Miscellany.

THE GARRET CLATTER.

I don't hear the young folks patter
Like they used to long ago
Up the stairs to raise a clatter
Underneath the rafters low.
What's the reason things is stiller
Since the young folks went away—
John an' Joe an' sweet Permiller?
Looks as if they'd gone to stay.

Wife, there hain't no sunshine gushin'
In the way it used to come;
'T only seems as if the pushin'
Shaders was a-comin' hum.
Sorter quietlike an' dreary,
Only us two here alone;
Jist the days seem draggin' weary
Like a long an' dismal moan.

In the garret things is quiet;
Mice an' spiders has their way
Where the youngsters used to riot
In their childish pranks an' play.
Sweet Permiller used to tag 'em,
Joe an' John in corners dark,
An' the maiden used to fag 'em,
Tire 'em out an' raise a lark.

When the bumblebees was droonin'
An' the flowers was in bloom,
An' the lilac bush was groanin'
With the scent of its perfume,
Then the young folks used to patter
Up the stairs a-long ago—
Up the stairs to raise a clatter
Underneath the rafters low.

Seems to me I'm sometimes dreamin'
Of the things that used to be,
Till the old life comes a-streamin'
Back ag'in to you an' me.
Then I hear the young folks patter
Up the stairs they used to go,
There to raise a garret clatter
Underneath the rafters low.
—Waverley Magazine.

IRENE.

HOPS and offices were pouring their streams of life into the crowded streets. It was 6 o'clock at evening. At a corner where a human tide swept like a torrent from a broken dam a woman stood under a lamp post. She was tall and dark, and so motionless that she might have been a statue. Her arms were folded under her cloak. A policeman, edging his way through the crowd, asked her a question. She shook her head slowly, and did not look at him. The policeman passed on, and the next moment there were two quick pistol shots, a scream, and a stampede. The officer ran back, fighting his way through the swirling crowd. He found the woman, pistol in hand, bending over a man lying upon the pavement. The officer seized her wrist, and, looking at him with a strange smile, as she relaxed her hold on the pistol, she said:

"I am a woman, and I demand to be treated as such."

When she had been taken to the station and asked to make a statement, she said: "My name is Irene Roma. The name of the man I shot is Roy Campbell. I shot him because he ought to be killed. He was engaged to marry my sister. He did not keep faith with her, and she died of a broken heart. He is a brute, and ought to be dead."

Campbell was taken to a hospital. His wounds were pronounced dangerous. An effort was made to interview him. But all he would say was: "I suppose she thought she had a right to shoot me." He asked if they had put her in jail, and appeared to be pleased when told that she had been allowed out on bail.

Three weeks later the wounded man was sitting propped up in bed, when a card bearing the name of Irene Roma was handed to him. He looked hard at it, rubbed his eyes, held it further away, then closer, and then remarked: "I don't understand why she should want to see me. Let her come in."

With a timid, awe-struck air the woman approached the bed. She coughed in embarrassment as she seated herself on a chair which the nurse placed for her. She put back her hair, made aimless motions in her confusion, and then, looking straight at Campbell, said:

"I am awfully sorry I shot you."

Campbell smiled. "And are you sure you haven't come to shoot me again?" he asked.

She frowned in reproof. "You know I haven't. If you had thought that you would have told them to keep me out."

"No, I wouldn't. You have come so far out here that I couldn't have found the heart to disappoint you."

"A plaster of sarcasm won't draw out a soreness, Mr. Campbell. I have suffered so with remorse that I have come to see if I could not find some sort of consolation. You don't know how I have suffered. And I must go through a hateful trial, too, with everybody looking at me. Oh, I do wish I hadn't shot you!"

"Yes," he drawled, "I rather wish so myself. So, you see, we have something in common. But you needn't be worried over the trial. I shall not appear against you."

The nurse had withdrawn. They were alone. She put back her hair again, and followed the movement of her graceful hand—the hand that had shot him. "No, I will not appear," he went on. "It is something of a distinction to be shot by the handsomest woman in Liverpool." He hesitated as he saw the tears gathering in her eyes. "I take it all back," he said. She wiped her eyes, and sat looking far away through a window. The mystery that lies in the cloudland was reflected in her eyes, and he gazed at her. She turned her eyes upon him, and the mystery flew from them.

