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THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

A LOVE STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

(Copyright, [illegible])

CHAPTER I.

THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

"Was water [illegible] the Borderland
[illegible]
The [illegible] and stirs,
And [illegible] to quiet fears.

"A mist of [illegible] and Scots;
The Border Waters [illegible];
The [illegible] gather [illegible],
[illegible] of long ago."

"I have a friend. Her name is Katherine Janfarie." In these words Jessy Telfair usually answered any remark about the solitude of her home. It was only an apparent solitude, for Jessy knew the laird's fine house was just over the nearest hill, and that there the sweetest maid of Tweedside dwelt—her friend, Katherine Janfarie.

She was talking this morning to a stranger who was waiting to see her father. But many strangers called upon the minister of Kirth-hope, for he was a famous angler, and the lonely manse among the hills by Gala Water was well known to the brothers of the rod and reel. Such visitors, however, had usually been of middle age, dressed for their intentions in rough gray tweed and well greased boots, with a long, light waterproof and creel slung across their shoulders. But the caller was handsomely clad in the fashion of [illegible] travelers; moreover he was young, and had the air of a high-bred and thoroughly assured gentleman.

Standing by the window of the manse parlor, he looked up the winding valley that led to the sources of the river in the heart of the hills. The slopes were covered with sheep and lambs—hundreds of hidden hollows were full of them—and their bleating, and the murmur of Gala Water, hurrying down through archipelagoes of bowlders, and flashing over tiny waterfalls, were all the sounds that broke the stillness of the lonely place. So he turned to Jessy then, and made some remark about the solitude, and she answered him:

"I have a friend. Her name is Katherine Janfarie."

There was a childlike abruptness and confidence, a sense of sufficiency in this assertion, which was very attractive. It was evident also that she wished to be entertaining, and that she could think of no subject more delightful than her friend. Yet far as the eye could see in every direction, the hills and valleys were set to song and story. Names that lilt through the noblest ballads in the world—that sanctify the most desperate struggles for religious liberty—that are [illegible] in the chronicles of valor and romance—are its familiar names. But Jessy thought of none of them, [illegible] only, when the stranger spoke of the loneliness of the [illegible]:

"I have a friend. Her name is Katherine Janfarie."

Then he looked into the pleasant face of the speaker. He had been expecting to hear of the Douglases and Buccleughs, of the Elliots and Armstrongs—"Crack-pate" and "Out with the Sword,"—of the fighting Covenanters and Erskine and Chalmers, preaching on the heathery heights to vast unfenced reverent congregations; but Miss Telfair did not mention any of these heroes. Her heart was with her friend, and she seemed [illegible] as her lips made the music of her name. Perhaps if she had considered the matter she could not have found a more entertaining, for the young man waiting for the minister knew all about the romance of the past; it was the romance of the present he [illegible], and "Katherine Janfarie" fell upon his ears like the prelude of music.

"Is your friend pretty enough to deserve her pretty name?" he asked.

"Pretty? Katherine is beautiful! Katherine is the 'Flower of Gala Water.' On all Tweedside there is none like her."

"Then I hope she lives near to you."

"She lives just over the hill. I can sit here and watch her coming into sight. If she does not see me, when she gets to the little burn by the garden gate she begins to sing and then I run to meet her."

"Some one is coming over the hill now—but it is not Miss Janfarie."

Jessy looked up and smiled.

"That is the minister; Rab Hays is with him. Rab is one of the duke's men, and is worth the knowing. Rab went 'out' with the Freekirkers, and when father asked him 'what the duke would say to that,' he answered 'Indeed, mister, I dinna ken; but I must think o' the Day o' Judgment. The duke willna answer for me on that day.' If Rab sees the minister going to the hills, he is sure to 'daunder up the water' to meet him. Now I must go and welcome father home. He would think it strange if I did not."

The minister entered the front door as Jessy stepped into the hall. He called to her cheerfully, and patting his creel, said:

"The burns are a perfect Piccadilly with anglers, Jessy, but I have got a few fine fellows."

