier for our reconciliation. I certainly was. For the next week or so the prince was in the ascendant, and it was perilous to any one's self-esteem to approach his highness. One day, however, when he seemed unusually gloomy, I took his hand and said:

"Wolfgang, it is useless to try to disguise the fact, or conceal it from one who loves you as well as I do—there is a secret sorrow preying on your breast, eating your heart out—an arrow cankering in your festering bosom; let the hand of friendship, of brotherly love, draw it out and dress the wound."

I had better left him alone. He turned on me a look of haughty indignation, and said, in a tone of withering scorn:

"A secret sorrow—a festering wound! verbal prettiness! And then the idea—are you perchance a reader of romances, sir?"

I was nettled, more especially as I had only my own officious impertinence to blame for the affront; but people will take vengeance on any one before their own dear selves, so I answered him angrily:

"Yes, I am an occasional reader of romances, and they teach me, at least, one lesson of discretion, to wit, that where there is much mystery there is more guilt."

Again the broad sheet-lightning of his gray eyes blazed forth consumingly upon my face, and he turned white—white as the ashes of an intensely burning coal. I never saw such a diabolical countenance in all my life before, nor have I since. He started from me, and for days I saw nothing of him; he was ill, or sullen, in his own room. Thus ended my last attempt to win his confidence, but not our friendship, which typhoons of passion seemed to shake only to strengthening.

The summer session was soon over, and we were going home, not again to return to school, but to enter college. When we were about to take leave of each other, Wolfgang gave way to his impulsive and passionate nature, and embraced me cordially again and again, saying, in excuse for his emotion:

"We part, Fairfield! We shall never meet again, probably, in this world. I am not going to return here. I am going to college."

I was very much affected at his manner. I was surprised also at his announcement.

"Going to college? What college are you going to?"

"To Harvard University," he said, embracing me again.

"To Harvard? I was to have entered the University of Virginia; but, Wolfgang, why need we part, since we are Damon and Pythias—come you also to the University of Virginia."

A thunder-cloud darkened his brow, and once more the vivid lightning flashed from his eyes.

"No! Impossible! I cannot go there!"

"Cannot?"

"Cannot—you understand!"

"Your father is obstinate in his own choice of a university, irrespective of your taste and wishes?"

"My father is the soul of kindness and moderation! But, as you say, he prefers that I should enter Harvard."

"Well! my guardian will acquiesce in my wishes in that respect; and, as you cannot accompany me to Charlottesville, I must meet you at Harvard. Au revoir!"

We took a brotherly leave of each other, and separated to meet, at the opening of the winter term, at the university.

When I reached home my guardian was alarmed at what he called my consumptive looks; attributed it to too much confinement and too severe study, and insisted upon my remaining at home, visiting my Louisiana relations, or travelling a year before going to the university. My strength, in fact, for the last six months, had suffered some decline, but it had been so gradual that I had scarcely observed it. The change was apparent to those who had seen me in full health a half year previous.

Every one likes upon occasion to find themselves an object of interest, especially every one who, like me, had sadly missed parental affection and solicitude. If I had no objection to be petted, coddled and indulged, I was easily persuaded to give up the contemplated seclusion and monotony of the university for twelve months of pleasing travel-variety.

I pass over the incidents of my year of travel, as they have little to do with the subject of my story, with one exception to wit: I found, on visiting the plantation of my bachelor uncle in East Feliciana, that he had just taken unto himself a wife; a circumstance that might seriously affect my future in one very important respect—reduce my prospects from those of a millionaire to that of a man of very modest competence, such as my moderate patrimony would afford. However, the discovery of the fact had no effect upon my mind beyond exciting my mirthfulness at the amazing secretiveness of the old gentleman about his marriage, for which I could see no rational cause. Why should he not make himself happy at fifty-five? It was late in the day to be sure, and seemed a great deal queerer in an old bachelor who had lived half a century in single blessedness than it would have looked in a widower even older. The probable loss of the heirship of his wealth gave me no sort of uneasiness. The mercenary capacities of a youth of eighteen are not usually expanded enough to take the extent, strong enough to weigh the specific gravity, or shrewd enough to estimate the value of millions. All they want at present is plenty of pocket money for passing fancies and follies.

My twelve months of freedom expired, and, with invigorated health and renewed ardor for study, I prepared to enter Harvard University.

