BELSHAZZAR

The misnight hour was drawing on; Husbed into rest lay Babylon— All save the royal palace where Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall Belshazzar the King held festival.

His nobles around him in splendor shine And drain down goblets of sparkling wine. The nobles shout, and the goblets ring:
'Twas sweet to the heart of that s'iff-necked King.

The cheeks of the King, they flushed with fire, And still as he frank his conceit grew higher; And, maddened with pride, his lips let fall Wild words, that blaspheme the great Lord of All.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous were halled by his lordly rout with cheers. Proudly the King has a mandate passed; Away hie the slaves; and come back full fast. Many gold vessels they bring with them, The spoils of God's hous) in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the King caught up. Filled to the brim a sacred cup; And down to the bottom he drained it dry. And aloud, with his mouth afoam, did cry.

"Jehovah! I scoff at thy greatness gone! I am the King of Babylon!" The terrible words were ringing still, When the King at his heart felt a secret chill. The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there! on the white wall, see, Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be! And it wrote, and it wrote in letters of flame, On the white wall-then vanished the way it

The King sat staring, he could not speak, His knees knocked together, death-pale was h

With cold fear creeping his lords sat around, They sat dumb-stricken, with never a sound

The Magians came, but not one of them all Could interpret the writing upon the wall

That self-same night—his soul God sain t— Was Belshazzar the King by his nobles slain.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

"Good morning, Jennie. The gray mare and I have come to ask you to drive with us to Nickford on this lovely day. How soon can you be ready?"

The speaker, a young, handsome fellow of some four-and-twenty years, stood in the open doorway of Jennie Russel's exquisitely-kept diary. He wore a morning suit of coarse tweed. whose cut, however, betrayed its city make, and there was about him a certain air which betokened him accustomed to city ways; but the girl who lifted up a bright, winsome face, with a half start at his unexpected appearance, was engaged in deftly skimming the rich yellow cream with her own little fingers, neither white nor tapering, and though the great brown eyes lighted with gladness, they failed to give her beauty. A sweet, true face it was, pretty at times-at times aglow with something better than beauty, but never beautiful.

"Thank you, Allen," she answered. "I'll go with pleasure, and will not keep you and the mare five minutes."

True to her word, within that time the two were comfortably seated in the highwheeled dog-cart, and a flicker of the whip had given the signal for departure.

Well pleased, Jennie's mother watched them from an upper window. Rutgar was the young Squire. He had been educated in a great college far away, and money without stint had been lavished upon him. But he had studied hard, and when he had returned home, too honest a love was in his heart for the acres which had been so many years the heritage of his family for him to wish to live elsewhere than upon them.

Neither had he forgotten his little playmate, and, though socially a wide gulf yawned between him and simple little Jennie Russel, love has bridged many a wide chasm, and Mrs. Russel sagely suspected that the little god was already busy sowing his seed in the young man's heart.

I'm so glad you came to day, Allen,' said Jennie, naively, "for I've a great piece of news to tell you. We're to have a boarder this summer-a young girl like myself. She has been ill and is to come to us for quiet. I am so anxious to see her! Early this morning I was arranging the room which is to be hers. and making it as pretty as I could. She will arrive to morrow. You are so good to me, Allen, you'll try to make it sometimes pleasant for her, won't you?' What you call being good to you,

Jennie, is being good to myself. You forget that it is all the harder to make it pleasant to this stranger, because she will interfere with our own happy, quiet hours. For one, I don't like her coming at all. More and more, Jennie, I want you all to myself. Why is it, I wonder?"

And he turned toward her with a tender smile, to which her sole reply was a crimson wave. But she spoke no more of the stranger's coming, which late the next afternoon became an accomplished

As she drove up to the farm-house in Mr. Russel's wagon Jennie stood in the open doorway to greether; but somehow the words she had meant to utter died away, and a strange shyness took possession of her.

Two enormous trunks filled the wagon, from which the seats had been taken to make room for them; and though the dress the young lady wore was quiet in color and in make, it was wholly different from anything Jennie had ever seen, and somehow reminded her of the nameless difference she had detected between Allen and the other young men of the place. But the wearer of the garments would lend the plainest costume grace. Never had Jennie beheld anything so beautiful as the coloriess face, lighted by the great blue eyes, and the little head crowned by a mass of rippling, golden hair. The figure was tall and slender. One ungloved hand was faultlessly white, and sparkling with wonderful jewels.

