

THE HOME.

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THE HOME, Pittsboro, N. C.

The farmers' losses through drought alone in 1887, have been estimated at \$300,000,000, and they will probably exceed that enormous sum.

London has a great problem. It has 2,000,000 people unable to get into a place of worship. In central London, with a population of 2,000,000, there are only accommodations for 600,000.

Indians have built up a considerable carrying trade along the Pacific coast. In their large canoes, hewn out of the solid trunks of immense trees, they carry dairy and farm products for the settlers and return with groceries and other supplies.

An Iowa woman filled a long felt hat in her neighborhood by cleaning out, unaided except by a stove lifter and a lively yellow dog, a gang of four tramps that had been terrorizing the vicinity for weeks. She will probably be asked to umpire for professional baseball clubs.

It is estimated that the wealth of the following countries is increased annually by the sums named: Germany, \$200,000,000; Great Britain, \$325,000,000; France, \$375,000,000, and the United States, \$875,000,000. The United States is already the wealthiest nation in the world, and, as the above figures show, its wealth is increasing the most rapidly.

The prize of \$10,000 offered by the French Government for the most valuable discovery relating to the utilization of electricity is to be awarded soon. It is for any use or application of electricity, namely, as a source of heat, light or of chemical action, as a means of transmission of mechanical power, or of verbal communication in any form, or, finally, as a curative agent.

A German paper says there is no longer any sword-making industry in Damascus. What was once known as the sword trade is now occupied with converting the blades of old saws and pieces of ordinary iron into daggers; and cheap swords and rifles of Solingen and Birmingham make are brought up, finished and decorated in Oriental style, and put upon the market as weapons of Arabian and Damascus origin.

The number of hogs in the United States on January 1, 1887, was estimated at 44,619,830, against 46,092,000 on January 1, 1886, and 45,143,340 on January 1, 1885. At principal picking points the average slaughter ranges between 13,500,000 and 15,000,000 each year, besides every farmer packs one or more hogs for domestic use. A short corn crop even will not much diminish the number of swine in the country until a year hence.

A writer in the New York Tribune recommends the appointment of an expert in all banks, who will be capable of picking the place and doing the work of any man in the concern, from the president, down. He is to be empowered to say to the president or cashier, "I will go over your assets to day," or send the teller or other employe on a short vacation at any time, while he takes his place. By this plan no one would dare obstruct a dollar from the bank, as he could not tell at what moment the expert would examine his books and discover the shortage.

Mont Blanc, the giant of the Alps, has been climbed by sixty-one women. The first two were French women, one of aristocratic and the other of plebeian birth, and these were followed by thirty-two English, fifteen French, four Russian, three American, two Swiss, one Italian and one Austrian woman. A faithful record is made of the ascents, and a cross is set against the name of every one who fails to reach their journey's end. There have been thirty-two excursions to the summit this year, notwithstanding the evil reports of the accidents in former years.

STARLIGHT.

A myriad stars have guided men to fame, Have kept them pure by looking to their light. And in the blackest depths of sorrow's night Have been to them eternally the same, Filling their souls with truths unchanging flame.

CROCIFFISSA'S LACE.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

High up among the Tuscan mountains, not far from the borders of Lombardy, is a tiny hamlet called Piatico. It has a church, and the few strangers who visit the quiet little nook and enter the humble sanctuary wonder at the handsome lace decorating the Madonna's blue silk petticoat. All the rest of the ornamentation is so tawdry and poor that the delicate fabric looks strangely out of place. How came it there? is a question the old woman who unlocks the door is proud to answer.

