

TOMORROW.  
The robin chants that the thrush is dumb,  
Snow smoothes a bed for clover.  
Life flames anon, and days to come  
Are sweet as the days that are over.  
The time that elbe the moon flows back,  
Falls on the ruins of sorrow,  
The halcyon builds in winter's track,  
And night makes way for the morrow.  
And even a strain of joys the sun,  
Sings in the heart of the lover—  
In death's agonies that days to come  
Are sweeter than the days that are over.  
—John B. Coates, in Peterson's.

**DILEMMA.**  
BY ARCHER WEISS.  
CAN'T bring myself to submit to it. I really cannot," I said despondently. "I would rather resign all claim to my aunt's fortune than go through life an object of contempt and ridicule with such a name as Peter Tubbs."  
"Don't be a fool, Percy," said my Uncle Joe sharply. "Only an idiot would be silly enough to throw away a substantial benefit for sake of a mere fantastic sentiment. The name is a respectable one and won't hurt you, and on the other hand consider all the advantages which this fortune will bring you."  
"As Mr. Peter Tubbs," I interrupted bitterly. "I can't conceive how my mother's aunt could have had the heart to impose such a condition upon one whom she desired to benefit."  
"The name was her father's and grandfather's, and she bestowed it upon the child whom she loved and who died in infancy. Naturally, she desired that it should continue in connection with the estate, and I fully believe that for this consideration she would have made Mrs. Granger her heir. As it is, the property will go to her children if you decline to comply with the conditions of the will."  
"Who are the Grangers, anyway?" I inquired impatiently.  
"Mrs. Granger was a niece of Mr. Foster, your aunt's husband, whom she adopted. After the old gentleman's death, she offended the widow by marrying against her will. That was some twenty years ago, in which time, it appears, the couple went south, and have been lost sight of. The lawyers are now hunting for them, and should Mrs. Granger not be living, the fortune goes to her children, that is, if you choose to decline it."  
"But if there are no children?"  
"Then it reverts to some charitable institute. Meanwhile, you have just three months allowed you in which to consider whether you will or will not accept the fortune on the conditions specified in the will; and I venture to assert that you are the only young man outside of an insane asylum who would not decide it in as many minutes."  
"Nevertheless," I replied, "since I won't be at liberty to resign my place in the academy for a month to come, I will, with your permission, take that time to consider the question. I could not face the boys—not the girls, either," I added, involuntarily wincing—"as Mr. Peter Tubbs. Good heavens! the very thought of it affects me like a nightmare!"  
My uncle looked vexed, but evidently considered it best to say no more at the time. But as the last month of the school session approached, I observed that he began to look at me with an air of concern.  
"These commencement exercises," he remarked, "are having a bad effect upon you; in fact, breaking you down, as any one can see. We have both worked hard for a year past; suppose we take a vacation and rest and recuperate for a while? I'll pay your expenses for the sake of your company, for as you know I don't like to go to school myself, and Aunt Encheling prefers spending a week with her sister, where we can join them when our holiday is over."  
He was bent upon carrying out this plan; whereas the first week in July saw us established at a quiet but delightful watering place in the Virginia Mountains, the indications of which were magnificent scenery, healthful air and waters, trout fishing and "home comforts." The place seemed well patronized by elderly people and invalids, though there were fewer young persons present than at the grayer springs. Yet among the half dozen girls whose sweet presence illumined the Mountain Top Hotel, there was one who fascinated me almost from the moment in which I first beheld her.  
I was at one of the mineral springs, at the foot of a mountain that we first met on the day after my arrival. She and a bevy of her fair companions were laughing and chatting upon them, and seeing that we had no drinking vessel, she dipped a silver cup into the spring and offered it with a charming grace, first to Uncle Joe, and then to me. I quaffed the healing waters, and with it the first love-draught that my heart had ever known. Then we all went back to the hotel together; the fair Hebe and I, by some unaccountable arrangement, finding ourselves the last couple in the procession. She talked frankly, first about the scenery, and then lightly touching, in a charmingly original and independent way, upon various topics. I found her to be brimful of poetry and romance, without what is called "gush"; and we made the interesting discovery that our favorite poems were the same, and that upon many subjects our tastes and opinions were identical. In fact, we were kindred spirits.  
Approaching the hotel, I observed a portly and comfortable-looking couple seated on the piazza, the gentleman smoking and the lady serenely fanning herself. My fair companion nodded and smiled to them, and said, laughingly: "Aunt Patterson will be surprised to find that I have been walking with a gentleman to whom I haven't been introduced. She is the dearest soul but such an awful stickler for etiquette and conventionalities! Now my name is Ethel Gray, and I am a niece of that nice old gentleman, Judge Patterson, of Wytheville. She said this with an inimitable demure archness of expression, and I, as in duty bound, hastened to reciprocate the confidence.  
"My name is Percy Howard; and I am the nephew of the respectable old gen-

