THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor. "HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN." EIGHT PAGES.

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A LOVE SONG.

The bird in its nest at morn
Looks out through the leafy space,
And sends a sweet little song
From its hiding place:
Only a note or two,
Only a faint "Coo! Coo!"
But some other little bird will hear
And soon draw near.

The whispering leaves repeat
The story they oft have heard,
For oh, there's nothing so sweet
As the song of the bird:
A love song, it is true,
Only a faint "Coo! Coo!"
But some one calls out a-near:
"Sweetheart! I am here!"

"Coo! Coo!" says one from the nest,
A shy little warbler she;
"Coo! Coo!" comes the answer back,
In a lower key.
And then a new song is begun—
Are these two birds, or one?
And with trills and twitt'rings sweet,
The love song they repeat.

—Josephine Pollard, in Godey's Lady Book.

A CAREFUL TEST.

THE Hon. Miss Gainsford, short and fat, turned away from the bars surrounding the Venus de Milo, and shook her gold-cased lorgnette and sniffed.

"I consider," she said, glancing once again at the statue and speaking to her niece, "I consider it very far-fetched."

"Yes, auntie," replied her pretty niece—tall and slim and dressed in gray—looking at her scarlet-bound guide; "it was brought from the Ægean Sea."

"I don't mean that, Maggie, [illegible] —oh, well, you know wh[illegible]

They went up the bro[illegible] the Louvre to the picture galleries. On their way a young fellow picked up Margaret's gauntlet glove which she had dropped, handed it her with a bow, and passed on. He was a broad-shouldered, long-legged man, and he went up two steps at a time with a bit of a limp. In one of the rooms Aunt Gainsford, in moving back to get the right focus of a Greuze, slipped, and would have fallen prone (an undignified attitude even for a lady of fifty-eight) had not the broad-shouldered, long-legged youth with the limp fielded her deftly with one arm and restored her to an upright position. The Hon. Miss Gainsford felt thankful, and, being a plain woman, said so.

"I beg you won't mention it," said the young fellow lightly. "It's so much easier to slide down these boards than to do anything else. One ought to wear cricket shoes. They were saying the same thing at breakfast to-day at the Continental."

"We were staying at the Continental," said the elder lady genially. "My niece and I may meet you there."

The young fellow took out his card case, said he hoped he might have that pleasure, and, to Miss Margaret's great disappointment, limped off. The card bore the name, Oswald Bradly. He was indeed the Oswald Bradly. In the last county match he had played a capital innings of 115, and had then been given out leg before wicket. Now to be given out l-b-w is always an annoying circumstances; it loses few of its irritating elements when the ball knocks your leg so severely that you are ordered to rest for a month. This was what had happened to Bradly.

Being ordered rest he perversely went to Paris and knocked about a bit, and saw some of the Latin Quarter chums whom he had known in his hard-up days, and spent a good deal of his time in calling at 157 Avenue des Champs Elysees. At 157 there lived a widow whom Oswald Bradly liked—an extremly diverting, an undoubtedly fine attractive lady with much money. Name, Mme. Sentier. M. Sentier had said adieu to the Rue de la Banque, to his wife, and to the world generally about two years since, and Bradly had met the magnificent young relict at the house of a mutual friend at Blackheath.

After the Louvre incident and a subsequent encounter between the new acquaintances at the hotel, when Bradly discovered to his delight that Maggie knew all about the scoring of Shrewsbury and W. W. Read, Madame Sentier found herself relieved from the attentions of her English admirer.

A fortnight after the meeting, in the reading room of the hotel, Oswald Bradly and Miss Gainsford's niece were talking. Aunt Gainsford had been reading the Times, and was consequently asleep.

"I could never like any one—"

"We were talking of love, Maggie."

"Well, love then. I could never love any one unless I had first tested his affections."

"Test away," said Oswald airily. It will be seen that Oswald Bradly was scoring (after his custom) pretty fast.

"And of course," said the young lady, gravely, "I should choose my own time and my own mode, Mr, Bradly."

"I have a Christian name, Maggie."

"Don't brag, sir."

"I insist on being called Oswald."

"Well, Oswald," said the young lady, shyly. "I would call you dear Oswald were I sure you did not care for anybody else."