"Yes, I am sorry I shot you," she said; "but I hate you, and never can forgive you."

"Ah! and I am therefore consoled by the thought that you never can forgive me."

"Brute!" she said. "I almost wish I had killed you."

"When a woman almost wishes a thing, she wishes it doubly," he replied.

"I don't know but there is some truth in that," she assented. "But what a beast you were to treat Florence so. How could you?"

"Because I was a beast, I suppose."

"Yes, you were. She was taken ill with fever shortly afterward, but it was a broken heart that killed her." Her eyes shot shafts of hatred at him. "But I didn't come to reproach you," she said.

"Then why did you come?" he asked.

"To ask you why you could have been so heartless. I simply want to know. Was it because you have no heart at all?"

"It was because I had too much heart."

She darted a fierce look at him. "Ah! it was because you loved another woman."

"Yes. Florence made me promise to tell her if—if I should love any one better than I did her. It was not my fault if another woman set my soul afire, when Florence had only warmed my heart. God knows I fought against it with all my strength, all my philosophy. But at last I had to tell her, and I left it with her whether or not I should keep my promise of marriage. Then she drove me from her presence."

"Ah! And then you went to the other woman and told her of your love, and she spurned you."

"No, I did not tell her. Indeed, I was determined that she should not know."

She looked at him searchingly. "You killed my sister, but you are more of a man than I thought."

He smiled sadly. "A man is always more or less of a man than a woman thinks."

"If you hold so poor an opinion of women, I don't see how you could love one."

"I don't see, either."

"Fool!" she said.

"Yes; I'm a man."

She smiled at him, and then after a silence she said:

"Do you intend to tell the woman of your love?"

"No."

"If you do, and she loves you, I will shoot you again."

"That's consoling."

"Then let it console you. But really I am sorry for you—for your weakness. You ought to have had more strength than to let that other woman—and I know she is a fright—win your love. You ought to have known that she was playing with you."

"Reason addresses the brain, but it cannot reach the heart. I told you that I fought——"

"Yes, I know." And after a long silence she said: "I wish you would tell me the name of that woman."

"Irene Roma."

She sprang to her feet with a cry, and a nurse ran into the room. She found the visitor on her knees by the bedside. "Leave us," the man said, and the nurse withdrew. He put his hand on her head, and she sobbed under his touch. "And that was the reason I could not keep faith with her," he said. "You set my soul on fire, and in the flames I could see your smile." She had caught his hand, and it was wet with her tears. "And for that love I was willing to die," he said, unable now to see her, kneeling beside him, but feeling the warm tears upon his hand.

"O, don't—don't say that!" she sobbed. "In my despair I hated you because I loved you so."—Princess.

GAME AS A LUXURY.

Americans Learning that It Has Advantages Over Other Meats.

"In the appreciation of game we have been more tardy, perhops, than in other directions," writes Ella Morris Kretschmar in the Woman's Home Companion. "The mechanic, day-laborer, the humblest and poorest, in nearly all parts of our land, have ever had at their command a ducal feast. Our very riches have made us indifferent—influenced somewhat by the fact that on all the frontiers, and in 'early times,' in each State game has been of necessity the chief food. It has never, therefore, been a luxury. But traveled Americans, having come to share in the estimate put upon wild meats by the epicures of the world, have so incited good livers at home that game is at a premium in our city markets; and in rural districts appreciation grows as the supply lessens.

"An important point not to be forgotten is that game has the added advantage of being the food for jaded appetites and weakened stomachs. While fully as nourishing, it is more easily digested than other meats.

"In the cooking of game a few essential points must ever be borne in mind. First, and chiefly, that the natural flavors must not be disguised by spices or other pronounced seasonings. There are sauces which bring out the game flavor instead of impairing it, and such only should be used. Let the Frenchman have served to him venison or grouse in form so elaborate that only a naturalist or chef could determine its character; but let us remember that simplicity is the highest art in the cooking of game. Even the accompanying vegetables should be selected with a view to supplementing its flavors—never interfering with them.

