PRACTICAL FARMING.

PERSISTENT MILKERS.

We sometimes see cattle owners or buyers pass through a herd of cows and remark that such and such cows are persistent milkers, while certain others are not. A keen observer may be able to tell with some degree of certainty which cows have this tendency and which have not, but my experience tells me more depends on the care and feeding than on any signs or markings. For nearly thirty years our main dependence has been on raising our own stock, and yet occasionally I have bought in a few, and comparing these, in general outline and markings, with cows of our own raising, leads me to believe the above statement to be substantially correct says a correspondent. I have a cow in my stables now that I consider a proof of my theory that more depends on care and feed than anything else. I bought her three years ago, being given my choice in a herd of some thirty cows. Out of the herd I bought four cows at $25 apiece. The cow of which mention is here made, had a fairly good dairy form, not perfect, however, and I judged her to be a persistent milker. Evidently the cows had not suffered from overfeeding, being on a rented farm, and all were dry longer than a cow should be for profit. The next fall they received better care and feeding, and two of them responded in much longer milk flow. This one cow the past season has entirely outdone her former records, and when but two months from time t obe fresh again was giving about fifteen pounds of milk. I consider this cow has given fully one-third more milk, during the ten months in which she was milked, than any previous year, and it is all given to care and feeding. Perhaps I should explain what I mean by care and feeding. When I went to the farm where these cows were kept everything indicated a scrimping of feed, and, like too many herds, they were permitted to roam during the fall months, even up to December; consequently at the first of December, when I bought them they were thin, with rough coats. Under our treatment they were stabled as soon as cold, frosty nights came on, and were not allowed outside the barnyard after November 1, and fed grain continually until dry. This particular cow is now dry and is given about two and one-half pounds daily of wheat chips, and is in fine order. It is folly to talk about persistent milkers and allow cows to suffer during the fall months from hunger and cold. Another important matter follows generous treatment. The unborn calf will partake of this second nature, so to speak, of the mother. In other words, if the cow is well fed and cared for, so her term of usefulness is materially lengthened, her offspring will inherit these good qualities and themselves make cows when matured.

ART OF WINTER FEEDING.

The produce from the farm is fed to animals, not so much to provide for the stock to derive the largest sum possible from the materials used. When the barns and granaries are full the question is how to dispose of the products to the best advantage. If the food is fed to cows, and the milk ship[illegible] to market the farmer sells his grain, hay and fodder in the form of milk. If he can derive the most milk at the least cost his profits are according to the amount of raw material required to produce the milk. It is not the quantity of food, however, that gives the best results, but the quality. Skill is necessary in feeding, as the age of an animal and the special work it is to perform must be considered. It is also important to economize in food by preventing its loss after it has been consumed; that is, the animal must be protected from cold or a larger proportion of the food will be utilized in creating animal heat, and the food can be prepared in a manner to assist in its being better digested and assimilated. Coarse foods must be balanced by adding those that are more concentrated, and the disposition and peculiarities of each animal must be known. There are "feeding tables" which may serve as guides to a certain extent but the judgment of the farmer, who understands the existing conditions, under which the animals are fed is the most important factor in feeding for profit.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN AND HOME ORCHARD.

Does it pay for a farmer to take the time to make a vegetable garden and a home orchard, and care for the same in a proper manner? asks A. W. Livingston.

It certainly does, in various ways if properly managed, and as I have had considerable experience in this line, I will make a few suggestions on the subject.

I am seventy-six years old. The first thirty-six years of this time was spent on the farm. The next twenty at mixed farming and gardening on an extended scale. The last twenty in the city and country, and close observation at home and abroad leaves no doubt whatever in my mind as to it being a paying investment, and I unhesitatingly say it does.

First, I would select a piece of land double the size required. One-half I would sow in clover, to enrich the soil, the other half I would put in garden and fruit, so as to change the garden every three years and follow with clover. Then your garden would soon be free from weeds and become very productive with but little labor and expense. The greater portion of it, both fruit and garden, could then be worked with the horse and cultivator, after the first time with hand cultivator. I would use the best implements manufactured. They are the cheapest; it costs nothing to board them; only a cross-cut file to keep them sharp.

I would put the garden in the middle of the field, or lot, about fifteen rods from the barn, with potatoes next to the barn, and sweet corn at the other end, and the garden in the middle, and then there would be no turning on the garden nor chickens to bother, and nearly all could be worked with the horse except the small stuff would be worked by hand.