tleman walking in front of us—Mr. Joseph Barksdale, attorney-at-law, of Middleton, Pa.  
She laughed as she answered: "What a lovely name you have! so romantic and chivalric in sound. I adore pretty names; don't you?"  
I assented; but a cold chill ran through me at the thought. "Suppose I had been obliged to inform her that my name was Peter Tubbs?" And I then and there formed a solemn resolve to relinquish all claim to my Aunt Foster's fortune, and retain my own name of Percy Howard.  
Henceforth the more enamored did I become of her sweet and winning graces. In less than a week I was convinced that she was the one woman in the world whom destiny had marked out for me; and at the end of the second week I took my uncle into my confidence and communicated to him my intention of asking her to become my wife.

"I see no objection," my uncle replied after a moment's grave musing, "provided the conditions of my aunt's will are such that she will accept you. She is a charming girl—a little romantic, but sensible; and will, I am sure, make a good wife. Fortunately, your aunt's money will enable you to live in comfort, whereas without it you and your wife would starve; for, as I understand, she has nothing of her own, and is dependent upon her uncle, Judge Patterson. I'll do my best to procure the necessary consent for your marrying a poor man."  
Here was a dilemma. After resolving, for Ethel's sake, to keep my name, I found myself reduced to the alternative of relinquishing it in order to gain possession of her! To resign her I felt to be an impossibility, whereupon I at length, not without a pang, informed Uncle Joe that I had concluded to accept the conditions of my aunt's will and claim the fortune. But I should have to explain to Ethel, and what would she say?  
Ethel listened very attentively, as in a pleasant little retired nook on the lawn, called "the lovers' seat." I told her about my great-aunt's will and its absurd condition. Her sweet face was full of sympathy, but when I asked her to share with me my life and my fortune, there came an ominous silence. She looked down, and with the point of her parasol carefully turned over and examined a fire-fly which lay motionless upon the grass.  
"Ethel," I exclaimed, anxiously, "if you have any feeling of pity, give me an answer at once. I cannot bear this suspense. Surely you do care for me!"  
"—I do care for you, Percy," she said slowly, and then paused. Apparently she had satisfied herself that the fire-fly was dead, for she now began absently to dig a grave with her parasol, into which she lightly shoved him, then added, sadly: "But I don't know that I can marry you."  
"Why not, darling? What obstacle is there?"  
"Why, only think, Percy, what a dreadful thing it would be to have to go through my whole life as—Mrs. Peter Tubbs!" And here she hastily covered up the fire-fly and buried it out of sight, as though it had been that hated name.

"I know it, darling," I answered sadly and sympathetically. "I hate the name as much as you can possibly do, but surely you love me sufficiently to be willing to make that sacrifice rather than cast me off entirely?"  
"But," she answered, glancing up appealingly from under her long lashes, "could you not make a sacrifice for my sake? Give up the money and keep your beautiful name."  
"But, dearest, we would be so poor! I could not think of exposing you to the trials and ills of poverty."  
"Oh, I don't care for money!" she interrupted, brightly. "We could live in a nice little cottage, which I could make lovely with roses and honeysuckle and I would learn to cook—it's all the fashion now for ladies to take cooking lessons—and we could be just as happy there as in a palace. If you do truly love me, Percy, give up the fortune; for really I could never be happy as Mrs. Peter Tubbs; and I'm not sure but that perhaps I should not be able to love you so much if you were not Percy Howard, but Peter Tubbs. It's silly I know; but I always associate people with their names."  
This last consideration was a serious one, I felt, and I sat in silence, while Ethel commenced scripping bits of gravel upon the grave of the fire-fly.  
"Suppose you take until to-morrow to think it over?" she suggested; and then I shall know how much you do really care for me."  
And then she rose and we sauntered slowly back to the hotel; she apparently placid and serene, while my heart was sorely troubled with the dilemma, out of which I saw no safe way.

