## THE GAME AT LONG BRANCH.

The wallses were over at Leland's. And I stood by my chaperon's chair. Where the brez se coming in from the or Just toyed with the bang of my hair, And if ever a mortal was thankful. It was I that the window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking, And it sermed like the moment of doom; I had spied him, my faital as Tom Hawley, Making love-don't you think-and to who But the heiress of Philpateut's millions, And the vulgarest thing in the room.

Now, Tom, as you know, is too handsome For anything under the sum-Yes. I honestly own I had flirted, But only a little, in fun-And 'twas clear she was trying to catch him. If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'iwas all over-The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss-For, of course, 'iwas a grand speculation Which a feliow tike Tom wouldn't miss. But to think after all his palaver, That he ever could shub me like this.

I cannot describe my emotions. But it gave my poor heart strings a tug: Then I saw my old chaperon simper, And up to me whom should she tug But that great millionaire from Nevado, Whose head is as haid as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero, And it came to me just like a flash: H-'s been dangling around all the season-Yee, of course it was dreadfully rash, But I just thought I'd show Mr Thomas Bow to pisy, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy verands?" "Oh thank you"-now Neil, you can guess How it all came around, and imagine That moment of choking distress When I said, steing Tom through the window, "Indeed, sir, you-that is-why-y-c-s."

So It's all coming off in October; So it's all coming of in October: I am having ny trousseau from Worth: He is nice, Nell, and perfectly solid. And a man of respectable birth; But somehow-that is-well, I don't know-I'm the wretchedest girl upon carth. -Century Magazine,

## MY COUSIN PATSEY.

"One of you girls must go to her at once," said my mother.

"But, mamma," pleaded Oriana, "I can't go. I'm in the midst of my post graduate course at college." "And I can't go!" breathlessly added

Louise, who had just engaged herself to young Mr. Leggett, who kept the sta-tionery store on the corner, and was in a fool's paradise of bliss.

"Girls, don't talk such nonsense!" said my mother, briskly. "Here is your Cousin Patsey Pounsett sick out in Wisconsin and needing care and companion-

ship. Some one must hasten there." "Let Flossy go," suggested Oriana. "Yes," chimed in Louise; "why not Flossy?"

"But Flossy is such a child," said my mother in a perturbed voice. "And-" But here I dropped the cat out of my lap and rose, trying to look as tall as

possible. "I am nearly eighteen," said I. "And, oh, mamma, do let me go to poor rich old Cousin Patsey, and perhaps she will

make me her heiress." "Dear, dear!" said my mother; "what can have put such mercenary ideas in my child's head?"

"But isn't she very rich?" I questioned. her too much to rebel. "She is very eccentric," said my mother.

"Well, then, of course she is rich," I "Eccentric old maids always nodded. are. And, oh, it would be such fun, and I should like to see what Wisconsin is like. I suppose they have bears there and giraffes, and all such wild beasts."

And I ran laughing away after the kitten, which had frisked out among the daffodils in the garden. Not, however, so far but that I could hear my mother saying: "What a child sho is!" And Oriana answering, with a laugh:

"Oh! let her go! If Cousin Patsey should take a fancy to her, it might be

"You can take the bellows and blow up the fire," said the old crone. "And you can make me some oatmeal gruel. And to-morrow you can go out and sell yarbs for me." "Sell-" I hesitated, uncertain wheth

er I had heard aright. "Yarbs!" screeched the old woman. "Yarbs! Don't you hear me? Catnip, and penny-rfle, and tarragan, and lifeeverlastin' and sich-the garret's full of 'em. That's the way I makes my livin'. sellin' yarbs. And I was mortally 'feared I'd lose all my custom with the peaky rheumatiz. But it's all right, now you've come.'

So this was my Cousin Patsey! This was the life of rich refinement to which I had fancied myself dedicated. I cried myself to sleep that night and dreamed I was a beggar girl plodding from door to door.

I was up betimes in the morning to cook Aunt Patsey's breakfast over the kitchen stove-I, the petted darling of the household, who had never been allowed at home to know a single careto clean her room and comb out her tangled white hair. And then, with many reproaches over my sluggishness and lack of "faculty," I was sent up garret to fill a basket with the little bunches of dried herbs which were dangling from hooks in the beams overhead. "What am I to do with them, Cousin

Patsey?" said I, feebly. "Take 'em into town," said Miss Pat-"Sell 'em."

sey. "Sell em. "But where?" pleaded I.