Then Jessy peeped into his creel and answered:

"There are a dozen fine fellows, at least, father."

"Maybe so; but oh, lassie, for the days when a man could fish down stream, and yet fill his creel, and his cap, and his pouches with speckled trout!"

"There is a gentleman in the parlor. He is waiting to see you. Here is his card with his name printed on it. I never heard of the man before."

The minister wanted his dinner and he did not want to see strangers at that hour. He took the card reluctantly, read and then reread it.

"There is a kind of familiarity," he muttered. "Richard Mowbray, Mowbray Hall, Westmoreland?" His brows went together. Then his face brightened. "To be sure, Jessy," he said, "Mowbray! I know the man! We were at Edinburgh College together."

"That Mr. Mowbray is not very much older than I am."

"Then it is Richard Mowbray's son. Dear me! How the days go by! Look to the dinner, Jessy; the young man will eat it with us. I will give you half an hour, my dear."

Jessy was glad of the interval. She carried the trout to the kitchen to be broiled, and then ran to her room to change the gray wincey she wore for something pretty in silk and plush. She made her black hair a trifle more fluffy and pinned her gold brooch in her lace at her throat. And with her brighter garments she put on a brighter spirit, a more hospitable manner and intent. Yet through all her toilet she was thinking of Katherine—wishing she would come—wondering what Mr. Mowbray would think of her—speculating as to what Katherine would think of him—inventing a little romance in which a certain Jamie Winton interfered considerably—and feeling to a large extent, all the excitement of her imagination.

Then she hastened downstairs and found the dinner on the table, and her father and Mr. Mowbray just entering the dining-room. They were talking politics, and the elder man was quite excited.

"You are just a deaf and blind Tory, Mr. Mowbray," he said, "and your father was one before you. You cannot discern the signs of the times any better than the Tories of two thousand years ago could. Go to the [illegible] and bide among the weavers a wee. They will give you something to think about."

"It is matter enough for thought, sir, to see the men who 'marched' the Border for centuries take to a loom and shuttle; but I cannot understand how it is possible to make Radicals and [illegible] out of them."

"[illegible] they are ways that and nothing [illegible]. Generations [illegible] their [illegible] the pleasant theories of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Hyndman, and 'had a persuasion that all property was [illegible] by law of nature, and was therefore liable to be appropriated by them.' In fact, the Border men have always favored the good old plan that—

"[illegible]
And [illegible]."

And the minister, laughing, helped himself to another goodly portion of broiled trout. The sentiment called for an example, and he gave it.

So the wordy warfare went on throughout dinner until the quiet, dreamful old manse had the aura of a town hall at election time. All the political and social struggles of the day and hour filled the little room, and Jessy heard, as afar off, such stimulating, irritating names as Gladstone, Salisbury, Parnell, Labouchere, until this restless atmosphere of the present was suddenly invaded by a voice from the restless atmosphere of the past—a clear, sweet voice singing an old Border lilt:

"[illegible]
And [illegible]
We [illegible]
And over the Border [illegible]."

At the first line there was a sudden silence, and a smile flashed over the minister's disputatious face. Jessy looked at him, and she, too, was smiling. Mowbray glanced from father to daughter, interested and curious, and the merry voice came nearer and nearer. In a few moments the door of the room opened, and Katherine Janfarie stood in its place, like a picture in a frame. The song was yet upon her lips and the music on her face.

Mowbray felt his heart leap, and he rose to his feet. It was an unconscious and involuntary homage, for the girl was marvelously beautiful, an exquisite little creature, with a face fresh and radiant as a new-blown flower, eyes like two stars, and lips that were made to kiss. Some fine instinct had taught her to robe herself this spring day in the very colors of the spring. A dark-greenish dress of softish cashmere fell straight to her feet, but the plaited vest was of pale primrose silk. She had in her hands a little basket of rushes filled with fresh primroses, and she looked like an angel of the flowers.