When next morning we met in the same spot she had not long to wait for my answer. I told her at once that I had concluded to do nothing on earth in comparison with her, and that if she would only promise to be my wife—to be Mrs. Percy Howard—my Aunt Foster's money might go to Mrs. Granger, and welcome.  
I can never forget the radiant look with which she turned to me—tears in her eyes, but a lovely smile on her lip.  
"Then you do love me—better than this money?" she exclaimed. "I am so glad—so happy!" And she looked up into my eyes and held out both her hands.  
"But, darling, do you think that you will really be satisfied with living in the country and doing your own cooking?" I inquired somewhat anxiously.  
She laughed gaily.  
"We shall never be reduced to that, Percy. We will keep your name and the money, all the same."  
"But, dearest, that will be impossible. You don't seem fully to understand."  
"Oh, yes, I do!" she interrupted with a little exultant sort of a smile and toss of her head. "I told her at once that I had made an explanation in my turn. Mrs. Granger, your aunt's niece, became a widow shortly after her marriage, and was married again to Mr. Walter Gray. They were my own dear parents, and they both died when I was a little girl. So now, don't you see that since you positively decline to take the name of Peter Tubbs, I am my Aunt Foster's heiress, by the condition of her will? And she said that you will keep your name and get the money all the same; for every cent of it shall be settled upon yourself. I wouldn't know what to do with it if it were mine, you know."  
I could hardly believe my ears, and in fact scarcely comprehended the situation until it was again explained to me by my Uncle Joe.

"When I learned from Mrs. Foster's

lawyers," he said, "that Mrs. Granger's only child had been found—and that she was a very charming girl and the niece and ward of my old college friend, Frank Patterson, and that they were spending the summer at this place, why the idea occurred to me of bringing you down here and affording you a chance of getting out of your dilemma one way or the other. Now that it is so satisfactorily settled, I trust that you will forgive my scheming."  
But Ethel, like myself, ignorant of the plot between the old folks, took to herself all the credit.  
"You thought me hard and unfeeling, Percy; but dear, I only wanted to save you from the misery of owing that horrible name, and at the same time secure the money to you. For now that the poor old lady is dead, it can make no difference to her, as when she was alive. And I managed it so nicely, didn't I?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Island Cave-Dwellers.**  
Benjamin E. Miller, a Port Townsend boy who was on the United States steamer Bear during her recent eight months' cruise in the northern seas, has many tales to relate of his adventures and the sights he has seen. Among other things he tells of the Bear's visit to King's Island, in Bering Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, where there are about 200 of the most curious islanders that ever were seen. The island or rock they inhabit is about half a mile wide and a little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave-dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal and walrus meat.  
On the southern side, closely nestling against the cliff, is a village of the cave-dwellers. One abode is built over and under the other, and to the right and left, giving them a strange, motley appearance, not unlike the recesses inhabited by bald eagles. There are narrow caves excavated into the side of the crumbling volcanic rock, and in the bottom of each is some of the short native grass, forming a bed on which to sleep. At the mouth of the cave and in the interior fires are kindled, and here they warm themselves in the winter. Skins of different kinds are also suspended outside to keep out the snow and cold. In the summer the hardy natives leave their huts and live in odd houses made of poles constructed near at hand on the edge of the cliff.  
These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. Moreover, they are entirely contented and as happy as people in any of the great cities of America. They have no government, no chief, and no need of laws. Living in families and setting forth every day in their kials for the whale, seal and walrus, they return each night to their caves or pole tents, caring nothing for the outside world.  
Odd to relate, however, prestige of the native is determined by the clothes he wears. As these consist of skins and constitute the wealth of the islanders, it will be seen that they are not in this respect so much unlike civilized people. But the man with more clothes than anybody else has no more authority. He is respected for his sagacity, but that is all.  
Little has been known of the islanders hitherto. For a great many years after the whalers had been going to Bering Straits and the great Mackenzie it was supposed the huge brown rock was uninhabited. It was like a beacon in the sea, and about it nothing was to be seen nor heard except the roar of the waves and the wailing cry of the white fowl. Finally some one discovered smoke ascending from the other side of the cliff. A landing was made and there the islanders were found. They said they and their forefathers had been there always and that they knew no other world, though they had heard that there was one. This was only a dozen years ago. Since then the whalers have kept an eye out for them, for they liked the generous natives, who showed many good traits.—Port Townsend (Washington) Call.