"The second point to remember is to guard against overcooking. All game, especially the dark-fleshed, is better in flavor, and digests more easily, rare than well done. It is not necessary to carry this point to the extent affected by gourmets, who eat their game half raw—just well warmed through. Neither should birds, venison, etc., be hung until 'high,' which simply means the beginning of a putrefaction as unwholesome as any other form of decay. But most game meat should be allowed to properly ripen before being cooked. Venison in cold weather may profitably be hung in a dry place for three weeks. Quail, on the other hand, begin to lose in flavor twenty-four hours after being killed."

Cupolas Made of Paper.

Paper cupolas for building are remarkable for their lightness. A cupola of that kind consists of from twenty-four to thirty separate pieces, and is produced over a wooden model by pasting huge rolls of suitable paper one over the other. Every separate piece runs from the base to the top of the hemispherical roof of the cupola, and thus forms a vault-like strip which is broad at the bottom and narrow at the top.

For the production of these separate parts of the cupola roll paper of very good quality is used, which is first cut into the requisite length and breadth, then moistened and stretched over the wooden model. Upon the first strip is pasted another, also moistened, over this a third, and so on until the necessary strips of paper adhere firmly to each other and retain their concave shape, and after being dried constitute hard, resisting pieces, which are made weatherproof by oiling, polishing with hot irons, asphalting and varnishing, and are then put together in the shape of a round cupola.—Philadelphia Record.

Female Anti-Saloon Crusade.

The statute of limitations has barred prosecution upon a charge of malicious destruction of property made against a number of women of Lathrop, Mo., who joined in a successful effort to drive a saloon from the place. As many as thirty were arrested; everybody present at the time of the damage was summoned to court. The prosecuting attorney of the county strove for two years to procure a conviction of somebody; reporters in numbers besieged everybody concerned; but not one of the women weakened or betrayed the secret. Twelve knew who was guilty of breaking the first window of the saloon, but they covenanted with one another to keep the knowledge a secret, and they have kept their word.

When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn, he can afford to stop praying.

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Set and Cultivate a Hedge Fence—Butter Should Be Shipped in Good Condition—Keeping Squirrels from Corn Cribs.

To Make Hedge Fences.

I have on my farm 134 rods of osage orange hedge. Up to the end of the fourth year, at which time it was a good fence, it cost me $1 per rod. Some farmers consider a hedge a nuisance, but if given the proper attention this is not so. The chief aim in making a hedge fence is to have it tight near the bottom. To accomplish this set the plants five inches apart. The secret in getting a good fence is to get a good start of plants at the first setting. The soil should be rich or heavily manured. Cultivate the same as corn.

It is a difficult task to keep a hedge within a prescribed limit. Start it three feet high and six inches thick, then trim closely each time. In spite of careful work the width will increase so that a periodical reduction by cutting off some of the old wood is necessary every few years. Two trimmings a season are usually sufficient except during a wet summer, when growth is rapid. Cut when the shoots are yet tender, damp, rainy weather being preferable. One man can trim a mile a day if done at the proper time. A careless or lazy farmer should not think of growing a hedge, for he will not take care of it.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Ship Butter in Good Condition.

I believe, says a correspondent of the Creamery Journal, that butter can and ought to be made so it could not be substituted. It is an article that has been in use a good many years and will remain a necessity and command a good price if properly made. Now, let every one who is interested in the dairy business stop so much kicking and put his shoulder to the wheel of progress in the manufacture of pure creamery butter. Let every owner of a cow who sends milk to a factory do his utmost to help his butter maker. The butter maker should attend to his work carefully and see that there is nothing left undone in making and preparing his butter for the market, and I think it would give better prices, make it more pleasant to do business, make better times and better people.

Squirrels in Corn Cribs.

