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TRUE LOVE.

Three ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor—Miss Fortescue, large, dark, and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable arm-chair; Mrs. Becker, shrunken and sandy, who was constantly sliding off the sofa and reinstating herself with a jerk, and Miss Agatha herself, who sat apart from the others, glancing uneasily out of the window, as if distressed by their garrulity. Miss Agatha was a fair young woman, with a noble head and a countenance expressive of all grace and goodness. Yet at this moment she entertained feelings decidedly hostile to her callers, who had run in with the familiar freedom of fellow-boarders in a family hotel, to chat away the afternoon. At heart they were immensely sorry that Miss Nannie Foster had not yet returned from a suburb where she had gone the day before. Miss Nannie, Agatha's cousin, companion and chaperon in one, was far more to their taste; she was more attentive, more easily impressed, more sympathetic, they thought. She never sat looking out the window when they were retelling their choicest bits of scandal for her especial benefit. But then she was a woman of years. However, they still lingered; it was a pleasant place. The Fortescues had the handsomest suite in the building—and furnished with such taste! Such carpets! Such decorative art! And the Fortescues were tip-top people. There were four of them—Miss Agatha, her two bachelor brothers, ten and a dozen years her senior, and Miss Nannie, who, since their parents' death, had kept the children together. The winter day drew to a close, and the room grew dusky, and still the ladies lingered.

Agatha could endure it no longer; this, of all days, she was without patience. She rose quickly.

"Ladies," she said, with an indignant quiver in her sweet contralto voice, "you must excuse me. I cannot listen to such conversation!"

There was silence a moment; then Miss Fortescue lifted her cumbersome frame. "Oh, certainly, I quite understand. We will withdraw. We do not wish to offend."

"Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. Becker, sliding from the sofa for the last time and preparing to follow.

Agatha's impatience only increased.

"And allow me to say," she exclaimed, with no compunction, "that I think ladies might be better employed than with their neighbors' affairs."

"Good afternoon," said Miss Fortescue, savagely.

"Good afternoon," sneered Mrs. Becker.

"Good riddance!" cried Agatha, sharply, as the door had closed.

"To-day of all days," she said, as she walked to and fro in the dusk. Presently the door opened.

"All in the dark, Agatha?" said a cheery voice.

"I thought you would never come, Nannie," was the swift, unvaried reply. Then she lit the gas.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?"

"I have just put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and it—it has annoyed me."

"Dear me! What had they done?"

"The same old sickening gossip. Miss Bruce flirts on the street; Mr. and Mrs. Brown have shown no marriage certificate; Mrs. Gray holds her stepchild the fire to burn it, and so on and so on."

"They get their ideas from the morning papers," said Nannie, calmly, unclipping her fur-lined circular. "The step-mother holding the child to the fire is a favorite paragraph when the news is scarce. Sometimes she heats the flat-iron. For my part, I would never go to that trouble."

But Agatha could not respond to her staid humor. She helped to put away the wraps, and inquired after the suburban friends.

"You look rather pale; aren't you well?" asked Miss Nannie, when they were seated.

The girl dropped her eyes. "Nannie, I have some news for you," she said with an effort. "I—last night—I promised Mr. Peters to—marry him."

Then she sighed in relief of a great burden.

The room was still, utterly still. If Miss Nannie was surprised or shocked she gave no token. She only sat quietly looking at the girl and taking time to collect her thoughts. Agatha never lifted her eyes until, after some moments, her cousin cleared her throat and tranquilly inquired:

"Well, dear, are you satisfied that you will be happy?"

Then the girl rose and, throwing herself upon the sofa, "Oh, Nannie, I don't know; I can't tell."

More silence; then Miss Nannie asked if she had told the boys.

To these women George and Lewis would be "the boys" as long as they lived.

"I told George at noon," Agatha replied, in a voice heavy with tears. "Lewis was not here. I wish you would tell him."

