

Parody.

AT THE STEPPING-STONES.

BY M. C. GILLINGTON.

Oh, you brooklet, brown and clear,
Do you know? Did you hear?
You among your sparrows, edges,
Stepping-stones with rounded edges,
Singing softly as you go,
Did you hear? Do you know?

My rough hands outstretched to shear,
Do you know? Did you hear?
Shook above you snow-white fleeces,
Lying round in ragged pieces,
When I heard her accents low—
Did you hear? Do you know?

Trembling then 'twixt love and fear,
Do you know? Did you hear?
While the clean-clipped ewe went bleating,
I for joy of such a meeting,
Let my words forth flow—
Did you hear? Do you know?

Household.

POTATO CAKES.

Make cold mashed potatoes into flat
cakes, flour them and fry in hot lard until
light brown.

CREAM PIE.

Beat together one-half teaspoon of sugar,
the white of one egg, one tablespoonful
of flour, one teaspoon of milk; bake with
under crust only.

CHIPPED BEEF STEW.

To one quart of milk add one large tea-
spoonful of butter and one-half can of
chipped beef; thicken with a little flour
and water. Add pepper.

DOUGHNUTS.

One quart of flour, one cup of sugar,
one cup of sweet milk, one egg, a pinch
of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two
teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Fry in
boiling lard.

COFFEE CAKE.

One cup of brown sugar, one cup of
molasses, one of raisins, one of butter, one
of coffee, one egg, one teaspoon of soda;
cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg to
suit the taste.

RAISIN CAKE.

One-half cup of butter, one cup of
sugar, one cup of sour milk, two eggs,
one cup of raisins, one-half teaspoon of
soda, one teaspoon each of cloves, cinnam-
on and nutmeg.

POTATO PUDDING.

Mash fine one pint of boiled potatoes;
mix with one pint of flour, one teaspoon
of salt and roll into balls; boil one quart
of milk, drop the balls in, and when stiff
take out; serve with butter and sugar.

VEAL LOAF.

Two pounds of veal steak, quarter of
a pound of raw pork, chop fine, one nutmeg,
six butter crackers rolled fine, two well-
beaten eggs, pepper and salt, bake in a
loaf shape; keep a little salt and water
in bake pan to baste with.

BAKED BEANS.

Soak one quart of beans over night
with one teaspoon of saleratus; in the
morning change the water and put in one-
half pound pork, tablespoonful sugar, one
teaspoon each salt and saleratus, and
cover with water and bake in a slow
oven.

POTATO SCALLOPS.

Mash potatoes soft with butter and
milk, season with salt and pepper, and
whip to a cream; fill scallop shells with a
mixture, molding it high and smooth;
bake quickly, and when brown serve over
lightly with beaten egg. Serve immedi-
ately in shells.

GOOD PUDDING.

Put alternate layers of bread crumbs
and quartered apples, which must be tart
and juicy, into a pudding dish; when full,
pour in carefully a cup of cold water, in
which a scant teaspoon of salt has been
dissolved; the first and last layer should
be of breadcrumbs and small pieces of
butter put over the top; steam about an
hour; serve with sauce.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Put in the bottom of a pudding dish
four oranges, peeled and sliced; sweeten
and pour over a syrup made of one pint
of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
wet with a little cold milk and yolks of
two eggs, beaten with one-half cup of
sugar boiled one minute; make a meringue
of whites of two eggs and three table-
spoons of powdered sugar; brown slightly
in the oven.

FISH PIE.

Take any firm-fleshed fish, cut in slices,
and season with salt and pepper; let
stand in a cold place for two or three
hours, then put the sliced fish in a baking
dish, with a little cream or water, and
butter and flour rubbed to a cream, with
minced parsley and hard-boiled eggs
sliced; line the sides of the dish half-way
down, and cover with a nice paste. Bake
in an oven, quick at first, but gradually
growing moderate.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.

