

GOOD FURROWS.

entirely overcomes the fear of plowing to begin with. The foundation of the furrow is a man who can drop a furrow in one who drops to his plow. He may hold loosely and appear to be very easily and perhaps carelessly watching every movement and shifting the plow the right way or the other. The furrow may take more or less of itself, without necessity of a man to bear down on it. The weight, nor to raise it up constantly, but nevertheless needs close attention. The furrow should be made of a straight line, and the furrow should be even, and the work well in span. It is to do good work with one hand rapidly and the other hand constantly, or walking in and sometimes out of the furrow. The plow itself is another consideration. No one plow is to all kinds of land. A good, short, high mold-board furrow very high and break it up; this is suitable for soil. For smooth, meliorating soil, a plow with a curved mold-board turns the furrow smoothly and breaks the furrow the same way. The furrow can be done by the plow. The furrow is not of the same quality as that which is not of the same manner—which includes the handling of the plow and cream. The soft butter is generally due to the cream being too high, and soft butter is the rule in the summer months of August. Perhaps the real difficulty is not over-coming all this, keep the cream at the proper temperature, and if you cannot get the cream to the proper temperature, give up the idea of butter during the summer. It is a great deal better to have a poor butter even if you have it in the smallest kind of quantity than to have a good butter once done it will be next to impossible to build up any kind of butter in either butter or cheese cream—during the morning it is best at a temperature of 56 or 68 degrees, for this is its becoming mushy. As the butter comes in little pieces, the size of grains of time to stop the churn, look milky and not float in sufficient cold water to keep it cool. Having done this, pour in more cold water, filling the churn, and then churn rapidly about fifty times, had this illustrated a few minutes, and the result of butter with each lot, standing out separately, except in texture and ready for

SOFT BUTTER.

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PORTIONS OF MANURE.

is not always depend on this fact which farming that gives them in the concentrated manure as compared with stable manure. But in both there is a great deal of waste. It is a fertilizer that has four parts of potash. So when of mineral fertilizer are per acre, it means that the concentrated fertilizer in ten to fifteen times as much as concentrated form. With there is always much of mineral fertilizer, the stable manure gives a good effect. The stable manure is also another effect. It is proportion to its weight, it makes the soil much more fertile, because it is the soil particles and the imprisoned air warms the soil for most crops. Hence the manure is so general in winter and plowed in spring for good crops. The best use of manure probably the best use of manure could be put.

Hated Bridal Veil.