"And what did George say?"

"He only said, 'I congratulate Mr. Peters.'"

Miss Nannie leaned back in her chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for mental review. Poor little whiff! To be sure, he had money, some standing socially and a fair education. They had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relatives' affection. They would do anything in the world for him. He often took Agatha about, to places of amusement, to church or riding. But he was at least fifteen years her senior, and they never thought of his aspiring to marry her.

His appearance was pitifully against him. Miss Nannie reviewed his bad build,

his bow legs, his "wild eye," as she called it—a suspicious eye that seemed to skirish about the room while its mate regarded you with steadfast respect. Then she turned her thoughts to Agatha—Agatha, perfect in face and figure and ennobled by education and advantages—Agatha, for whom a senator had proposed, and a congressman languished, to say nothing of her lesser adorers—Agatha, who had rejected the senator because he lacked principle, and the congressman because he was a widower. Nannie remembered that the girl had suffered and shed tears over refusing these and others. She had a curious disposition, as the boys had said.

At length Nannie roused and spoke. "I will tell Lewis; and now, you had better dress; it's near dinner-time. A little Florida water will cool your cheeks."

"Thank!" cried Agatha. "There he is, now—gone into his room."

Nannie recognized the clumsy step. Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.

"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie, rising.

"Yes, do," said Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in!" the young girl stole after and listened at the crack of her brother's door.

"Lewis, I have news for you," said Nannie, gently, and there was a hidden sob in her fond voice. "Agatha has promised to marry Mr. Peters."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Lewis, in open-mouthed disgust.

Agatha crept away from the door; her face was burning and her heart beat hard.

But Miss Nannie remained awhile in her cousin's chamber.

"Lewis," she said, quietly, "I suppose we all feel the same over this matter." Agatha says when she told George he remarked that he "congratulated Peters."

"Well, this is too bad," said Lewis, indignantly. "It is a shame if a girl with her face and brains can't do better. She is altogether too short-sighted. She would have married all the men who ever proposed, if we had let her, and out of sheer pity, not because she cared for them. That is why she accepted Peters; couldn't bear to hurt his feelings—didn't want his straight eye to suffuse with tears. We must do something to prevent."

Nannie smiled deprecatingly. "We must be very careful. Agatha has a curious disposition, and if she thought we were all against him, she would only pity him the more."

"If there were only some way to dispose of him," exclaimed Lewis, grimly; "if we could send him out with the next Arctic expedition."

Nannie rose. "You will be very careful what you say, Lewis?"

"Oh, of course."

She lingered at the door. "Agatha has not a forceless nature by any means," she said; "she can get angry if she cares to. She tells me she put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of our parlor to-day, because of their vile gossip. I have no doubt she did."

"Humph!"

Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward defiance was not outwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and occasionally sighed. When they left the dining-room Agatha swept haughtily by the table, at which sat the Fortescue and the Becker. She was done with the twain and intended they should see it.

Up in their own parlor, George sat down by his sister. "Agatha," he said slowly, and with an evident distaste for the subject, "do you think you did well to engage yourself to Mr. Peters before consulting your family?"

"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serene dignity. "Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is our good friend, but is he a suitable husband for you?"

"What is there against him?" she asked, unflexibly. She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night, mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his recalcitrant orb. But with daylight they had dawned upon her as uncompromising as ever.

But George would not stoop to personalities. "Nothing," he answered, quietly. "Only we have looked very high for you. We want you to be happy."

"Then do not speak against Mr. Peters," she said, in a way that seemed to dismiss the subject.

George betook himself to his own room, and Lewis took his place by Agatha. "I suppose I am to congratulate," he said, with a careless disregard of Nannie's injunctions.

"You do not seem very enthusiastic," responded his sister, calmly, recalling his secretly heard exclamation upon first learning the news.

"I can't help it if I don't," he answered, half impatiently. "You know how proud we are of you, Gath, and we can't be expected to think any man good enough."