"You may be quite sure about that, dear girl."

"Not even for Mme. Sentier?"

"Not even," repeated Oswald with a flush—"not even for Mme. Sentier."

And then the two young people affected to be reading La Gaulois, and all the time kissed furtively and pressed each other's hands. Aunt Gainsford woke up.

When Mr. Oswald Bradly was nearly well he decided to return to England and to cricket. So he called at No 157 and said goodby to Mme. Sentier. If that superb lady felt any regret at Oswald's departure she cloaked it with most excellent art.

"You leave at 10 to-morrow?" she said, with an air of polite interest.

"At 10:16 to-morrow, from the Gare du Nord."

"Then," replied Madame Sentier, "au revoir, mon ami."

At 10 o'clock the next morning, at the Northern station, Oswald Bradly was seeing after the luggage of his new friends, for they, too, were going back to London. Maggie, with cheeks flushed and the light of excitement in her eyes, went to the telegraph office and composed a wire to be sent (so she told the clerk) a few hours later. It was to this effect

Oswald Bradly, passenger, Tidal Boat, Folkestone:
Come back to me; I cannot live without you.
SENTIER.

Oswald saw the Hon. Miss Gainsford and her niece into a dames compartment, and himself went to a smoker.

At Boulogne, as the boat was starting, an I Zingari cricket club man in his flannels and cap of black, red and gold—an old cricketing chum of Bradly's—standing on the quay, caught sight of him and roared:

"I say, Bradly, old man. Hullo! I say, will you—"

The rest was unintelligible. The man in flannels waved frantically his arms, and would have run down the plank on to the Albert Victor, only that Napoleon the Third, or some official very like him, ordered the excited cricketer to be stopped.

The sight of a man in flannels brought to Oswald all that acute yearning for a game that comes to the cricketer after an enforced close time, and he would have given a good deal to have had the chance of playing there and then in a decent match. But he knew he would have to possess his soul of patience, for all the county matches were over. Coming across the Channel the small party presented an appearance of variety. Maggie was singularly distraite; Oswald was singularly elated; Aunt Gainsford was singularly sick.

At Folkestone, at the place where the passengers step off to enter, between the ropes, the Custom House, a small, sharp telegraph-boy in a long, brass-buttoned frock-coat was holding up a foreign telegram envelope, and shouting shrilly, "Name of Bradly."

"Here you are," said Oswald, taking it from the boy as they went through. Oswald saw to the clearance of the ladies' hand-bags and bundles of rugs.

"Hadn't you better look at your wire, dear? said Maggie, nervously, as she stepped in a first-class compartment.

Oswald took it from his pocket and read it. His face glowed with delight. He turned to the carriage.

"Miss Gainsford—Maggie, dear—do you think you could go on to London alone? I most particularly want to catch the night boat back."

Poor Maggie swallowed a lump in her throat and said they could see to themselves quite well, thank you. The Hon. Miss Gainsford was too ill to have an opinion.

"I'll tell the guard about the luggage," cried Oswald Bradly rapidly, "and I shall be back again the day after to-morrow and I'll drive at once to Prince's gate, and I'll—"

The train went quickly out of the station Londonward, and Oswald saw Maggie's white face looking at him steadily and sadly. As he went across to an hotel to get some dinner, he reproached himself for having acceded so impetuously to the request contrived in the telegram. Still, by the night boat he went back.

* * * * *

By order of her niece, the Hon. Miss Gainsford had not unpacked her trunks. Maggie had decided suddenly to stay but a day or two in London, and was then going with her chaperon on to Scotland, or Ireland, or anywhere.

"But Mr. Bradly," suggested Miss Gainsford.

"I beg, auntie," said Maggie frigidly, looking down at her—"I beg that the name of Mr. Oswald Bradly may never be mentioned to me again."

Nevertheless, on the morning of the second day his name was mentioned. "Mr. Oswald Bradly was in the drawing room," the servant said.

As Maggie entered, very pale and wearied, he came toward her.

"My dear Maggie, can you forgive me for leaving you so hurriedly at Folkestone?"

"I am sure that I never can forgive you."