"From door to door," responded my witch-like cousin. "Go everywhere. Tell 'em they're Miss Patsey Pounsett's yarbs. Everybody knows me. Five cents a bunch for the small ones, ten for the largest ones. And don't let the grass grow under your feet, for I've got to take my hot drink at one o'clock, and you must be home to fix it for me.

And this was a fashionable career of which I had dreamed at Powder City. Well, what was I to do? I could not go back to the east, for I had not money enough. I couldn't write home, for the matter of the "yarbs" was too pressing to admit, in the eyes of Cousin Patsey, of even a moment's delay. Moreover, there was the old creature,

sick, alone and in trouble, and I was too loyal to dream of leaving her. So, without more ado, I took the basket, and set forth on my weary way, blushing if any shrill-tongued housekeeper derided the value of my wares.

I sold some herbs-enough to buy Miss Patsey's medicine, and a little knuckle of veal to boil down into nourishing soup-and came home, with muddy boots, weary limbs, and a considerably depreciated valuation of myself.

Cousin Patsey had a great many questions to ask, and appeared to think that I might have driven a deal more profitable business if I had chosen. But she was too feeble and weak, and I pitied

On the third day I chanced to meet my traveling companion--the tall, dark young man, with the bright eyes, who had been instrumental in finding my traveling-bag on my journey. He was in a store where I had meekly proffered my wares, and he stepped eagerly forward, with a smile of recognition.

"Miss Harper!" ha exclaimed, offering his hand.

"Do you want any herbs?" said I. with a mischievous twinkle in my eyes. "Catnip, tarragan, feverfew! Only five a bunch! And quite fresh and genuine." "I'll buy the whole basket!" said he. "No," I said, "that wouldn't be busi-

miserly element in her nature, and had died in poverty sooner than break in on her idolized hoard.

And that is how it happens that I am living out here in Wisconsin, an artist's happy wife. And to the end of my days I shall always love the smell of peppermint and rue, boneset and pennyroyal, Cousin Patsoy's treasured "yarbs."

## Harvesting and Storing Potatoes.

This month is the time when the earlier varieties of potatoes should be dug. It is a great mistake to allow the tubers to remain in the ground until late in the fall, as the generality of farmers do. Hence they are exposed to rain and are liable to rot, or at least to get so thoroughly impregnated with water that it takes a long time for them to dry and become in a proper condition for winter storage. Then the potatoes near the surface being exposed to the sun and weather, turn green and are totaliy unfit for use. Then after being dug they are often carelessly left in heaps and exposed to the action of the winds and the sun. It is not generally known that a potato ex posed to a keen wind for a length of time without any sun will greatly injury its eating qualities. To retain its proper flavor it should be excluded from the light as much as possible. For the want of proper management in harvesting and storing, a great percentage of the potatoes in the country are spoiled overy year.

The withering of the stalk tells that the tubers are fit for the harvest, and when the soil is dry the potatoes come from the ground clean and bright; if gathered in rainy weather much soil adheres, which injures both appearance and consequently the market value. We have noticed in London markets that people, especially women, prefer a clean, bright looking potato.

In digging hilled potatoes a fork or potato hook is easier and faster than a hoe-a fork loosens up the dirt, yet leaves it behind when the potatoes are drawn ont. In drills there is a uniform depth of planting, and as the potatoes will be found at about the same, a plow or potato digger can be used with advantage. Plow along each of the rows to loosen the dirt, then, with the plow set a little deeper than the seed bed, plow over the rows to throw them to the surface. All in sight can be picked up, and if any be covered a light harrowing will expose them. They should be gathered up and put under shade at once. for, as we said before, the light turns the surface green and renders the potato bitter and unwholesome. At the same time they must be spread where the air can circulate freely and dry them, lest moisture in the bin should induce rot. A cool shed, a barn floor, or a covering of straw, brush or boards, if the air has access to them, will any of them answer the purpose, but don't let a sharp, frosty wind strike them. It often happens that a farmer carries his potatoes directly from the field to the cellar, and they winter through without harm, yet it is risking somewhat considering their liability to disease.

