"ADOPTED."

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving together the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves with which she was decorating her broadbrimmed straw hat.

She made a beautiful picture there, all alone in the mellow gold and color of the October woods, a crimson shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the sunshine lighting up her bright anburn curls with glittering threads of gold, while upon the fallen tree trunk that formed her impromptu seat lay a tiny branch of terns and actumnal flowers. She was transparently fair, with purple veins in each waxen temple and a faint pink bloom on her cheek, while her eyes, large and brown, seemed to look at you with the grave, tender expression of an infant.

"Yes, it is very strange," went on Miss Penroy, musing within herself. 117

know so little about him; I have only known him about ten days, yet when he spoke about leaving Elm Point last night it seemed as if all the sunshine was leaving the world for me. Oh, Blanche

-naughty, naughty. naughty little Blanche!" she added, leaning forward and apostrophizing the fair face mir-rored in the stream at her feet. "Is it possible that you've allowed yourself to fall in love with that black-eyed young man? Ten days ago I had never seen him-and now!

The roses mounted up in her cheek as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Evering cared for her.

"I wish I knew!" she muttered, aloud. "Knew what?" domanded a calm voice, and Mr. Evering took up the bunch of flowers and coolly seated himself be-

side her-a tall, handsome man, with brilliant dark eyes, rather irregular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin. Blanche demurely looked up at him;

she was not to be taken by storm thus easily, and asked:

"Do you think it will rain to-morrow for our picnic?" I want to wear my white India shawl!"

"Oh, the picnic! I had forgotten that when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though, my presence or absence will make no great difference."

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scarlet and brown spotted leaf required a good deal of adjustment in the ribbon of her hat.

"Blanche, shall I go or stay?' "As you please, Mr. Evering, of

course. "No as somebody else pleases. Yes or no! And I forewarn you that yes means

a great deal." 'How much does it mean?" ques-

tioned Blanche, half archly, half timorously.

"Everything!"

"Then you may stay." "My Blanche-my little daisy!" he whispered, bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October evening she had turned a new page in the book of her life!

She was very, very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings; alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I'm not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche!" said Gilbert in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for merry tumult of the picnic ner amio ground, "but I do think you have waltzed quits often enough with Mr. Birmingham!" "Jealous already, Gilbert?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irre sistible instincts of coquetry. She colored deeply.

with clasped hands and tearless eyes. "Well, it is my fault and I must abide the consequences.

So Blanche Percy went home from the gay, fashionable place a sadder and a wiser woman, and the November mists

drooping o'er the brick and mortar wilderness of her city home had never seemed half so dreary to her as they did "I suppose I shall be an old maid,"

she thought, walking up and down in the fire-lit darkness of her room, her dim-pled hands clasped behind her waist. 'I never cared for any one as I cared for Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep a cat and grow fond of green tea. Ab, well, life cannot last forever.'

A dreary comfort that for a girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient jerk.

"Are there any letters, Sanderson ?" "One, ma'am; it came by the evening

post about five minutes ago. "Light the gas, then, and give it to

me. Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter, suppressing a yawn. "Black-edged and black-sealed! So

poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last!" It was from the executors of Miss Pen roy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India islands some months since; but of which the

"melancholy news," as the letter ran, had only just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had been for some years slowly fading out of the world, a victim of hereditary

comsumption. "Leaving the child, a son," slowly repeated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand and looking down into the fiery quiver of the white-hot coals. "Poor little fellow! he must feel nearly as desolate as I do! Only I have one ad-

vantage-I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods; and this orphan child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty-stricken lawyer whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a gen-uine love match, yet how much grief and trouble it brought with it, 'leaving one child-a son!' Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; here is one that Providence itself seems to point out

to me. Once more she rang the bell, with fresh color glowing in her cheeks and a

new light in her eyes. "Bring in my writing-desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible.

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress' unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning.