I would put the apples, peaches, pears cherries and plums on the west side for protection. Next to them, the small fruit, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries, then vines, tomatoes, beans and peas, and, in fact everything that could be worked with horses, then the small stuff in beds, and last the clover.

The garden proper would not need to contain more than one acre, and if you will work it in time the same as you do your corn, your reward will be, it will save you at least one-half your living, besides the pleasure of having vegetables for your table fresh and good. And that is not all, it will give health to your children; and to encourage them, give them an interest in some part of it.

Then there is another item that is all important. Be sure and get the very best seed in the market, and do not run after every new thing offered unless offered by reliable firms.

In order to know whether it pays or not, it would be well to keep an account of all the expenses, both labor and seeds, and interest on land purchased, then charge yourself with everything used, and balance the account; and you will then know whether it will pay as a cash crop over and above the inestimable value derived, in health, pleasure, satisfaction, etc., etc., of seeing the crop grow and mature, furnishing fresh vegetables and fruits for every day in the year.

FREQUENT CULTIVATION OF POTATOES.

The old maxim that "tillage is manure" has been shown to be true at Cornell University farm, where experiments were made in that direction. Some plots of potatoes were cultivated as many as eight times, and in every case the greater number of times the plants were cultivated the larger the yields compared with plots on which fewer cultivations were given. The level culture was better than hilling. Two lots, cultivated eight times, left perfectly level through the season, produced at the rate of 384 and 357 bushels per acre, and three lots cultivated five times produced 349, 325, and 288 bushels, the last lot being hilled at the final cultivation. The different varieties used showed that the same results could not be expected from all of them, but sufficient evidence was secured to demonstrate that level cultivation and keeping the ground loose were important matters in growing potatoes. Also that spraying the vines, in order to protect against potato beetles, at the proper times largely influenced the yeilds, as less damage to the vines resulted. Some lots that were cultivated only three times showed a large falling off in yield, a fact which should be particularly noticed, as it is a common practice for a farmer to cultivate his potato crop three or four times and then "lay it by" until harvest.

FARM NOTES.

The highest grade of stock still sells for the highest price on the market. So let us look to a better grade of stock.

Pine tar and turpentine are excellent remedies in the case of lung worms, intestinal worms, grub in head, catarrh, and other ailments of sheep.

Keep a sharp eye on the apples that the specked ones may be removed promptly. The horses will appreciate them, so take them a basketful every morning, dividing them evenly, being sure to give old Dobbin his full share.

Any fertilizer with a guaranteed analysis of four to five percent. of ammonia, eight to ten percent of phosphoric acid, and eight to ten percent of potash, or 400 pounds of nitrate of soda, 800 pounds of bone black, and 800 pounds of muriate of potash, making one ton. Mix well together, and use 1,000 pounds per acre.

One of the best devices for securing the lantern in the barn while the stock is being looked after, is an overhead wire securely fastened and running the entire length of the stable, one end of which can be quickly unhooked, the lantern slipped on, and the wire again fastened. It doesn't pay to take any unnecessary risks with the lantern in the barn [illegible] food, and their condition will be imp[illegible] giving them an occasional variation. Clover hay is, of course, the most valuable for sheep feeding. Peas and oats may be fed once a day. Pea straw or oat straw is good for the second ration. Roots of almost any description can be given the sheep occasionally and regularly, if they are at hand. Ensilage is one of the best sheep foods in existence.

There is no better time for effective brain work than during the cold weather of winter, the mind being then more active and vigorous and less occupied with the every day affairs of the farm than during the busy season. And there is nothing that pays better though we sometimes hear farmers lamenting and saying that they have no profitable employment for the winter, but must merely live along upon that accumulated during the summer. To these unfortunates the winter represents so much lost time, but it need not be so if they will only get out of the rut and spend more time in the "think shop."

WIVES SHOULD REMEMBER.

That Adam was made first.

That "he pays the freight."

That "blessed are the meek."

That nine men in ten detest gossip.

That all angels are not of your sex.

That confidence begets confidence.

That men sometimes have "nerves."

That there should be no place like home.

That it takes two to prolong a family jar.

That the least said is the soonest mended.

That with all his faults you love him still.

That you should have no secrets from him.

That husbands have troubles of their own.

That he's "all right" when you know him.

That woman's best weapon is her weakness.

That home is more than half what you make it.

That he is just as anxious to get rich as you are.

That wives are unusually favored in this country.

That he likes to hear that the baby is his dead image.

That six pairs of slippers are enough for any man.

That a man likes neatness in your attire at all times.