Boil half a cup of rice; when cold, mix
one quart sweet milk, the yolks of four
eggs, and flour sufficient to make a stiff
batter; beat the whites to a froth, stir in
one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream
of tartar, add a little salt, and lastly the
whites of the eggs; bake on a griddle.
Serve by spreading them while hot with
butter, and also any kind of jelly or pre-
serves; roll them up neatly, cut off the
ends, sprinkle with sugar and serve
quickly.

HE USED IT TO GET WORK.

Mr. Greeley, becoming disgusted with
the blunders of one of his type-setters,
sent a note up to the foreman requesting
him to discharge the man at once, as he
was too inefficient a workman to be any
longer employed on the Tribune. The
foreman obeyed instructions, but before
leaving the "typo" managed to get pos-
session of Mr. Greeley's note, and immedi-
ately went to a rival office and applied
for work, showing the note as a recom-
mendation. The foreman to whom he
applied scanned the note and said: "Oh,
I see—a good and efficient compositor"—
employed for a long time on the Tribune
—Horace Greeley, and immediately set
him to work on the strength of Greeley's
certification of his incapacity, after hav-
ing been "out of a job" for the space of
about fifteen minutes.—St. Louis Globe-
Democrat.

LOWLAND FOLKS.

(In which it is demonstrated that squatters love as
well as other folks. How I stood
for 'Sary and Tom.)

Reference was made in the last sketch
to Deacon Tanner's daughter Sarah, and
to her asking me to "stand for" her and
her lover, Tom, with the old folks. After
I had upset the deacon's religious argu-
ments he seemed to feel it his duty to go
out and make a search for a razor-backed
hog which had been missing for three
months, and which had probably been de-
voured weeks ago, while the wife made
ready to give the parlor floor a good
scrubbing with sand, soap and water.
Sarah was told to mind the kettle of lye
which was boiling over a fire to make
soft soap, and as I sat down on the log
beside her she indulged in a chuckle and
said:

"You'un dun used pap right up in
them talks. He'un sees he's got to change.
Me and mam is right glad of it, fur pap
has dum been powerfully lazy. Hum made
us all believe the Lord didn't expect he'un
to work. Him jist wanted to spell out
the Bible and talk of the judgment day
while and ma had to go barfut. Pap is
dun mad about it, I reckon, but he hasn't
said nuthin'. You'un is too big fur him
in your talk, and when you'un goes away
mam will keep the water hot."

"Well, what is it about, Tom?" I
asked.

"He-he!" she giggled as she twisted
her apron in her hands in great embar-
rassment. "I like he'un, and him likes
me."

"But your parents object?"

"Pap don't keer, I reckon, but mam
says I kin do better."

"Sure he loves you?"

"He-he! Him says so, and I believe
he."

"Has he any bad habits?"

"Nary."

"Doesn't he chew, smoke, swear, or
drink moonshine?"

"He'un chaws puff. He'un smokes a
pipe. He'un swears at his ox. He'un
drinks moonshine to keep the chills away.
Them's what everybody does. Them's no
bad habits. Them don't hurt nobody."

"Where is he now?"

"He-he! Oh! hu! Him's close."

"Do you mean he's around here some-
where?"

"Yes. He—he! You won't tell?"

"No."

"Then he'un is beyand that brush.
He'un's dazedd of mam. She'un's besots
him when he comes. Go out and talk to
he'un, but don't keer him."

I walked out to the brush heap indi-
cated, and crouched behind it was a young
man of two and twenty, dressed in the
garb of the lowlanders thereabouts, but
having a spirited look in his face. He
was much embarrassed over the discov-
ery, and I sought to put him at ease by
saying:

"It's all right, Tom; glad you are here.
I've agreed to stand for you and Sarah,
and if you'll come along we'll have a talk
with the old folks and settle the matter
this evening."

"She'un don't seem to gubble (have a
liking) fur me," he answered, as he waved
his hand towards the cabin.

"Well, we'll find out the reason. Come
along. Sarah loves you and is willing to
marry you, and that's the big end of the
business."

"What if she'un (the mother) dun bub-
bles?" he inquired, as he stopped short.

"What do you mean?"

"Dun gets mad."

"Well, get her pleased again. Come
along."