"She do look more like herself tonight, do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time," he said to the housekeeper

as he came down stairs after obeying the summons. "I only wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some nice, prop-erly-behaved young man; it don't seem right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn like." The housekeeper nodded sagaciously

to old Mr. Sanderson's proposition. She agreed with him. "Only Miss Blanche was too wilful to

listen to a word of advice."

I do not know his address," she thought, thought Blanche, with that instinctive yearning for love that enters every wo man's heart, as the door opened.

"Here's the young gentleman, miss," said Sanderson, with a half-suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

But instead of a child of seven or eight years old, a tall apparition stalked in something over six feet high, with a black mustache, and merry hazel eyes brimming over with mirth. For an instant Blanche stared at him as if she could scarcely credit the evidence of her senses.

"Gilbert!"

"Exactly. You wanted to adopt me

und here I am.' "No, but, Gilbert---

"Yes, but, Blanche!"

"You are not Mrs. Marchmont's son!"

"I am-by her first marriage. And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to be adopted-particularly

as you are not married to Walter Birmingham." Blanche struggled with tears and

laughter, uncertain which would best express her feelings, but Gilbert Evering drew her tenderly toward him.

"If you adopt me, dearest, it must be for life. Nay, do not hesitate-our happiness has already been too much at the mercy of trifles. You will not retract your offer?"

"Well-after all." said Blanche, demurely, "all I wanted was somebody to love and care for, and-"And I snall do very well in that

capacity, eh?" And Sanderson, who had been listen-

ing earnestly at the door, crept down stairs to inform Mrs. Brown that "they were going to have a new master.'

Uiah Harems.

Yesterday, when the Union Pacific train arrived, bringing in fifteen car loads of emigrants, there was much bustle, and people were seen running hither and thither in search of expected friends. Many scenes of interest were witnessed, where relatives met and shed tears of joy together after a separation of many years. But there were other meetings less affectionate and more in the shape of business. One case will illustrate how the old polygamists enter into the business of bartering for the transportation and purchase of the young girls to be come additions to their harems and enter into a life of wretchedness in the name of religion. Missionaries are sent by the church to proselyte in Europe for converts to the shrine of Mormomism. When a sufficient number are persuaded to leave the low walks of their native homes for Utah, where they are promised an earthly paradise, they are gathered together and stowed away in a vessel and sail for America. Their trip across the ocean, and thence by cars from New York to Utah, is made under the direction of some of these missionaries, who look after the matter of transportation and keep, if possible, members of the crowd from straying. These missionaries are of the shrewd class, and know how to act the part of shepherd over the flock, and at the same time make the most out of the business. They, too, are very ac-commodating, and ready to take charge of special cargoes of girls. When the train arrived yesterday that old reprobate polygamist living down Webster river had no trouble in finding the returning missionary who could point out to him the fourteen-year-old Swedish girl who had been imported especially as an addition to the harem of this old gray haired

A Remarkable Feat.

W. L. Rosekrans, of Albany, while on a trip during the past week performed the remarkable feat of being in three counties at one time. He sat on a stone in Fulton county and rested his right foot in Saratoga county and his left foot in Montgomery county .- [Albany Times, Saturday.

Remarkable as the above may seem to our evening contemporary, a feat still more remarkable can be performed by any person who will take the trouble to

ascend the mountain which separates the towns of Pownal, Vt., and Petersburg, in this county. On the top of this moun-

tain there is a stone which marks the spot where the States of Varmont, Massa-chusetts and New York come together. A person can stand on the top of the stone with one foot, being not only in three counties at the same time but three States as well. During the time when the prohibition law was not a dead letter in Vermont and Massachusetts the peo

ple of those States who resided along the York State line were in the habit of crossing over on this side to purchase their alcoholic beverages. An enterprising resident of Petersburg, to meet

the wants of his neighbors across the mountains, leased a small strip of ground from the owners of the land which cornered at the stone spoken of, and erected a three-cornered shanty thereon, the stone being in the center of the build-

