

CUPID SCHOOLBOY.

When she was gay as a linnet, And I was as fresh as a lark, Never a day but a nice nibble We met betwixt dawning and dars.

Kitchen Ceramics.—Grapes may be pickled in a variety of ways. Either of the following ways is recommended as being excellent: Boil ripe grapes till they are soft, then mash them through a colander, leaving the seeds only in it.

A LOST JEWEL.

Seth Allen, having graduated with the highest honors of his college class, and won the consent of Lisette May to become his wife, came to New York to take fame and fortune by storm with the air of his brilliant college reputation and sundry college poems, essays and such like stuff.

courage to see her united to another, and the next morning he left the town, never to return. The remainder of his life was spent in the cold solitude that he had chosen in his younger years; but each year it became more irksome, and each convinced him that all his fame, and all his honors, could not compensate him for the jewel of domestic joy which, when he held it in his reach, he had deliberately cast from him forever.

Edison's Light.

On September 5th for the first time the Times building was illuminated by electricity. Mr. Edison had at last perfected his incandescent light, had put his machinery in order, and had started up about one-third of the lower city district in which the Times building stands. The light came in sections. First there came in a series of holes in the floors and walls, then several miles of protected wires, then a transparent little egg-shaped glass globe, and, last of all, the fixtures and ground glass shades that made everything complete.

most significant fact, however, was the rhythmic action of the heart, notwithstanding that the neck was broken. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the criminals who are hanged in this country are either mechanically strangled—that is, choked to death; or killed by the shock—that is, death is the result of the terrible impression made upon the nervous system. In cases where the neck is not broken and the spinal cord is not lacerated, we are of the opinion that resuscitation would not be impossible. It might be accomplished by electricity, friction, artificial respiration, the hot bath, and other well-known means of restoration. In this case resuscitation was impossible, as the neck was broken.

Awaiting the Guillotine.

So soon as the sentence of death is passed in France the criminal is placed on double allowance. The ordinary prisoners have rations of meat and of wine only on Sundays and Thursdays; but the convict set apart for the guillotine has roast beef every day and a "cicouisme" of wine both at breakfast and dinner. He may read, write and smoke as much as he likes. He has two warders constantly in attendance upon him, and their orders are never to contradict him, and not to abstain from entering into cheerful conversation with him.

What Lime Does to Soils.

It benefits crops in two ways, one direct, the other indirect. Directly, it is plant food, especially for roots and leguminous plants; indirectly, it makes the soil yield its nitrogen, otherwise held fast in insoluble compounds, for the plant to feed upon. Sir John Lawes says: "Lime acts as the medium by which nitrification takes place; and the almost entire absence of nitrates in the water passing through the peat soils in Scotland—which abound in nitrogen—must be mainly due to the absence of lime."

A Monster Criminal.

The third trial of Wheeler in the San Francisco criminal court for choking his sister-in-law to death has resulted in a verdict of murder in the first degree. This was probably the most horrible and revolting crime that had ever been committed in that murder stained city. The victim was a young girl about 19 years of age, a sister of Wheeler's wife, whom he had seduced at their residence in the east. Wishing to continue enjoyment of the criminal relations he proposed to remove to California and the project was acquiesced in by his wife for the purpose of concealing her misfortune and the infamy of her sister from their old father. Wheeler was the father of two children by this young girl. She did not love him but he terrorized her, as also his wife, to such an extent as to force them to aid in falsely representing that the young girl was his wife.

Dead Man's Heart Beats.

On Friday afternoon, within one minute after the body of James Tracy, the murderer of Policeman Henber, had been taken from the gallows, Drs. Mann and Blumhardt, in the presence of other physicians, began the interesting experiment of applying electricity with a view to resuscitation. The features were not distorted, and the dead man looked as peaceful as though he had passed away in sleep. Dr. Blumhardt said: "He died painlessly. He lost consciousness within a moment after the drop fell. He was dead before he knew what hurt him. The neck was dislocated at the first vertebra. I wish you would let me make a post mortem," he added, turning to James McCann, to whom Tracy had willed his body.