She smiled.

He went on recklessly: "I don't believe you know what you are doing. You don't love Peters; you only pity him, just as you used to pity the Senator and all the rest. This crooked little curmudgeon! Why, he is older than George and cross-eyed—"

She sprang up in a rage. "Lewis, you have said quite enough. Never speak so again to me; I forbid it."

Then she sought her own chamber and threw herself upon the bed.

Nannie came to her after awhile. "My poor darling! Why are you feeling so bad?"

"Lewis has been saying such awful things!"

"And are you quite sure you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure."

She rose and arranged her toilet; Mr. Peters was to come that evening.

He arrived early. Nannie endeavored to be gracious, but soon excused herself, leaving Agatha to her lover, the boys having both gone out. And Agatha, with Lewis' cruel criticism still ringing in her ears, felt as if in a dream. For unluckily, Peters made no inquiries as to brother's opinion of the marriage. Miss Nannie had congratulated him as though all were satisfactory.

Agatha accepted his adoration quite passively, and at last, when he had gone, retired to her own room to pity him and weep for him, and tell herself how much she loved him.

But as the winter slipped away the engagement was unannounced, and, having remained unbroken, Agatha's brothers never began to feel resigned.

The quiet, intense devotion of Norman Peters was touching. He worshipped his betrothed; to him she was a very goddess.

"If," thought Nannie, with a softened regret, "if he were only not quite so small! If he were only a half-inch taller! To be of even height with Agatha!"

Meanwhile poor Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little heartless sarcasms and glances of ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly stabbing her. Night after night she passed in wakeful agony, the idea of breaking the engagement never occurring to her. She was sure she loved him, and she realized the death of his devotion. She endeavored to rise above morbid sensitiveness, telling herself that people would cease their cruel ways when they saw that she was determined to stand by him. But she grew thin, and her face wore a hunted expression. Mesdames Becker and Fortescue now began to circulate pretty little stories about her ingeniously constructed but untruthful romances.

Nothing very bad, for Agatha was a woman to whom no doubtful mist could cling for a moment; but whispers of "coquetry," "blighted hopes," "girlish folly," and "last resort," which, blown from lip to lip on the dubious breath of friendship, came at last to vex the ears of the Fortescues. Agatha only grew more pale. Stormy Lewis, however, confronted Miss Fortescue in the hall before his sister's room.

"I tell you, madam, that you must discontinue your talk of my sister," he cried, angrily.

Agatha came out. "Oh, Lewis, dear," he took her by the arm. "Gath, I've a matter to settle with this lady. She knows what mischief she has been trying to work, and I intend the talk shall cease, or I will take measures she may not admire!"

Without a word Miss Fortescue turned and fled.

"I was sorry for her," said Agatha, "she is so guilty and helpless."

"I declare I haven't much patience with you," exclaimed her brother, "to think that you would defend her, and she every day assailing your good name. But all your ways of late are provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For God's sake, why don't you pity some one suitable?"

She trembled with excitement and passion.

"Lewis, if you have the least particle of love for your sister, you will never speak so again to me, or to Norman, and it would kill me if anything should break the engagement."

Lewis quit her presence crestfallen.

The days slipped by. There had been no date fixed for the wedding, nor was the subject discussed by the family.

None but Nannie knew the terrible tremor in which the girl existed. She was ever moving about, her hands constantly occupied. Day after day, rain or shine, the two women were out of doors. They had always an errand, usually one of mercy. Nannie, however, disinclined, would have felt it a sin to oppose, and so Agatha dragged her off through the fitting sunshine, the moonlight, the chill or the storm of the springtime, until one last morning.

It had been raining for three days, and so steadily that the sidewalks flags were cleaned and whitened.

Agatha said they would not be hampered with a carriage, and they took a car for a mile or so, alighting to walk a few squares to another line. The storm had abated, and the rain was but a listless drizzle.