That candy in excess is worse than rum in moderation.

That you should not run up bills without his knowledge.

That a baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.

That she who puts on the gloves should know how to spar.

That he is not in love with every woman he glances at.

That it is policy to let him believe he is "lord and master."

That your relationship is closer to him than to your mother.

That a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.

That he does not get sleepy the same moment that you do.

That you should not expect him to light the fire in the morning.

That you can't keep books, and there is no use of your trying.

That he expects you to look your best when you go out with him.

That it does not improve his razor to use it for chiropodical purposes.

That house-hunting is not reckoned by the average man as a pastime.

That 8 P.M. is 60 minutes past 7 o'clock.

RARE CONVENT SWEETS.

The traveller in South America cannot fail to note that when any particularly nice sweetmeat is offered to him he is told that it comes from the convent. Nowhere outside of convent walls are there made sweets so delicious. The imitations made outside of the convents are but poor, for the nuns guard as convent secrets the method of preparing the different sweets. The writer while in Peru was fortunate enough, however to obtain, thanks to the efforts of a high prelate, some of these coveted recipes.

The recipes given below are what the nuns call "egg recipes"—that is to say, eggs are either the sole or the chief ingredient. In selecting these recipes care has been taken to give for each one of which the principal part is the yoke, another one which uses up the whites, so that in preparing any one of the recipes the housewife will not be puzzled to know what to do with that part of the egg which she does not require. The Spanish names given are those by which the recipes are known.

Bin Ms Sabe.—Beat the yolks of six eggs very light and mix with five spoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in half a pint of milk. When thoroughly mixed, add by degrees three half pints of milk. Place over a slow fire, or in a bain-marie to thicken, without boiling, being careful to stir always in one direction so that the eggs will not curdle. Cover a dish with sponge cake or ladies' fingers, pour the above mixture over them and cover with an icing made as follows: To the white of an egg beaten to a froth add a syrup made of half a pound of sugar boiled in a gill of water until it threads. This must be added to the eggs by degrees as soon as it is taken from the fire, beating constantly so that it will be well mixed and smooth. Decorate with candied fruits.

Huevos Boblados.—Pass the yolks of six eggs through a hair sieve and beat very light as for a sponge cake. Make a heavy syrup of one pint of water and one pound of sugar, withdraw from the fire and in this hot syrup put the beaten yolks by spoonfuls; allow them to remain in it for ten minutes. Place these little omelettes again over a slow fire and allow them to boil, turning so that they will be evenly cooked. Withdraw from the fire and leave in the syrup for another ten minutes. Take them out with a skimmer and place on a sieve to drain. Place on one-half of the omelette a teaspoonful of fruit jelly or jam, fold over and turn to dry the under side. Place the syrup in which they were cooked on the fire until it feathers and let the omelettes boil up once in this. Take out; let the syrup boil until ready to candy, then dip the omelettes in it one by one and set to dry on a wire sieve. The last syrup may be flavored with orange-flower, water, rose, or vanilla.

Huevos en Espuma.—Beat the yolks of [illegible] eggs very light, mix [illegible] sugar until it forms [illegible] into shapes, and place on sheets of paper. Bake in a very slow oven. When cold dip them one by one in an icing flavored with vanilla or rose, made as in the first recipe, and place on plates to dry.

Huevos de Bolsillo.—Beat the yolks of sixteen eggs for half an hour, flavoring with any extract preferred. Prepare a syrup made from one pound of sugar and half a pint of water; when it feathers beat into the yolks of the eggs. Put over a slow fire or in a bain-marie, stirring constantly from side to side to prevent burning. When the bottom of the preserving kettle shows take from the fire and turn out to cool. When cold cut into shapes and cover with an icing made as follows: Boil one pound of sugar and half a pint of water until it feathers, withdraw from the fire and beat until white; then place again over the fire, and when it melts coat the figures with it and roll in granulated sugar.

Huevos Mecidos.—Beat the yolks of a dozen eggs until light; mix with a quart of milk sweetened with half a pound of sugar. Put over a slow fire or in a bain-mario until it thickens. Just before taking from the fire flavor with any extract preferred. Soak ladies'-fingers in a rich syrup, put in the bottom of a dish and pour the custard over them.

Huevos Molles—Make a heavy syrup of one pound of sugar. Beat the yolks of a dozen eggs, pass through a sieve and mix with the syrup, to which half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon has been added, and also an ounce of benised roasted and powdered. Put over the fire until it thickens, being careful to stir it well so that it will not burn.