"I got 157," went on Bradly, enthusiastically.

"How dare you speak to me of 157?" said Maggie hotly.

"I made 157 against the Boulogne Johnnies—157, not out. There's the total score. We simply made mince-pie of them. That wire which you saw me read at Folkestone was from an old chum at Boulogne, telling me to come right back and help thrash the Frenchmen. And look here. Here's a most extraordinary wire from our friend, Mme. Sentier. The boy gave it me at Folkestone early this morning, as I came off the night boat. It's dated the day before yesterday, only the boy said it came too late. He remembered me because he brought that telegram from the Zingari chaps."

Maggie looked at the telegram, which had cost her 3s. 6½ d. and hours of subsequent wretchedness.

"And what are you going to do with it, my dear, dear Oswald!"

For answer Mr. Oswald Bradly tore it up into small pieces and sent them sailing out of the window into space. Then he turned and took the hand of the young lady beside him, and kissed her with considerable fervor.—London St. James's Budget.

How "Timothy" Grass Was Named.

The hay grass known to us as "timothy" is the "herd" grass of Europe and Western Asia. It grows wild throughout all the vast region between the Mediterranean Sea on the south and the North Sea in the direction the name implies. It is not known exactly when it was first introduced into the United States, but this much is certain: It takes its name from one Timothy Hanson, a farmer of Maryland, who brought it into general notice as a hay grass, after having cultivated it extensively for his own use for years. Its botanical name is phleum pratense. It is a curious fact that, although its native home is Europe, the United States is the first country in which it was grown, cut and cured for hay. Not longer ago than 1785 some timothy heads, seeds and blades were taken to England and exhibited as curiosities.—Philadelphia Press.

Side-Tracked Their Trains to Sleep.

It is said to be customary on the Philadelphia, Reading and New England Railroad for the crews of freight trains, when they get tired, to run their trains on a side track and take a nap. The authorities of the road do not object to this policy so long as the trains are laid off at a telegraph station where the dispatcher can keep track of them. The other day three trains laid off at a station where there is no telegrapher, and for several hours the train despatcher was almost wild at his inability to locate them. All trains were delayed and he was momentarily expecting to hear of a dreadful wreck. He was greatly relieved when he found out that the trains had only stopped to take a nap. But all those crews were promptly discharged at the end of their run.—Picayune.

An English invention which has been patented in this country is an automatic device for weighing and registering unlimited quantities of grain.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PURE WELL WATER.

An old woodpile kept in the same place for many years is frequently a source of corruption, and the earth, if naturally sandy or porous, will be found to be in an infected condition many feet below the surface. Should a well be located within twenty feet of the old woodpile, more or less of the leechings will drain into it. The greatest source of danger lies in throwing the kitchen slops on the surface of the ground near the well. It may take twenty or even fifty years before the water is rendered unhealthful, but it will certainly occur if the practice is continued.—American Agriculturist.

HENS' TEETH.

Everybody knows that hens have no teeth, and that the food is masticated in the gizzard. But the gizzard itself is but a feeble agent, and cannot perform its functions without the aid of some substance that is hard and sharp. Nature, therefore, prompts the hens to pick up and swallow gravel, glass and small shells and other substances, but it may be noticed that they prefer such as are sharp and irregular. Round bits of gravel do not serve the purpose, though better than nothing, and the gizzard is not injured, no matter if the sharpest and keenest glass be swallowed. The food and hard substances are kept in constant motion while in the gizzard, and the entire contents are ground into an impalpable powder and passed into the stomach. The poultryman, then, in providing gravel, should select such as are irregular on the surface. Oyster shells are excellent, but they are not sufficient when used alone. An old piece of pottery ware, broken finely, will be preferred, and a small allowance of glass will not be rejected. The hens will not accept anything not suitable, and no danger need be feared. It is best, however, to provide a variety of such material as will serve the purpose, not omitting charcoal, which assists very materially in the process of grinding the food.—Poultry Keeper.

TIME FOR CUTTING CORN.