"I hope your journey has not tired you very much?" ventured Jennie,

" I am always tired," replied Miss Jarrol, and the low voice held in a tone as of perpetual weariness.

How tidy the pretty room looked assigned their guest when herself and her two great trunks filled it! But she languidly expressed her appreciation of her. From that day Miss Carrol's name fore made in one year in this country.

it, as, realining on the sofa, Jennie herself served her with the dainty supper prepared for her, and which she was too exhausted to take in the room below.

Three days passed before Allen and Miss Carrol met. She was half-buried in a great arm-chair, one lovely morning when he stole up behind her, thinking it his little companion. "Come little girl," he said. "The

mare and I have been cheated long And then a pair of blue surprised eyes glanced up at him, and two red lips ut-

tered a tiny little scream. At that instant Jennie entered, and the

formal presentation was made. Allen laughingly expressed contrition for his mistake.

Miss Carrol graciously accepted his apologies; but the blue eyes grew less sleepy, and the pretty, golden head had meditated certain satisfactory thoughts that the country promised to be less dull than she had anticipated, and that she had bedeeked herself in a very becoming white embroidered gown.

Allen and Jennie had their drive, but the former was more quiet than his wont, and he spoke no more of his regret at Miss Carrol's coming. Nor, as the days merged into weeks, did Jennie need again to ask him to make it less dull for her guest.

Sometimes a strange, new pang shot through her heart, and into the brown eyes would creep a look of infinite sadness, as her place beside Allen and behind the gray mare would be filled by another, and she could not help but see how content he was it should be so.

It was not all idle jealousy; but Jennie had learned the shallow, heartless nature of the girl who had bewitched him with her beauty and her grace. She had seen her flash into quick pas-

sion when some dress, tried for the first

time, failed to fit; had known how dult and listless she was until Allen's coming quickened her into life; bad been herself the martyr of her thoughtfulness and her supreme selfishness. But none of this might she tell to Allen -not even when one day he came

to tell her, with more of the old Allen than she had seen of late in his manner, and with a warm glow of happiness on his face, which made her own heart beat madly for a moment, as he explained to her (his nearest and best friend, he said) its cause.

He had asked Miss Carrol to marry him, and she was his promised wife. Somehow the poor little girl hid her own hurts with a brave smile as she wished him happiness; but that night no sleep came to the brown eyes, and her pillow was wet with tears.

In September Miss Carrol left them but another gem was added to her stock of jewels, and she wore it on the third finger of her left hand-the finger, they say, from which runs a vein direct to the

The two weeks that followed was very hard for Jennie to bear, for into her ear Allen poured all his lover's rhapsodies. Every day he came to the farm, but he could talk of nothing but the beauty and perfection of his future wife.

Poor little Jennie! She early learned the lesson few women are spared—teaching her lips to smile while her soul writhed in agony.

But Jennie's revenge, if her generous nature could harbor such a thought, was near at hand.

Christmas was fast approachingwhen one day Allen, as usual, came unannounced into the cheery sitting room. The smile died on her face as she looked into his and saw it white, and

set, and stern. "Allen!" she cried. "What is it?

What has happened?"
"Read that!" he answered, and tossed a crested sheet of paper upon her lap. Wonderingly she unfolded and read it through. Thus it ran :

"I wrote to you last summer, dearest, of my flirts in the country with a man a kindly fate threw in my path—a flirtation I foolishly allowed to run into an engagement-though, of course, no one here suspects the truth, and really the boy (he is hardly more than a boy) was so desperately in earnest that I could not help myself. Engagements, happily, are broken; and when I tell you that Louis Latrobe has written papa—that he is coming to pay us a fortnight's visit at Christmas-you will understand there is a prospect of my last sharing the fate

with some others which have preceded it. "You know, of course, how immensely rich Mr. Latrobe is; how his father, in early life, has made some sort of obligation to papa; and how, if we would happen to full in love, it would be a charming termination to the old friendship between them. Of course, I am prepared to be a willing victim. I have seen his picture. He is very handsome, and such wealth, 'ma chere!' I could

outrival all of my friends. "Unfortunately, Allen writes me that he intends spending Christmas with me, too, and fills his letters with all a lover's rhapsodies, and his impatience to once more behold my charms. Of course, I did not wish to break my engagement with him (really, he is not at all a bad 'parti," and I have rather a sentimental liking for him) until I know something of Mr. Latrobe's intentions; therefore have written to him (Allen) a letter that I shall send by this mail, telling him that mamma is quite ill (she has a very bad cold, and asking him to postpone coming until January, when I can see more of him.