Huevos Reales.—Beat the yolks of a dozen eggs as for sponge cake. Put them in a buttered mould; place the mould in a pan of hot water and put it in a moderate oven. When done turn out on a napkin and when cool cut in squares. Make a rich syrup of one pound sugar, to which add a small stick of cinnamon; boil in it the squares of cake until they look transparent. Great care must be taken not to break this, as it is very delicate. Take it out with two forks and roll in granulated sugar. Place on a wire sieve to dry.

Yemas Acarameladas.—Pass the yolks of six eggs through a hair sieve, and mix them with an ounce of powdered sugar, six drops of orange-flower water and a pinch of powdered cinnamon. Put over a slow fire to cook, or in a bain-mario until it thickens. When sold make into balls the size of an egg yolk and cover with caramel, as follows: Boil one pound of sugar with a pint of water until it begins to color, dip the eggs in this one by one and place on buttered tins to dry.

Huevos Suspirados.—Beat the yolks of six eggs very light with a teaspoonful of orange-flower water. Mix with powdered sugar until it is stiff enough to be worked with the hands. Shape and set aside for six hours. Bake in a slow oven. Make a caramel of one pound of sugar flavored with orange-flower water, and dip the cakes in one by one. Sprinkle on them some toasted benised.

Yemas en Leche.—Beat the yolks of six eggs very light and mix with a pint of milk. Make a syrup of two pounds of sugar until it feathers; mix with the milk and eggs and strain. Place over the fire to boil, adding one pound of hazel nuts blanched and pounded to a paste. When on stirring the bottom of the preserving kettle is visible, withdraw from the fire and beat until smooth, then place again on the fire for ten minutes. Pour on a marble slab to cool, dust with powdered sugar, and when cold cut into squares.

Merengues Sencillos.—Beat the whites of six eggs very stiff and mix with a syrup made of half a pound of sugar, to which add a few drops of essence of lemon or grated lemon peel. Place over a slow fire and continue beating until stiff enough to keep its shape when dropped. Drop by tablespoonfuls on sheets of paper and place in a slow oven. It is always better to put these sheets of paper on a thick board, as it keeps the bottom of the merengues from hardening and makes them easy to join. To make perfect merengues the heat should always be from above.

Merengues de Mank.—Beat the whites of six eggs very stiff, and add a pound of sifted powdered sugar. Place over a slow fire and continue beating until stiff enough to drop on paper. Add to this four ounces of roasted peanuts, blanched and powdered. Mix thoroughly and drop with a teaspoon on sheets of paper. Place in a slow oven. Care must be taken to have them of uniform size and shape, so they may be joined to form an egg.

Merengues Reales.—Prepare the egg as above, flavoring with a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and one of lemon juice. Place on sheets of paper as above. Before joining, place in the centre of each merengue a candied cherry.

Merengues Rellenos.—Prepare the eggs as for merengues sencillos and flavor with a teaspoonful of strawberry juice. After taking from the oven, scoop out some of the soft part of the merengue and fill with strawberry jam; join as in previous recipes.

Merengues Secos.—Prepare the egg as for merengues sencillos. Flavor with an ounce of evaporated peaches grated. Proceed as in former recipes.

Caricias de Damas.—To the whites of one dozen eggs, beaten stiff, add one pound of sifted powdered sugar and three tablespoonfuls of orange flower water. Continue beating until the beater will stand in the mass. Form pyramids, two inches high, on sheets of paper and put in a quick oven, so that the outside will harden quickly. Take from the oven and scoop out the soft inside part which can again be formed into pyramids as before. Return the hollow pyramids to the oven, placing them on one side so that the inside will harden. Take from the oven and fill, some with huevo molla and others with any dry preserve. Join together, using one of each kind of preserve; dip the edges in caramel to hold them.

Suspiros.—Beat the whites of twelve eggs stiff. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar, and when it feathers add it little by little to the eggs, beating constantly. Add a little orange peel and two or three spoonfuls of orange juice. Drop on sheets of paper, using for this purpose a coffee spoon, as these should be only about the size of a hazel nut. Before joining them sprinkle each half with powdered cinnamon.

Merengues al Gusto de Roque.—Beat the whites of six eggs very stiff with four ounces of pulverized sugar. Place over a very slow fire and continue beating, adding four ounces of blanched almonds pounded to a paste. When stiff take from the fire and form the merengues on sheets of paper, either round or oval; dust with powdered sugar and bake in a slow oven. When cold scoop out some of the soft part and fill with whipped cream, flavored with essence of almond. Join together as in former recipes.