It was at the opening of the winter term that I reached that place, and there I met again Wolfgang Wallraven, so changed as to be—no, not as to be unrecognizable, for his dark and wild individuality would have revealed itself through all atmospheres.

But could this tall, dignified, self-possessed and graceful young gentleman be indeed the development of that fierce, morose boy, with his sudden gushes of tenderness, his collapses of utter weakness, and his prostrations of despair? And could this be the work of only a year?

I inquired how long he had been at the university.

He replied, "twelve months," adding that he had remained there during the intermission between the two terms.

"That is it," thought I. "There is something in that home of his that warps, degrades, and stunts him. Ever after going home, he has returned more acrid, morose, fierce, and dangerous than before That home! What an interest it has for me. With what a glamour it attracts me! I wish he would invite me to it!"

As time passed, I discovered that the character of Wallraven had undergone a change, or perhaps only an apparent change, scarcely less surprising than that of his person and manners; the wild and wayward temper, the fierce outbreaks of passion, the morose surliness, were gone or governed; the fitful, loving, tender, childlike nature had disappeared, or was suppressed; the almost servile humility with which, without giving me his confidence, he would cast himself upon my sympathy for support—fits of feebleness, or idiocy, that almost fatally betrayed his nobler nature, were utterly sunk, and the haughty, the regnant spirit had arisen upon it. There was an air of regal beauty, of commanding grace, in his person and manner, such as I have never since seen, in but one other man. The prince had certainly gained the permanent ascendency, and now governed the whole inner kingdom, once so discordant, conflicting and rebellious.

And yet—yet—there were times when certain gleams from his eyes seemed to warn me that all that was worst and most dangerous in his character was not dead, but sleeping, and gathering gigantic strength in repose; that some day, and under some circumstances, the fiend within him might break out with terrible and destroying fury.

Our mutual esteem and affection constantly increased. He was my confidant at least, and if I were not his, my matured reason convinced me that it was because the secrets of his bosom, whatever they were, could not be imparted; but he compensated me by the most devoted affection.

At the end of the term, I invited, I besought him to accompany me home; but he declined the visit. I thought that he might possibly return the courtesy by a similar invitation to me, which en passant I should certainly have accepted; but he did not. To be brief, we spent a year and a half together at college before either of us knew anything personally of the family of the other. At the end of every term, I renewed my invitation, which he always declined. At the close of our third term, as a matter now of habit more than of expectation, I invited him to go home with me, and to my surprise and delight, he accepted my invitation, and prepared to accompany me.

It was while we were on our journey that I told him my sister, Regina, would be home for the holidays, and that, above all things, I was desirous of presenting him to her, my "Queen of Beauty," my "fair one with gold locks."

(To be Continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

Useful Information About Almost Everything.

One miner is killed for every million tons of coal raised.

The Frenchman eats nearly twice as much bread as the Britisher.

Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen.

The famous marble staircase of the Glasgow municipal buildings cost $150,000.

No person in New Zealand may hold more than 640 acres of first-class farming land.

Fish are sold alive in Japan, the pedlars conveying them through the streets in tanks.

England possesses nearly 15,000 convicts. Their maintenance costs about $5,000,000 a year.

There were more than 650 applications recently for a berth as night porter at a London workhouse.

Cats are licensed in Berlin, and every cat in that city must wear a metal badge bearing a number.

About a third of the entire population of the world speak the Chinese language or its allied dialects.

British India has the swiftest river in the world. It is the Sutlej, which in 180 miles, has a descent of 12,000 feet.

In manufacturing occupations the average life of soap-boilers is the shortest and that of grindstone makers the lowest.

In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1,000, and the whole number on an adult scalp averages 120,000.

The China Times, of Peking, is issued in seven languages—Chinese, Japanese, English, French, German, Russian, and Italian.

London has fewer suicides than any other great capital. While Paris has 400 suicides per million per year, London has only ninety.

Only 4 per cent. of the men in the British Army have a chest measurement over 40in., and 20 per cent. between 38in. and 40in.

The railway companies of England and Wales employ between 312,000 men. The Scottish and Irish companies employ 40,000 men between them.

Although the population of New York is fewer by a good million than that of London, the number of deaths last year in the two cities was practically the same.

The famous Tugela river, in South Africa, is said on one occasion to have risen 40ft. during a single night, owing to thunderstorms on the mountains.