In storing potatoes there is a great loss in shrinkage from evaporation-from ten to twenty per cent. from the time of storing till the following spring, a larger waste than from any other crop, and hence, taking it all around, farmers will make more to sell their potatoes in the fall than to keep them all winter. Because less evaporation takes place in pits than in cellars and bins, many prefer

greater opportunity is given to pick

them over in case of disease. However,

temperature is one of the factors in

keeping a potato. The germinating

stroyed, when exposed to a temperature

below thirty degrees, and it commences

to grow to a temperature above fifty de-

within this range, or better still, from thirty-two to forty-five degrees, ought to

furnish sound potatoes until spring, and that would sprout freely. A light sprink-

ling of lime upon potatoes when stored is a preventive against rot. Potato rot is

a parasitic fungus, and the lime destroys the germ.—Farmer's Advocate.

Two Queens Cooking Eggs.

Friday, the 22d ult, was a gala day on

flags of Italy and Portugal were to be

seen all along the line. The national

hymns of both nations were being played

by two royal big bands, while night was

turned into day by aid of the electric

lamps; and around the station a fragrant

flower garden had been improvised amid

the rugged masses of lava. At 8 o'clock

in the evening twelve royal carriages

bronght the queens of Italy and Portugal and the royal premier, attended

by a numerous suite, to the station of

the Funcular railway. The majesties were received by the directors of the

company, the manager, Commendatora

D'Amico, and the sindics of Regino and

The

the Vesuvian Funicular railway.

Then a cellar that could be kept

power of a potato is injured, if not de

refreshments in the buffet of the station. Shortly after their majesties, accompanied by the princess and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, entered the car. Commendatora D'Amico took charge of the brakes and gave the order for starting and the rapid upward motion began. Half way up the royal train crossed with a descending car, occupied by a band playing the popular local air, "Funiculi, Fanicula." Their majestics, who had been admiring the marvelous panorama unrolling itself below their feet, ex-pressed their pleasure at these harmonious sounds in the all but perpendicular mountain side. The summic-1780 meters above the level of the sea-was soon reached, and having taken their seats in two cushioned chairs, borne on the shoulders of the Vesuvius guides, the two queens approached the crater. The queen of Italy was attended by Commendatora D'Amico, while Signor Piccoili acted as an escort to her majesty of Portugal. The princes and ladies in waiting followed, while successive trains brought up the rest of the royal retinue. The level of the crater being attained, their majesties went on foot to the central cone, and halted on the verge of the crater. Vesuvius took part in the show, sending up a shower of enormous rocks and red-hot lava, with an effect of indescribable grandeur. The queen of Portugal was in ecstasies over the scene; and Queen Margaret, while expressing to all her admiration, amused herself by pushing ner alpenstock through the thin crust, on which she was standing, into the burning lava bed, until the point of the stick took fire. Eggs were cooked on the hot lava and eaten with evident pleasure by their majestics and the royal princes, who first, however, demanded permission of their mother. The royal party remained on the summit for nearly two hours, during which time the princes amused themselves in examining the deposits from two small orifices which had only become extinct the previous day. Just thed a change in the wind brought the stones thrown by Vesuvius into rather too close proximily, and the order to re-turn was given. The whole extent of the crater was illuminated by numerous flaming torches, and a magnificent band enlivened the scene with a selection of airs. Queen Margaret led the way, marking the time to one of Strauss' delightful waltzes.-Italian Times.

Stories of Animals.

A North Chatham, N. Y., farmer has a dog that climbs trees. It recently captured a raccoon, after a desperate fight, in the high branches of a chestnut tree. Two sparrows in a street gutter in Paducah, Kentucky, had a desperate fight. Finally, one got the best of the other under water, and kept it there until life was extinct.

A cat had been carried in a bag from Rome, Ga., to a new house thirty-five miles away over a country it had never seen, returned home in twenty-four hours.

A flock of robins and sparrows attacked a cat that had stolen a young bird in West Chester, Pa., and by pecking her upon the head compelled her to drop her prey and run for her life.