"More or less it will be, according to developments; but naturally I shall not dwell upon the latter possibility. Now, my dear, after unburdening to you my heart and counscience, I feel it lighter of a load. Do you wonder that the respon-

sibility was too great to bear alone?" Jennie could read no more. With a face as white as Allen's own, she uplifted it from the sheet, which, unconsciously, she crushed in her right hand with a gesture of contempt.

"Allen!" she almost gasped, "What does it mean? I-I can't understand it." "It mean's that Miss Carrol's usual sagacity failed her, and she put the letter intended for her friend in the envelope addressed to me. It means that heaven has beeen kinder to me than I deserve. Then, suddenly breaking down, he dropped into a chair and bowed his head no his arms. "God help me!" he said, "I have been tottering on the brink of ruin," and, forgetful of herself, she crossed to his side and laid her little hand lightly on the chestnut hair. He put up his own and drew it down to his lips. It was the first caress he had given

was never spoken between them, save when once a letter came to her.

Allen had redirected the letter he had received through mistake, and sent it back to her. She had mailed no reply until Mr. Louis Latrobe had come and gone, when, believing her own power in-

finite, she had written to recall him. "It was all a sorry jest, Allen," she said. "I sent you the letter purposely to try. you, and then determined to punish your belief in my perfidy by my silence. Why, Mr. Latrope is engaged to be married, and came to us for our congratulations. I knew it all the time, Don't be unbelieving, dear-and above all things in my love. When may I ex-

pect you?" The new year had dawned when this letter came, like the first, he brought and put it into Jennie's hand.

"Will you send the reply, Jennie?" he "What shall I say?" she wonderingly

"That I have been blind, and suddenly Blinded by her beanty, I got a truth I had already learned—that my heart was never hers to break, for it belonged to you, Jennie. I don't deserve you, dearest, but if you will give yourself to me, I will try to make you happy as my wife. I will not ask you to write Miss Carroll, dear, but for answer let me enclose our wedding cards. Perhaps Mr. Louis Latrobe's will come to her by the

same mail." Which, by a strange coincidence proved to be the case.

Economy in Feeding.

What is gained by a ving is sometimes more than that which is earned. It is an old adage that one may save at the spigot and loose at the bung. This sort of economy is unprofitable, and it is not at all uncommon in feeding farm animals. There is a certain point in feeding at which the animal is just kept living. In this case it is clear there can be no profit in feeding an animal so kept. Beyond that point the food is changed into valu able products. It may be work in a horse or an ox; milk or butter in a cow; wool and mutton in a sheep; fat in a pig; eggs and flesh in poultry; and the feeding may be so managed as to yield the largest profit, or it may be mismanaged, either by extravagance or parsimony, so as to produce a profit quite inadequate to the cost.

To reach the happy mean is the aim of every one who feeds cattle, sheep, pigs or poultry. And how to reach the precise point involves the whole secret and art of feeding. These include a knowledge of the nature of feeding stuffs and fodders, and the principles of animal nutrition, which together comprise the science and the experimental knowledge of the practice, in which the art consists. Either of these require a good deal of study and observation, and but few farmers have given enough of these to this part of their business to become experts in feeding animals. And conse quently there are great wastes incurred during the long winter season of feeding, both by giving too much or too little food. A farmer may easily save, for instance, one-third of his hay and coarse fodder by cutting it fine in a fodder cutter, and one third or his grain by grinding it, because the fine and the coarse parts are both caten and none is trampled under foot; while the grain is all digested and none of it is lost. This is so well known in practice that a farmer who once becomes possessed of a its use, and would as soon throw the good fodder out into the yard to be wasted, as to feed it in the stable without cutting it, or to feed the grain whole. Nevertheless there are many farmers who have not yet had this experience, who are wasting in a month as much feed as would procure a cutter for preparing it.