ing. He then put up a bar in the shape of a triangle, one side of which was in Vermont, another in Massachusetts and the third in the State of New York. To save expense he took out no license in this State, but laid in a good supply of liquors, which he sold by the drink, or

jugful, according to demand. The fact that he was violating the laws of the commonwealth of the old Bay State was reported to the authorities in due time,

and a constable armed with a warrant and a pair of handcuffs was sent out from Williamstown to arrest him. When the officer arrived at the shanty he found a number of the residents of Massachusetts standing at the bar on their side of the line, treating each other in true Yankee style. The constable stepped up to the bar, and pulling out his legal locument, hurriedly read the contents to the dispenser of corn juice, and added: "I arrest you in the name of the com-

monwealth of Massachusetts, and by virtue of this warrant."

The bar-tender, pointing to the corner-stone which stood inside the counter, laughed in the face of the New England peace-preserver, and replied:

"That's all very fine, old man; but it strikes me that your warrant doesn't reach a man in the State of Vermont, and I call your attention to that official certificate, that I'm out of your jurisdiction.

A few days after the bar-tender received an official visit from a Vermont constable armed with a warrant for his arrest for selling liquor in the State. But the same tactics were employed as on the occasion of the first constable's visit. The two constables not long after the last visit happened to meet, and a plan was agreed upon for the capture of the defiant rum-seller. The Vermont officer rppeared at the mountain top in disguise, and remained about the shanty profitable animals to raise. auring the forenoon, drinking now and then with those who came in to replenish their jugs. About noon the Massachusettes constable arrived, and proceeded to again read his warrant and reach over the bar for his man. The latter stepped into the Vermont corner of his domicile and just as he did so he was seized by the constable from that State, but while the latter was pulling out his warrant and handcuffs the New Yorker broke away from him and got over into the State of New York, where he was beyond the jurisdiction of both. After a time, however, it came to the knowledge of the authorities on this side of the line that the man was selling liquor without a license and a warrant was obtained for his arrest for violating the laws of great Empire State. the the Petersburg constable ap-peared upon the scene he found that the man had removed his stock to the Vermont side of his house and was retailing drinks in the State of Massachusetts. Of course the officer was powerless to go across the line to arrest him and he again escaped. The affair was the talk of the country for miles around, finally the officers of the three States moved upon the shanty at one and the same time and the defiant rumseller was now in hot water. He carried out the 'joke" to the end, however, for getting on top of the stone which stands partly in the three States he shouted: "Come on and divide me into three parts, but I'll make it hot for the one that takes the two-thirds of me that don't belong to him!" He had, however, taken too large a quantity of his own medicine to enable him to preserve his equilibrium on top of the stone, and while defying the constables he fell off and rolled over into the State of Massachusettes, where he was secured by the officer from that State and taken to Williamstown in triumph. The other two constables concluded that the liquor was partly in the State of Vermont and partly in the State of New York, and they made an equal division, each confiscating one-half of the stock in trade in the name of his State.-[Troy Telegram. THE Dog .- The following tale is a true one: A gentleman, owning a kitchen garden, remarked that a basket which held a quantity of fresh carrots got quickly emptied. He asked the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when a dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further inquiry was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse, naturally, made no difficulty about accepting it. The gardener seized a stick, and was about to avenge this act of too complacent good fellowship, but his master stopped him in order to watch further. The scene was repeated until the carrots were all gone. The dog had long made a favorite of this horse. There were two horses in the stable, but the other received no notice, much less carrots!

Points in Favor of Sheep.