**Distinctive Features of New Orleans.**  
"The biggest little city in the country," it is what an adopted citizen of New Orleans calls that town. With but little more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants, the Crescent City has most of the features of a true capital and metropolis. It is among the few towns in our country that can be compared with Paris in respect of their metropolitan qualifications, but New Orleans lacks all the rest, though in population it is small beside any of the others. It has an old and exclusive society, whose claims would be acknowledged in any of our cities. It supports grand opera; its clubs are fully what the term implies, and not mere empty club houses. It has fine theatres and public and church buildings. The joys of the table, which Caesars ranked first among the dissipations of intellectual men, are professed not only in many fine restaurants and in the clubs, but in a multitude of homes. No city has finer markets. Its commerce is with all the world, and its population is cosmopolitan, with all that long continuance of those conditions implies. Like the greater cities, it has distinct divisions or quarters, which offer the visiting sight-seeer novelty and change. Its "sights" are the accumulation of nearly two centuries, and of Spanish, French and American origin.—Harper's Magazine.

**Birds of the Grass Lands.**  
Every boy who has indulged the natural propensity to hunt ruffled streams and at wild, delectable places, to pursue shy birds and pry into the secret of their nests, knows full well that there are birds of the fields and birds of the woods. A student of ornithology soon learns that certain groups or families of birds are peculiar either to the woods or to the fields, and that their organization is in no way or less entire accordance with the manner of life induced by the physical conditions of the area they inhabit. Among our Eastern American birds the tit-mice, wrens, creepers, nuthatches, wood warblers, tanagers, vireos, shrikes, waxwings, tyrant fly-catchers, the woodland group of thrushes, crows, jays and woodpeckers are all tree lovers, for the most part nesting in trees, and if on near the ground, usually in the depths of tangled underwood. On the other hand, a number of species belonging to the large family of the finches (sparrows, buntings, etc.) are strictly birds of the grass lands, and this is true also of some members of the closely allied family of startlings, blackbirds and orioles, notably in the case of the field lark, some blackbirds and the bobolink.—Popular Science Monthly.

**CURTIOUS FACTS.**  
Cortez took sheep to Mexico in 1530. A San Francisco woman is the proud possessor of 207 cats.  
A combined knife and fork for one-armed men is being manufactured.  
The most unique citizen of New York City is Ah Go Wah, a Chinese tramp. Tobacco has been successfully raised on the banks of the Androscoquin River in Maine.  
The Desert of Sahara has almost exactly the number of square miles that the United States has.  
Shirts embroidered by hand and costing fifty dollars each came in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth.  
Herrick, the poet, was fond of pigs as pets, and taught one to follow him about and to drink beer out of a mug.  
Rose Brooks, a ten-year-old girl, of Memphis, Tenn., was choked to death by a glass marble the other day.  
Out of one hundred and thirty-four men in the freshman class at Amherst College, only sixteen use tobacco.  
Paper teeth are now manufactured by a Luback dentist. One set has been in use thirteen years and is as good as ever.  
A goose with three wings is the choicest fowl in the flock of Mrs. Samuel Lutz, of Worcester, Montgomery County, Penn.  
The staple of food for the 500,000 natives of Natal and the Zulul alone is white corn. It is ground into a coarse meal and boiled with water, making a porridge of it.  
The chips from a galloos upon which several persons had been hanged is one of the items of medical Americana; these were thought to be especially valuable in treating cases of obstinate ague.  
C. W. Zinn, of Ivorydale, near Cincinnati, Ohio, was afraid that people would not believe him the owner of twin puppies without any foetus, so he had an affidavit made out and five neighbors swore to it.  
It is customary throughout Spain for the waiters of cafes to fill a glass of wine or liquor so that it overflows upon the saucer. This custom, in which it is desired to show an appearance of liberality, is called the "foothat."  
The title of Prince is almost as common in Russia as that of Colonel in this country. A Prince Krapotkin is a cabinet minister in Russia and a Princess Galitzin is an equestrienne in a caecap circle.  
Miss Ella Hale, of Upper Saususky, Ohio, lost her voice while coughing five years ago. The other day she experienced a similar coughing spell, and after it had subsided found that her voice had returned. Doctors are unable to explain.  
Some of the costly things in the Sultan's treasure house at Constantinople are children's cradles of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones; divans covered with cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls; suits of mail, thickly incrustured with emeralds and diamonds, and other relics of former Ottoman splendor.