Wherever squirrels are prevalent, care should be taken to prevent them from getting at the seed corn. It is not a good plan to hang the seed corn in the crib, as the open, slatted sides to allow ventilation the squirrel can easily enter, and his agility makes it impossible to keep seed corn from him, no matter how carefully it is braided and hung where neither rats nor mice can get at it. The squirrel does not care for the bulk of corn in the crib. He is very dainty in his food, and is sure to take that which is hung up, and carefully dried for seed. The provoking part of it is that he destroys far more corn than he eats. He cares only for the chit or germ, leaving all the rest as only fit for hog feed.—Exchange.

About the Hog.

Must our breed of hogs be abandoned? For a century or more the hog has been bred for "an aptitude to fatten," until it has been brought to a form in which the snout is disappearing and its body is too heavy for its legs. Fat has been the object, and also attained, but it is claimed that the hog has been so changed that it is now more susceptible to disease than formerly, while the quality of the flesh has diminished. One breeder in the West crossed his Poland Chinas with a "razor back" from Georgia, and reports that his pigs are hardier and the bacon brought better prices. In England and Canada the farmers are using boars of the Tamworth breed, which produce more lean meat than fat, and the bacon from the hogs so produced brings from 15 to 17 cents per pound in England, while that from the United States, abounding in fat, brings from 6 to 8 cents per pound. The celebrated Smithville hams, from Isle of Wight County, Virginia, which have held their reputation in market for half a century, are from the "razor-back" breed, and the Irish breakfast bacon is from hogs of the Tamworth and active Irish breeds.

Barn Ventilation.

An ingenious way of securing ventilation on a long barn with two cupolas was as follows: There were large windows in the cupola, and a stick ran across from one window to the other that was six inches longer than the cupola was wide. This stick fastened on to these windows. Now, when the south wind was blowing hard it shut the south window and fastened out the one on the north side, and when the north wind was blowing hard it shut the north window and pushed open the window on the south side six inches, and in that way formed a certain amount of ventilation in the top of the barn. From the stables there ran ventilating flues that opened out near the roof. It was a very ingenious way of securing automatic action by the wind.—Hoard's Dairyman.

The Cow Stable.

Twice a year, at least, the cow stable needs a thorough renovation—Spring and Fall. Renovation should mean in this instance a rigid cleansing of the floor, walls and ceiling, so that there is no dust or dirt or persistent bad odor clinging about the apartment. Flavor now plays such an important part in the quality of dairy goods that it must at all hazards be retained unimpaired, especially in winter-made stock. To do this the winter stable must be kept, not like the ill-smelling place that it often is, but a clean, sweet, airy apartment. After you have once got it set in order it takes but a nominal amount of labor to keep it so, and you have as a reward healthy cows, clean, pure milk and more [illegible] than though no especial attention [illegible] paid to this. Of course, the more [illegible] ern your stable, the easier it is [illegible] clean and sweet.—Ohio Farmer.

Churning with Bull Power.

In winter we feed thirty pound[illegible] ensilage and ten to twelve pound[illegible] hay, and a grain ration, consistin[illegible] two-thirds bran and one-third co[illegible] seed, making about four quarts a[illegible] per cow.

Our ensilage is made from nort[illegible] corn, which is cut five-eighths o[illegible] inch, and put in when the ears [illegible] to glaze. The corn being mat[illegible] makes up for the extra grain ra[illegible] and also makes it unnecessary t[illegible] crease the grain ration during the [illegible] ter months. Our price for the yea[illegible] butter is 27½ cents per pound, an[illegible] cream is 30 cents a quart. We [illegible] our cream with a separator, whic[illegible] sens the work in the house, and i[illegible] ahead of any other method of ma[illegible] butter. Our separator and churn [illegible] run by a tread power, which is op[illegible] ed by a two-year-old bull who enjoys it very much. The power is located in the carriage house, with a fourteen-foot shafting running to the creamery. —New England Farmer.

The Shropshire Ram.

The Wisconsin station found that by using a selected, well-bred Shropshire ram with ordinary ewes excellent results could be obtained. The lambs were dropped in March, and in April were given oats, bran and corn meal. In July ground peas were given in place of cornmeal and in September the quantity of peas was doubled until October, when oilmeal was added. The roughage was clover hay all summer, a little green clover and some rape. The result was that yearling lambs (over one year) weighed 220 pounds live weight and lambs dropped last March weighed 120 pounds in November. It is possible that if the ewe lambs are retained and mated with a pure-bred Shropshire ram better results can be obtained next year.