A dog belonging to Garret Brodhead. of Milford, Pa., got tired of working the churning machine, and let the rope encircling his neck strangle him to death. Although when at play he was full of life he had tried once before to commit suicide on the machine.

this method. If so, select a dry, sloping A leopard and a cobra had a terrific place, or on well-drained land, where battle near Labore, India, in which both there will be no danger of standing lost their lives. The cobra had its head water. Dig a shallow trench, six or eight severed from below the hood, not, how inches deep, four feet wide, and as the ever, before it had fatally stung the quantity to be protected demands. A leopard. furrow each side this trench is an addi-A mocking bird belonging to Robert tional safeguard against moisture. Ridge Potee, the gambler, who committed suiup the petatoes about as steep as the roof cide in Kapsas City, showed great grief of a house; cover with straw sufficient upon seeing the body. It refused to eat, and when Potce's body was taken away to keep the fine earth from sifting through, and over this throw a thin layer the bird died. A squirrel romped over the roof of the of soil; leave an opening at the top every barn of Andy Giover, at Sumter, Ga., with the house cat. They rolled over five feet and insert a stove pipe, or cover the opening with a slanting board to shed the rain. This will allow the heat to pass off rapidly. When frost together like kittens. Mr. Glover's son shot the squirrel, whereupon the cat recomes remove the ventilators and fill the fused to be comforted. The London Field tells a story about openings with a wisp of hay or straw. When settled cold weather sets in, cover a sparrow catching ducks at the rate of sufficiently with earth to prevent freezsix birds daily. The sparrow takes hold of them with its bill, shakes them as a This trench could be portioned off with lavers of straw and earth so that dog does a rat, and afterwards throws the potatoes could be opened up in secthem over its head. tions as wanted without exposing the A flock of ravens numbering some 500 hovered high in the air over Ginnheim, If potatoes are intended to be kept in Ohio. They formed three detachments, a cellar, it should be dry and free from and, as if at a given signal, flew at each frost, capable of being made perfectly other with savage cries. Dead birds bedark, and of being ventilated quickly and thoroughly. In such a cellar potagan to fall, and soon over fifty birds were picked up. Their wounds were all on toes might lie on the floor in heaps withthe head.



the making of her fortune. knows?" Who:

So they bought me a new dress, retrimmed my plush hat with cherry satin ribbon, and sent me off to Wisconsin, with Oriana's new traveling bag and mamma's water proof cloak.

I had never traveled before by myself, but I quite enjoyed the novelty of the situation. I had my novel to read, my little basket of fruit and sandwiches to fall back upon, and all the flitting scenery to study from my car windowuntil getting off at Earladale to buy some oranges which had taken my girlish fancy, I mistook the car, and found myself alone and bewildered, in the midst of strange faces. "My bag!" I cried. "Oh, I left my

bag right here on the seat, and now it is gone. And my check was in it, and my ticket. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?'

And then a tall, pleasant faced young man came forward. I had seen him once or twice before, passing through the train.

'Was it a canvas bag," said he, " with 'O. H.' on it? And was there a book and shawl lying beside it?"

And I answered breathlessly ;

"Yes.

"It is in the back car," said he. You were sitting there, I think. Allow me to conduct you thither. The train is in motion and it will be difficult to pass from one car to another."

And thus, to my infinite relief, I found my treasure undisturbed, and, all forgetful of mamma's many cautions, chatted and laughed with my new acquaintance all the way to Powder City.

I confided to him that I was going to a rich cousin, who would probably adopt me-that I never had been away from home before-that my name was Flora Harper-that my cousin was called Pat-sey Pounsett-that I had twenty dollars in gold in my pocket-book, and a new, checked silk dress with fourteen little flounces up the front.

And not until he had put me in a cab his wife. at the Powder City Station and directed the driver to go to Miss Patsey Pounsett, on the Cedar road, did I realize how foolishly and unnecessarily communicative I have been.

"Oh, dear!" I thought to myself. "I yer, made his appearance. hope he's not a burglar or a housebreaker."

chateau or a picturesque Swiss cottage. property is left to you." It was a tumble down old farm house, "Oh. yes, Mr. Dodge with a stagnant pond in front and two dismal weeping willows at the back.

She lay very ill in a dirty old parlor, with a fire of damp logs sulking in the fire-place, and a general smell of camphor about the premises.