Huevos de Resurreccion.—Proportions and method of preparing as for merengues sencillos. Put into the egg one cupful of grated [illegible] and flavor with vanilla. Shape each merengue so that when joined they look like a pigeon's egg in form. Brown in a quick oven. Put the whites of [illegible] eggs in the preserving kettle, and when the same process as for merengues sencillos. Put in a spoonful [illegible] in a funnel with a small orifice, and drop it in the lard in circles about the size of a teacup, one upon the other. When they are a golden brown take them out and dust with powdered cinnamon and sugar.

FIRST CHURCH IN THE KLONDIKE.

Difficulties Experienced by the Two Missionaries.

When the pastor of the first church in the Klondike asks for an unusually liberal collection the miners simply put more gold dust into the plate. They have no cash. Everything is so expensive in the Klondike that the cost of erecting and maintaining this church against discouraging odds would have ruined a fairly well-to-do city congregation. The Rev. S. Hall Young and Dr. W. A. McEwen started for the Klondike last August. The two missionaries reached Klondike City just before the winter set in and before all means of travelling had been closed. On their journey they had been robbed of the greater part of their provisions. Their first step was to rent a hall in which to hold services. They leased a small house for seven months for $850, payable in advance. The upper floor was divided into six 8x10 rooms, which were let very readily for $20 a month in advance. After the first service had been held, however, one of the lodgers came home drunk and set fire to the building. The house was totally destroyed. The loss was a great blow to the church, as much of the material burned could not be replaced at any cost.

Services were next held in the "Opera House," which is the largest room in the city. The missionaries spent all their money in fitting up the new church, but when their cash was gone they found the miners very

WILLING TO GIVE CREDIT.

The rudest furniture that could be found cost the church $200. Each window sash cost one-half ounce of gold, or about $10. Twelve joints of stovepipe cost $1.50 each. The pews were made of rough, unplaned boards, supported by rough logs. The missionaries borrowed sixteen rough boards to be used for seats.

This lumber is so valuable that none of it is for sale. The last lumber sold which was of the roughest sort, brought $400 per thousand feet. The muslin which was used to cover these pews cost 35 cents a yard and the tacks used to fasten it down cost 50 cents a paper. An ordinary door-hasp which is sold here for 10 cents, cost $2 at the Klondike.

The church is always kept warm and comfortable in spite of the arctic cold, to provide a meeting place for the miners away from the saloons. The reading-rooms have already become very popular. The miners have taken great interest in collecting reading matter. The library consists of about 1,500 books, magazines and pamphlets.

The labor bureau, which has been running for some time, has also done much good in relieving those unable to find profitable employment—for the Klondike has its unemployed poor. A number of women from the surrounding country have taken an active interest in the church work and a regular chapter of the Christian Endeavor Society has been formed. One of the most important acquisitions of the church is a piano. The missionaries have recently bought 300 pounds of flour at $1 a pound, besides 200 pounds of other provisions. They expect to spend the winter in comparative luxury.

HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO "COOK" A HUSBAND.

One of the lecturers before a Cooking School recently gave this recipe for cooking a husband, which is not commonly found in books on cookery:

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were balloons and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, others bet them freeze by indifference and carelessness. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It can not be supposed that any husband will be tender and good if managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to govern him. See that the linen in which you wrap him is perfectly washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called "comfort" as the one called "duty" is apt to be weak. They are apt to fall out of the kettle, and to be burned and crusty on the edges, since like crabs and lobsters you have to cook them while alive.

If he sputters and fusses do not be anxious—some husbands do that until they are called down. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he adhere to the kettle and so become useless. You can not fail to know when he is done. If this treatment is closely followed you will find him all that is desirable; but do not be careless with him and keep him in too cool a place.

DISCIPLINE.

It is a marvel that so many children grow up with a particle of sense, considering the way in which they are brought up. On the street car the other day one mother was heard to complain to another. "Oh, dear, I can't control my child at all. He pays no attention to me. I leave that part of his training to his father." There sat the little tyrant with an expression of utmost self-satisfaction and triumph, and heard what his mother said. No wonder she could not control him. No wonder he would not obey her. What is she to expect ten years from now, if this tiny four-year-old would not submit to her now?

Patience and gentleness are certainly necessary in the training or a child, but just as important is firmness. If he is told to do a thing it is not right to waver and show by your manner that he can do as he pleases if he will. Too many parents threaten punishment and then forget all about it. At last such threats have no effect. To tell a disobedient child to "wait till your father comes home," is no way of getting him to do as he is told. The child who pouts and kicks in anger when called on to do something has had a very weak trainer. The little one who is allowed to be impudent to his parents or grown [illegible] lack of knowledge of what is right or wrong.