The Matter with the Telephone.

"I don't know what I shall do but I'd telephone of mine," observed a citizen as he entered the headquarters of the company yesterday and sat down in a discouraged way. "Out of order, is it?" "Sometimes it vhas, and sometimes it vhas all right. If I go to speak with der coal man, or der City Hall, or der butcher, it vhas all right, and I can hear every word. If somedopy vhangs to orler my peer, I get der name shust as plain as daylight."

How to Catch Frogs.

The Washington Star tells how frogs are caught in the Potomac: The manner of catching them is to drift about at night in a skiff among the swamps which line the Potomac and its creeks with a bull's-eye lantern. When the frogs begin their loud, guttural conversation with each other, the hunter edges up as near as possible to his game and throws the intensely reflected light from his bull's-eye directly upon the frog, which appears to have the effect of completely paralyzing him. Once the light strikes them they are immovable, and will suffer themselves to be bagged without a murmur. One expert stated to a Star reporter that he took a dozen from off one old rotten log in Hunting creek, but a big mooseam snake struck out for him, and in getting away, he lost nine of them. The frogs are particularly plump this year, and their flesh tender as squab meat.

A correspondent asks for directions pickling the small yellow tomatoes that are brought to the market in crates. Let them lie in salt nd water for three or four days, changing the brine if a scum rises; then rinse them with clear water and let them lie for a night in weak vinegar, or, say, half vinegar and half water. The next day prepare thus: To one peck of tomatoes allow half an ounce of whole cloves, a quarter of a pond of ground mustard, half an ounce of whole black pepper, and six good-sized onions, cut in slices. Put the tomatoes in a jar, putting a layer of onions and spice between the layers of tomatoes till the jars are full. Cover the whole with cold vinegar of good strength. In a week or ten days the pickles will be ready for the table.

One of the most convenient articles that a woman can possess, even if she does but little sewing, is a small lap-board with a yard measure on one edge. My own is of light wood, with two cleats on the under side. This board is three-quarters of a yard long and a little more than half a yard wide. It has a curved side, and on the straight outer edge is a measure. It is carefully and exactly divided in inch spaces, and has the eighth, and quarter and half of the yard marked in unmistakably plain figures. It serves occasionally as a work-table, a writing-desk, and it is useful also as an invalid's table, on which a cup of coffee and a plate of toast may be placed.

"D. C." asks for a good receipt for making tomato catsup. I have used the following formula for years, and have found it in every way satisfactory: Take six quarts of cut tomatoes, cook them until they are perfectly soft, strain them through a sieve, then add one pint of vinegar, half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, two salt, one each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice; boil until thick. Put away in bottles, or can while hot. It is a good plan to put part in cans for use in late spring, but it keeps well if simply bottled and corked. If boiled until quite thick—say like a boiled custard—it will not become thin and watery if kept a year.

HOUSEHOLD.

To pickle peaches take seven pounds of sugar to one quart of vinegar; boil the peaches in this until a broom splint will easily pierce the skin; stick a few cloves in each peach before putting it in the vinegar and put a handful of stick cinnamon into the vinegar. If you have only ground cinnamon in the house put some—say three tablespoonfuls—in a little muslin bag and let it boil with the peaches. If the amount of sugar given here seems large, you need not weigh it, but shut your eyes and keep putting it in until the right taste is imparted. Some cooks peel the peaches and do not boil them; but pour hot vinegar over them for several mornings, but I confess that I like them best "cloth and all," as a little girl said, simply taking care to wipe them off with a clean towel first. Pears may be put up after this recipe; they, however, ought to be peeled, as the skin is tough and has no association of down or red cheek with it. Plums of almost any variety are delicious pickled in this way: To twelve pounds of fruit allow six pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, spice to suit your taste; heat the vinegar, sugar and spice, pour while hot over the fruit; do this for two mornings. Blackberries are also very nice prepared in the same way.