On the other hand there are farmers who do not know that liberal feeding is the most profitable. In a dairy of ten cows, in which last season at this time sixty five pounds of butter were made weekly, the present yield is less than thirty pounds. The falling off is the result of a reduction in the feeding because of the high price of feed. The owner saved one dollar a day in the feed and loses \$12 60 a week in the product of butter, to say nothing of the value of the skimmed milk, of which there is about one-half less than last year. The owner will not see this, although the cows are the same, and all the conditions are precisely the same, and he suffers this loss because he does not realize that unless cows are fed up to the highest productive point they cannot be made to yield the fullest profit. It is the business of every one who feeds stock to find what this point is for himself, for although a person may have had large experience with feeds and in feeding, yet no experience can be so large as to include every circumstance and condition possible, and it is very true indeed that few farmers know to what extent of liberality they may feed their stock with profit.

According to the most trustworthy estimates \$75,000,000 worth of eggs are eaten in this country every year, of which \$18,000,000 worth is consumed in New York city alone. As the "hen fruit" is most abundant in warm weather, while the appetite for it continues the year round, various processes have been devised to maintain its freshness. Of these the most recently invented is the process of ergstalization or desiccation. By this agency the natural egg is changed into an amber-hued vitreous substance which, while reduced in bulk, has the property of remaining edi-ble for years and resisting the deteriorating effects of climate. Moreover, the egg, when wanted for use, can be restored to it original condition by adding the water which has been artificially removed from the shell. It is said that neither salt nor any other extraneous matter is employed in producing desiccation, the egg being merely reduced to a consolidated mass of yelk and albumen by the removal of the water. An excellent feature of this process is that an egg that is at all tainted, be it ever so slightly, cannot be crystalized at all. The preparation of eggs in this way is still very limited; the chief companies engaged in the business are in the city of St. Louis.

The quantity of pig iron made in the United States in 1882 was 4,623,300 tons, almost 500,000 tons more than ever be-

Something for Women to De.

I have often heard it complained that here was nothing for wemen to do by which they could earn as much money as men. Perhaps there is nothing in the same line of business as that followed by men, but taking all the professions followed by women, it seems to me there is a great deal of money made by them. The enormous sums made by singers and actresses are too well known to need mentioning. But there are other lines of business that women may follow who have no natural gifts such as these. I heard the other day of a lady who was making a handsome income for terself, and all in the most quiet way. lady is a Miss Martin. I do not suppose there is any objection to my mentioning her name, as it is well known among a great many people. Miss Martin is the daughter of a gentieman living near Auburn, in this State, who, at one time, was very wealthy; but, although the family live in the old homestead, which is a noble mansion, they are very much reduced in circumstances. Miss Martin, when she became old enough to want money, and to know that it did not always come for the wanting, cast about for something to do by which she could earn at least a decent living and not be dependent upon her father. It seemed as though all the avenues were closed. She was not gifted in any particular way, though she was a woman of excellent education and had all the advantages that came from high social position. But she neither sang well enough for stage purposes, nor had she any histrionic talent. In giving the subject serious consideration she remembered that there was one thing she could do very well, and that was pickling and preserving. She told her friends that she was going to make a large quantity of pickles and preserves of different kinds, and that she wanted to sell them. Her friends, knowing what an excellent housekeeper she was, knew that anything that was made under her supervision would be sure to be good, so she had no trouble in selling all she made the first year. The second year she made more yet, and was unable to supply the demand. The fourth year she increased her facilities, and her reputation had by this time spread so far that she did a very large business, and even sold to some of the larger stores in New York. Now, a friend of hers told me the other day that her profits from pickles and preserves reach the very comfortable aum of \$6000 to \$10,000 a year. And she only works from May to November. Auburn being a little far from the New York markets, where fruit can be bought best and cheapest. Miss Martin has come down and taken a place at Glen Coye, to be near her friend, Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, as well as to gain the advantage of a nearer residence to New York. One of the secrets of Miss Martin's success is that everything she makes is the very best of its kind. All the ingredients she uses in her pickles and preserves are the best in the market, and though she employs a number of men and women, she superintends everything herself, and while her articles are all in. the shops, they have a homelike taste that is unmistakable. All the jars bear her initials written in fac-similes of her autograph on a neat label on the side. A sister of Miss Martin, on seeing her success, cast about her for something to do. Of course she did not want to go into the same line of business, and finally she struck upon cake making as a means of fodder cutter is never known to abandon livelihood, and her cakes are now almost as celebrated as her sister's pickles and preserves. She lives at Auburn, but she receives orders from New York and even from Newport. Miss Martin's cakes are considered an essential part of a well regulated pantry in New York .- New York Letter in Boston Sunday Gazette.