She was an ugly, jellow-faced old woman, with a hooked nose, and a moustache on her wrinkled upper lip. "Oh!" said she. "You are Mary Har-

per's girl from Down East?" "Yes," said I faintly, as I looked

around at the uncarpeted floor and milldewed walls. "What can I do for you, Cousin Pat- I could lay it all at your feet."

sey?"

ness. But if you choose to select half a dozen assorted bunches-" So he bought them with such wonder-

ing eyes that I felt myself constrained to explain. "My Cousin Patsey isn't rich at all,"

said I. "she earns her living by selling these herbs. And she is ill and unable to sell them herself, I am acting as her proxy.

"You are a heroine!" said he, earn-

estly. "A very involuntary one," I answered sighing and smiling.

When he had gone out of the store, I could not help asking the old woman behind the counter who he was.

"It's Mr. Aylmer," she answered. "He's an artist, miss, as paints pictures, and they do say as how he gets dreadful big prices for a bit of canvas as big as you could cover with a dinner plate.

ing.

whole.

grees.

Mr. Aylmer came out to the farm house to see me the next lay. He brought me a buuch of rhododendrons, and sat and chatted with Cousin Patsey for a long time. The old crone eyed me keenly after he was gone.

"I don't approve of followers as a general thing," said she, "but I reckon John Aylmer is a good fellow-and I sort o' think, Flora, that he likes you.'

"But, Consin Patsey, he has only seen me twice before this!" cried I, turning very red.

"That makes no difference," said she, sharply. "Love don't go by the multiplication table. I've lived solitary and alone all my life; but I don't want them as I'm fond of to do the same: It's too dreary-a deal too dreary!"

I stayed with Cousin Patsey a month, doing all the drudgery of her wretched home, selling herbs for her, keeping up a cheerful face through it all, and then she died-died suddenly and alone, in the dead of night.

They buried her, and I prepared to return to the east; not, however, until John Aylmer had made me promise that if he came for me in autumn, I would be

"We shall be poor, Flossy," he said; "but love is better than gold."

I was sitting in the depot, waiting for the train, with John talking to me, when old Mr. Dodge, the white-whiskered law-

"Miss Flossy," he said, "perhaps you had better not go east just yet. There's

My Consin Patsey did not live in a a will, you know, and all Miss Pounsett's "Oh, yes, Mr. Dodge," said I; "but only a hovel and a swamp, and Milo

Mears has offered me three hundred dollars for it all."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but the old chimney blew down this morning, and there's an iron box under the hearthstone, containing ten registered onethousand dollar Sacramento bonds made out in Miss Patsey's name; and of course they are all yours."

I looked at John with sparkling eyes. "So I am an heiress, after all," said I. "Oh, John-dear John-I only wish t was a hundred times as much, so that

For Miss Pounsets had a deal of the

A Kansas farmer thought that the out injury; but in the majority of cellars quail he saw running between the rows the floor is no place for them. Store rather in bins or barrels raised a foot or so from the flooor. In bins board partiof corn just sprouting were pulling up the seed, and he began killing them. tions may separate varieties, and there may be three or four rows of bins one After one cutworm, twenty striped bags, and over a hundred chinch bugs were above another. There is much less danger of rot in this arragement, and a found in the crop of one bird, he con-cluded he had made a mistake.

The Late Mrs. Allison.

The Chicago News gives the following points of a sketch of the life of Mrs. Senator Allison who committed suicide by drowning at Dabuque, Iowa, recently. At the time of her death Mrs. Allison was thirty two years of age. She was the daughter of George Neally, a wealthy farmer. Mrs. Allison's mother dying when she was quite young, she was adopted by her aunt, Mrs. Senator K. W. Grimes, with whom she remained up to the time of her marriage. Her father died two years ago. She was privately married to Senator W. B. Allison in Burlington June 5, 1873, a short time after the death Senator Grimes, who bequeathed to her \$50,000, Following an European tour of four months duration, Mr. and Mrs. Allison had made Dubuque their place of residence. Mrs. Allison was a highly educated lady, beautiful and accomplished, and before her marriage was regarded the reigning society belle in Barlington. Shortly before her death she had planned an extended visit to Mrs. Senator Grimes. Mental ailment manifested itself within the past four years. In her early years she was not inclined to melancholy, but was unusually bright and cheerful. Within the past few years she became impressed with the idea that she was a burden on her husband, and, it is said, regretted never having borne any children.

Torro del Greso, and after alighting, rested a while and partook of some light ought to be; it is the land of Gaul. France is the paraduse of lawyers. It