To make blackberry wine, press and bruise the berries, and to one quart of juice add two thirds of a quart of water; three quarters of a pound of sugar to one gallon of this is little sugar as I would like to allow. If brandy is added, put half a gallon to three gallons of juice. Leave in an open jar, well protected from flies and insects of all kinds, until fermentation ceases, then draw off and bottle. If the fermentation is slow to commence, a little yeast may be added, which will start it at once. It is a good plan when making the wine to dissolve the sugar and make a syrup of it before adding it to the juice.

Lovely little wraps for cool days for use in the baby carriage are made of single zephyr crocheted in two colors in stripes. Crochet each stripe with four rows of loose shell stitch, and then with a row of squares where the next stripe joins, so that narrow ribbons may be run through them. Four stripes make the wrap the right width. This is very handsome made of cardinal and white worsted, with cardinal ribbons run in. Finish the bottom with fringe or with tassels.

Very delicate macaroons are made of one pound and a quarter of almonds blanched and pounded, and a little rose water added to moisten and flavor them. The whites of three eggs should be beaten very light, and the sugar stirred in gradually. Mix all thoroughly together, and drop on clean writing paper. Bake for about three minutes in a quick oven.

Evils of Opium Smoking.

Ten or twelve pipes produce a delicious languor or intoxication; from twenty to twenty five pipes is followed by a dreary torpor, the "heaven" which the opium smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he blindly hurries. The habitual smoker has pallid cheeks, vacuous eyes, and is unfitted for any energetic employment. The functions of the stomach and intestinal organs become disarranged and weakened. In indulgence, the idiot smile and death-like stupor of an opium debauchee has something more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the drunkard from spirits. The pain he suffers from deprived of the drug after long habit no language can explain, and it is only to a certain degree under its influence that his faculties are alive. Persons of mature age occasionally become opium smokers, but the habit, as a rule, is acquired in youth. It is well known among the initiated that a physician in New York who claims to cure victims of the opium pipe, and has built an asylum for that purpose, has not been able to cure himself, and daily indulges in its use. Those who pretend that they have been able to relinquish the habit, may be found hanging about opium pipes and do not deny themselves a pipe now and then. They are simply moderate smokers for a time, and eventually fall back to an excessive use of the drug. No opium smoker will deny the fact that the habit has ruined him mentally and physically.

A young man of Maryland committed suicide because he was too poor to marry. This is an isolated case. The poor young man generally marries, and if his wife doesn't commit suicide a year or two afterward it is not because she hasn't sufficient provocation.

He began low, and won his way, by his increasing adaptability, to a high position. But it was a long and an arduous struggle, on small means and with the most exhausting labor. The marriage day seemed ever to recede, until he began to look upon it as almost hopeless.

By this time his sphere was so far removed from that of Lisette that she no longer influenced him. Seth Allen had the entire to the very highest circles of the metropolis—the elite of intelligence and culture. Here he met ladies whose conversation and social prestige quite eclipsed the simpler gifts of poor Lisette. Alas, for her gentle heart, forsaken and despised.

With Lisette, the one fixed idea of years had been her marriage with her early lover. She had borne much neglect with ready excuses; she loved him singly and purely, and had never doubted. And so, when he wrote that cold selfish letter, which was evidently intended to be so candid and so rational in all its details, in which he acknowledged that he no longer loved her as he once did, but was ready to fulfill his engagement, because his shock of it well nigh killed her she was disenchanted. There was a night of tears and desperate heart-break; a morning that brought wiser thoughts with much womanly pride, that dictated the words that alone he deserved, "You are free," and helped her to collect, with untrembling hands, every memento of his dead love, to be returned with that fateful missive.

A great shadow fell on her life, but few observed it. And after a very long time it passed away, leaving only a tender, reproachful memory of the youth she had loved, and working entire forgetfulness of the man who had injured her.