The greatest pilgrimages to the Holy Land are undertaken by the Russians. It has been calculated that between 30,000 and 40,000 Russians visit Palestine every year.

Mountain sheep are employed as beasts of burden in some of the ranges of the Himalayas. The animal carries from 17lb. to 25lb., and lives entirely on wayside herbage.

A friend left Mrs. Lucinda Ganson, of Davenport, Iowa, $30,000, on the condition that she gave up her religious beliefs and accepted those of another church. She has renounced the money.

The longest day of the year in London is sixteen and a half hours, in New York fifteen hours, in St. Petersburg nineteen, in Tornea (Finland) twenty-two, and in Spitzbergen three months and a half.

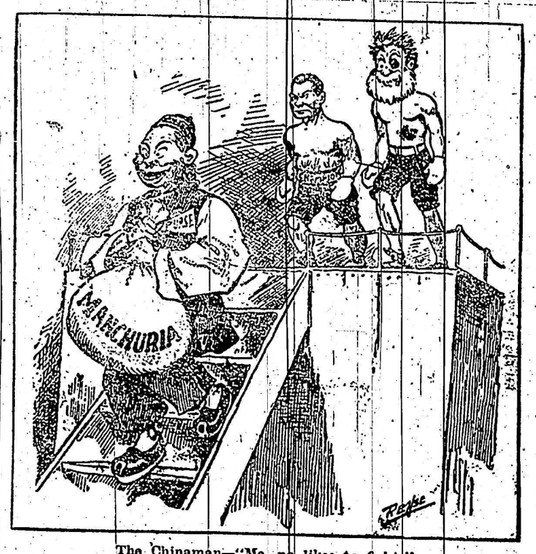
The lobster has a great dread of thunder, and when peals are very loud it will drop its claws and swim to deep water. New claws begin at once to grow, and in a short time are as large as the old ones.

The true worth of a girl in Albania is sometimes readily estimated. When she desires to marry she collects all her money and mounts it on her head, so that observers may note her financial value.

Oysters, even after they have been brought away from the sea, know by instinct the exact hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds, and so, of their own accord, open their shells to receive their food from the sea, as though still at home.

Inhabitants of the rural districts of France may now obtain from the postmen on their rounds postal orders, etc., and may hand them money for deposit in the savings banks, thus avoiding the trouble of going to the nearest post-office for these purposes.

Sake is the national beverage of Japan, and until recent years was the only fermented liquor known in that empire. It is obtained by the distillation of the best kinds of rice. In appearance it resembles very pale sherry, though its taste is somewhat acid.



The Chinaman—"Me no likee to fight."

The Farm

RIGHT LIVING ON THE FARM.

Now, the writer of this article was born on a Virginia farm and raised at the plow handles. His father, who was a poor boy and started at the bottom, was one of the best farmers in the country. He taught his boys that the only way to do a thing was the best way. No excuse was accepted for any task that had not been done just as well as it possibly could be.

Plowing was made an art. The study of the soil and its requirements was a daily lesson. Cultivation of crops was no haphazard, slipshod work, but was satisfactory only when it could not be improved with the time and means at our disposal. The care of live stock was taught the boys of the family as faithfully and intelligently as their lessons were taught by the strict, whole-souled old bachelor in the little log schoolhouse.

Our father loved the farm and he taught his boys the secret of it, and they, too, learned to love it, because it gave them pleasure and profit.

There was hard work on the farm and plenty of it. We still have rigid recollections of the cold, raw days in the spring, when we followed a pair of horses hitched one at each end of a 16-foot pole, and dragged down the corn stalks; the call at daylight, in plowing time, when a fellow could not believe he had been asleep more than an hour, to plod the furrow until dark; the long, hot days in the harvest field when the burning sun seemed to hang at exactly one spot in the sky for hours, and the beards of the wheat became long and sharper and more insistent upon forcing their way inside our shirts as the day wore on; the straining with long-handled forks at the haycocks in the meadow, one man on each side pitching on the lifting dust in the haymow, the struggle to keep from being buried when the big fork loads came crowding in through the door propelled by the lusty arms of the boys on the wagon; the cutting of fodder in the crisp fall days; the hauling of winter wood in the late fall; the storing of the vegetables; the care of the stock, night and morning, and the many other duties of farm life we all familiar to the boys that were left of the family.