But the loveliness words describe so tediously was an instant revelation to eyes and hearts, and Katherine had not crossed the room ere Richard Mowbray was conscious of some new element in his existence. Through all his being the full tide of love swept like a fateful fire with irresistible surge and flow, and he was carried off his feet—far beyond his reason—by its unforeseen impetuosity. Even when the minister spoke her name to him, and he was conscious that she was at his side and looking into his face, he was not able to collect or control his confused [illegible]. The fire she had kindled in his heart radiated from his eyes, and she dropped her eyes beneath their gaze, and was vaguely troubled and yet pleased by the mysterious shock they gave her.

A moment or two of embarrassment followed the meeting, but the minister quickly relieved it with a very commonplace remark.

"I thought you had a new pony, Katherine," he said, "and I was sure you would be just distracted to ride him over here."

"I had also a new hat, sir, and the hat carried the day."

Then she took it from her head and turned it about on her hands, and smiled at Jessy, and was quite unconscious that the revelation of her fair, bright hair waving and curling around her brow was a fresh enchantment.

"You see, it is a sailor hat," she said, "and one could not be so impossibly absurd as to wear a sailor hat on horseback. I wanted to wear the sailor hat; so I walked."

"Well, my dear, we will all walk back with you. I want to see the laird, and I know well the laird wants to see me. So, my bonnie lassie, go away for half an hour and talk your hats well over—straw and ribbons and a'—and let Mr. Mowbray and me get through our argument. He has the last word now, and that, you know, is far wrong."

"The last word belongs to women, does it not, father?"

"To women by courtesy, Jessy; to ministers by right. Now, Mr. Mowbray, you were saying——"

The parlor door closed the argument as far as Jessy and Katherine were concerned. They went slowly up the stairs hand in hand, not speaking until they were in Jessy's room. Then Katherine said:

"Who is your guest, Jessie Telfair? And where did he come from?"

"His father was at Edinburgh University with my father. They were friends—or enemies. I am not sure which. The elder Mowbray sent last Christmas and [illegible] a [illegible]. The young man brought it to him."

"A token of what, Jessy?"

"It must be a love-token. Father put it in his vest pocket and never said a word."

"Only think of Minister Telfair having a romance! Such a nice, comfortable, middle-aged gentleman with a love token in his vest pocket!"

"I did not say that it was certainly a love-token, Katherine."

"But let us think it was. I have an idea there is a great deal of hidden romance in life. And please, Jessy, where does 'the young man' come from?"

"Over the Border—somewhere in Westmoreland."

Jessy was trying on the new hat, tilting it this way and that way, and she was not as interested in the question as Katherine thought she would have been.

"Never mind the hat, Jessy. You can get another just like it in ten minutes [illegible]. But 'the young man' could not be matched at all, I should say, unless we went over the Border somewhere in Westmoreland, [illegible]."

"Do you think he is handsome?"

"Do you not think him so handsome?"

"He is not to be compared with Jamie Winton."

"Perhaps not, if the comparison be made by me. But then Mr. Mowbray is all alive. His hand was [illegible] its clasp went [illegible] to my heart; his very finger tips tingled. I know, for I touched them. Jamie Winton is made of clay. You never doubt it."

"Mr. Mowbray is also made of clay."

"Informed with spirit."

"Jamie has some spirit. He is a bit of a laggard, truly, but, generally speaking, he does what he wants to do. Mr. Mowbray is only a bird of passage; he is here to-day and to-morrow he will be gone."

Katherine did not contradict this prophecy. She walked to the window and looked out over the green desert and up to the gray firmament above it.

"It will rain at sunset, Jessy," she said. "Let us hasten the minister's argument. This bird of passage will want somewhere to sleep. Are you going to ask him to stay at the manse?"

"Father has said nothing to me. I will speak to him as we walk over the hill."

Perhaps it was the supposed need for obtaining this information which led Jessy to range herself at her father's side and with a smiling movement indicate to Mr. Mowbray that his duty was to be Katherine's escort. It seemed, however, the most natural of positions; neither of them felt a moment's surprise at their sudden companionship. They sauntered through the garden, which was full of early flowers, and Katherine pointed out the sweet freedom and democratic friendships that were permitted there.