Amy and I had put up for the hottest summer weeks at the barn-like old post inn at Piatico. Often during our walks through the chestnut woods, or up the steep paths of the mountain-side, we met a tall, slim girl of eighteen, with strikingly beautiful dark eyes, which haunted us by reason of their extreme sadness. She wore a simple gown of homespun, its original color a matter of conjecture only; her well-modeled feet were bare, and she was usually in charge of seven sheep and one little lame black lamb. Sometimes we saw her under a tree knitting an interminable blue stocking—for other feet than her own, evidently—while the sheep grazed. Or, in the open field, in the pouring rain, this ghost-like girl would sit on the soaking ground, huddled under an old green umbrella—this to restrain a neighbor's cow, getting her supply of grass, from invading an adjacent cabbage patch. The girl always gave us a gracious "good-day" as she passed, and seem pleased when Amy smiled at her in return.

"Who is she?" we inquired of the mistress of our inn. "You mean the girl who drives the sheep with a lame black lamb among them?" answered our hostess. "That is Crocifissa, poor girl, the convict's daughter. It is a hard lot among a little community where none lie on roses. I assure you. Her father, Sandor, has a bad history, and the shadow of it darkens the girl's life."

"Oh, tell it!" cried Amy, dropping down upon a stool beside the comfortable-looking old dame. "It is soon told, signora, the story of most sins is short; it is the misery of them that drags on so wearily. When Sandoro was young, he killed a man in a passion of jealousy—a woman at the bottom of the affair, of course—sabbed him from behind in the dark, and then threw him down into the Lima to drown if his wound was not deep enough to give him his death. They were a year or more fastening the murder upon Sandoro, but he confessed it at last over a lass too much of Chianti. He was sentenced for twenty years to prison and hard labor. When his time was out, strange enough, he chose to come back here to Piatico; and, stranger still, he found a woman foolish enough to marry him, knowing all about his crime. This poor weak thing died when Crocifissa was born, and the child's life has been so wretched, it seems a pity she did not die too."

"Are they so very poor?" "Miserably; and because of the father's disgrace everybody is unsympathetic. 'Cretel, isn't it? But that is the way of the world. I should make one exception when I say everyone turns the cold shoulder upon her. Perhaps the saddest part of Crocifissa's history is that she has a lover whom she can scarcely ever hope to marry."

"Is he so poor, too?" "His name is Remo, a very good fellow, but no luck. He makes a little money with his donkey, carrying fruit and vegetables to the hotel at Abetone, but he has a blind old mother to help, and he can save nothing. Crocifissa earns a few francs spinning and knitting stockings, and the profits from the sheep put a scanty supply of bread in the mouths of the convict and his daughter, and keep a crazy roof over their heads. Crocifissa can make beautiful lace, but she hurts her eyes at it, and a doctor told her she would go blind if she made any more."

"She has such lovely eyes!" said Amy, enthusiastically. "Yes; with a bit of happiness to brighten her, she would be the prettiest girl in these parts. As it is, her good looks are little use, poor thing!" "Can't Remo hit upon a more paying business than donkey-driving?" I asked. "He wishes to go down to the Maremma, where he would get good wages and be able to pay a little, but Crocifissa will not hear of it. She is right, I think, for Remo is not strong, and the marsh fever would be sure to carry him off. Few people have been kind to the girl, and no dog ever loved his master as Crocifissa loves Remo."

"Poor girl! what a pity they cannot make each other happy!" "If they had a little capital, two or three hundred francs, to hire and furnish a room, they could manage to live; but hundred franc pieces do not fall from the clouds."

Life at Paris being dull and bare of incident, we felt much interested in Crocifissa's story, and cultivated her acquaintance upon every occasion. She gave us flowers and berries gathered in pretty little baskets improvised by herself from chestnut leaves, and with her eyes bent shyly on her knitting, talked to us of her simple, uneventful life. When Remo, her lover, was under discussion, which was frequently the case, Crocifissa's large eyes glowed with a soft, happy light, and she became beautiful. But the brightness vanished quickly at memory of the sordid misery

encompassing them both. How we longed to be able to give the poor girl the paltry sum which would change her dull surroundings into a paradise. One morning, as we sat sketching on the brow of the hill, Crocifissa timidly approached us, carrying a small package under her arm. This she unwrapped, disclosing about four yards of unusually beautiful lace, six inches or more wide. It was not much of a connoisseur in such things, but I could recognize the unusual merit of this piece. "Why, Crocifissa!" I exclaimed, "where did you get such a prize?" "I made it," she answered, modestly, "at the Convent of La Speranza, where I waited on the nuns for five or six years. They taught me to make it, but I can't see to do any more."