The milking and the small chores were left to the servants, but the real work of the farm was done by the father and the boys. It was honest, manly, ennobling work and we were all proud of being farmers. We tried to be the best in our neighborhood. Each boy had a share in some crop for himself. One or two calves, pigs or colts were his to raise as he chose, for his own benefit. Each boy had his own saddle horse or driving horse. These colts bred on the farm, and broken by their owners to suit their own taste and usages.

The family drove to church or to a picnic in a two-seated light wagon and a team that took nobody's dust. We went to every public meeting of importance and took a hand in politics.

Father kept open house and our table was always big enough to seat a neighbor or two besides the family. We had family prayer night and morning, at which all the servants were present. This worship was omitted only three times in one period of twelve years, and the memory of these hallowed moments when all the world was shut out, and we knelt in humble devotion in the big, old-fashioned living-room has always been an influence for good in the lives of every one of us.

And so we lived on the farm and grew up to love every foot of it, and so lived many of our neighbors. Those who found farm life hard and unprofitable were unfortunate, because they were unfitted for farm work, or were handicapped by ill health or lack of energy. The farmers who carried on their work in the right way, and made farming a business, and not a mere hopeless drudgery of digging a bare living out of the soil, were prosperous and happy, just as that class of men is prosperous and happy to-day.

The conditions of farm life are better now than ever—many times—and the opportunities afforded young men to obtain scientific, and therefore useful knowledge of farming, through the Agricultural colleges, farmers' institutes and modern farm magazines are greater than ever before. There are better markets, better transportation and better facilities of every kind for making farming profitable and pleasant, and the young man who adopts it as a life business can be as rich, independent and useful as he chooses. There is no limit to the field for his ambition.

THE MARE AND COLT.

David Irnie, a very successful breeder of horses, gives the following good advice to beginners in colt-handling.

When you find a horse that breeds well with your mares, use him right along as long as you get good colts and you will have a lot of colts of the same disposition, conformation and color, so that you can match up teams, for it takes all three of these to make a perfectly matched team. You can sometimes put a 3-year-old and 4-year-old, or a 4 and 5, or 5 and 6-year-old together, and mate them up better, as a nicely matched team always brings a little more money than if not matched, but the least defect in a matched team is color. After all there is no bad color for a good horse.

The brood mares, in fact all horses and colts that are not at work in the winter, should be turned in a good-sized yard every day unless it is stormy, this yard should not be icy as there is danger of their falling and getting hurt. We stable all our horses and colts nights and feed them twice a day, oats and clover hay with some bran.

When spring comes be careful with the brood mares and any other horses that may have been idle during the winter. Work them lightly at first, taking some time to get them used to the work. In this way you can do more work, and have your horses in better condition when you are through with the spring work.

I prefer to have the colts come about the first of June, as by that time we have our spring work done and can give the mares a better chance. Have a clean, roomy box-stall—it is well to whitewash it every year, disinfect it with zenoleum or some other good disinfectant; be on hand when the little fellow appears. Feed the mare lightly for a few days, increasing her feed gradually. If you have to work the mare never let the colt follow her. Keep it in the stable and bring the mother in, in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon, to let the colt suck. The colt will soon learn to eat oats with its mother; give him all he will eat twice a day or leave the lid of the oat box open and let him help himself. If the mare and colt are on pasture, feed her night and morning so that the colt will learn to eat oats.

When we want to wean them they are eating oats and hay and they do not get a backset. I have seen farmers let their mares and colts run on pasture alone and when they wanted to work the mares, would shut the colts up in the barn where they could worry and fret, and not knowing how to eat oats would get a backset that they would never get over.

Weaning time is a critical period in the life of the colt. Put a halter on it and tie it beside its mother at night, letting it run with her in the day time for a few days, then wean it altogether, but do not keep it tied in the stable all of the time; give it a box-stall, or a yard, or better, a pasture with some other colts, yearlings or 2-year-olds that it is acquainted with, and it will grow right along. Feed it well the first winter; give it the best hay you have, some corn fodder, plenty of oats, a little bran, and some carrots if you have them, so that it never loses its colt fat.

After the pasture is good grading, decrease the oats, until it is on pasture alone. It will grow fast and go into winter quarters in fine condition. Feed them well the next winter; in fact, always feed well.