A Spanish proverb says: "Sheep have golden feet, and wherever the print of them appears the soil is turned into gold." The history of farming in every gold." country in the world shows that the raising of sheep has an important connection with keeping up the fertility of the soil. For reclaiming a worn-out farm there is no stock equal to sheep. The manure they make, however, is seldom reckoned among the profits of sheep husbandry, but it is in reality one of the chief sources of income. Sheep are vegetable scaven-gers, and they eat and digest a very large number of plants that horses and cattle will never touch. They will make a comfortable living on little more than the leaves of bushes. As a rule, one sheep may be kept to every cow or horse in a pasture without detriment to the feed which these large animals consume. Such is their desire for a variety of food that they will often leave grass to feed on the leaves of weeds and bushes. Sheep will search higher and lower for food than horses or cattle. They are the last to leave the pasture in the fall, and the first to return in the spring. From seven to twelve years of its life a sheep will yield a fleece almost, if not quite, equal in value to the body from which it is taken. During all this time the increase in number will pay for the keeping. The differences between the prices of wool at the place where it is shorn and where it is marketed is less than for any article produced on a farm, with perhaps the exception of cheese, because it is light and easily transported ; and if the price does not suit when the fleece is taken from the sheep it may be stored cheaply, and will increase in weight in a year enough to pay one per cent. for storage, and it mny be kept as long as desirable. In all old countries where agriculture has made the greatest advance, sheep-raising has constantly grown in importance, as it is now growing in this country. During the past hundred years the number of sheep in Great Britain has doubled, the price of wool has doubled, and the

price of mutton has quadrupled. The demand for mutton always increases as a community increases in age and wealth. Sheep are the best adapted to furnishing meat for a farmer's family of any animal he raises. The carcass being small, it can generally be eaten fresh, without any of it being liable to injury. Mutton can be kept longer than beef under the same circumstances, and its flavor is improved by its being kept a reasonable length of time. No meat is superior to mutton when cured with salt, boiled, or eaten with vegetables. Cold roast mutton is superior to beef, owing to its fine flavor and excellent keeping qualities. A nice mutton chop is the best breakfast dish that can be found for the same cost. It is easy for farmers to supply themselves constantly with this meat by kceping a few sheep in a small pasture. Sheep pelts always bring a fair price. In fact, the sheep is the animal that furnishes clothing and food, and eats what other animals reject, which crops hill sides too steep for other animals to ascend, which multiplies rapidly and enriches the land, and which is therefore one of the most

A Story for the Young Folks.

Mary Clark, or Mamie, as she was fre quently called, wanted a pretty red hood. Susie Gray had one. Dot Miller had one also, in fact, nearly every girl in Rimmer's school had a worsted hood. Mary's father was dead, and her mother worked very hard. Mrs. Clark made pocket-books for a man in Boston. She made a great many for a very little money. It took her a long time to earn a barrel of flour. It took the little Clarks

A Bridal Trousseau. The London Queen gives the following

description of a trousseau prepared in Paris for an Italian lady: The bride is Signorini Ruccellani, of Florence, and the bridggroom Prince Odescalchi, of Rome. The house and body linen are magnificent, and comprise three different types: First, renaissante embroidery, enriched with deep guipure, massive designs copied from bas reliefs, after the Byzantine school, and this ornaments sheets, pillow-cases, petticoats and peignours; second, embroideries in mod-ern style, light bouquets of flowers and gardens of foliage surrounded with fine Valenciennes laces for chemises, petticoats and summer sheets; third, Russian and Bulgarian embroideries, with large flowers and grecques in colored silksthe dye and shades being guaranteed for washing-and some fine gold embroidery-these principally for servicttes, tablecloths, sheets and bournouses for the bath. Among the twelve dozen chemises there are some of a very novel cut. The top of the chemise is low and round, edged with light Venetian guipure, below which is a garland of Marguerites, embroidered in white satiu stitch, the hearts being pale yellow. The front is gathered and a branch of Marguerites falls gracefully over the fine guagings. The Greek sleeve has a similar enbroidery, and the edge of the chemise has a wide, openworked hem, bordered with narrow guipure; the initials R. O., with a princess coronet, are embroidered on the left shoulder. The wedding dress, in view of the extreme heat of Rome, is in crepe lisse over white satin. The train is embroidered with orange blossoms and roses in white silk, with silver veinings and a thick framework of lace. The skirt opens in front over a satin tablier, covered with point Paiguile, embroidered crepe bodice, wreath of orange blossoms without leaves round the chignon, and a long tule veil, worn l'Espagnole, falling over the hair and dress, and not

Table Adoruments.

over the face.