"But, child, why don't you sell this lace! It would help you a long step towards buying furniture and marrying Remo." "Alas, signora, I have often tried, but nobody will buy it. The nuns say it is worth a great deal of money, perhaps fifty francs; but I shall never find any one willing to give that sum, and I would let it go for much less."

"She, of course, wished us to make some low offer for the lace, but I knew it would be a great wrong to the girl to allow her to sacrifice her work for a trifle, and I assured her of this. Because we could not afford to pay a fair price, we had no right to profit by the poor child's ignorances. The nuns would offer up special prayers for me if I gave it to the convent," continued Crocifissa, "but prayers will not buy furniture—at least they have not, so far."

"Don't despair of your prayers yet," said Amy; then to me, in English, "There is Mrs. Webster, the rich American lady at San Marcello; you know she is mad over bric-a-brac, antiques and laces—especially laces. She has heaps of money, and I believe she would buy this lace if she saw it."

I thought the suggestion an excellent one, and so eager were we to try if the sale might not be brought about, that we returned at once to call on hostess into consultation. The result of this interview was, that the next day Crocifissa was dispatched to San Marcello with her lace, and a note to the landlord of the hotel where Mrs. Webster was staying. In three hours Crocifissa returned, jubilant, because the landlord had promised to show the lace to all the guests in his house likely to be interested in such things.

We scarcely dared to break to Crocifissa the good news that came three days later. Mrs. Webster had fallen in love with the lace, as Amy had predicted, and at the landlord's suggestion had promised to pay two hundred and fifty francs for the piece, on her departure to a month later. In the meantime it might remain upon exhibition behind the glass doors of the padrone's cabinet of curiosities. It made one feel young and happy again to see the bliss of Crocifissa and Remo. The latter was presented to us, and the good fellow seemed ready to risk his life to serve us. Any night ride on the fruit-donkey at any hour of the day or night he chose to make, and we bore in upon me that a particularly glaring pair of magenta stockings in process of construction by Crocifissa was for me.

The fortune of the betrothed couple being now secured, negotiations were entered upon for the desired outfit of clothes and the necessary furniture. A charming pair of rooms, in Crocifissa's eyes, were bespoken, at the back of the carpenter's house, and the wedding-day was set early in October. All was going merrily as the anticipated marriage bells, when the day arrived for Crocifissa to go to San Marcello and receive her money. On her first visit she had seen only the padrone, and was about to be given the price of her lace and dismissed at once by him, when, on second thought, he decided to detain her.

"You had better go and thank the lady for her kindness, yourself," he said; "it looks more civil."

Crocifissa was shown into Mrs. Webster's room, a marvel of ornamentation from all parts of the globe, and of various centuries more or less authentic. Mrs. Webster had, as Amy had maintained, an idolatrous fondness for all things antique; a hideous jug with a crack upon its dirt-encrusted sides was levelled in her eyes than the most skillfully worked vase of modern times. She willingly paid fabulous prices for rubbish if she discovered fraud in the dates of apparently antique treasures.

In very bad Italian, she addressed Crocifissa, who, not understanding, replied in a few words, which the older lady failed to catch. The interview being rather a trying one for both parties, Mrs. Webster was about to end it by dismissing Crocifissa, when the girl's next words, understood this time, alas! all too plainly riveted her attention.