Agatha slipped and slid once, and Nannie gave a frightened exclamation.

"My overshoes are useless," said the girl, carelessly. "I must have another pair. I have a good deal of shopping to do soon."

"Your outfit!" ventured Nannie, and stopped.

Agatha sighed, but her sigh was lost in the noise of the street.

A poor little yellow dog limped out from a passing vehicle, holding up one paw and yelping pitifully.

"Oh, see!" cried Agatha, with her eyes wet. "Poor, poor doggie! I am so sorry!"

The yelps died away in the distance, and the ladies went on in the distance.

A blind man crying "Cough lozenges!" upon the corner detained them for a moment.

In the next block an old building had been torn away to give place to a new one. Careless workmen had left the sidewalk unguarded in one place, a step from which would have landed one in a deep cellar, where lay a number of loose foundation stones.

Just as they had reached this spot they were brought to a sudden halt by loud cries and confusion. Down the street, and directly toward them, came a runaway team dragging a splendid carriage.

Agatha took an irresolute step forward and then sprang back as the horses dashed up against the sidewalk.

The women were thus separated, and in a second Nannie was reaching forward, cold with horror.

"Agatha!" she cried, but too late. The girl had lost her balance and had fallen backward from the unguarded sidewalk down into the deep cellar, and lay there upon the stones limp and unconscious.

She would live, sadly crippled and helpless; the spine had been injured and one hip dislocated. So said the best of surgeons. She would henceforth require all care and tenderness.

"Thank God, she is not poor!" cried Nannie. As for the boys, George was completely crushed, and Lewis paced the floor for hours, crying for "his poor sister."

Agatha insisted upon hearing the worst, and when it was made known was very silent. By and by Nannie could see great tears trembling under the long, dark eyelashes.

"I would not mind," faltered the sufferer, "but for him. Who will love and care for him now?"

Then she asked that he be sent for at once. When he arrived, Nannie and the boys were in the room, but they withdrew to the window. Peters' face was as pale as Agatha's own.

"Norman, dear," she said without preface, "I am a cripple for life. I may never walk again. I sent for you—to give you back your freedom."

A frightened expression overspread his countenance; his lip quivered, and he sank on his knees by the bed and buried his face.

"Agatha, darling!" he cried, with real pathos, "don't, don't cast me off. You are a thousand times dearer to me now. All I ask is the right to care for you!" his voice broke and he fell to weeping.

By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other; then Lewis strode swiftly across the room.

"Peters," he said, "we haven't done right by you. I, myself, have acted despicably. But if you will forgive and forget, it will be very different in the future."

Then Peters, who had risen, stood silent and bewildered till, through the mist, the room grew suddenly bright, for they had encircled him and were clasping his hands with loving warmth.

And as Agatha lay watching, she raised a feeble hand to stay the tears that coursed her cheeks.

"I never thought," she sobbed aloud, "I never dreamed I could be made so happy."

Hints for Homes.

Think as well as act. Use your energy wisely; the constantly active are not necessarily the most energetic. Misdirected labor is sometimes as great an evil as idleness itself. What is the use of doing unless you aim at the target and learn the skill of a good marksman? So the owners of humanity are but wasted unless your industry executes with correctness and promptitude each duty as it arises.

Pleasant looks, pretty clothes and jolly speeches are as good at home as elsewhere, only the latter cannot bear a too frequent repetition.

That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man, in the wife's sense; who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, whom he feels in the home circle, where nobody is above him, and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and repose. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness and consequent weariness is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his own happier moods. He is no more plagued by his children than with his own lighter thoughts. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside of it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like home when he is there; and that living, we contend, belongs, first of all to the active and strong and deeply engaged, and not the languid, or even to the easy-minded man.—[Sunday Review.]