No child should be punished in anger, yet that is when they generally are corrected. If he could be told quietly how and why his actions were wrong and his sense appealed to, punishment would be taken in a very different way. Ten chances to one it would not make him sullen or stubborn when administered with reason. Corporal punishment is generally very humiliating, and with a little thought on the subject a parent can always find some other just as severe way of bringing the culprit to terms as by beating him. No child is too young to punish for a display of temper or disobedience. Of course this does not include the infant in arms without reasoning power. But why a mother cannot control a child three or four years old is a problem. Certainly at that age they can understand the meaning of a command, and will obey too, if they respect the one who gives it.

Parents foolishly relate to visitors the pranks, the display of naughtiness, or especially trying experiences with their children, and as a rule the promising youngsters sit by and hear when they are laughed at, and their actions looked upon as huge jokes. Do you blame the child when he again does what he was punished for? If a child's impudence is applauded he is going to be impudent again. If he is corrected for swearing and then laughed at afterward he will regard swearing as wonderfully smart. Certainly if the mischief he does merits punishment it should not be boasted of afterwards as a remarkably bright performance on his part. The parents who foolishly boast in the presence of their children of their inability to control them are laying out some hard lines for themselves. Let the little one, no matter how young, get an idea that he has the upper hand, and he will soon show who is the manager in all instances.

RECIPES A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Chicken Pie.—Pick and clean six chickens, without scalding, take out their inwards and wash the birds while whole, then joint the birds, salt and pepper the pieces and inwards, roll one-inch-thick paste and cover a deep dish, and double at the rim or edge of the dish. Put thereto a layer of chickens and a layer of thin slices of butter until the chickens and one and a half pounds of butter are expended, which cover with a thick paste; bake one and one-half hours, or if your oven be poor, parboil the chickens with half a pound of butter, and put the pieces with the remaining one pound of butter and half the gravy into the paste, and while boiling thicken the residue of the remaining gravy, and when the pie is drawn, open the crust and add the gravy.

Rice Pudding.—Boil six ounces of rice in a quart of milk on a slow fire until tender, stir in one ounce of butter; meanwhile beat fourteen eggs, add to the pudding when cold, with sugar, salt, rosewater and spices to your taste, adding raisins.

Gingerbread.—One quart of molasses, one pint of milk, ten ounces of butter, one teacupful of ginger, one ounce of pearl ash, small glass of rosewater.

YORKSHIRE DISHES.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Two eggs, four tablespoonfuls flour; a little salt, and milk to make a batter the thickness of cream. When the beef is roasted, pour off the boiling dripping into another pan, turn in the batter, and bake it to a good brown.

Yorkshire Tea-cake.—Four pounds flour, one pound butter, four ounces yeast, a little salt; milk to make a soft dough. Rub the butter into the salted flour. Add the milk and the yeast, and roll the dough out very thin; Make in cakes about the size of a tea-saucer. Let them rise about an hour in a warm place; by the end of that time they should be fully three times their first thickness. Bake in a quick oven. Split, butter, and cut into quarters while hot.

Yorkshire Raspberry Sandwiches.—Four eggs. The weight of four eggs in sugar, and the weight of three eggs in flour, grated rind of one lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar together until very light, stir in the flour, taking care not to make the eggs fall by using too heavy a hand; add the grated rind, and make the batter into four small cakes. Bake in a quick oven ten minutes, split, spread a layer of jam between them, and sift powdered sugar over them.

COBRA STORIES FROM INDIA.

A British Soldier's Mistake—How a Hooded Snake Saved an Officer's Life.

"It was three years after the close of the Indian mutiny that I came near losing the members of my mess in a frightful way," said John Bain, who served in the British cavalry in India until thirty-odd years ago. "My command had been ordered into the Deshwur district, 150 miles north of Cawnpore, to break up the dacoits, who had become very troublesome there. I was one of a detail sent, under command of a lieutenant, against a band of these robbers who had made a stand in a little jungle village. We arrived there in the night, stormed their intrenchment by moonlight, killed or captured a round dozen of the dacoits and chased the rest into the jungle. Some of us followed them on foot among the reeds and bushes, but soon got tired of this useless business and were quite willing to stop and turn at the sound of the recall. Our phosi-back at the sound of the recall. Our hospital steward, a native, and a good one, was by my side. My canteen had been emptied on the march, and I was parched with the thirst that follows fighting. Something

AMONG THE BUSHES,

glistening on the ground like water, caught my eye.