Banking Earth Around Trees.

As it is often done, the banking of soil around trees in fall to prevent mice from barking them does more harm than good. If any sod, weeds or other rubbish are included in banking up the tree, the object is not only defeated, but the liability to injury is increased. The purpose should be to oblige the mice to climb up above the snow line and expose themselves to their enemies while gnawing the tree. This they will rarely do, for much of this work is done at night when their natural enemy, the owl, is most watchful. But if the mice find vacant spaces around the tree, as they surely can if sod or rubbish are used, they can work under this protection with greater safety than if the tree were not banked at all. Still it is better to bank young apple trees, at least as high as the snow line usually comes. The warmth from the tree makes a vacant space in the snow all around it, and it is under this protection that most of the destructive work is done.

Spontaneous Combustion.

The fact that fire sometimes arises from the heat generated by fermentation was illustrated in a big malt house in Syracuse, N. Y., lately. The warehouse held 1,800 bushels of barley ready for malting. It was unfortunately damp enough to begin fermentation. In so large a mass, this soon started smoke from the windows of the warehouse. The fire department was called out, but as no flame was visible it did not know where to apply water without danger of causing the flames to burst forth and destroy the woodwork. The building was very old and inflammable. At last the grain was let out of the room in which it was piled, and by being shoveled around so that it could not set fire to anything, all further danger was avoided. There are often cases where hay is blackened by being fermented too much. Clover hay is most apt to suffer in this way because it has so much nitrogen that it heats very rapidly. Usually, however, there is so much carbonic acid gas evolved by fermentation that it suppresses flame and the pile of fermenting material merely smoulders.

Burning Potato Tops.

Much of the difficulty from rot in the potato crop comes from the general neglect to destroy the potato tops so soon as the crop is harvested. Potato rot is a fungous disease which fastens first upon the leaves and stems of the potatoes, and is thence washed into the soil by rains. It causes rot when it reaches the tuber. It is known that the germs of the disease adhere to potato stems and leaves until they are destroyed, and this can only be surely done by burning them. Yet we have known farmers to carry potato tops to the barnyard to be used as bedding, and composted with the excrement there dropped. No better means for propagating potato rot could be devised than this, unless it be feeding rotting potatoes to stock and leaving the uneaten portions to be trodden into the manure pile.—Exchange.

Good Horses.

Good horses are essential to prosperity in any country, and American farmers are every year now losing the best markets of the world by not breeding high-class draft and coach horses to supply the city and export markets. Most of these markets wait five or ten years for farmers to breed up and mature good horses. Those who get the good mares will be first to get into market with good horses, and those who have to grade up will find it a long way off. There are but few good mares left and still less stallions, not enough to supply the demand when breeding begins.—Western Agriculturist.

Smokehouses

The best smoke houses are made of brick with a cement or brick floor. A house six by seven feet is large enough for most farmers. Seven feet is about the right height. If the door is made of wood, it should be lined with metal. The inside should be provided with hooks on which to hang the hams or other meat. For providing the smoke, corn cobs make a good fuel.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

The Cabbage Stem Rot.

This disease has been fully determined by Dr. Edwin F. Smith, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, to be caused by bacteria. The disease can be induced in healthy plants by inoculating them with the germs. There is no remedy for plants so diseased, but the disease only appears when cabbages have been planted two or more years in succession on the same land. By planting, therefore, on new land, or where some other crop has been raised the previous year, the disease does not prevail.—Vick's Monthly.

Cost of Things in 1814.

Julian Brewer, of Annapolis, as executor of his brother, the late ex-Senator Nicholas Brewer, has fallen into possession of a bill from William Kilty, debtor, to William Alexander, under date of 1814.

French Women as Business Helpers.