The dishes on which fish, jellies and creams are placed should be large enough to leave a margin of an inch or so between the food and the lower edge of the border of the dish.

It is well to pour the sauce for cold puddings around the pudding, especially f there will be a contrast in color.

It is a great improvement to have the sauce poured around the article instead of over it, and to have the border of the dish garnished with bits of parsley, celery tops or carrot leaves. When sauce is poured around meat or

fish the dish must be quite hot, or the sauce will cool quickly.

Small rolls or sticks of bread are served with soup. Potatoes and bread are usu-ally served with fish, but many people prefer to serve only bread. Butter is not served at the more elegant dinners. Two vegetables will be sufficient in any course. Cold dishes should be very cold, and hot dishes hot.

It is a good idea to have a dish of

It is a good idea to have a dish of sliced lemons for any kind of fish, and especially for those broiled or fried. Melons, cantaloupes, cucumbers and radishes, and tomatoes when served in slices, should be chilled in the ice chest. Be particular not to overdo the work of decorating. Even the simple garnish adds much to the appearance of a dish, but too much decoration only injures it. Garnishes should be so arranged as not

to interfere with serving. Potato balls and thin fried 1 Potato balls an

'Of course you'll do as you please Blanche; only I warn you it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You dance again with him at your own risk.

At the same instant he came up 'May I have the pleasure of the polka

with you, Miss Penroy?"

And Blanche, defiant, willful and little piqued, answered, "Yes."

She glided away with her hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no business to be so unreasonable.

His grave, stern face rather startled her as she came once more to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the band was silent, and Mr. Birmingham had gone to bring her a glass of iced lemon-

"Gilbert! why do you look so cross? "Because I have reason. I am sorry you pay so little attention to my wishes, Miss Penroy."

She drew herself up haughtily. "You are beginning to dictate early,

sir!

"Have I not the right?"

"No, Mr. Evering." "Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow ran-kled in his bosom. "I give up the right now and henceforward."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing toward her, and when next she had leisure to look around Gilbert was gone from her side.

'What have I done!" she thought in dismay, "I'll see him this evening and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be vexed with me for an idle word like that."

"Ab, little Blanche, it is not the wellconsidered sentence that does most all the harm in this world it is the idle word.

"Such a charming day we have had Mrs. Traine," said Blanche, as she came in radiant and smiling as if the worm remorse was not gnawing at her heart.

"Yes," said the blooming matron, who was reading in the easy chair under the shadow of the vines. "But what sent shadow of the vines. Mr. Evering away in such a vory great

hurry?' "Sent him away?"

"Yes-by the evening train. He came home, packed his things and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry; we shall miss him so much.

Blanche went slowly upstairs and sat

of Gilbert Evering's love. "And I cannot even write to him, for

It was a very simple lettter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her "far away" cousin's executors, dictated by the fullness of her heart.

"I shall never marry now," she wrote, "and it seems to become my plainly in-dicated duty to undertake the care of this orphan child of Mrs. Marchmont. With your approval, therefore, I propose to adopt him, and endeavor as far as in my power, ito supply the place of his lost mother. You may at first deem me rather too young to undertake so grave and serious a responsibility; but I was nineteen last month, and I am very much older in thought and feeling than in years. Of course at my death the child will inherit the property which was left to me by my deceased parents." "I hope my cousin's executors are like the nice, white-headed old lawyers one reads about," said Blanche to herself as she folded the little sheet of paper. "and not cross old fudges, talking of 'expediency' and 'appropriateness;' for I do so much want somebody to love and care for; and I've a sort of premonition that this little fellow will be nice, rosy

and lovable. I think I'll teach him to call me 'Aunty.' Exactly a week subsequently a prim, legal note was received from Messrs.