"What did you say?" she exclaimed, in her eyes. "If the signora would like some narrow lace of the same pattern, I would try to make it. My eyes are better now than when I did that wide piece," repeated Crocifissa. "Do you mean to say you made this piece of lace?" said Mrs. Webster, with suppressed rage. "Yes, signora; why not?" Crocifissa regarded the now infuriated lady with blank amazement; she had expected praise for her handiwork, instead of these flaming eyes bent angrily upon her.

like the most of his kind, the padrone on this occasion spoke the truth. He was a simple fellow, ignorant of the craze of the elegant world for antiquities; he had not troubled himself to inquire the history of Crocifissa's lace, but had satisfied his conscience by asking its value of an old woman of the village, an authority in such matters. But the irate Mrs. Webster was not to be appeased. The padrone had tried to cheat her as egregiously as any hardened rogue in the lowest of junkshops. "Here," she Crocifissa, "take your lace; I have changed my mind, and will not have it!" and she tossed the dainty work into a basket on the girl's arm. "But, signora!" cried the poor child, bursting into tears, and extending both hands imploringly. "Leave the room at once, both of you!" said Mrs. Webster, callously. "I cannot have a scene here. The way of the transgressor is hard, you know, and you must take the consequences of your evil deeds."

Poor Crocifissa! how she retraced her tired steps to Piatico, empty handed, with the unlucky lace in her basket, she never knew. The situation was really deplorable—all the necessities for their humble housekeeping almost in their possession, the rooms engaged, and not a franc to pay for anything. The little community was loud in its expressions of rage at the inhuman woman who had so deceived Crocifissa, but this mended matters not at all.

A day or two later Remo sought us out, despair on his handsome face. Crocifissa was ill of grief only, but so low and miserable, that Remo feared the worst. The poor girl was really in a pitiable state, and after our visit to the hotel where she lived, Amy and I decided we would not see another sunset before we had tried to set on foot some project that might benefit the unhappy child.

There were crowds of strangers at the hotel at Abetone; why should they not know of the sad little romance at Piatico? With the assistance of our kind hostess, the affair was made public, and we arranged a lottery by which to dispose of Crocifissa's lace.

To our great delight, tickets to the value of nearly three hundred francs were sold, the money of course being poured into the lap of the bewildered Crocifissa, well nigh beside herself with these sudden transitions from despair to joy twice repeated. The modest trousseau and furniture were paid for, and there was a little sum left over for a rainy day. Amy and I delayed our stay, to be present at the wedding in October; and a very merry affair it was, thanks to the change in public opinion, which now regarded Remo and Crocifissa as the hero and heroine of the village.

The old hostler at our inn won the lace. As he had not chick nor child to give it to, and one or two old sins on his conscience, he gave his winning to the church. And thus it came about that the Madonna's silver robe is so richly decorated. —Frank Leslie's.

Wild Ponies on the Southern Coast. On the banks or sand bars that divide the Atlantic Ocean from Pamlico Sound, North Carolina, just inside the light-house that marks out to the mariner the Cape Lookout, there is to be found a hardy race of ponies known as "Bankers." These ponies have lived there as long as the tradition of the oldest inhabitant dates back. Entirely surrounded by deep water, at all seasons, and having no communication with the mainland, and being barren of vegetation save a scanty growth of sedge grass and low shrubs, the banks have remained uninhabited except by these ponies, which seem to thrive and multiply in spite of the hardships to which they are exposed. How they first came there, or of what origin, is conjecture, and tradition merely. It is supposed that they were introduced by the shipwreck and loss of all on board, have crossed the straits of the European port, which were at that time now so numerous. Having to rely on instinct alone, these animals are a subject of study to the naturalist, as they are a prey not only to the driving sands, but to the storms of the Cape, that break upon and over the narrow sand bar and change with each recurring hurricane the topography of the country. The ponies, huddled in the protected side of the sand hillocks, burrow deep into the yielding sand, and stamp out a protected stall where they take refuge from the storm; and, while many are destroyed, their number has increased. —American Agriculturist.