"Oh, Tom, he 'un will stand for us!"
she whispered as we drew near. "You
orter hear him down pap, and I'm sure
he'un kin beat mam to shavings."

Just then the deacon returned from a
vain search after the hog, and his wife
called out that supper was ready. Leav-
ing the lovers together at the soap kettle,
I went forward and said to Mrs. Tanner:
"Sarah's Tom is here, and I hope you
will ask him to supper. I want to talk to
him."

THE NOVEL REMEDY USED BY A BARKEEPER WHO TURNED DOCTOR.

In one of the popular down-town
lunch-rooms the lunchers sit at long tables
and help themselves to butter from a
large-size roll, which is placed on a plate
near the centre of each table. The other
day the table nearest the front door was
fully occupied, and a young man near one
end was just reaching for the butter,
when the door was thrown open with a
jarring bang, and a bareheaded man, whose
face was flushed with excitement and
who wore a long white apron, dashed in
with a bound, rushed over to the table
mentioned, grabbed up the whole roll of
butter and then tore out again with it in
his hand. The young man who had been
reaching out for the butter fell off of his
chair and the other guests were greatly
excited at the strange and sudden inci-
dent. A few of the cooler heads took
advantage of this excitement to put their
checks into their pockets and sneak out
without obeying the injunction, "Please
pay at the desk."

One of these people had seen the ex-
cited young man disappear with his but-
ter in a doorway just across the street,
and his curiosity prompted him to follow.
The place was a small saloon, and the
young man was evidently the barkeeper.
It appears that two or three of his cus-
tomers had been standing in front of the
bar examining an old dueling pistol. One
of them raised the hammer, saw no cap
on the nipple and supposed it was not
loaded. He blew in the muzzle and was
just removing it from between his lips
when the hammer fell, there was a blinding
flash and report, and the poor fellow
received the entire rusty charge full in
the face. He fell to the floor and every
one became crazy with excitement. Only
the barkeeper had presence of mind, and
as soon as the man fell he darted out of
the door and across the street, returning
quickly with the butter.

Knocking at the wounded man's side,
he smeared this butter all over his torn
and powder-stained face and rubbed it in
vigorously. Then he threw a handker-
chief over his face and helped convey the
man to the rear room. Meantime some
one had gone for a doctor, and he soon
arrived. When he saw the man he in-
quired: "What's that stuff on his face?"

The barkeeper told him what he had
done.

"Well," said the physician, "you saved
him from being disfigured for life by your
prompt action. That grease has kept the
powder from getting in under the skin,
and I can pick it all out." Luckily there
was nothing but powder in the pistol.
The grains were picked from the young
man's face, and now he is as good as new,
two deeply-imbued particles of powder
at the side of his nose being the only
visible marks of the accident. He will
never blow into another pistol, and will
always regard presence of mind as a won-
derful trait in any man.—Chicago Herald.

THE BELLE OF LITTLE HILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland's Pretty Sum-
mer Home at Marion, Mass.

Nothing could be quieter than the life
led by ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland
in their summer home at Marion, Mass.
They occupy a long, low cottage, of beau-
tiful design, on Little Hill, between the
upper and lower villages, and about a
mile from the railroad depot. Aside
from the interest attaching to it through
its present occupants, the cottage itself is
interesting, having been designed by the
famous architect, Richardson, of Boston,
who during his lifetime, ranked unques-
tionably the greatest in the country.

It is the property of the Rev. Percy
Browne, of Roxbury, Mass., a personal
friend of the great architect, who was at
the same time a parishioner of his, and
induced him to construct this, the only
small house designed by him.

The cottage is a two-story dwelling,
with a re-entering porch that opens into
a hallway with the parlor on the right
hand a charming little dining-room on the
left. A stoop on the extreme right of
the building admits one to the parlor at
that end, after ascending a few steps,
which add much interest to the architec-
tural effect. Everywhere about the house
and the parlor, the dining-room and the
hall are seen great bunches of wild flowers
from the fields, and more luxuriant though
not the more beautiful for the florists.