I have heard farmers say that if you wanted a good, tough horse you should let them rough it outdoors in storms with little or no grain. I have seen some of these colts and the only toughness I could see about them was their looks—they did look pretty tough.

I like to break these colts to harness in the winter or spring, before they are three years old. Hitch them up with their mother if she is a good, steady animal, or some other steady horse that they are acquainted with. Work them lightly until they get accustomed to the work. Never work a colt until it is very tired. Some seem to think you should tire them out the first time you hitch them up. Don't do it; you may spoil them altogether.

Don't break them but educate them, and don't try to educate them at once.

FARM NOTES.

If a farmer has not experimented with his soil so as to know to what fertilizing elements it must readily and profitably responds, he must use a formula, carrying about three to 3½ per cent. of nitrogen, five to six per cent. of available phosphoric acid and four to five per cent. of potash.

If there is any waste land on the place, this is a good time to think out some use for it. It might perhaps be planted to locust. If it is only a small patch or corner, which for some reason is too scrubby or poor to be cultivated, it might as well planted to a locust grove, with great advantage in future years, when the trees grow to post size. If the locusts once get established there need be no thought of growing anything else, for they cannot be eradicated. There is no better post than locust.

One of the first results of the continuous grazing of land by milch cows of young stock is the exhaustion of the phosphoric acid which such land contains. The quantity of this plant food materially removed in a single year may not appear very considerable, but under the most favorable conditions the percentage of phosphoric acid in the soil is very small, and when the land is grazed for a number of years and no manure is applied to it with the object of returning the phosphoric acid carried away, the exhaustion eventually assumes so serious a form as considerably to diminish the grass-producing capacity of the land. For restoring to the soil the phosphate thus removed the best artificial dressing at present is the command of farmers are super-phosphate and basic slag, the last named of which is found specially valuable of soils deficient in lime.

BISMARCK'S PRECAUTION.

It is customary in the cheaper classes of German inns to substitute chicory for coffee. Bismarck was aware of this, so one day when he came to a small inn, after a long journey, he sat down and called the innkeeper to him.

"Have you any chicory?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said the innkeeper.

"Well bring all you have here to me," ordered Bismarck.

The innkeeper was gone a few minutes, and returned with an immense armful of chicory.

"Is this all the chicory you have in the house?" asked Bismarck.

"Yes—all."

"Well, then," said Bismarck, "leave this chicory here and make me a cup of coffee."

The Home

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Walnut ketchup should be made while the husks of the nut are still green.

Save scraps of ham, tongue, or pressed beef, for they help to season forcemeat and make excellent relishes.

Cut off the flap of sirloin of beef and sprinkle salt over it if it has been long weather, then boil and serve cold.

Clover Butter.—To give butter the fresh flavor, put some freshly gathered clover blossoms into the newly-fitting jar with it for some hours and the butter will absorb the flavor.

To melt chocolate for layer cakes, etc., rinse out a clean, small stew-pan with water; put in the chocolate, set over a gentle fire, and stir steadily till it is liquid. The chocolate requires to be watched very carefully or it will turn to powder.

Veal Sausages.—To make these take equal quantities of lean veal and fat bacon, with a handful of sage, salt, and pepper. Let all be chopped thoroughly and worked together; a skinned and boned anchovy may be added to the above proportions. Make into sausages, flour thickly, and fry a light brown color.

Clear Gingerbeer.—To two gallons of water, add five pounds of loaf sugar and three ounces of bruised ginger, and boil all slowly for one hour. When this is cold, add the juice of five lemons and about two tablespoonfuls of yeast; spread on a piece of toasted bread and put in a liquor stand in a tub covered with a thick cloth for two or three days. Then strain it through a cloth and bottle for use.

Lemon Blancmange.—Soak one ounce of gelatine in a quart of milk for two hours. Add to this a piece of very thin lemon peel, sugar to taste, a dozen blanched almonds chopped very small, and let all cook slowly in a double saucepan till the gelatine is dissolved and the milk delicately flavored. Strain into a wetted mould. Set aside to firm and cold. Turn out to serve and pass a good custard round.

Tomato sauce for keeping is made as follows: Peel one gallon of ripe tomatoes and five pods of red pepper. Cook until tender, then strain through a coarse cloth, stir in thoroughly into it two ounces of salt, two ounces of black pepper, half an ounce of white mustard seed, half an ounce of allspice and one pint of vinegar. Boil slowly, put in a jar stood in a pan of boiling water for three or four hours. Cork down still warm bottle and cork tightly. This will keep for years. This sauce is made in quantities when the tomato is a good crop.