Pine-Bark as a Diet. One article of subsistence sometimes employed by the Indians is only resorted to when they are driven to great straits by hunger. Around many of the watering-places in the pine-forests of Oregon and California the trees of Pinus ponderosa may be seen stripped of their bark in space of three or four feet near the base of the trunk. This has been accomplished by cutting with a hatchet a line around the tree as high as one could conveniently reach, and another lower down, so that the bark, severed above and below, could be removed in strips. At certain seasons of the year a mucilaginous film (the liburnin) separates the bark from the wood of the trunk. Part of this film adheres to each surface and may be scraped off. The resulting mixture of mucilage-cells and half-formed wood is nutritious and unpalatable, so that, as a last resort, it may be used as a defense against starvation. The frequency with which signs of it are being resorted to are met with is a striking indication of the uncertainty and irregularity of the supply department among savages. —Popular Science Monthly.

Only a Crown. King George II. was the last of the monarchs who made a fixed residence at St. James's palace. It was his Queen, Caroline, who, being a stirring kind of a woman, planned all sorts of improvements about the royal parks and palaces; among other the exclusion of the public from all royal enclosures. She asked of the Prime Minister what would be the cost of this last arrangement. "Only a crown, madam," replied the politician; and the Queen took warning and stayed her hand. —All the Year Round.

Her Preference. "You'll please prefer me." "Do I please you?" "It really is my question should tire. Do you care for men tall, or those who are small?" "What kind of men do you admire?" "Her lashes quick fell And veiled her eyes well. "So perfect for such a request; I like little and tall, Both little and tall, But then I like Hymen the best." —Boston Budget.

SOME CURIOUS IMPORTS.

ODD ARTICLES SENT TO A GREAT COMMERCIAL CITY.

Hindoo Money to Adorn Toys—A Use for Buffalo Horns—Hard Wood "Dollies," Etc.

In Liverpool, which is one of the greatest centres of mercantile industry in the world, there are some two thousand articles of import and export upon which dock rates and town dues are charged. Some of these heads contain many items. There are at least five descriptions of feathers, each with a separate value on them for rating; ten kinds of hair; eighteen of nuts; twenty-two of empty packages; twenty-seven of gums; thirty-four of bark; seventy-two of iron; and one hundred and thirty-six of wood, including wooden articles.

The very names of many articles of merchandise would be as Greek to the classical scholar, and their uses as the Eleusinian or Hosiocratican mysteries; yet the merchant must understand all them, the lands which furnish them, the weather which rules their production, the habits of the people who prepare and pack them, the kind of ship which alone is suitable in which to bring them home or convey them out, and the chances for their meeting with a market on either side of the world; altogether no small matter.

To persons unfamiliar with the imports of the world it may be surprising to learn that the little shells called "cowries," used as money among the Hindoos, should be a regular import. They are only found in considerable quantities, on the shores of the Zulu group of islands, in the Eastern Archipelago; and are brought to Bombay in exchange for rice. During the slave-trade they were exported from Bombay to Africa for the purchase of men, but now that they are useless in that way, the wonder is they should be worth the carriage to England simply for the purpose of covering toys and boxes. This, however, is less their destination than to be ground up for the manufacture of some kinds of porcelain and enamel—the last for making watch faces and other ornamental articles, and for enameling ladies' faces. Lately, the amount of cowries imported has lessened very considerably, so let us hope that ladies have learned more sense than to try to be made beautiful forever.

Buffalo horns at one time, some ten years or so ago, were brought home as dunnage in every cotton ship. Dunnage is the storage of articles around the sides and in the odd corners of the hold, for the better preservation of the cargo from damp or other injury. For this purpose these horns were very suitable; but the quantity which demand for home was far beyond the supply, and for horn buttons, combs, knife handles, etc. What became of the remainder? They were exported again, this time to France and Italy, where they were boiled down and cut into strips, to use as whalebone for umbrellas and parasols. There was a prejudice against the use of steel or iron wires for this purpose in the countries named, as very terrible thunder storms occur there, and it was feared that they would attract the lightning. Either the thunder storms are less severe, or the timidity of the French and Italians has lessened of late years, for this import is now but a trivial one.