Apple Jelly.—Make a syrup of a pound of sugar, putting in sufficient water to dissolve it. When boiled enough lay in it the peeled and cored halves of some large sour apples. Let them simmer till tender, then lay them carefully in a dish so they will remain unbroken and in good shape. Add another pound of sugar to the syrup, let it boil, skim it, and when partly cool pour it over the apples. When the dish gets cold each piece of apple will be surrounded by a delicious jelly. Eat with cream.

Mrs. John Murphy, of East St. Louis, Ill., broke the other night to find a burglar in her room. She attacked him with a pillow and drove him from the house.

Superstitions About Love.

From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk lore than marriage. Beginning with love divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state. Some cut the common brake or fern just above the root to ascertain the initials of the future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are very favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a girl to place on the bars of a grate a nut, repeating this incantation:

If he loves me, pop and fly;
If he hates me, live and die.

Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut, instead of making the hoped for pop, die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a ladybug into the air, repeating meanwhile the subjoined couplet:

Fly away east and fly away west,
Show me where lives the one I like best.

Should this little insect chance to fly in the direction of the house where the loved one resides, it is regarded as a favorable omen.

Another species of love divination once observed consisted in obtaining five bay leaves, four of which the anxious maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow, and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of her lover, it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of the year.

Friday has been held a good day of the week for love omens, and in Norfolk the following lines are repeated on such Friday nights successively, as on the last one it is believed that the young lady will dream of her future husband:

To-night, to-night is Friday night,
Lay me down in dirt, white,
Dream who my husband is to be,
And lay my children by my side,
If I'm to live to be his bride.

In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that the May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England. June is a highly popular month. Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided.

In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is, above all things, necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it is deemed absolutely necessary by very many that she should weep on her wedding day, if it be only a few tears, the omission of such an act being considered ominous of her future happiness.

In Sussex, a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all her pins about her dress by the single women present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year, and evil fortune will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet.

"Flinging the stockings" was an old marriage custom in England. The young men took the bride's stockings, and the girls those of the bridegroom, each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stock gayer their heads, endeavoring to make it fall upon that of the bride or her spouse. If the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married, and similar luck was derived from the falling of the bride's stockings, thrown by the young men. There is a superstitious notion in some places that when the bride retires to rest on her wedding night her bridesmaids should lay her stockings across, as the act is supposed to guarantee her future prosperity in the marriage state.—[Some thing to Read.]

Proc-y-Store Talk.

The articles in a country store got mad and had a little talk over politics, religion, etc., in a most spirited manner.

"I'm no sucker," said the mackerel.

"You are a mighty scaly sort of party, though," said the sugar, "and I've got sand enough to tell you so to your face."

"I'll run counter to that," remarked a piece of woodwork lengthwise of the store.

"Lay the question on the shelf," said another portion.

"Let us have peas," cried out the coffee.

"Bah! you must be green," said the starch, "look at me and get a little stiffening to brace you."

"Lard help us," said the butter.

"Shell out and let's get from beneath this volk," cackled the eggs.

"Fit him with a London club," said a bottle on the top shelf.

"None of your sauce, wait till you catnap with the times," fired up the pepper, in no temper.

"Shut up, or I'll sour on the whole of you," snapped the vinegar.

"Taffy, taffy," whispered the molasses, let's get into the thick of it."

"Let us call it a draw," simpered the tea.

"We are too strong," howled the cheese.

"How have the mitey fallen," replied the knife, as it slung the cheese on to the floor.

"Aw, you shut up," answered the cheese, etc., in a most spirited manner.

"Let's soap for better things," said the lye.

"How can we in the presence of a lye?" said the soda.

"Well, if I'm a lye you are an alkali," came the answer.

"I rise to a point of order," sung out the yeast.

"Salt him down," squealed out a ham, "for I'm smoked out."

"You can all be bought," said the candor.

"Ah, you sweet thing," came back the response, "what are you giving us?"

"Well, I'd be darned," ripped out the coffee sack, "if this must stop."