**Origin of the Word "Quiz."**  
The word "quiz," which the dictionary variously defines "to make fun of," "a riddle or puzzle," "to play tricks upon," etc., was coined by the elder Sheridan when he was less than the old Crow Theatre, Dublin. While at a party with a number of his friends after the close of the theatre one Saturday night, the subject turned upon the introduction of new words into the language. Finally Sheridan offered to wager that he could coin a word that would be in everybody's mouth the next day. The bet was taken, and when the party dispersed Sheridan rang up the call boys and gave each a dozen pieces of chalk. He next ordered each to spend the night writing the word "quiz" on every door, doorstep, fence and shutter they came to, promising to each boy three shillings if the word was found to be well executed by morning. These directions were carried out to the letter; and, as a matter of course, the new word was heard on every side the next day. There was much speculation as to the probable meaning of the four letters so oddly put together, the more timid of the population interpreting them as some revolutionary sign. The true motive and the circumstances under which the word was coined finally leaked out, since which time it has the meaning given in the opening.—St. Louis Republic.

**Freelish Actions of a Spring.**  
The greatest curiosity in West Virginia, and one of the most wonderful freaks known in the South, is a spring at Northfield; that is, it is located at Northfield during two months of the year and at some other place during the other ten. The Virginian end of this wonder is engaged in active business during the two hottest months of the year, from July 1 to August 31, its basin being as dry as the proverbial chip the remainder of the year. This phenomenal fountain is no toy water jet, neither is it a "seep" or a "spouty place," on the contrary, it is a gusher almost equal to a monster Florida spring. The ten months' silence and two months' activity of this Virginian oddity is not the only phenomenon it presents; it works on the intermittent plan, spouting a column of water of huge dimensions for 15 minutes, then relapsing into a state of inactivity for the same length of time. The going and coming of the water is preceded by a strange roaring sound, not unlike that of a heavy train passing over a trestle. The size of the stream does not seem to diminish from year to year, being always sufficiently large to turn an ordinary mill wheel.—St. Louis Republic.

**Cultivate the Snowflower.**  
Among the crops that may be grown, and that may be said to be such as give returns, may be mentioned the snowflower. It is a rapid and vigorous grower and every part may be utilized; the leaves for fodder, the stalks for fuel and the seed for the manufacture of oil, the residue being valuable for food, or the seed may be used as a feed without extracting the oil.  
The oil makes an especially fine lubricating fluid, and the residue of the seed is said to be a better feed than cottonseed meal, because it does not possess that highly stimulating quality possessed by cotton-seed-oil cake. The whole seed may be used as a feed for sheep, swine, poultry, cattle, and even horses, and is devoid of the objectionable qualities attached to cotton seed as a feed.—German-town (Penn.) Telegraph.

**HELD UP.**  
Here the judge interposed.  
"Oh, let him go on, your lordship," pleaded the witness; he's a lawyer, and I don't know the truth when he sees it and I'm only too glad to show him how far as far as I can.—Boston Globe.

**HOUSEHOLD.**  
STUFFING FOWL.  
It is one of the easiest fowl if one goes dry. The first necessity well to talk about bakers' there are many cooks who think that really excellent stuffing cannot be made from it.  
Select a well dried loaf or little scraps cut off from any burnt portion, but not the crust. Butter the slices and sprinkle them with salt and pepper and a little thyme or summer savory, according as one may like these seasonings; then dry them in these places the tiniest speck of baking powder. Cut the slices into dice and fill the bird with these until no more can be pressed in. Close the bird with skewers, tie the wings down with strings and fasten the legs to the body in the same way. Very thin slices of salt should be cut and laid over the exposed portions of the fowl, the breast and legs especially being more likely to scorch than any of the other parts. These slices are fastened in place with small skewers, or, if great pains is taken to remove them, with large pins. Every housekeeper should have a set of small sized skewers of metal expressly for this purpose. When the bird is ready, put it into the oven and add at least half a pint of water, or what is better, good soup stock. Baste the fowl every fifteen minutes and keep a careful watch of it until done.  
Almost every one becomes familiar with her own oven, and the time that it is consumed in making various articles. There is one thing that must not be overlooked, and that is that all meats of whatever sort should be thoroughly cooked. The rare-heat idea is an exploded one, and the time is not far distant when to eat it will be looked upon as almost barbarian. Of all unwholesome and indigestible dishes an ill-cooked is the worst.  
Prepared in the above way, the stuffing of a chicken or turkey resolves itself into the work of a few minutes. The continual basting gives the necessary moisture to the dressing, the baking makes it light as a feather, and the soup or other gravy gives the flavor that epicures like so well.—New York Ledger.