A pretty French peasant girl began the working of it, sitting under the shade of green vines in sunny France. Her lover was far over the sea. Adele was of a family of lace-makers, and she said to herself: "I'll work my own bridal veil in my holiday time, and then when Arthur comes to marry me, shall I not be a fairer bride? No lady's veil shall be finer." But Arthur came to claim her long before the veil was finished, and she married him—her young English lover as poor as herself—and went with him to England. The veil went with her, packed away at the bottom of a trunk, and—forgotten. It lay forgotten for twelve years, until a lovely little ten-year-old fairy broke its long sleep at last. She had dark eyes, like the little French lace-maker of old, but she had the English golden hair—Arthur's own. "Oh, the pretty lace!" she cried, clapping her hands, and dancing with delight as Adele shook it out of its folds. "May I have it for a wedding-dress for my dolly, mamma?" The pretty matron laughed and shook her head as she pressed the delicate fabric to her lips. Then she told the story of its making. "I will finish it for you," she said, "and then when the time comes for my little Victorie to be a bride, she will have a veil to be proud of." So again the pretty taper fingers toiled busily over the delicate lace, and masses of graceful flowers and fairy-like ferns grew steadily under them. Little Victorie watched the progress of the work with keenest interest. "Mamma, teach me to work it," she said one day. "My fingers are ever so much finer and tinier than yours!" So she began to work a veil for her doll, and the facility with which she learnt the graceful work was surprising. At the age of fifteen she was so expert that Adele allowed her to take part in the creation of the wonderful veil itself. But as they only worked at it by fits and starts, as the fancy seized them, it was still unfinished when Victorie was seventeen, and Henri Riviere came to wooing her. Henri came of noble blood, and was well-to-do. His parents had left him some money; not enough to live upon in idle luxury, but enough to give him a fair start in business life. Knowing that in Paris his noble relatives would not scruple to oppose such a course as he had decided on, he chose London as the scene of his efforts, and commenced business as a merchant there. The young people had met by chance, the usual way, and the fact that Victorie's mother came from France had been a bond between them from the first. Now, after a year's acquaintance, Henri declared his love, and the coming spring was to see their happy wedding. Then Adele set to work in earnest to finish the bridal veil. "I tell you, Monsieur Riviere, no lady of your proud house ever wore lace more exquisite and rich," said she. "And shall I not be proud, when I see my daughter in her marriage robes; and think of the poor little peasant girl of long ago, who toiled at the lace to earn coarse, black bread, far away over the sea?" Henri turned quickly at those words. "What peasant girl was that, mamma?" he questioned uneasily. "Myself!" she answered pleasantly, never noticing his look or tone. "What was I but a poor little peasant lace-maker, when my generous young lover, the father of Victorie, married me?" Henri made no answer, but his haughty family pride had received a blow. "A lace-maker!" he said to himself. "A peasant girl! If I had but known it sooner!" And this knowledge of his bride's humble extraction so annoyed him that he became irritable, impatient, fretful; and finally he conceived an absurd but violent dislike to the bridal veil. "I hate the sight of it!" he cried one evening, when he and Victorie were alone. "For goodness' sake, if you love me, never work at it in my presence, dear Victorie. And if I dared ask a special favor of you, it should be—" He paused, frightened at his own impudence; she sat listening in great surprise. "Well," she said. "It should be—'Wear any other veil in the world but that one to be married in.'" She folded up her work very quietly and deliberately, though with trembling hands. She had wondered, of late, at a strange and subtle change in her lover; now she began to ask herself what was the cause of it. She said, with forced calmness: "That is a singular favor. Are you aware that my dear mother worked this veil?" The hot, impulsive temper answered hastily, and without second thought: "That is the very reason that I hate it!" And then she understood him. The daughter of England had been slow to comprehend the pride of this French aristocrat, but she saw all clearly now. She would take the man who thought her heart broke! Henri had amused a pride as stubborn as his own, though of quite a different nature.