Alias & Corpus, the deceased lady's executors, stating that "they saw no valid objection to Miss Penroy's very laudable projects, and that in accordance thereto the child of the late Mrs. Marchmont would arrive at Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday.

"Saturday, and this is Friday," ejaculated Blanche, with a new brightness dancing in her hazel eyes. "Oh, how glad I shall be! Sanderson, tell Mrs. Brown to have the blue room fitted up immediately, for Master Marchmont, and you had better go yourself to the station with the carriage at five to-morrow after-

noon to meet him. "Yes, ma'am," said Sanderson rather stolidly.

The apparition of a great, unruly boy tramping with muddy boots on the vel vet carpets, and disturbing the house with balls, marbles and halloos, did not possess the charm in Sanderson's eyes that it seemed to have for his mistress And even patient Mrs. Brown remarked with a species of exasperation that "she didn't see what put this freak into Miss high.

Blanche's head. Saturday was a day of hail and tempest, and softly falling snow, and by 5 o'clock the drawing rooms were lighted, and the crimson silk curtains closely drawn, to exclude the stormy darkness without.

Six times within the last fifteen minutes had Blanche Penroy looked at her watch, as she stood by the fire waiting to

hear the returning carriage wheels. She was dressed in a rich China-blue down by her window, looking out at the silk dress, with pearl pin and ear-drops, purple glow of the evening landscape as and a little point lace at her throat and if it were a featureless blank. So he wrists, and the color in her cheek, and the golden tinge in her bright hair made folly she had lost the priceless treasure her, unconsciously, very fair to look as stiff as a bean-pole and crossed the npon.

"Oh, I hope-I hope he will like me,

saint. Going up to the girl he greeted her in a very business-like manner, and taking her by the hand, went wandering among the crowd and around the depot. The girl was not specially pleased with his appearance and preferred not to accept him as her fractional husband; but then her fare had been paid all the way from Sweden by him and she had been shipped on the condition of being his upon her arrival, and she felt bound and that she was must accept the situation. The old brute, in his attempts to console her and make the situation pleasant, put his arm around her waist. This was too much for the young girl, and in her innocence she broke down in sobs and tears. The last seen of her she was in a wagon with a motley crowd and by the side of the old sinner, traveling toward his home, and we presume she is to-day more of a slave than ever was any of the colored race in the South, for the breaking of whose chains came the long and bloody war of the rebellion. Such cases as this, we presume, are far from being uncommon, but the actors in most of them possess too much discretion to permit a pub lic expose. When girls are selected in Europe in the same manner that fine

stock is to be shipped to America, as was the case in this instance, it is time that the nation should arise and crush out the hellish system which carries on its disgusting basiness in the name of religion.-[Ogden Pilot.

A Prohibitionist on his Travels.

Among the thirsty ones yesterday unting up and down Woodward avenue for something to quench thirst, was a man in rusty black who entered a drug store and inquired:

"Have you a temperance drink?" "Two or three. Will you take soda

water or ginger ale?" "Well, now, our society does not regard either of those as a strictly temperance drink. Both are associated with

stronger liquors." "How would root beer answer?" "Suspicious-suspicious," was the anver.

"Ah! I've got it now."

"Ah!"

"I can give you a straight temperance drink, as cool as ice; but it comes

"How much?"

"Ten cents a glass." "Very well," said the old man as he

put down his dime. The druggist was absent only a min-

nte, and then returned and placed a glass of liquid before him. The old man drank half of it, smacked his lips, and

asked; "May I ask what you call it?" "Certainly; it is called water. I just

drew it from the hydrant." The excursionist set the glass down, buttoned his coat, and with a glance meant to reduce the druggist's weight to 120 pounds in five seconds, went out

peppermint essence.

Don't be in too great a hurry to suc-ceed. Work hard to deserve success, and fortune is sure not to forget you.

were so hungry it was so hard to find When food enough for them.

"Oh,dear, I want a red hood awfully," said Mamie one day. Susie Gray was passing with one on.

"I wish I could give you one, my darling," said her mamma. "I wish you could, too."