**HOW TO MAKE RAG CARPETS.**  
In nearly all farmhouse rag carpets are used, and they are admirably adapted for the purpose, though the making of them is no inconsiderable task for the busy housewife, but this may be rendered less formidable by a little forethought. Each week when the ironing is being done, discard all such garments as are unfit for further wear, remove the buttons, and cut and tear the rags ready for sewing. Place each color in a bunch by itself, if you are intending to make your carpet striped. Try to get the rags all sewed up once a year at least. Take a day or evening, when other duties are not very pressing, thread the machine with No. 40 thread, of a color to suit the rags, lap and fold the ends of two strips as if to be sewed by hand, start in at the side just back of the beginning of the lap, run slantingly to the center, sew the length of the lap, and slant to the edge, insert another without breaking the thread or lifting the preser-foot, and continue adding length after length. When the bunch of rags is finished, clip all the threads first, and then wind the rags into balls.  
Do not mix men's heavy cloth in your carpet with the finer cotton rags, but make them into rags instead, using only cotton rags, cut fine and sewed neatly, if you wish a nice smooth carpet, and one that will not be so heavy as to be troublesome to make, lay and clean. Its freedom from wool will also prevent the attack of moths.  
Brown is the most serviceable and desirable color for the warp, as it adds depth and richness to the general appearance of the carpet. The present fancy runs towards plain, rather than striped carpets, but if one wishes a bright, mixed effect, it will be necessary to color some of the rags before sewing, or a dark rich looking carpet can be produced from all light rags, by coloring them after sewing, after length, then tying the seams in several places very closely with stout strips of heavy cloth, and coloring them a rich brown. If the room to be carpeted is large, a width at either side may be made as a border, and the central breadth woven proportionately shorter, having a similar border fitted across their ends to match the side breadths.  
When getting materials ready for a new carpet, be sure to make allowance for a stair carpet. Wind a pretty fancy stripe for this, edging it with a four-inch stripe of sober color. Together they should form a strip a little more than half the width of the stairway. Between each strip of carpet should be woven in a three-inch space of warp for hemming. The selvages should be very even. Two extra strips should be woven to replace any that may wear out before the rest. If the colors are well chosen, the hemming and sewing carefully done, the stair carpet, when neatly laid, will present a very attractive appearance and be much more durable and appropriate where the other carpets are rag ones, than a more expensive one would be.—American Agriculturist.

**RECIPES.**  
Apple Charlotte—Line a buttered loaf tin with this slices of home-made bread; dip the edges of the bread in white of egg and fill the space with a smooth apple sauce seasoned with lemon rind and nutmeg, or cinnamon; cover the top with strips of bread; put a small quantity of butter on top, and bake one hour.  
Cauliflower—Remove the outer stalks. Soak in cold water, and cook in boiling salted water about twenty minutes. Drain, separate the stalks, put them in a dish and season to taste; or, with two teaspoons lemon juice, a little salt and pepper mixed with one-quarter cup of melted butter. Or pour thin, white sauce over the cauliflower and sprinkle coarse bread crumbs which have been browned in butter over the sauce.  
Spice Cake—One cup brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, one tablespoon cinnamon, one cup thick, sour cream, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoon allspice, three and one-half cups one pound of raisins. Soak and raisins, dissolve the soda in a little of hot water, add it to the cream, beat well, add spices and raisins, and then add the cream. Bake in a loaf well, and add spices and raisins. Bake in a loaf.  
The other day hunters placed some decoys upon the bank of a stream east of here while going to dinner. A rancher who happened to be passing saw a coyote approach, keeping his hungry eyes on the supposed ducks, and finally creeping upon them the coyote boldly pounced on the decoys only to discover that all that glitters is not duck.—Pendleton (Oregon) Tribune.