"Dollies" has, indeed, a very babyish sound, but they are only a sort of pegs, set in a wooden handle, and used by every Lancashire washerwoman as assistance in her art. Being constantly wetted in hot water, they wear longer when formed from a hard wood, which is sent from North America, chiefly New York. "Nerves of cattle," "barrow bodies," "casts of all kinds," and "dead eyes," have all a peculiar sound, yet catgut, wheelbarrows, furs, and pulleys are all legitimate objects for import and export. "Bulrushes" are brought from Holland, with wooden hoops for coopering casks; "cinders," "chippers," and "dross," for making roads, come home as ballast, with gravel, and many kinds of stone; "acorns" of a peculiar sort from Italy are used in dyeing. —New York Observer.

The Switzerland of Africa. Like the Swiss, the Kabyles have an intense love of their country. They love it for its very savageness, in which every peak and crag seems to frown defiance at an invader. They are as jealous of its independence as the brave warriors of Montenegro. Those who have fought for generations against the Turk in the passes of the Black Mountains, overlooking the Adriatic, have not shown more valor than the natives of Kabyle. This courage flames out clearest and brightest in the moments of greatest danger. One custom they have which shows that the blood of heroes is in their veins. When tidings of an invasion come to their mountain retreats, the whole land rises up at the sound of war. The young men of the different tribes enter into a solemn "league and covenant," which might be called the league of death, since all who join in it swear to die for their country. So complete is this offering up of their lives, that the prayers which they repeat over them, so that when they go forth to battle they are already as dead men, and have only to seek the place where they may give up their lives. If, indeed they annihilate the enemy, they may return and live. But if the foe is still in the field, they must seek death until they find it. If one were to flee in the day of battle and return to his tribe, he would be received as the Athenians received the onesurvivor of Thermopylae. He would be an outcast in his tribe, doomed to suffer a thousand insults worse than death. But for those who are killed there is glory here and rest hereafter. Their souls ascend to paradise, while their bodies are buried apart, in a place which is thus rendered forever sacred, and to which pious Moslems will come and pray over the dust of their heroic dead. —Scribner's Magazine.

Her Preference. "You'll please prefer me." "Do I please you?" "It really is my question should tire. Do you care for men tall, or those who are small?" "What kind of men do you admire?" "Her lashes quick fell And veiled her eyes well. "So perfect for such a request; I like little and tall, Both little and tall, But then I like Hymen the best." —Boston Budget.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Cooking Cereals.

The main secret in the preparation of cereals, says Cook's Housekeeping, is thorough cooking; and this necessitates cooking them slowly, in the proper quantity of liquid, for a considerable length of time. A great deal has been written about preparing mushes for the table in from two to twenty minutes, and many cooks serve them prepared in that length of time; but all cereals are more digestible and much finer flavored when thoroughly cooked. The table given below will be found approximately accurate as regards the proportions of grain and liquid to be used, and the length of time required to perfectly cook the following grains and grain products:

Pearled Wheat—Five measures of liquid to each measure of wheat. Cook from four to six hours. Pearled Barley—Five measures of liquid to each measure of barley. Cook from four to six hours. Coarse Hominy—Five measures of liquid to each measure of hominy. Cook from six to ten hours. Fine Hominy—Four measures of liquid to each measure of hominy. Cook from four to six hours.

Coarse Oatmeal—Four measures of liquid to each measure of oatmeal. Cook from four to six hours. Rolled Wheat—Three measures of liquid to each measure of wheat. Cook two hours. Rolled Barley—Three measures of liquid to each measure of barley. Cook two hours. Rolled Oats (Avena)—Three measures of liquid to each measure of oats. Cook one hour. Rice—Three measures of liquid to each measure of rice. Cook one hour. Farina—Six measures of liquid to each measure of farina. Cook half an hour to an hour. Cerealine Flakes—One measure of liquid to each measure of cerealine. Cook half an hour.