Gently, but firmly, she said to him: "You did not know, when first you sought me, that mamma was a poor lace-maker in France. Since you have known it you have regretted our engagement. Do not speak. I have seen a change in you. I know that this is so. But there is no harm done," she held out to him a little trembling hand, "since I learn this before it is too late. I will grant you the favor you ask." Here he would have kissed the trembling hand, but she drew it quickly away. "Your bride will never wear my darling mother's veil, because I shall never be your bride!" No need to dwell upon what followed. His prayers, his protestations, his humble at first, then angry, his tears, they had no power to change her resolution. And so at last they parted coldly, lovers still at heart—for, ah! love dies not easily—but outwardly seeming scarce friends. She stood proudly as he left the room, but when the sound of the closing door struck like the knell of hope on her passionate young heart, she sunk down upon the floor, sobbing wildly: "My love! Oh, my love! And I have lost him!" Her parents questioned in vain. She had quarrelled with Henri; that was all that she would tell them. And before time or chance for reconciliation came, her mother was stricken with mortal sickness, and in three days lay dead; and Victorie, quite overwhelmed with grief, was prostrated with an attack of brain fever. And at this very juncture a summons came from France, demanding Henri's immediate presence. Strange changes had been happening there. Three lives that stood between him and the title and estates of the Marquis de la Riviere had been suddenly swept away, and so they sent for him, the heir. At first his heart swelled with exultation, but it sank again. Victorie! had he not lost her? "I care for neither rank nor wealth unless she shares them!" he cried. "I will go and once more implore her pardon." But Victorie was lying dangerously ill, and he was not allowed to see her. Go he must, and a few weeks after arriving in Paris he wrote, informing her fully of his altered fortunes, and imploring her to forgive, and accept once more as her true lover the Marquis de la Riviere. But she never got the letter. The house to which it came was empty. The once happy home was broken up; the husband and father had followed Adele to a better world; and their child, for whom husband, title, and fortune were waiting in sunny France, was earning sorrowful bread as a lace-maker. So the Marquis waited for an answer in vain; until after many months his own letter was returned to him through the Dead Letter Office. It came like a messenger of hope. So! She had not refused to answer him, as he had thought. The next day saw him starting for London. Need I describe his welcome there, or tell of the crowds that flocked to claim acquaintance with "the Marquis"? But none could tell him anything of Victorie, except the story of her sorrows. And after three months' search he had failed to find her. He had money, influence, deepest heart-interest to aid search, yet it failed. One evening he made one of a party of a tableaux vivants, for he had to go into so many societies, however little he liked it, and the particular tableau in which he took part was that of a wedding. Suddenly one of the buttons on his cuff caught in the bride's lace veil. In an instant he had recognized that once-hated lace—it was Victorie's bridal veil! "I borrowed it of a lace-maker," the lady who wore it explained. "I would have bought it, but she would not sell. It was her mother's work." "A young girl?" he gasped. "Oh, no, indeed! A poor, thin, jaded creature, with fine eyes, certainly, but ill and worn. I shall be glad to give you her address if you have work for her. I am sure she needs it." Well, she never needed for anything after that night; love and happiness came to her in bounteous measure, and stayed with her forever afterward. Pale and thin, and somewhat careworn still, was the bride of the Marquis on her wedding day; but in his eyes—the eyes of true and faithful love—it was still the sweetest face in all the world that smiled under Adele's bridal veil. And the Marquis kissed the lace and blessed it because through it he had found her again. "I love it now!" he cried. "It shall be kept as a precious treasure always." And so it was. Many a fair and high-born bride wore "the bridal veil of Riviere" in the years to come; but among them all none were more truly blessed than the poor lace-maker, whose mother was a peasant girl, but who for true love's sake and for love alone, was chosen by her faithful lover to be Madame la Marquise de la Riviere.

HE DIDN'T SMOKE.

Fussy Old Gentleman, to chance traveling lady companion. Have you any children, madam? Yes, sir, a son. Ah, indeed! Does he smoke? No, sir; he has never so much as touched a cigarette. So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs? He has never put his foot in one. Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late? Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner. A model young man, madam—a model young man. How old is he? Just two months.

PRETTY GIRLS ASTRIDE. TO ESCORT THE KAISER ACROSS THEIR COUNTRY.