The time of cutting corn has much to do with the value of the crop. Experiments made at the Illinois station have shown that the corn cut when the grain was glazed only had one-third less nutriment in it than if cut when the grain was fully ripe. The result is important to those who make ensilage, as the rule is to cut the corn when the grain is merely glazed. This, too, has been the common practice of farmers who grow the crop for grain. This is especially true of Southern farmers, who gather the leaves and cure them for blade-fodder and leave the ears on the stalks until husking time. It now seems that the Southern practice is the better one, and that one-third the feeding value of this crop in the North, where it is cut when glazed, has been lost by too early cutting.

Farmers have long been awaiting the good time coming when the corn can be harvested by a machine. We have waited with patience, in full confidence that our ingenious mechanics would sometime furnish the hoped-for machine. And now it is said the machine has come. Like the majority of useful inventions, it is a simple thing—a horizontal wheel, geared to a driver, rotates a cutting knife which severs the stalks, and a man or two on the platform handles the stalks as they fall from the knives. We have already an excellent corn thrasher that separates the grain and leaves the fodder shredded in the best condition for feeding. Now we want a cotton harvester.—New York Times.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

In growing fruits or vegetables for market grow such as the market demands.

Crowded trees can never develop into magnificent specimens of plant growth.

Those young cockerels will bring more money now than as "old roosters" next spring.

Bear in mind that the sooner the hens pass the moulting season the sooner they begin laying.

It is best to take up the lamb bucks and put them in a separate pasture and keep them separate until after the breeding season is over.

To succeed in fruit growing we must give as close attention to every detail as would be given in managing a store or a factory successfully.

The ordinary farmer should not trouble himself to raise fast trotters as long as he does not know what his best cow is worth to him annually.

If currant bushes are highly manured and the canes allowed to grow up thickly, like the stalks of bunch-grass, they are not likely to produce much fruit.

Culture and heredity have given the remarkable development of the horse, and early culture of training is now looked upon as one of the most encouraging factors in future improvements.

RECIPES.

Fried Carrots—Parboil, slice lengthwise, dip in flour and saute sizable carrots, and the dish to many minds equal fried parsnips. Butter should be used for the frying.

Original Pudding—Take pieces of stale bread, put into hot butter and fry brown on both sides. Then lay in a deep dish, sprinkle with white sugar and then add another layer of browned bread. Keep on with your layers of bread and sugar until the dish is nearly full. Now pour hot cranberry sauce over your bread and sugar and serve immediately.

Cream Meringues—Whip the whites of four eggs very stiff. Beat in this one pound of powdered sugar, and flavor with orange or vanilla. Heap in the shape of an egg on the stiff paper lining of the bottom of a baking pan; put one inch apart. Put in the oven, leaving the door a little ajar. When a light yellow take out and cool. Slip a thin-bladed knife under each to remove from the paper. Scoop out the soft inside and fill with whipped cream.

Maccaroni Sauce—One-half can of tomatoes; four red carrots sliced; two small onions; ten cloves; four sticks of cinnamon; cayenne pepper and salt; one-fourth pound of butter; two pounds of lean beef cut small. Add a little water if necessary; let it simmer two hours, then strain through a colander. Pour this over maccaroni after it has been boiled tender.

Milk Sherbet—This is claimed to be as delicious as and even more delicate than ice cream. Squeeze the juice of six lemons into one-half pound of sugar. Place the skins in a pint of water, put over the fire and let them simmer a few moments; then pour the liquid over the sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of corn starch to two quarts of milk and scald. When cold put into the freezer; when it begins to stiffen add the syrup of lemon juice and sugar.

Pumpkin Pie—Select a good ripe pumpkin, cut in two, dig out the seeds and inside, put in a hot oven and bake until soft, scrape out the pulp in a colander, when cool strain, allow one quart of new milk and a cupful of sweet cream for every quart of pumpkin, season the pumpkin with a little salt before adding the milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of ginger, two spoonfuls of New Orleans molasses. Two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar should be allowed for every quart of pumpkin and three eggs well beaten. Line your pie plates or tins with paste, then fill and set in a hot oven. A pumpkin pie requires a much longer time to bake than others.

The necrology of Harvard College shows that 128 deaths occurred among the alumni in the past twelve months, seventeen more than in the previous

Spain has had 194 Ministers of War during the century with an average time of service of six months each.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*

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