"Pansies are everywhere you see," she said, "and the rose-trees have no upper beds to grow in, and the lilies are not too saintly to mingle with the gadabout honeysuckle vine and the very worldly poppies."

"Yet the place is pretty now, and it will doubtless grow more lovely with the summer. My gardener has but one idea, and that is to make geometrical shapes and fill them with colored leaves or blossoms."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Giant of a Giant Family.

The tallest man in Missouri is A. G. Waite, of Waverly. He is six feet eight inches out of his boots. He is one of a family of ten, the tallest of whom was seven feet eight inches. His smallest sister is six feet three inches tall. The Waites are relatives of the late Chief Justice Waite.

The largest clock in the world is that in Westminster Abbey.

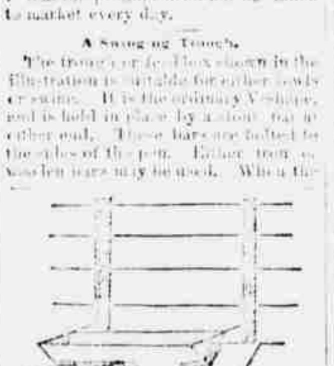
AGRICULTURAL.

Value of the Egg [illegible].

The egg specialty is particularly desirable for farmers living at a distance from market. The product is highly concentrated and a high [illegible] at some periods in the year will bring almost as much as a load of hay and is much more easily taken to town. An advantage over retail milk raising is that the product need not be taken to market every day.

A Swinging Trough.

The trough or feed box shown in the illustration is suitable for either fowls or swine. It is the ordinary V-shape, and is held in place by a stout bar at either end. These bars are bolted to the sides of the pen. Either iron or wooden bars may be used. When the



FEED BOX FOR FOWLS.

trough is not in use it is turned up against the wall, out of the way, and fastened there. The advantage of such a trough is that it is out of the way when it is desired to clean out the pen, and any accumulation of slopped over feed, to become offensive, is avoided by it.—Indianapolis News.

Feeding New Corn.

New corn is not a good food for poultry or any animals. Green corn may be fed to good advantage, but the ripe corn only partially dry is bad for live stock, unless it has been cooked until it is near or quite at the point of [illegible]. Those who have tried it say that it gives as good results as it does when ground and cooked or scalded. But the hens do not want soaked corn. The hen's gizzard is a gristmill in miniature, and every one who knows much about anything grain knows that unripe corn is not ground well. The mill clogs up and refuses to do its work. The hen's gizzard is affected in the same way, and indigestion is the certain result, as indicated by looseness of the bowels, diarrhoea and "cholera," which is about as often a result of improper food poorly directed and of filthy surroundings as of any cause.

Fattening Ducks.

In three or four weeks [illegible] I put into the [illegible] [illegible] the effect of [illegible] will be [illegible] on the inside, but it [illegible] internally, and the [illegible] [illegible] the tail. The [illegible] will then [illegible] full of the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] with the [illegible] to tell [illegible] to examine [illegible] that different [illegible] it will [illegible] the tail along the [illegible] shoulders. If the hind quarters are well developed, the [illegible] whatever effect [illegible] fortunately used [illegible] do not develop well there.

Park Your Poultry Carefully.

There is one thing many shippers of poultry do not deem important and that is putting their stock on the market in attractive condition both as to dressing and packing. If they would only study demands of trade more carefully and follow the advice of their selling agents it would be better for them.

Usually nearly all the poultry is shipped by old experienced men and it is generally packed in the best possible manner, but around holiday times, the shippers who do not comply with demands of trade, do not fare as well as those who do. Poultry of rather inferior quality is frequently sold at a premium, just because it was put up in an attractive manner. A dealer says "a buyer will come into our store and want to look at a few barrels of poultry and you can rest assured that the most attractive appearing ones are those he picks out. [illegible] will not [illegible] quality over [illegible] for appearance. We urge our shippers to use the utmost care in preparing their poultry for market; some of them heed what we say, while others go on year in and year out, doing as they always have done, when they could just as well receive a cent or two per pound more for their birds than they do."—Farm, Field and Fireside.