Unique Bodyguard Entirely of Fair Lithuanians—The Most Fearless Riders in Prussia. Five hundred peasant girls in the Province of Prussia are forming into a cavalry regiment to offer Emperor William a right royal welcome when he repairs to his hunting grounds in Rominten Prairies at the close of the present yachting season. They are Lithuanians—of the race that became famous under the Jagellons—and their homes are in the districts of Gumbinnen and Koenigsberg, between the Baltic, Russia and Poland. The male Lithuanian is not given to demonstrative patriotism; he doesn't recognize a King of Prussia at all, much less a German Emperor, intensely provincial and forever living in the past, he looks upon William simply as his Duke—the Duke of ancient Borussia, i.e., "the land adjacent to Russia." As such he honors him. And because William buys all the horses that can be raised on the big plains for his cavalry he regards him "as a good thing," generally, but further than that he has no use for His Majesty. Hence the efforts of the provincial Governors, Count Bismarck, the son of the late Chancellor; Baron von Tschowa, and Herr Hegal, to get up some sort of popular welcome for the Kaiser upon the occasions of his semiannual visits to the province have always fallen flat. This spring the Count decided to address his appeal to the country women and, brave girls that they are, they responded most joyfully—every mother's daughter of them. In less than a week over six hundred girls and women offered their services for a demonstration of a kind such as the century has hardly ever seen. "True to the customs of our ancestors, we will receive His Majesty at the frontiers of our, the Gumbinnen, district and from there conduct him to Rominten in triumph," they told their councilmen and parsons, "but we make one condition; our Duke, meaning the Kaiser, must have no other bodyguard. During the time of his stay in our country we want to be his soldiers. We will garrison his castle, will beat the game for him, will attend him on his trips around the country and see him safely home when he decides to return." ALL DEPENDS ON THE GIRLS. Count Bismarck communicated with the Emperor's Court Marshal to find out whether or not the offer proved acceptable. The Court Marshal wrote: "It all depends on the girls; go and look them over." So His Excellency invited his fair petitioners to meet him at Trakehnen, the celebrated horse farm, and at the same time arranged with the Governor of the place for the loan of a hall. But if the hall had been as big as a ten acre field it couldn't have accommodated the assembly, for everyone of the 600 Lithuanian ladies came on horseback, many bringing led horses to boot, and all insisted upon attending the council seated on their charger. Such has been the custom of the country for hundreds, perhaps a thousand years and more, and the Lithuanian rarely changes his habits and never foregoes a privilege. There was an open-air meeting then, and the Count, who is already a little stiff in his joints, had to mount a blooded horse, despite his rheumatism, and make a speech from the saddle. President Hegal, of the Gumbinnen District, translated the address into the old Prussian tongue for the Lithuanians do not understand German, and a regular exchange of views followed, with this result: "The provincial Government accepts the services of the Lithuanian ladies with a view of selecting from them 500 The regiment is to be uniformed in the national dress of the country, and selects its own officers, subject to the approval of the President of the district. "Members of the regiment furnish their own horses, and each officer or sub-officer is entitled to have a led horse. The horses may be put out to grass on the royal estates, but oats must be provided by their owners. "The name and style of the regiment is Imperial Mounted Women Volunteers; its members are entitled to the ordinary soldiers' mess, but receive no pay." As intimated, the negotiations that preceded the laying down and acceptance of the above rules were conducted on horseback from mouth to mouth. The proud Lithuanians wouldn't allow a piece of paper to stand between them and their "Duke," moreover, they wouldn't accept any agreement that wasn't written in their own obsolete tongue, which the "waywode" Count does not master. Things having been arranged, the native women gave an impromptu exhibition of their horsemanship, and after a drink of "mead," a strong fermented liquor made of honey and water, richly spiced, scampered off in groups and in many directions to return to their homes in the endless flat broken by numerous streams and BEAUTIFUL FORESTS. They have been drilling under their betmen twice a week ever since, and as these betmen have invariably seen military service, either as privates or