Years passed away, a score of them, after this time of parting. Seth Allen had long been a very famous man. Men spoke his name with a sort of awe, so high was he lifted up above the masses of his kind. Then at the very acme of his fame, disease smote him fearfully. Not in that wasting, burning form in which death soon comes and welcomes to close the scene of suffering, but in that insidious sapping of the springs of life, and loss of mental and bodily vigor, that is too apt to follow a life of intense and incessant brain labor, such as Seth's had been. So smitten, and beyond the medications of the pharmacopia, Seth was forced to yield to the mandates of his physicians, and seek rest and absolute quiet.

He was homeless and without ties. It was but natural that he should find his thoughts turning toward the woman he had so long forgotten, the woman who he once hoped would have created a home for him, and bound all his life and energies in the sweet influence of her love.

He had nothing to do, he was able to do nothing, he was permitted to do nothing, at least in his favorite pursuits. And that was the reason, probably, why he betought himself of a quiet journey to the long-deserted scenes of his collegiate labors and successes.

If he did think of Lisette at all, and he did not doubt he did, it was as the same sweet, patient, rimple girl who had given him all his heart and waited for him in good faith so long. He was a famous man, now, and had become accustomed to enthusiastic welcomes. Why should he doubt such a welcome from his country girl, whom he could not think of as aught but a young creature, but whom he knew must be far on the shady side of life. Perhaps she would—

But there he always paused. Did he mean that perhaps he had but to ask and he received back graciously to his old position in her regard, to renew with the calmness of advancing years a chilly similitude of the vows of youth, and thus to secure a valuable and most devoted nurse and housekeeper? Very likely he did, but he was a man, a famous man, a man whom long adulation had persuaded of his own overwhelming merits, and whom sickness had made more intensely selfish than was usual even to an extremely self-conscious habit of mind.

He went down at commencement time. He did not see Lisette until the small effervescence of the season had quite subsided. He asked no questions about her, for he had not come in contact with any old friends in whom he liked to recall memories of the past. But he called at the homely cottage, where she still resided with her mother (that much he had learned from the stranger host of the hotel where he had his room), on the morning following the close of the commencement exercises, sure that he should then find her at home.

Nor was he mistaken. He was shown into a small room, a sort of study, as books and manuscripts scattered around fully indicated, and waited long, conscious all the time of a bustle, like the notes of preparation for some approaching event, but which he naturally ascribed to the departure of guests or something similarly connected with the season.

Lisette came to him at last. A handsome, rather imposing lady, past middle age, but wearing well. A slight flush tinged the cheek that was still fair and round, and that was all the sign of embarrassment and that she betrayed. Not so Seth Allen. He stammered and stood before his ancient love abashed. She was so different from that which he had expected! He felt sorry that he had lost her; he felt, for the first time, the meaning of his conduct. He began to doubt if he should win her back.

In half an hour he went away with his mind fully settled on that point. He had not only been rejected, but he carried in his pocket, tied together with the emblematic white ribbon, the cards of Lisette and the Reverend Dr. — president of the college, to whom she was that evening to be united.

He had promised to stay for the wedding, and Lisette had shown him that a true friendship might be reared above the ruins of their long extinct love. But when the time came, he had not the

The Evening Wisconsin tells a pathetic story of Dr. Gilbert Wright, who, a quarter of a century ago, was one of the ablest and most respected physicians in the state, but who now is a broken down old man, leading a hermit's life in a crazy shanty in Waukesha county. The cause of his withdrawal from society was years ago he discovered the infidelity of his wife, and, crushed by this misfortune, he left the state, and gradually tumbled down hill, until now he is little better than the "dirty old man" in the balder. The wife has a good deal to answer for, but not half so much as the man who would let such a thing drive him to the dogs.

Curtain rings are much more convenient to hang a dress up by than loops of braid or cloth, put one at each side of the waistband on the skirt. If loops of any kind are used to hang the waist itself by, sew them on at the under side of the armhole. The waist can then be folded in the same way as when it is laid in the trunk or drawer.

A sure cure for chapped hands is something greatly to be desired. Try this: Wet your hands in warm water, then rub them all over with Indian meal; do this twice, then in the water used to wash off the meal put a teaspoonful of pure glycerine. If it is not pure it will irritate the skin.