Mrs. Cleveland is a great walker, and
may often be seen strolling along the
high roads, accompanied by some of her
neighbors, or diving into the woods on
either hand in search of wild flowers to
decorate her home.

Upstairs are the sleeping apartments,
with sloping ceilings, and great dormer
windows opening out upon the lawn or
admitting the fresh, salt breezes from
Buzzard's Bay.

Seated in a large wicker chair within
the porch, a great St. Bernard dog curled
up at her feet, Mrs. Cleveland spends a
great part of the morning, when the
weather is fair, reading the daily papers
or the latest novel, and then strolls lei-
suredly over to the studio back of her
neighbor's house to chat with Mrs. Gilder
while at her art work or to have a romp
with the fair artist's lovely children.

The Clevelands have taken the house
for the months of June and July, and
selected that quiet New England village
on Buzzard's Bay for the purpose of en-
joying absolute rest for a little while. Mr.
Cleveland goes out every Friday night by
the Fall River Line and returns Monday
night.

While in Marion the ex-President leads
a very quiet life. Occasionally he goes
sailing or fishing on the bay and is some-
times seen walking or driving about the
village, accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland.
On Sundays they attend services in the
little village Congregational Church. Mr.
Cleveland's weekly journey to and from
Marion attracts a great deal of attention
on the roads, though he tries in every
way to avoid it. People come up to him
all the time and it is actually all he can
do to prevent the greetings of his friends
and the attention of those who desire to
make his acquaintance taking the charac-
ter of a public reception. As soon as he
reaches the steamer he hastens to his
state-room as quickly as possible, but can
scarcely escape the well-intended im-
portunity of his admirers.—New York Morn-
ing Journal.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

"This letter is to my husband," she
said as she looked on a stamp at the win-
dow in the corridor of the postoffice.

"Yes'm."

"Will it go out to-day?"

"Yes'm."

"By first mail?"

"Yes'm."

"He ought to get it day after to-mor-
row?"

"Yes'm."

"And I ought to have his letter by
Saturday?"

"Yes'm."

"It isn't over weight?"

"No'm."

"And if he gets it, and if I get his
answer by Saturday, I can write—"

"Please don't obstruct the window,
ma'am; there's forty people waiting."

"Oh! there are! That's always the
way it. I can't get a word of information
out of this postoffice, try as I will. Good
day, sir! I'll go across to Canada after
this!"

The man who likes to hear himself talk
stood in front of a drugstore last evening
and began his diatribe by pointing to
something in the window. "Look there
—it's a burning shame to see such signs
as that," he said in an injured tone. The
sign in question read: "Shoofly! Poison."
"Now isn't it too bad that a poor fly can-
not enjoy its brief hour of life without
such a conspiracy as that against it?
Flies are the natural scavengers of the
air. Their absence foretells plague, pesti-
lence and famine. A man who would
deliberately crush out that wonderful and
beautiful complexity of insect life is a
murderer at heart. He takes a life that
he cannot restore. The fly is the—
o-u-c-h there! I've got him! Dead as the
door nail! That makes about the two
hundredth musquito I've killed since sup-
per-time. They are all mashed on me—
ha ha!"

THE SIZE OF HEAVEN.

Editor Atlanta Constitution:

Does any book or commentary on the
Bible give the size of heaven? W. P. P.

Answer: The twenty-first chapter of
Revelation gives the measurement. The
most interesting calculation on the subject
is that of Capt. J. B. Sharkley, a measurer
of vessels in the Boston custom house.
He takes the statement in Revelation xxi
and figures it out thus: "And he meas-
ured the city with the reed 12,000 fur-
longs. The length, the breadth and the
height are equal." Twelve thousand
furlongs—7,920,000 feet cubed—497,793,-
088,000,000,000,000 feet. Reserving one-
half of this space for the throne and court
of heaven, and one-half of the remainder
for streets, we have 124,198,272,000,000,-
000,000 feet cubic. Divide this by 4,096
cubic feet in a room sixteen feet square
and there will be 30,321,343,750,000,000
rooms. We will now suppose the world
always did and always will contain 9,000,-
000,000 inhabitants and that a generation
lasts 3 1/2 years, making in all 2,970,000,-
000,000 every century, and that the
world will stand 1,000,000 years or 10,000
centuries, 29,700,000,000,000 inhabitants.
Now, suppose there were 100 worlds like
this, equal in number and duration of
years, a total of 2,970,000,000,000,000
persons. There would be more than 1,000
rooms 16 square feet for each and every
person.