The Japanese Hall. From the descriptions I have seen of

the Buddhist place of torment, as delineated by the aid of the artist's conceits, they may believe in actual torments of a horrible character in recompense for an evil life, though just what they consider deadly sins is to the affiant as yet unknown. I have had, through the courtesy of a friend who has a collection of rare curios, the opportunity of looking at a series of nine Kakemonos, formerly belonging to some temple in the interior, which depict the horrid state that awaits the condemned on the other side of the river. The first in order of these nine paintings is the central ore, the other eight flanking it, four on each side. This simply represents the persons of four priests, clothed in their sacred robes, seated on separate divans. Two are in advance of the other two. One of them holds in his hand a package resembling a closed book; another has in his hand a bead rosary; the third one has his hands palm to palm, as if in prayer, while the fourth one holds in his left hand two feathers, and in the right is grasped a double-ended trident. As my friend did not have the key to the significance of his treasure, I am unable to give it. On the right hand of the top of this Kakemono is a mass of clouds, and on the left a water scene, with the sacred mountain Fuji Yama, in the distance. The other eight paintings are all devoted to showing the various mode, of punishment inflicted by the demons of nost revolting aspect. Horned devils and hoofed ones-devils of all colors, but all most beastly devils-are portrayed as inhabiting a range of jagged mountains, full of rent and chasm and deep abyss, into which they are driving the rackless ones, who crouch and shiver in their nakedness. Each of these eight pictures represent a mitred priest sitting in judgment, on either hand standing an attendant, and in front of his dais are the crouching suppliants for his favor. There is on some of them a grinning devil in waiting to receive in charge the doomed. One gives a view of a demon, from his seat in his cave, blowing a stream of fire from his mouth and nostrils upon the victims that other devils are driving into his place.

Our Homes as a Social Power.

In these days of club life and separate enjoyments for men and women, it well behooves women to take the matter to heart and see wherein the danger of this kind of life lies, and unto what all this separation of the social enjoyment of the sexes is tending. And if women are to this American republic, let them study ing season.

well the sources of their power. The days are not as they were. In all of our large cities the women are becoming more and more shut out from the enjoy ments as well as the business life of their male relatives. They content themselves by finding pleasures of their own, and the matinee, the concert, the theaters are all attended without male escort. Sisters and brothers meet at the breakfast table, and all the rest of the day are comparative strangers one to the other, and in a large number of recreations have nothing in common. If women wish and hope to have any real influence on the lives of those who are dear to them, they must study into those lives, and seek to make common interests with them. Music, conversation, gentleness of life and manners, self-denial for the good of others, attractive and cheery homes, an open cordiality of life, all these things and many more the true lady will use as a means of social "Even if her male friends be unworthy of her confidence and trust, she will by means of her open hospitality seek to reclaim and lift them up.

Verbai Errors to be Guarded Against.

The following examples of the most common errors in the use of words are taken from "The Verbalist," by Mr. Alfred Avres:

Accord for give; as "the information was accorded him." Aggravate for irritate; aggravate is to

make worse. Allude to, for refer to or mention. As, for that; "not as I know" for "not

that I know." Avocation, for vocation; a man's vocation is his business; avocations are

things that occupy him incidentally. Balance, for rest or remainder. Character, for reputation; one may have a good reputation, but a bad char-

acter; and the two words should never be confounded. Dangerous, for in danger; a sick man is sometimes most absurdly said to be dangerous, when it is meant that the

poor fellow is himself in danger-a very different thing. Demean, for debase, disgrace or humble. To demean one's self, whether well

or ill. Dirt, for earth or loam.