"I would not use that word 'awfully,' Mamie,

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because you do not mean it. Let us think for one moment. Awful means filled with awe, terror or dread."

"I see mamma. I do not want the hood awfully, but very much.' Harry heard all his sister said. The

next day he went to a store and asked the man the price of red hoods.

"Here is one for thirty-five cents," said the man.

Harry looked sober. He went away and the man called after him, "Here, little shaver, who wants a hood?"

"I want one, sir, for my little sister." "Have you any money?

"Yes, sir; I sold my knife for fifteen cents.

"Is that all?"

"No, sir; I let Joe Blake have two agates and my best top for five cents." "And is that all!"

"No, sir, I sold some evening papers and earned five cents more." "Where did you get your agates, knife

and top?"

'My uncle sent them from New York. "Well, boy, you may have the hood for twenty-five cents. To-morrow, if your ma is willing, you may come here and do my errands. I will pay you well.

"Thank you, sir."

"A boy who will sell his playthings to please his little sister must be a good

Mamie Clark wears the red hood every day to school. She does not know ho Harry earned the money to buy it. Her mamma knows, and she told us the story.

The Esquiman husband in not a fool. He knows the value of a wife. It is a little cold in his country, and in building the snow buts the men wear long mittens made of reindeer fur, which are carried in the sledge until wanted for use. Naturally they become frozen and stiff, and it is the wife's business to thaw them for her lord's use by placing them in her bosom, next to her bare skin, that they may be ready when he needs them. If she fails to do this she must put them on her own hands before her husband attempts to wear them. One can understand that the Esquimau travels, as a rule, accompanied by his wife.

make a nice garnish for all kinds of fried and broiled meats and fish.

Cold boiled beets, carrots and turnips, and the whites of hard-boiled eggs stamped out with a fancy vegetable cut-ter, make a pretty garnish for hot or cold meats.

Thin slices of toast, cut into triangles, make a good garnish for many dishes. Whipped cream is a delicate garnish for all Bavarian creams, blanc manges,

frozen puddings and ice cream.

A Kentucky Lochiavar.

The story of a romantic chase, in which two young lovers and an irate pursuer figure conspicuously, comes from Kentucky. Joseph Carpenter and Ollie Brown, a lass of fourteen, have made one or two attempts to elope, the girl's parents, who live in Scottsville, about fifteen miles from the Tennessee line, having opposed the marriage of the young people. A few days ago, how-ever, their love affairs reached a climax. Young Carpenter drove to the house of his sweetheart in a buggy, and pleaded as only an auxious lover can, with the mother of the girl, who proved as obdu-rate as ever. Nothing daunted, he asked the girl to choose between himself and her mother. Her answer was all he could desire, and "catching her in his arms," as the chronicler reports, he leaped into the carriage and drove off. The alarm was raised and a young instice of the police court, mounted on a fleet thoroughbred, started in pursuit of the runaway pair. The race was a hot one, and now fortune seemed to favor the lovers and now the arm of the law. The Western Lochinvar had provided himself with a good horse, and he reached the Tennessee line a few minutes before the justice. A town was reached. Squire Fikes was hastily summoned; the knot was almost tied, when, alas, up rode the horseman, hot and angry, and forbade the marriage. The prudent Squire hesitated, and while he was pondering over the case the young people slipped away and started in hot haste for Gallatin. The justice was after them with equal speed, but his horse threw a shoe and he succumbed to fate. He arrived, however, in season to congratulate the couple with the best grace possible a few minutes after they were married at the principal hotel of the village, in the presence of some "specially invited guests."

A Boston Lady Bountiful fell into costacks about the lovely, saintlike expres-sion of a boy of nine who formed one of the poor children's excursion to Walden pond, but her feelings sustained a cruel shock when this "thing of beauty" was heard to exclaim when sandwiches were dealt out: "How in h-l do these ladies expect a feller to eat sandwiches without mustard ?"

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe an solid in the ear.