uncommissioned officers, they are well able to teach the girls their business. Of late Count Bismarck ordered reviews of the different "squadrans" to be held under the guidance of officers of the cavalry reserves, and the reports received are most encouraging. The reviewing officers agree that they never met with recruits exhibiting so much intelligence and skill in the handling of horses and in obeying signals. Every second girl or woman would make an efficient "flugelman," they cried enthusiastically, if there was any need of them. The flugelman, you must know, is a sort of crack soldier, whose movements his comrades must simultaneously follow. The only complaint recorded is the girls' aversion to exercise on foot. "We have offered to serve His Majesty as his mounted bodyguard," they say; "it's out of our line to play at infantry." Count Bill had to acknowledge, that, and slow-time marching and other "lowly" drills were dropped for more moving exercises covering a great deal of space in an incredibly short time. The drill decided upon is formation in squadrons, companies and sections, mounting of the guard, taking hurdles fences and ditches, attack en masse, deploy and rally, and finally "attend to the chase." As their whole life is spent on horseback, the girls could give points to the reviewing officers in most of these exercises. These Lithuanians scramble upon a pony as soon as their legs are long enough to hold on; they learn to tend large herds of cattle before they know their prayers, and they can wield a three-yard whip sooner than a cooking spoon. Learned men claim that the Lithuanians came originally from India, and that their language resembles Sanscrit. That may be true or not, certain it is that these faraway Prussian subjects in one respect, at least, resemble the Hindu women. Like them, they wouldn't think of mounting a horse save to straddle it. A girl hanging in a saddle is an object of the greatest curiosity and wonder in their country; nothing can persuade them that she isn't a freak or a PROFESSIONAL CIRCUS RIDE. Count Bismarck says that up to the time he met the great cavalcade at Trakehnen, he inclined to believe in the time-honored assertion that the average woman's legs are too short to allow of straddling and managing a horse. "The nonsense of it was most forcibly brought home to me when I met these natives," he continued, "for the Lithuanians are a small race, compactly built, they have a limited stretch of limb, men and women being much alike in outward appearance. Yet these girls have what cavalry men call 'an iron seat.' They seem to maneuver their horses at will, though scorning stirrups and spurs and whip." "How do you do it?" one of them was asked. "What have I got my thighs and knees for?" she gave back. Unlike the peasant women of other parts, the Lithuanians wear skirts reaching nearly to the ground, which shows that their clothes are primarily adapted for riding; the uniform of the Amazone Regiment follows the national dress common in old Prussia in all respects. The troop has been divided into five squadrons, recognizable by the color of their "marginnes"—skirts, from margas, bright. "The marginne" of the First Squadron, is light blue; for the second, violet has been selected; for the third green, for the fourth red, and for the fifth yellow. These frocks are accordion pleated and very wide to allow them to fall in graceful folds from the horse's back. Ordinarily the marginne is half hidden by a white apron in front and back, but this part of the costume has been discarded, the ladies admitting that aproned soldiers wouldn't be quite the thing. With the colored skirt the mounted volunteers wear a black velvet jupe laced in front like the "Mieder" of the Swiss maiden. And, like hers, it is cut decollete, exhibiting a snowy white shirt bosom, with big leg of mutton sleeves fastened at the wrist. The skirt has pretty epaulettes, embroidered in many colors, and the sleeves, too, exhibit elaborate embroidery. For regimental purposes the company or squadron number will be placed on the shoulder straps. Around their waists the girls usually wear a girdle called "josta," which, like their garters, is inscribed with pious mottoes in their own language. The Emperor has promised his volunteers beautiful new fangled "jostas" appropriate to the occasion in the national colors, black and white, bearing some patriotic motto, but it is not yet settled that the gift will be accepted. The Lithuanians are a very superstitious race, and fear to lose caste with their fellows by adorning themselves with anything coming from Germany. All their stuffs and goods are home made. When the women get too old to ride they turn to weaving and embroidery. Every farmhouse has its old-fashioned loom and the winter evenings are generally spent IN THE SPINROOM. The Lithuanians are blonde or brown; the race doesn't produce dark or reddish headed girls. One of the sights of the regiment will be the Amazones' braids of wondrously long and thick hair. When the girls are on horseback their braids reach to their heels. They like to wear them drawn over the left bosom, but it's a question whether military rules will permit this act of vanity. The regiment will have no hats. The only head dress custom permits the Lithuanians to wear is the raiztis, a sort of linen cap festooned with lace and flowers. To this they cling with something akin of religious fervor. There are maids, brides, housewives widows and old women's caps, and woe to the party who dons one not belonging to her rank. The gods will certainly destroy her—the gods, for though nominally Christians, the Lithuanians still cling to this day to their

ancient mythology and heathen notions. They ride to church on Sundays well enough, but on the way thither worship some traditional deity supposed to reside in a tree, on the river bed or seashore, with offerings of grain, eggs or chickens.