HE HAD REASONS.

"I've had my horses and wagon stole!"
shouted an excited farmer as he rushed
into police headquarters yesterday.

"Where from?"

"Right out here on the square!"

An officer was detailed to go with him
and investigate, and as they reached the
market the farmer said:

"I left 'em right over there about fif-
teen minutes ago."

"There's a team around the corner
there," replied the officer. "Did you
have a woman with you?"

"Yes—my wife. Say, by go! that's
my rig as sure's you live!"

"What's the matter, Sam?" asked the
wife as they approached.

"I just drove around to be in the shade."

"You go off the handle pretty easily, I
should say," observed the officer to the
man. "Why didn't you look around a
little?"

"Say!" said the man as he moved a
few steps away, "I was a little hasty, but
I have reasons for it. That woman sit-
ting right there, humble and demure as
she looks, has run away from me three
times, and I'm expecting the fourth
calamity every munit in the day. Go
kinder light on me. She may skip me
yet before I get out o' town."

THAT MADE IT PLAIN.

"Say!" he began, as he halted a pedes-
trian on Michigan avenue, "I'm stuck on
a point in history. Why did Washington
cross the Delaware?"

"He never did."

"Didn't he? Why, history says he
did."

"No it don't. It speaks of Lord Corn-
wallis crossing the Hudson."

"Ah! So it does—so it does. I was
all mixed up." That makes it plain to me
now. Curious how a man will get a little
off on these things now and then. I'll
try and remember that—much obliged."

Aspiring poet—"You returned my last
work because it was written on both
sides of the paper. But this is written
only on one side."

Heartless editor—"Yes, that's what's
the matter with it. If you will send us
the paper without any writing on it, it
will be accepted."—Omaha World.

On one occasion a lady called and pre-
sented a check which she wished cashed.
As she was a perfect stranger to the pay-
ing teller he said, very politely: "Madam,
you will have to bring some one to intro-
duce you before we can cash this check"

Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she
said, freezingly: "But I do not wish to
know you, sir!"—Richmond Dispatch.

NOTICE.

The Border Farmers' Alliance will hold
a meeting in the Farmers' Warehouse in
Danville, Va., the first Monday in August,
(August 5th) at 11 o'clock a. m.

A large attendance is desired from the
border counties, Halifax, Pittsylvania,
Henry and Patrick, of Virginia and Rock-
ingham, Person and Caswell, of North
Carolina, or any other border counties
that are interested in our meeting, as
there will be business of great importance
to be acted upon.

The Sub-Alliances are entitled to the
same number of delegates as in their
County Alliances.

JAMES H. WILSON,
Pres't Farmers' Border Alliance.
P. W. SUTHERLIN, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

To the members of the Farmers' Alliance of
Wake County:

On Friday of each week I will leave at
the office of our State Business Agent,
and at the Alliance Tobacco Warehouse,
a statement of prices as they have been
given to me, and at which the brethren
can trade for one week from the date
thereof.
J. D. ALLEN, C. B. A.

MONEY TO LOAN!

On long time and easy payments, in sums of \$300
and upwards, to be secured by first mortgage on
improved farm lands in Wake county. Apply to
P. W. SUTHERLIN,
Attorneys,
Raleigh, N. C.

fields with with a pair of bull calves. We
have not all even a pair of "bull calves"
with which to begin our success, but most
of us have a pair of strong arms, an able
body, and with the assistance of a willing
and determined mind can work our way
to a success, in a measure, as great and
worthy as any of these, and it is a fact
for which we should be truly thankful
that in this country the road to success is
open to every one, the only condition be-
ing that we furnish our own conveyance,
and if we are too lazy or indolent to do
this, it is no one's fault but our own.—
American Cultivator.

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