"That's oil right," gurgled the kerosene.

"Blasphemy!" roared the powder.

"I can match that," fumed the sulphur.

"I'm shing," shrieked the lead over in the corner.

"I'm out," groaned the meat, "and will have to be mustered out of service."

"I'm killed," chorused the oyster, the lobster, the codfish, the mackerel, the pork, the bead—and in the midst of it the grocer walked in and everything was hushed, and trade went on as usual.—[Steuenville Herald.]

Swifts and their Habits.

Swifts eat on the wing, drink on the wing and collect materials for their nest on the wing. Hence, like all other creatures, they produce extremely small broods, for the material used up in muscular motion cannot so be devoted to genesis as well. Long ago Gilbert White was much puzzled with the difficulty suggested to him by the swifts to what became of the annual increase which must take place even among such small breeders as these, for though they lay but two eggs at a time and set but once each summer, instead of twice, like the other swallows, yet they must give a constant increment of population at the rate of about double every year, even after allowing normal deaths of old birds. What becomes of such increase? That was the question that puzzled the naturalist of Selborne; and if he had been a Darwin or even a Malthus, it might have led him gradually on to the great discovery of the principle of natural selection, which has since revolutionized all biographical science. As it was, he came only to the lame and impotent conclusion that they must disperse themselves over the remainder of the world, as though Selborne church tower were the central Anarat of an unexpected vacant continent, whence endless colonies might go forth to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. In sober fact, one-half of them fail to pick up a living at all; the other half just keep up the standard of the race to its fixed numerical average; for everyone who has watched the swifts closely knows that each year just the same number of pairs return punctually to just the same accustomed station in just the same ancestral towers. Indeed, that is the rule with the vast majority of species, animal or vegetable. There are a few which, like man, the Colorado beetle and the Canadian pond weed, are rapidly increasing and overrunning the world; there are a few others, which, like the great auk, the beaver and the adieweiss, are rapidly dying out before their enemies. But by far the greater number seem to continue absolutely, invariably from year to year, at least within the range of ordinary human observation. Out of 40,000 seeds of one common English weed, only a single seed on an average produces a full grown plant every season.—[St. James Gazette.]

Monster Flag Stone

An immense flag stone, which is said to be the largest ever quarried in America, is destined for the sidewalk in front of R. L. Stuart's new brown-stone residence on Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street, stretched across avenue from curb to curb yesterday, and made it necessary to close the street between Sixty eighth and Sixty-ninth streets. The great slab is of river bluestone, and measures twenty-six feet six inches by fifteen feet six inches. It is nine inches thick and weighs over thirty tons. If raised on its side it would make one side of an average seaside cottage. It is perfectly smooth with two exceptions of a slight ridge through the center which will be removed after it is in position. The stone was cut from the same quarry in Sullivan county as the great flag stone now composing part of the sidewalk in front of the Vanderbilt mansion, but it is much larger. It was brought down the Hudson from the quarry on the deck of the barge and unloaded at the foot of Fourteenth street by being raised high enough with jack screws for two heavy flat stone wagons to be placed under it, when it was drawn to its destination by eight powerful horses. Then it was raised again with jacks and lowered by the same means and placed on rollers. The operation of moving the great slab and getting it on the rollers in front of its final resting place occupied three days. Six men were at work one day moving it with jacks into its position directly in front of the main entrance to the new house, where a four-foot stone foundation had been prepared for it. It is moved at the rate of a foot an hour, and the masons expect to get it in position in a day or two.—[New York Times.]

Quince and Apple Preserve.—Have one-third weight of sweet apples pared, cored and quartered; equal weight of sugar and fruit. When the quince is boiled tender take it out, boil the apple in the quince water, put them into the syrup and let them boil until they look red and clear; an hour and a half is not too long. Do not boil the quinces in the syrup, but put layers of the apple, when done, into jars, with the quince, previously cooked tender in water, and pour the syrup over them.