A New Way with Dried Apples.—For people who do not like dried apple pie made in the usual way try the following: To 1 lb. apples after they are cooked down dry and pressed from lumps, add 1 pt. sweet cream or rich milk, two well beaten eggs and sugar to suit the taste. Nutmeg or other spices can be used as liked. Bake with two crusts. This amount will make four or five pies.

Frozen Peaches with Ice-cream.—Large firm peaches should be chosen for this. Peel carefully and cut each in half. Pack in an ice cream freezer for two or three hours until well frappe. Have ready a layer of sponge or angel cake. Lay on this the peach halves on each of these, surround the cake with ice cream whipped cream, and put a teaspoonful of ice cream in the place left vacant by the peach stone.

Liver Loaf.—Boil a heart and liver until tender in water to which has been added a sliced onion and a stalk of celery. When cold, wipe the liver dry and put it through a meat-chopper. Rub it to a paste with half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one of mushroom ketchup, and three of melted butter. Butter a rather small mold with straight sides and press the mixture down into it. The loaf is made more elegant by the addition of a few truffles arranged here and there in the paste. Leave it on the ice until just before serving, then turn out on a flat plate, garnish attractively, and cut in thin slices.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

For your shop windows use kerosene for polishing; nothing else will make them shine so brightly.

A slice of raw tomato rubbed on to ink stains on a white cloth or the hands will remove the stains.

Make tea with soft water as often as possible, for it softens it, opens the tea leaves more thoroughly than hard water.

All herbs used for medicine should be gathered on a fine day, when well dried in the sun, spread out on papers.

After frying do not pour the fat till it has cooled a little, and then be careful to keep back the sediment, which throws into the pig-tub.

Soap-suds should never be wasted, as they prove a very valuable manure. No one who is lucky enough to have a garden should ever throw away soap suds.

To Keep Lettuce Fresh.—Fill a shallow basin with cold water and set the lettuces stem down in it, placing them apart so that they cannot touch each other. Change the water daily, and cover enough to cover the stems.

Meat for young children should be carefully prepared and always fresh cooked. No twice-cooked food such as hash, stew, etc., should be given to young children. Game, poultry such as ducks, geese, turkey, should be avoided.

Too hot an oven will spoil the best-made cakes as quickly as too cold an oven, however many pains have been taken. The oven door should not be opened often when baking either cakes or pastry, for steady heat is necessary.

To remove freckles the following lotion is a good remedy: Take one ounce of lemon juice, quarter of a drachm of borax (powdered), and half a drachm of sugar. Mix thoroughly and let it stand in a bottle for three days and it will be ready for use. This should be rubbed on the face and hands occasionally.

On Insect Bites.—Salt will relieve the pain caused by insect bites if damped with water and applying this to the affected part, bind round lightly with a bandage. Ammonia is of great service generally with wasps and bee stings, which a blue-bag rubbed at once will relieve. Flea bites are relieved by vinegar and eau de Cologne.

Many people are under the impression that cucumber is indigestible, and while they eat it, do so under protest and with a confession of possibly dire results. How this delusion can have arisen is difficult to say, unless a cucumber is often eaten by men and other inflammable fiends. It is not the cucumber, probably the salmon that tells heavily upon our stomachs. Cucumber, in fact, is very wholesome when eaten properly. To eat cucumber it is well to cut it in thin slices and to masticate it thoroughly.

HANG UP YOUR HATS.

When putting either your winter hats away be sure to brush them thoroughly, then brush or shake a few corn brooms them into a large muslin bag, tie a string tightly round the opening several inches above, leaving a loop in the string to hang it up by. Hang the bag up in the closet or attic where it may be, and the hat will be found as fresh as ever when wanted. If you tie the string to the bag and hang it round the neck of the hat, moths cannot get at it, neither will dust.