**BUDGET OF FUN.**  
A Song of Resignation—His Great Thrust—Hello!—Protested Notes—Reason in All Things—Waiting for the Winner, Etc., Etc.  
It blows. And the wind kicks up a shiny. It blows. Great Scott, just hear that windy!  
The clapsaws shake on the cottage wall And out door blinds get loose and fall. For the day is wild and windy.  
It shows my old coat's tattered lining. Baby can't sleep and keeps a-whining. But this is the fate of Buffalo, Into our lives some wind must blow—Some days must be wild and windy. —Buffalo Express.

**HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**  
HELLO!  
"Did you say you had a calling acquaintance with her, Dick?"  
"Yes; she's in a telephone office."—Harvard Lampoon.  
WAITING FOR THE WINNER.  
"Have you named the baby yet?"  
"No. His two uncles are bucking each other in the stock market just now."—Indianapolis Journal.  
HIS GREAT THIRST.  
Farmer (to tramp)—"Why do you call yourself an Artesian well?"  
Tramp—"Because I was driven to drink."—New York Journal.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW IT.  
Dora—"Why are you in such a hurry to get to Jessica?"  
Cora—"I heard she had a secret she'd sworn not to reveal."—Tankee Blade.  
REASON IN ALL THINGS.  
Bingo (at breakfast)—"Seems to me those waffles come very slow."  
Mrs. Bingo—"My dear, the cook hasn't had her breakfast yet."—Judge.  
PROTESTED NOTES.  
Miss Miggins—"Is Clara still singing in the choir?"  
Miss Spiggins (who doesn't like Clara's voice)—"She thinks she is."—Washington Star.

HIS MANIFEST DESTINY.  
Scorbell—"I don't know what to do with my boy. He has St. Vitus's dance. His convulsions are frightful."  
Yaggers—"Make a great pianist of him, and it will pass for eccentricity."—Chicago Tribune.  
OBSEQUIOUS HILARITY.  
"I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?"  
"Do you know who he is?"  
"No. Who is he?"  
"He's the head of our firm."—Life.  
TOO GREAT A STRAIN.  
Visitor—"What is the history of that patient? He looks so happy."  
Nursen (of insane asylum)—"He is. That man, madam, succeeded in getting a white vest that fitted him around the neck, and it made him insane with joy."—Clothes and Furnisher.

THE CASE FULLY EXPLAINED.  
"Why don't you go home for your noon lunch?" inquired the city man.  
"Because," answered the suburbanite, "I don't reach my office soon enough to be able to return home sufficiently early to get back again in time to start home for my dinner."—Chicago Tribune.  
WHICH WEIGHS THE LEAST?  
Guide—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these weights are so delicate that they mark the difference between a blond and a brunette hair."  
Tourist (opening memorandum book)—"And which weighs the least?"  
Guide—"The lighter one."—Buffalo Quips.  
AND HE WAS NOT OVERHEARD.  
Young Spoonamere (attending party at house of Mr. Billus)—"Katie, there is something I—I want particularly to say to you if—I can get a chance to see you alone."  
Miss Katie Billus (with rare presence of mind, to young lady at piano)—"Something from Wagner, please, Miss Kajones. Now, George!"—Chicago Tribune.  
LACKING IN ORIGINALITY.  
"Come, Edward," said the Boston mamma, "you must have your face and hands washed. All little boys have to have their hands washed, you know."  
"Then, mother," replied Edward, having placed a book-mark in the first volume of Ibsen's poems, "I must protest against following the common trough in a custom so utterly commonplace."—Chicago News Record.

OUTSIDE THE PALS.  
Angry Citizen—"If you don't stop pouncing and abusing your team I'll have you arrested!"  
Drayman (pausing a moment)—"What for?"  
"Cruelty to animals."  
"Why, bang yer eyes, can't you see they're mules?"  
"Lays the whip on again harder than ever."—Chicago Tribune.