Donate, for give. Execute, for hang, as applied to the criminal. It is the sentence, not the

man, that is executed. Healthy, for wholesome; an onion plant may be healthy, but when you pick an onion there is no more unhealthiness to that although it may or may not be wholesome as an article of food.

Illy, for ill. Inaugurate, for begin. Kids, for kid gloves. Learn, for teach. Liable, for likely or apt. Pants, for pantaloons, or (better still)

rousers Partake, for eat. Plenty as an adjective, where plentiful meant. Real, for very; as "real nice," "real

pretty. Retire, for go to bed. Reside, for live. Residence, for house.

Seldom, or ever, for seldom, if ever, or seldom, or never. Some, for somewhat; "she is some better to day.'

'Stop, for stay; "where are you stopping?" This is one of the vilest of witti cisms.

Summons, the noun for summons the verb. Those kind of apples, for that kind.

Transpire, for occur. Vulgar, for immodest or indecent. Without, for unless.

Vennor's Great Grief.

The other morning Vennor got out of bed, looked amazed out of the window, and fell on his back with a gasp of amazement. The hotel people heard him fall and rushed into his room,

"What is the matter?" they shouted. "Look!" the prophet gasped, pointing to the window. "Yes," they said, "we see, but what of

"What is it doing?" he asked. "Snowing," they cried; "twenty-two inches of snow on the ground in one night, and still a coming; drifts eighteen feet high, and all trains on all roads

abandoned. Snowing, that's what it's doing. "I thought so," the prophet said, "but then again I thought it was a delusion. I thought it couldn't be true.

"What is it?" they demanded once "Why," said the weather trainer, "you see this is the day I said it was going to snow all over America, and so yesterday I sold my arctics and ulster, and traded off my sleigh for a road wagon. Oh, dear! dear! how was I to know it would snow this week?"

And he buried his face in his hands, and gave way to his emotions. So they came away and left him alone with his sorrow."--[Hawkeye.

INGENUITY OF CONVICTS. -The fancy articles made by the convicts are numerons and of every description, says the Trenton Times. A Gorman, who is on a forty years' sentence for killing his two children, made a pretty little bureau with many drawers out of cigar boxes. A Frenchman made another out of the heads of flour barrels. Several flower baskets, laden with flowers, are exhibited as being made out of crumbs of bread. They are a wonderful piece of work. Fine vases of variegated colors are made from paper. There is no end to the variety of pretty articles made from bone and horn. There are toothpicks, fancy whistles, crotchet-needles, shoe-horns, etc. The work is done with small saws and files and then polished with alcohol. In addition, the cells are ornamented in every conceivable style. Pictures of sweethearts, wives and children adorn the walls. Arbuster, the Newark convict, whose sweetheart married him in the prison a couple of months since, is anxiously looking for the expiration of his sentence. The articles of workmanship made by the convicts are no longer kept on sale in the prison, as formerly. 'It savors too much of Chatham street," said Keeper Laverty. Over one of the center doors is a handsome coat-of-arms of New Jersey, painted by one of the convicts.

Farm help in Vermont are demanding be as they have been, social queens in from \$16 to \$25 per month for the com-

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

German dairymen send butter by mail n cans and boxes. In winter it is said they use parchment paper.

Orange Ice .- Squeeze the juice from six large oranges and two lemons; pour about five gills of boiling water over the broken peel and pulp and let it stand nutil cool; then strain and add the water to the orange and lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with leaf sugar, and freeze.

Chicken Soup.-Cut a chicken into pieces and simmer gently in a gallon of water nutil the meat is in rags. Skim well, strain and return the broth to the Add a cupful of rice and a teaspoonful of parsley; let it simmer another hour. Season with pepper and salt; add a cupful of boiling cream just before serving.

Ginger Cookies .- Take one empful of butter and three cups of flour; rub them well together. Then add one tablespoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs and one and one-half cups of sugar. The eggs and sugar must be well beaten together. Roll very thin, cut in small, round cakes with a biscuit-cutter. Bake in quick oven.