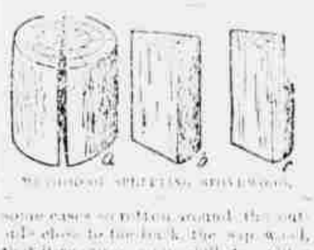
Forest Trees From Seed.

The propagation of forest trees either for decorative plants, wind breaks or forests is a comparatively slow process, according to Bulletin [illegible] of the Virginia experiment station. The horticulturists of that station have been making extended tests along these lines and find that the seeds of such trees as the silver maple and other species which ripen seed early should be gathered and sown at once. They can be planted in the same manner and grow as readily as peas. Seeds which ripen late in the fall should be sown in autumn and then taken up and planted in spring. Nuts like walnuts can be planted several bushels in a heap and then taken up and planted in rows in spring with perfect success. It is usually practical to plant out seeds where the trees are to stand if [illegible] thereafter. On rich soil they grow with great rapidity.

All forest tree seedlings should be grown on a mellow soil, so as to encourage the development of strong root systems. They should be transplanted into nursery rows at the end of the first or second year. Slow growing plants like oaks should remain two years in seeding beds, while the more rapid growing varieties should be planted when only a year old. Most forest trees do best when set out from five to eight feet tall. The tulip poplar tree does very well if not permitted to stand in the nursery too long. At the end of the first year it should be transplanted to its permanent location. The following list of trees are grown with comparative ease from seed: Black walnut, box elder, hackberry, honey locust, basswood, green ash and [illegible].

About Cutting Wood.

Every farmer who plans to do a large season's work cannot overlook the importance of having his year's supply of fuel on hand and ready for use not later than April 1. With some it is not a very hard task, for in many localities where timber is scarce coal is largely used for heating and oil for cooking purposes. During the past ten years a number of different kinds of trees have been dying, and the farmer who owns ten or more acres of hard wood timber finds that the dead trees accumulate in spite of the fact that the quantity of fuel is larger each year as the quality deteriorates. Some farmers cut down and sold off the varieties that were subject to decay and [illegible] from this source. Others, however, were in hopes that they would be able to use the diseased trees for fuel before they became worthless. Here is where they made a mistake. At this time there were [illegible] dead trees in the woods. These are in



[illegible] SPLITTING [illegible].

some cases so rotten around the outside close to the bark, the sap wood, that it requires some skill to split a block into stove wood without breaking a good many sticks in two. The illustration shows how one successful wood cutter does the work, and seems to be very simple. [illegible]—American [illegible].

The Natural and Artificial Dairy Cow.

[illegible] says E. C. Smith, in American Cultivator. [illegible] the dairy cow of to-day. We cannot regard her as a natural [illegible] any more than we can classify the cabbage plant with the wild growths of the fields and woods from which they originally sprang. They are purely artificial products of the modern method of developing various vegetables for our special purposes. The ideal dairy cow is thus a machine highly developed for the sole purpose of giving great quantities of rich milk. No other consideration is [illegible] given to her except in so far as it affects this one purpose. We treat her well and try to conserve her strength and health, not from humanitarian reasons, but because it is necessary that her health shall be good in order that she may give the greatest amount of milk. This seems a cold-blooded way to state the fact, but it is nevertheless true, and it is also true that many have an affection for their fine dairy cows. But the truthfulness of the statement that the cow is an artificial milking machine is not lessened [illegible] by this. Viewed thus as a working machine the dairy cow must be studied and treated as such. If we can find methods of improving upon nature's way it is to our interest to do so, and it is foolish to reason that nature is always right, and that we cannot be far wrong if we follow her. Nature, from the point of view of man's modern needs, is very often imperfective and defective, and we constantly have to go just counter to her in order to achieve what we desire.