Water alone can be used for cooking any of the cereals, but most of them are richer and finer flavored when the liquid used is milk and water, mixed in about equal proportions. Especially is this the case with barley, rice, hominy and farina. The quantity of salt that should be used in cooking cereals is largely a matter of individual taste, as some people like considerable, and some very little salt in their food. A safe general rule, however, to follow, is to add half a teaspoonful of salt to each pint of liquid.

All cereals can be cooked very perfectly in an ordinary agate ware or porcelain lined stew-pan, if carefully watched and stirred; but, as much stirring renders cereals starchy, and robs them of a good deal of their finest flavors, a double boiler, if conveniently called a farina boiler, is much the best and most convenient utensil for cooking mushes and grains of every kind. To cook cereals in a double boiler: Fill the outside boiler two-thirds full of boiling water, put the necessary quantity of liquid in the inside kettle, add the requisite amount of salt, and when it boils, sprinkle in the grain or meal, stirring slowly until it swells or thickens enough to keep it from settling to the bottom of the kettle. Then cease stirring, and let it boil slowly until thoroughly cooked. All mushes thicken in cooling, and in preparing cereals to be eaten cold, the proportion of liquid should be increased at least one-third. That is all good advice.

FRITTERS. Four eggs well beaten, one quart of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, half teaspoon of salt, mix enough to make a batter, fry in hot lard, sprinkle with sugar, or eat with sprig. APPLE JELLY.—Use good sour apples, slice them, skins, seeds, and all, and simmer with one-half a cup of water till well-cooked and soft; then strain through a cloth, add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, boil a few minutes, skimming till clear; pour into glasses and cover when cold. OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Take two ounces of oatmeal and one and one-half pints of water. Rub the meal in a basin with the back of a spoon in a small quantity of water, pouring off the fluid after the coarse particles are settled, but while the milkiness continues repeat the operation until the milkiness disappears. Put the washings into a small pan; stir until they boil, adding a pinch of salt, and boil until a soft, thick mucilage is formed. Sweeten to taste. STEWED CORN.—Foil the chops and let them get cold; then put into a sauce-pan with two tablespoons of butter and one of minced onion; cover tightly and set in a kettle of cold water; bring slowly to a boil. At the end of an hour add a cup of hot broth (made from the trimmings of chops), seasoned with pepper, salt, a pinch of cloves and chopped parsley; cover again and stew gently until the chops are tender, setting the sauce-pan directly on the range. Then lay them on a hot dish, strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, stir in a good teaspoon of currant jelly; boil one minute and pour over the chops.

Pot Pie.—Cut one and a-half pounds of lean stewing beef into slices, sprinkle a little salt and pepper on it, and lay it in a pot with a tight-fitting lid. Pour three teacups of water on it, and let it come to boiling point; then slice one carrot, one parsnip, one turnip, and three onions, and throw them in. Then take three-quarters of a pound of flour, a saltspoonful of baking soda, one saltspoonful of salt, and nearly a quarter of a pound of sweet nicely minced; mix into a dough with butter-milk, knead it into a round shape, and put it on to the top of the meat and vegetables; cover up close, and let it simmer slowly for two and a-half hours. With seven pounds of potatoes this dish is sufficient for a large family.

His Big Bumps.

A gentleman entered a phrenologist's office in Boston and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection the professor started back, exclaiming: "Good gracious! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. Were your parents eccentric?" "No, sir," replied the all-around character, meekly, "but my wife is. You needn't pay any attention to the arger bumps, sir." —Boston Free Press.

Courting a Widow.

Smith: "I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devotedly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?" Dumley: "She is a widow, you say?" Smith: "Yes." Dumley: "Seven nights in the week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday outside." —New York Spectator.

THE LIGHT.

There is no shadow where my love is laid, For ever thus I fancy in my dream That walks with me and wakes my sleep, some gleam Of sunlight, thrusting through the poplar shade, Falls there; and even when the wind has played His requiem for the Day, one stray sun-beam, Pale as the palest moonlight glimmers seen, Keeps sentinel for her till starlight fade.