"'It's a stagnant pool left by the rains, but it'll serve to wet my throat,' I said, and was for throwing myself down on my very belly to drink from it. But the steward pulled me back.

"'Nay, sahib, stay! Lend me your sword for a moment,' he said.

"He took the sword and lightly stirred the pool with its point. From the middle of the pool a cobra's hooded head arose, and there came the sound of its hateful hiss. With a sweep of the sword the steward cut the reptile's head off, and at once what had seemed to me a water pool became the writhing coils of a serpent that had been fully six feet in length.

"'That was your pool, sahib,' the steward said gravely. 'It is well that you paused before attempting to drink from it.'

"The white belly and greenish back of the cobra, lying coiled in the moonbeams, had looked exactly like a water pool. But for the steward's warning [illegible] would have [illegible] to that hideous coil.

"There was a case I knew, in which a cobra saved a British army officer's life—not intending in the least to do so, of course. The officer had gone with a detachment to a district in northern India to bring to order one of the hill tribes that had been making bobbery and had killed a civil officer or two. His quarters were at the bungalow of the magistrate of the district. He had got things quieted down among the tribesmen, and everything was safe, to all appearance, and was preparing to take things easy, when one night, sleeping at the bungalow, he heard a cobra moving about in his chamber. A cobra looking about for prey, or when ready to fight, rears its head and about one-third of its body straight upward from the ground, and as the bed on which he lay was a low one the officer knew that if the cobra came to it he was very likely to get bitten. At any movement he made the cobra would hiss, showing that it was in an unpleasant temper; and, to make things worse, the officer's night lamp had gone out, so that he could only judge of the snake's position by sound.

"He stood the strain as long as he could and made up his mind that he would at any rate get to a place where the snake could not reach him. A tall dressing case stood against the wall about six feet from the head of the bed. The officer reached out to a chair, set it half way between the bed and the dressing case, and then stepped from the bed to the chair, and from the chair to the top of the dressing case. There he was safe from the cobra. As he perched on the dressing case in the dark thinking how ridiculous and uncomfortable his position was two hillmen stole in at the door, rushed to the bedside and struck fiercely with their tulwars the heap of bed clothing where the officer had lain before they discovered that he was not there. The snake set up a loud hissing, which seemed to convince the assassins that the officer could not be in the room, and they went away without seeing him, passing the dressing case not a step away. The cobra presently crawled out of the room through the door they had left open, and the officer was able to get down from the dressing case and raise an alarm. The two hillmen he never caught, but he slept with a sentinel at his door during the rest of his stay in the district."

FIVE-FOOT SOLDIERS.

The minimum height in the Mikado's army, is a fraction of an inch over five feet, that in the Italian army five feet one inch. As the height of individuals in Japan does not often exceed five feet four inches, for males, it follows that there is wonderful uniformity observable in the physique of the Japanese troops, and this fact operates beneficially in long marches, very few falling out of the ranks. What one can do all can do. The emperor is himself much above the average stature, and the empress is just as tall as the Princess of Wales. Both are of spare build.

A HASTY JOURNEY.

Anxious Wife—Know where my husband is, sir?

Klondike Karl—Th' last time I seen your husband, mum, he was goin' over th' mountain.

Anxious Wife—In what direction?

Klondike Karl, sadly—In all directions, mum. You see he got a can of dynamite mixed in with the canned corned beef he was thawing out, poor man!

Accidents Will Happen.

I.

The boat express was [illegible] of Liverpool street in a few minutes. There was the usual bustling anxious crowd on the platform, excited ladies rushing hither and thither, guttural foreigners heated officials. Oliver Salkeld looked at his watch.

"Three more minutes," he murmured apostrophizingly. "I may as well find a smoker."

But at that very moment a very strange thing happened. Some one touched him gently on the arm. He turned round to find himself face to face with an exceedingly pretty girl.

"Mr. Blunt!" she said inquiringly.

Now Salkeld was a journalist. Nay, more, he was an exceedingly romantic young man. For a moment he hesitated. Then the pretty, anxious face proved too much for him. "Why, yes——" he began, but he was allowed to go no further.

"I am so glad to have found you at last," the girl went on. "I had begun to think you had forgotten all about me. Hadn't we better find a carriage?"