Miss Anna L. Bicknell writes an article on "French Wives and Mothers" for the January Century. She says:

In the families where the father conducts any business the wife becomes his best clerk and usually his cashier. The wives are exceedingly intelligent and acute, extremely sharp at driving bargains, and accurate in keeping accounts. They are their husbands' partners in every sense of the word, and it is wonderful to see how they acquit themselves of such a multiplicity of duties. Self is completely annihilated; and if weak health is mentioned, it is never an impediment to what they have to do for their children or their husbands, but is mentioned only as a disagreeable accompaniment to a necessary fatigue, without an idea of using it as an excuse for shortcomings.

COULDN'T MAKE IT.

The bull that tried to butt down a bridge, and the goat that tackled an anvil, couldn't make it, and were knocked out, bruised and bleeding. From such bruises down to pin-head blue spots they are curable, easily and surely. The men who get the worst bruises always get the best cure. They make it every time. There are right ways and wrong ways of doing things, as the bull and the goat found out. The best cure for a bruise is St. Jacobs Oil. The right way to cure is to use it and find out.

Blind fishes, two inches long, similar to those found in the Mammoth cave, have been taken from a well belonging to Mrs. Jennie Bristen, at Russellville, Ky.

DESTRUCTIVE STORMS ALONG THE COAST.

Reports of maritime disasters along the coast come in thick and fast. People who "go down to the sea in ships" should bear in mind one thing in particular, namely, that it is highly desirable to take along a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for sea sickness. Nausea, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, malaria, nervousness and kidney trouble, all succumb to its beneficent and speedy action.

PERSONS WORTH KNOWING.

French's bust of the late General Walker, which was secured through subscriptions of undergraduates, was presented to the institute of technology, of Boston, on January 5, the first anniversary of General Walker's death.

Forty musicians of Kansas City have conceived the design of giving practical expression to Shakespeare's opinion that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and will give a performance on each Sunday afternoon to the inmates of the workhouse.

Archibald, the name given to Bismarck's grandson, in honor of Lord Rosebery, is the favorite name of the Rosemarys, as James is the favorite name of the Salisburys, Montroses and Abercorns, Charles of the Richmonds, William of the Portlands and Anthony of the Shaftsburys.

Chief Judge Andrews, who retired from the court of appeals of New York on January 1, was elected an associate judge of that court in 1870. In 1881, when Chief Judge Folger resigned to enter the cabinet of President Arthur, Judge Andrews succeeded him, and since that time has not missed a day of active service.

Harvard this year, for the first time, has a colored person as a candidate for the degree of A. B., in the person of a young colored woman from Millerton, N. Y.

The London Stock Exchange has an orchestra composed of the members of the exchange, accounted one of the finest amateur musical organizations in the city.

Terra cotta sleepers are in use on Japanese railways. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance of decay.

James Bain's Heroism.

James Bain, chief engineer of the ill-fated steamer State of Florida, not only risked his life, but deliberately sacrificed it, to save a woman. The distaster was most pitiful. The steamer collided with a bark in mid ocean, and both vessels sank almost immediately. Only two men were saved from the bark, and only a handful of passengers and part of the ship's company from the steamer. Bain was safely in one of the life-boats, which was about to cast off, as there were as many people in it as it could hold. At that moment he saw a woman at the steamer's rail. She was too dazed to move. The steamer's deck was almost level with the water. Bain deliberately left his place in the boat, stepped onto the steamer's deck, lifted the woman over the taffrail, placed her on the seat he had occupied, cast off the boat, and went down with the steamer.—Every Day Heroism, by Gustave Kobbe in the January Century.

The curfew ordinance is enforced in about 300 Western cities, with such good results that the women of Augusta, Ga., have petitioned for its enactment there.

A writer in a magazine has made the prophesy that in 300 years from now the world will only know three languages—English, Russian and Chinese.

Success has attended an effort at banana growing in Fitzgerald, Ga., where a plant reached the height of 12 feet and put forth satisfactory fruit.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

John M. Penniman has been for 50 years a member of the Boston police force. His age is 75.

Russia's population has increased during the last 100 years a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

In Mexico City Hop Lee advertises an Amelrcan restaurant.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.