And I, remaining here and waiting long, And all enfolded in my sorrow's night, Who not on earth again her face may see— For even Memory does her likeness wrong— And blind and hopeless, only for this light— This light, this light, through all the years to be. —H. C. Banner, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

You may laugh at a bridehead man as much as you like, but you can't make fun of his hair. —Danville Bruce. The English house of lords now rejoices in a new and appropriate title—the house of landlords. —Chicago Journal. "Why do plots thicken on the stage?" asks a western exchange. Because they can't very well be any thinner. That's one reason. —Mail and Express. He was love-struck when the first they met. And soon was bound the first they met. One year, and she sent back love's truck— His girls and all his letters. —Carl Bryant.

In a Kansas town. Class in history. Teacher: "And what did Washington do when he threw up his fortification near Boston?" "Bright Boy!" "He boomed the town." —Arkansas Traveler. One of the most annoying things in life is to think you have found a sucker on a show case, and after making a cover grab for it, discover that it is posted on the under side of the glass. —Epoch. "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. A motto that comes very pat, my boys. There are many slip-ups 'twixt the lip and the cup." —You had better paste that in your hat, my boys. —Coolidge's Sars.

There is a good deal of interest manifested now in the subject of whaling in the polar sea. The difference between that and the old-fashioned back-shed variety is that in one instance the victim gets cold and in the other he gets warmed. —Merchant Traveler. Should Wiggins claim that storms will blow, Then look for drowning rains out. But should he prophesy a calm, Into the ocean steer out. "And he should say the sun will shine, Then look for drenching rains out. To strange the killer with his club, Don't knock the fellow's brains out. —Washington Herald.

NOT PRETTY. He wears a flapper Derby hat, Which he would call a "dile." His line and his gait are the line of the latest style. His clothes by Pook, of London fame, Are faintless in their fit. They ornament his rummy frame And he is aware of it. "A perfect youth," you'd say at once, And get it wrong again, For he is just a perfect dunce, He has a misfit brain. —Savannah Journal.

A Wonderful Marching Feat.

Looking through history, writes Lieutenant Hamilton in the New York Post, we find that though in all other particulars the art of war has made wonderful strides, and in the actual distances accomplished in marches on foot the ancients were fully equal to modern soldiers. In fact, the most wonderful marches ever recorded in marching was accomplished by the ancients. In the second Punic war Hannibal lay waiting at Canusium for his brother Hasdrubal to bring him reinforcements from Spain. Facing Hannibal was a Roman army under the Consul Claudius Nero, while opposite Hasdrubal was another Roman army under the Consul Livius. Leaving the main body to hold and deceive Hannibal, Claudius, with a picked army of 1,000 horses and 6,000 foot, marched secretly and quickly to Livius, and, joining forces with him, they hurled themselves on Hasdrubal and defeated him. Claudius then, once matched back again before Hannibal, was aware of his brother's defeat. Now, the distance between Canusium and Serra Gallica, the place of the battle, by the best authorities is given at the least measurement as 225 miles. The march was made each way in six days, or at the rate of over thirty-seven miles a day. But this march is an exceptional one, and, believed, must stand out like so many other of the wonders of the ancients.

Wind and Endurance in Running.

The essential requisites of a long-distance runner are a strong heart and capacious lungs in a broad and mobile chest. The reason for this will be apparent to those who understand the physiology of exercise. To sustain long-continued exertion latest energy in the muscles used is necessary, and also a ready means of supplying these muscles with an increased amount of oxygen while in action, and of carrying away the carbonic acid that results from the combustion in the tissues. Hence the necessity of breathing faster while running than while walking, and unless this exchange of gases can be carried on with sufficient rapidity and in sufficient quantities to meet the demand of the organism during these trying circumstances, there soon comes an end to further muscular activity, though the muscles themselves may be far from exhausted. —Scribner's Magazine.