Blackberry Pudding .- A simple but good blackberry pudding is made by taking half a cupful of butter and lard mixed, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the sugar, butter and egg together till light; then add the sweet milk and flour, enough to make a batter of medium thickness. Then stir in as many blackberries as you can afford to put in. Do not put much juice in. Keep that to flavor mincemeat with. Bake for an hour.

Tapioca Cream .- One quart of milk, three tablespoonsful of tapioes, three eggs; seak the tapioca over night in cold water, only enough to cover it; beat the yolks with one cup of powdered sugar; put the tapioca in the milk and heat to a boiling point, then stir in the yolks and cook until it has thickened. Flavor to taste; take off the fire, stir in the wellbeaten whites, reserving enough to frost the top of the tapioca; add sugar to the frosting. Put in the oven a few seconds to color.

Shrimp Sauce.-Boil the shrimps in boiling salted water. When they are quite red, remove them and set them away to cool. Pick off the heads and shells and chop them a little if you prefer. Put an ounce of butter into a sauce pan; when it bubbles, stir in half an ounce of flour; let it cook afew moments, then add a gill of boiling water, the picked shrimps, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste; stir until the shrimps are quite hot and the sauce perfectly smooth. Remove and add a few drops of lemon

Farm House Apple Pie.-Pare sour apples-Greenings are best-and cut in very thin slices. Allow one cup of sugar and a quarter of a grated nutmeg mixed with it. Fill the pie dish heaping full of sliced apple, sprinkling the sugar between the layers. Wet the edges of the dish with cold water; lay on the cover and press down seour that no juica may escape. Bake three quarters of an hour, or even less, if the apples become tender. It is important that the apples should be well done, but not overdone. No pie in which the appies are stewed beforehand can compare with this in flavor.

Pigeons, with Pens.—Pigeons for roasting must be young and tender. Dress them, tie them in good shape, fasten a small piece of bacon on the breast of each one and roast in a hot oven ten minutes. Then, remove from the oven and split each one in half. Melt in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, blend with it a tablespoonful of flour, and half a cup of warmed cream, season with pepper and salt. Lay the pigeons in the saucepan, pour in a can of French peas, shake the pan while cooking and stew fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve the pigeons in the middle of a hot platter surrounded with the peas and sauce.

Boiled Salmon,-When salmon is to be boiled whole, bend the head against one side of the body and the tail against the other side, fastening them well in place. Unlike other fish, salmon must be put into boiling salted water to preserve its color; add lemon juice or vinegar to the water. When salmon is to be served hot, serve lobster, shrimp, cream or Hollandaise sauce with it. When it is to be served cold, pour a thick Mayonnaise sauce over it and garnish the dish tastefully. The head and shoulders or middle cut may be boiled when a whole fish is not desired, or if very little is needed boil a slice two inches thick cut from the middle of the fish. It will take about twenty minutes to cook.

Apple Sauce. - Housekeepers complain that the apples are entirely tasteless this year; that the sauce made with them has no flavor. The following recipe for sauce is said to be excellent: Cut some hard apples in quarters, or smaller pieces still, after peeling them; put them in a jar, with plenty of sugar and white ginger root, cut fine, scattered over them; the best way, perhaps, being to put in a layer of apples, and then of the sugar and ginger. In two or three days pour in enough, water to entirely dissolve the sugar; then strain this juice, and, putting the apples in it, let them stew slowly until they are tender. If the apples are carefully treated they will not lose their shape. Serve when cold. This is very good with meat. A Good Pudding.-Here is a recipe

for a delicious pudding: Mix three teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one quart of flour; chop a quarter of a pound of suct very fine, also one cup of raisins and one of currants; pour over the fruit a cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of mixed spice (cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg or mace) and one cup of milk; then gradually stir in the flour. This makes a stiff batter, but none too much so, as the pudding will have more body than if the batter is thinner. When every lump of flour is stirred out, put the batter in a pudding dish, and steam it for four hours. The sauce which is best suited for this padding is made in this way: Put four tablespoonfuls of white sugar in a basin on the top of the stove; add to it one tablespoonful of water; stir it every moment until it begins to be of a light brown color; and then take it from the fire, add enough wine to make the requisite amount of sauce; thicken with a little arrowroot or cornstarch; sugar can be added also if the wine is a sour wine.