A friend has a row of pegs hanging against the wall in her unfinished attic, and she puts cloth bags in which are packed tightly various coats, dresses and skirts with the hangers left in, and hangs them up by. This is a capital factory way of carrying garments that have to be laid by in chests, where they are more or less crushed, and a piece of camphor in each bag is a safeguard against moths and carpet beetles. Coats which have hung all winter in bags large enough to accommodate them, will be found to come out in just as good condition as they had been in daily wear. Hats, dress, coats, etc., should be plainly marked on the lining of the bag with the owner's name, so with the name of the article contained therein, there will be no difficulty in finding it when wanted, and in the case of a hat, feather or flower or a feather fan, it can be arranged when taken out of the covering.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

How a Loquacious Youth Lost His Position.

A rather prepossessing youth entered the office of a well-known lawyer the other day and said:

"Is Mr. Brief in?"

"Won't be in for two hours," replied the dapper young clerk, as he addressed scrutinized the youth from head to foot with an approving glance. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply, as the youth produced from beneath his coat a handsomely bound volume, "I have here——"

"I thought so," interrupted the clerk, with a deprecating sneer. "But it's no use. We don't buy books in this office, so you needn't waste any more time in this office. Don't you see the sign outside, 'No peddling'?"

"This book," began the youth.

"Oh!" laughed the fledgling clerk, "I've no doubt that's the best thing out, but we don't want it. History of the United States, ain't it, from the earliest days to the present day? Don't want it. I've no doubt, but we don't want it."

"If you will allow me——"

"Really," said the youth, now greatly amused, "I'd like to, but it's against the rules of the office to yield to the blandishments of book agents, no matter how good-looking they are. I think of looking at your face, dear. 'Life of Napoleon.' That's stale. Once or twice I thought one last month of buying it. Yesterday he ordered a copy for his dog and then kicked it. I wish to say——"

"Or it may be a history of England with wood-cuts that have been engraved with a jackknife and printed on a copper. No, we don't want it, we don't keep a humorist here to amuse us."

"I——"

"You're awfully pretty, my dear, but if you don't go away I'll call Brief, who is here, round, he's a bit of an old duffer, and that's all. Pretty young woman, you know, and him is in love with her, you know, not that kind of love."

"If you will——"

"I hate to refuse you, my soul I do, but I'm Lacedonian; that's the truth. Come, come, about six months ago you has taken me into partnership, so hush then, and I'll tell you what to reward you for your tiresomeness. I say, you're a pretty woman to be in a hawk books for a week."

Just then the attention of the loquacious youth was attracted by the frantic gesticulations of the clerk in another part of the office, and he paused.

"You are Mr. Brief's partner, since?" said the youth.

"I—er—yes," was the reply.

"I have heard my father speak of you. I am Mr. Brief's son, please hand me the book, and when he comes in I'll tell him."

The lads left the office, and in the thermometer went out of sight; the office cat died, young Frecklegh left a note, and The next day Mr. Brief advertised for a new clerk.

WHAT THEY MEAN.

Flats—It is said that some people are subject to rheumatism.

Sharps—Well, they are spared the horror incidental to the disease anyway.

Flats—What is that?

Sharps—They don't have to speak to people who have a sure thing on it.

CALLED DOWN.

The Chief—"You are charged with conduct unbecoming an officer."

The Policeman—"How's that?"

The Chief—"You were seen entering the front door of a saloon one night instead of the family entrance."

CURRENT TOPICS

Maxim Gorki, the well-known Russian novelist, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent the other day said that the leaders of the Russian reformers on the estates, on August 19, to which they had promised to convoke a national assembly, had been prohibited, and that the authorities, from the war in the Far East, had sent out any fatal importance to the struggle and military measures dictated that the latter should be taken on the means of bringing about the return of the army. Liniavitch might have proposed, would so weaken the sovereign's cause that it would prove of little value even if it were successfully drawn.

It may seem strange that the prediction has been made for according to a telegram sent by the London Times Russian Minister of Finance has sent a circular to the governors and governors-general of the zemstvoists exhorting them to the utmost of arresting the progress of any publications which may be published in the future, announces the intention of bringing out a number of papers in support of the Government, and has issued orders that the Czar's portrait should be placed in the windows of shops which are closed in honor of the Emperor's birthday. It is to be hoped that the Minister of Finance will not be disappointed in the result of his efforts to restore the popularity of the Government.

CUT RATE.

Dr. Quackerly: You should not say that old Sawbones charged you $15 for amputating your leg.

The Victim—That's right.

Dr. Quackerly—Why in the world didn't you send for me? I would have cut both your arms off for that.