A HUSBAND'S DIARY.  
"I'm addressing her husband, who is busy writing at his desk"—"What are you writing there, hubby, dear?"  
"I am working away at my memoirs."  
"Ah! but you have not forgotten to mention your little wife, have you?"  
"Oh, dear, no! I have represented you as the sun of my life, and am just now giving a description of those days on which you have made it particularly hot for me."—Hammorische Blasier.  
GLAD THE LAWYER WANTED TO LEARN.  
The witness on the stand had been bullied by the lawyer until his patience was exhausted.  
"Now," said the barrister, "you said you saw the prisoner draw his pistol?"  
"Yes."  
"Remember you are on your oath."  
"I'm not forgetting it."  
"You are sure you are telling the truth?"  
"Sure."  
"No mistake about it?"  
"None."  
"You couldn't be persuaded into any other statement?"

**HOUSEHOLD.**  
STUFFING FOWL.  
It is one of the easiest fowl if one goes dry. The first necessity well to talk about bakers' there are many cooks who think that really excellent stuffing cannot be made from it.  
Select a well dried loaf or little scraps cut off from any burnt portion, but not the crust. Butter the slices and sprinkle them with salt and pepper and a little thyme or summer savory, according as one may like these seasonings; then dry them in these places the tiniest speck of baking powder. Cut the slices into dice and fill the bird with these until no more can be pressed in. Close the bird with skewers, tie the wings down with strings and fasten the legs to the body in the same way. Very thin slices of salt should be cut and laid over the exposed portions of the fowl, the breast and legs especially being more likely to scorch than any of the other parts. These slices are fastened in place with small skewers, or, if great pains is taken to remove them, with large pins. Every housekeeper should have a set of small sized skewers of metal expressly for this purpose. When the bird is ready, put it into the oven and add at least half a pint of water, or what is better, good soup stock. Baste the fowl every fifteen minutes and keep a careful watch of it until done.  
Almost every one becomes familiar with her own oven, and the time that it is consumed in making various articles. There is one thing that must not be overlooked, and that is that all meats of whatever sort should be thoroughly cooked. The rare-heat idea is an exploded one, and the time is not far distant when to eat it will be looked upon as almost barbarian. Of all unwholesome and indigestible dishes an ill-cooked is the worst.  
Prepared in the above way, the stuffing of a chicken or turkey resolves itself into the work of a few minutes. The continual basting gives the necessary moisture to the dressing, the baking makes it light as a feather, and the soup or other gravy gives the flavor that epicures like so well.—New York Ledger.

**BUDGET OF FUN.**  
A Song of Resignation—His Great Thrust—Hello!—Protested Notes—Reason in All Things—Waiting for the Winner, Etc., Etc.  
It blows. And the wind kicks up a shiny. It blows. Great Scott, just hear that windy!  
The clapsaws shake on the cottage wall And out door blinds get loose and fall. For the day is wild and windy.  
It shows my old coat's tattered lining. Baby can't sleep and keeps a-whining. But this is the fate of Buffalo, Into our lives some wind must blow—Some days must be wild and windy. —Buffalo Express.

**HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**  
HELLO!  
"Did you say you had a calling acquaintance with her, Dick?"  
"Yes; she's in a telephone office."—Harvard Lampoon.  
WAITING FOR THE WINNER.  
"Have you named the baby yet?"  
"No. His two uncles are bucking each other in the stock market just now."—Indianapolis Journal.  
HIS GREAT THIRST.  
Farmer (to tramp)—"Why do you call yourself an Artesian well?"  
Tramp—"Because I was driven to drink."—New York Journal.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW IT.  
Dora—"Why are you in such a hurry to get to Jessica?"  
Cora—"I heard she had a secret she'd sworn not to reveal."—Tankee Blade.  
REASON IN ALL THINGS.  
Bingo (at breakfast)—"Seems to me those waffles come very slow."  
Mrs. Bingo—"My dear, the cook hasn't had her breakfast yet."—Judge.  
PROTESTED NOTES.  
Miss Miggins—"Is Clara still singing in the choir?"  
Miss Spiggins (who doesn't like Clara's voice)—"She thinks she is."—Washington Star.

HIS MANIFEST DESTINY.  
Scorbell—"I don't know what to do with my boy. He has St. Vitus's dance. His convulsions are frightful."  
Yaggers—"Make a great pianist of him, and it will pass for eccentricity."—Chicago Tribune.  
OBSEQUIOUS HILARITY.  
"I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?"  
"Do you know who he is?"  
"No. Who is he?"  
"He's the head of our firm."—Life.  
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