The dairy cows being artificial products, the calves must be taken away from them at an early age and trained to make the same sort of machine. The cow would bring up her calf in the old way, and by the time that the animal reached maturity she would lose many of the points so valuable to-day in the dairy cow. We feed the calf on good food so that she will develop rapidly and intensify the qualities that her mother is noted for. The effort is constantly made to make the calf do better than her mother, and to accomplish this we resort to all sorts of artificial methods of feeding and keeping. The present system of feeding and breeding is the result of years of experiment and test, and as we go ahead we make new discoveries and improvements. To go back to the old way of nature's methods would be to abandon some of the best discoveries of the age, and reduce the average milk yield greatly.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

What It Costs to Haul Produce.

"The condition of roads in the United States, taken as a whole, can most clearly be shown in figures. If we can make inquiries of a hundred farmers, in as many localities, as to how long it takes them to haul a load of crops to town, how far he hauls it, and what his time and that of his team are worth, we can readily ascertain what it costs on an average to market a load of crops," says Otto Dorner, Chairman of the Highway Improvement Committee of the League of American Wheelmen.

"If the number of these inquiries be sufficiently increased, and extended over the entire country, the result will pretty nearly show what it costs on an average in the whole United States to haul a load of crops to market. If with each inquiry we also ascertain the weight of the load, we can figure out how much it costs per 100 pounds, or per ton, to market all these crops, and if the inquiry also include the number of miles composing each haul, we can easily figure the cost of hauling these crops per ton per mile. This gives a unit which can be compared with the same unit, similarly obtained, by similar inquiries made in other countries.

"An inquiry of this kind was made in November, 1895, by the United States Department of Agriculture, through its office of road inquiry. Ten thousand circulars were sent out to farmers in all parts of the United States asking for information in these various particulars. Replies were received from over 1,200 [illegible] and the result [illegible]. The weight of load [illegible] varied between an average of [illegible] pounds in the Pacific States and [illegible] a [illegible] the average [illegible] for the whole country being 2002 pounds, or practically a ton. The average length of haul [illegible] to be 12 1/10 miles, varying between 5 9/10 miles in the Eastern States and 23 3/10 miles in the Pacific and mountain States. The average cost of hauling a ton of crops in the United States was found to be $3.02. It was as high as $5.12 in the Pacific Coast and mountain States, due to long hauls, and as low as $1.87 in the Northern and Eastern States, which are more densely settled, and where railroads are numerous and hauls are shorter. The average cost of hauling a ton [illegible] mile was 25 cents, it being 22 cents on the prairie and Pacific Coast and mountain States and [illegible] cents in the Eastern States.

"[illegible]"

[illegible] Road Laws.

[illegible] the Indiana Supreme Court, has [illegible] that road supervisors can be compelled to keep the roads in their districts in [illegible] condition, and may be fined for failure to do so. Judge Woodward instructed the [illegible] County Grand Jury that it is their duty to take notice of roads known to be bad, and that the county will compel the supervisors to do their part, and now Judge Wright, at the opening of the [illegible] the Supreme Court at Rome, N. Y., calls the attention of the grand jury to the road question, and the duties of road commissioners and pathmasters.

Expect to Introduce Bills.

There are twenty-two State divisions of the League of American Wheelmen which expect to introduce "good roads" bills in their legislatures this winter. In several others there will be bills calling for the building of cycle paths. The National Highway Improvement Committee of the League is working in conjunction with the State divisions to secure the passage of these bills.

The Anti-Rut Agitation [illegible].

It is claimed that the improvement of the roads in Allegheny County, Penn., has increased the value of farm property about thirty-five per cent.

Have you tried wide tires? The wider the tires the lighter the draft. Don't save the horses by walking, but ride and let the wagon [illegible].

In the fall the entire road should be gone over to see that all gutters and bridges are free, that the road may not be washed out by winter storms and spring rains.

The L. A. W. is beginning to receive applications for membership from automobilists, who are as much interested in the cause of good roads as the wheelmen and farmers.