Not the least interesting part of this Amazon regiment are the horses, bred from Arab, Neapolitan, Spanish and English stock. They are, as a rule, alert animals with brainy foreheads and intelligent eyes set wide apart. The head of the Lithuanian horse is small and carried on a lengthy neck. He has sloping shoulders, a roomy chest and small ears. The best of these horses look like thoroughbreds, with their prominent muscles, wide hips and their general air of gentleness and fearlessness. The regiment proposes to meet the Kaiser at some railway station not yet named, between Koenigsberg and Gumbinnen, take him into its midst and march him in triumph all through Lithuania, or Lithuania, as the Germans say. Lithuania comprises the greater half of East Prussia, and contains many royal castles, hunting grounds, studs and other crown domains. The flat country, intersected by forests, through which beautiful roads lead to the various country houses and villages belonging to His Majesty, is well adapted to a showy procession of that kind, and if, after reaching headquarters at Rominten, William feels like alarming the garrison, he can do so without disturbing the sleep of outsiders. Rominten is usually furnished with a guard of 200 infantry during the Kaiser's stay there. The girls will take the places of these foot soldiers, and like them bivouac under canvas. Their long herding whips are their only weapon, but they will do in case of obnoxious curiosity seekers, or even of poachers. THE KISS. Medical scientists tell us that we may no longer kiss, that it injures the health, and the evils resulting from the osculatory habit, if persisted in, are set forth ad libitum and ad nauseum. Man is the only animal that kisses as a mark of affection, and the kiss is undoubtedly as old as human nature. In the old catacomb pictures of Egypt, fond lovers are depicted in kissing attitudes, while as far back as Jacob, we are told that this worthy patriarch kissed Rachel and "lifted up his voice and wept," though why he wept is only a matter for conjecture. The Romans divided kisses into three classes—the osculum, basium and saevium, which meant the kiss of friendship, of politeness and of love. The Greeks recognized but one, the kiss of love. We of the present day have the kiss of reconciliation, of respect, of adoration, and who of us does not remember the first kiss of love? Fair nights and starry skies come home to every heart. Who has not wandered by love's Elysian streams? Who has not accepted a betrothal witnessed by Saturn's triple circuit? And who has not held in his arms a being of softest, most sensuous clay, and lived, perhaps, hours of ecstasy in a single moment? Kisses have also played a very prominent part in history. The celebrated kiss given Caesar by the conspirators, and the historic one which James I, of Scotland, did not give to Anne, of Denmark, are familiar to all. In romance and poetry they figure far more prominently, and are sometimes chosen as a theme. The kiss which the angel took to the pearly gates as atonement for a lost soul will never be forgotten, while every one knows Byron's "Long, long kiss, and kiss of youth and love," and his wish "That womanhood had but one rosy mouth, To kiss them all at once from north to south." Kisses have even appeared as matters of litigation. Then there is the last kiss, which, with bursting heart we press upon the cold, senseless clay, which will never more respond to our caresses. But saddest of all is the kiss of satiety. Who can tell the bitterness of the worn out passion, the jaded nerves, the touch of lips under which whither all gladness, all joy, all liberty. The trite caress, the hollow ecstasy is, alas, almost as well known as the kiss which Herrick defines as "love's sweetest language," and of which the man or woman who have never loved knows as little as the inland dweller knows of the sea. Passion and the sea are like each other. The kiss that burns, and the salt spray that stings; words shall not tell them or color portray them. What will the scientists give us in lieu of the sweet, time-honored kiss? Perhaps, after awhile, we like the New Zealanders, will rub noses as a mark of affection. ACROSS THE BACK-YARD FENCE. Doesn't the shape o' yer nose suit yer, Mrs. Fitzgibbons. What do ye mane, Mrs. Corkins? When ye're lookin' over this way ye're always turnin' yer nose up. HIS PREFERENCE. Storekeeper—What kind of chewing-gum do you want, my little boy? We have peppermint, sassafras, wintergreen, lilac, heliotrope and attar of roses! "Small Boy—Wal, gimme lilac! I want some kind dat'll look like plug-ter-backer when yer spits! A WORDY ROW. Dunphy is pretty well battered up. Yes He and McCracken had a pasage of words. Only words? That's all. McCracken threw a dictionary at him.