This was more than friend Oliver had bargained for. However, it was no good going back now. So, somewhat alarmed as to the consequence his temerity was likely to involve, yet, all the same, pleasurably curious, he followed the girl in silence.

The train sped on with ever-increasing speed out into the country. For a time Salkeld sat silent, his brain quietly active, wondering how on earth he had better begin to extricate himself from the dilemma that his journalistic instincts had carried him into.

The girl, herself, however, partially cleared away some of the tangle that enveloped him. "Wasn't it lucky," she began, "that auntie had described you to me? I could see by your manner that you had no idea as to how you had better begin to search for me. She was so anxious I should have some one to look after me till I got to Antwerp, however, that I thought it would be best for me to act on the initiative for myself."

"I am sure I am very glad you did, Miss Irwin"—how lucky that the label on her wraps was so clearly marked with her name—said Salkeld, wondering at his own glibness. "I am a very poor hand at tracing verbal portraits."

The girl smiled. She was really very pretty. Salkeld mentally hugged himself. There would have to be a denouement sometime. For the present he resolved "to take the goods the gods provided."

And so they progressed swimmingly. By dint of much diplomacy Salkeld soon ferreted out all there was to know about Miss Irwin—how that her aunt Mrs. Dulverton would be at the quay at Antwerp to meet her niece, and that she it was who had written to him—the supposed Blunt—asking him whose mother had been an old family friend of the same estimable matron, to escort the young lady to Antwerp, as apparently the aforesaid friend Blunt had business in Antwerp that necessitated his going over in the same boat.

So that Oliver Salkeld, being a particularly engaging and pleasant-looking young fellow, it will be readily understood that by the time the train drew up at Parkeston the pair were already exceedingly good friends, so much so that Salkeld had almost forgotten about the little difficulty that would of a surety ensue when the end of the journey should arrive.

II.

The short sea voyage was nearing a close, and as the steamer, keeping to its serpentine course up the [illegible] Scheldt, [illegible] proportionately sink lower and lower as he apprehensively dwelt on the closeness of the crash which he foresaw was bound to come.

It is, therefore no matter for wonder that Dorothy Irwin found her cavalier grow each moment more and more preoccupied. In vain she drew his attention to the many objects of interest on every side. It is to be feared that Mr. Salkeld's journalistic instincts were sleeping most profoundly.

At length the steamer drew up at the busy quay. There were not many people to meet it. For the most part they consisted of jabbering porters and hotel commissaries. Salkeld scanned the crowd eagerly from the steamer's side.

Miss Irwin, beside him, did likewise. "There's auntie," she suddenly, cried excitedly. Salkeld followed her gaze. A stout, pleasant-looking, elderly lady was waving vigorously towards them. Salkeld could see the look of puzzled surprise that was evidently directed towards himself. "Now for it," he murmured.

Without a word he followed the young girl off the steamer, having first of all seen to the safe disposal of their respective baggage. Mrs. Dulverton affectionately embraced her niece. Then she turned towards the miserable Salkeld. "Who is this?" she said witheringly.

And Oliver Salkeld, with burning cheeks could only stand there, dumbly self-accusing like a schoolboy preparing for chastisement.

III.

After all this story must only end like many another in somewhat hackneyed fashion to the sound of wedding bells. It appears that the mysterious Blunt, who had been commissioned to escort Dorothy Irwin to Antwerp had never received the letter asking him to do so.

Mrs. Dulverton's description of this same gentleman has fitted Oliver Salkeld equally well. Hence the misunderstanding. And as the result of this mistake Dorothy Irwin is now Dorothy Salkeld. Personally I consider that Salkeld got far more than his deserts. But you need not tell his wife I said so.

CONTINUOUS LAUGHTER.

Strange as it may seem, John Breiner of Bethlehem, Penn., falls into convulsions of laughter because a clot of blood is pressing his spinal cord. At least the doctors attribute his laughter to that cause. Two weeks ago Breiner was taken sick while at work in an iron mill. Since then he has been confined to his bed. He has almost lost the power of speech, and is unable to utter a word. But his laughter is free and apparently natural, as if he were intensely amused.

HAD THE ART, BUT DIDN'T KNOW.

Tell me, pleaded the artless maid, wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation?

The sage assumed the attitude he was wont to assume when in the act of imparting wisdom, and said:

My child, listen!

I am listening! breathlessly she answered.

Well, my child, he rejoined, that is all there is of the art of conversing agreeably.

BUT THERE ISN'T.

Mrs. Benham—I bought a book to-day called "Cooking Made Easy."

Benham—I wish there was some way of making cooking easy to eat.