The application to the road work of the business rules which govern every progressive farmer in the conduct of his farm, with the work done under the supervision of a responsible man, will accomplish wonders.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

New Use For College Trophies.

A unique [illegible] forms the wall of a college girl's room and is the envy of all her friends. It consists of a [illegible] covered with photographs of her college friends, taken singly and in groups, and of [illegible], class and society emblems, college pennants, [illegible]. [illegible] and all [illegible] to [illegible] a border around the [illegible]. The library [illegible] is [illegible] skillfully executed [illegible] designs were used for squares and sides, and [illegible] the only straight lines in the medley.

Sanitary Room for the Children.

The room selected for the nursery should be, if possible, large and lofty, [illegible]. The wall should be prettily papered, and let the pictures and photographs be good, so that the children may be trained from their earliest years to appreciate [illegible]. A [illegible] is full of [illegible] to a [illegible] child. [illegible] carpet is better than an ordinary carpet, and there should be a high fender, well secured, before the fire, to avoid accident. A cupboard in a nursery is most useful and almost necessary. Children love to have a place of their own where they can hoard their humble little treasures, and [illegible] can be pleasantly passed in turning out and rearranging them. [illegible] instead, [illegible] out of the way, so that there is no danger of its [illegible] overturned. [illegible] a good, roomy sofa, [illegible] down if [illegible] a low [illegible] for the [illegible] of [illegible] a low chair, if [illegible] is an important [illegible]. [illegible] capital thing for [illegible], and it can be [illegible] and [illegible] with all kinds of comic [illegible] and representations of animals, birds, etc. A thermometer should hang on the wall, and the temperature be kept as near sixty degrees as possible. If the nursery is [illegible] to be on the attic floor, it is a good plan to have the slate [illegible] with a mixture of lime and size. This will help to keep the room cool in summer.—St. Louis Star.

Quaint Pieces of Furniture.

The most fascinating odd bits of [illegible] shown in the shops there [illegible]. "Flower [illegible]" [illegible] with secret [illegible], [illegible] with woods [illegible] and [illegible] valentines, [illegible] for [illegible] too shabby for book shelves and [illegible] to throw away, low chairs [illegible] and [illegible] tables of [illegible]. These [illegible] as they are costly and artistic [illegible] the most [illegible] and the danger of [illegible]. [illegible] table of pale, [illegible] wood inlaid [illegible] woods. [illegible] with a [illegible] of [illegible] a fretwork of [illegible]. The [illegible] is in [illegible] of flowers and [illegible] and foliage. [illegible], etc., a [illegible] of [illegible] shelves for ornaments or books [illegible] as the [illegible]. The stand is of green [illegible] bronze and the metal flows [illegible] the [illegible] curve of a wave. [illegible] is a slim and graceful [illegible] by the [illegible] water, her long hair [illegible] with the foam of the water. The [illegible] itself is in the shape of a lotus, it [illegible] on the crest of a wave, apparently, and the pretty conceit is charmingly carried out, as indeed one might expect, as it is signed by one of the French sculptors, who excel in these dainty forms of art.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Recipes.

Venison Steak—Wipe and trim the steak, place it on a greased broiler and broil over a clear fire, as for a beef steak. Remove to a platter and pour over a little melted currant jelly. Garnish with water cress.

Browning for Sauce—Put a half pound of brown sugar into a spider and let it melt over a moderate fire for about twenty minutes, stirring constantly until it is quite black, then add two quarts of water, simmer for ten minutes and bottle for use.

Salad Dressing—Beat well the yolks of three eggs, blend with two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-sixth of a teaspoonful of mace, and one cupful of cream. Add the beaten whites of the eggs and cook in a double boiler. When the mixture begins to thicken add three tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar.

Swedish Cream—Boil together for ten minutes one pint water, one-half tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful vinegar, one-half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls molasses, one stick of cinnamon and one cupful seeded raisins cut into rather small pieces and soaked in half a cupful of water for an hour or two. Remove the stick of cinnamon and add three tablespoonfuls cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Cook for a few moments, then pour into a mold.