THE INDEPENDENT.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

"Rosamond Estcourt" was the name on the boxes and trunks when they arrived in solid phalanx, at the front door of "Althea Lawn," as Mrs. Johnson had loftily christened her one-and-a-half-story farm house. City boarders were the pet ambition of that worthy dame's heart; and here was a young lady who realized the most æsthetic visions of her brain.

"Miss Rosamond Estcourt, No. — Fifth Avenue, New York," was neatly inscribed on the cards accompanying the aforesaid baggage, and Mrs. Johnson felt a sinking of the heart as Miss Estcourt rustled in—a premonition that the carpet was faded and the curtains darned, and the whitewash streaky.

"I hope, Miss, you will find things to your satisfaction," she said; courtesying, and bobbing her cap strings.

"Oh, it's delightful!" lisped Miss Estcourt, "Such sweet, sylvan solitude, such a balmy odor of new mown hay and clover blossoms! I hope you have nightingales in these woods."

"Well, there's all sorts of birds," said Mrs. Johnson, "and they do sing enough to drive a body distracted at this time of year, 'specially afore sunrise—"

"Oh, I know I shall be happy here!" said Miss Estcourt, "I do so revel in the grand manifestations of nature."

Miss Estcourt was not very young; in fact, she had long since passed the Rubicon of thirty rosy summers; and she was not very pretty, being of that angular type which is opposed to the popular idea of beauty. Moreover, her hair, crimped though it was, was scanty and light colored, like a damaged article of tow, and her face was unpleasantly apt to break out into little patches of mahogany color. Roses on one's cheeks are very well, but roses on one's cheek bone and chin and nose, are not so pretty. But Miss Estcourt dressed elegantly, with sparkling jets and dangling eardrops, and rosesatted slippers, and a general twinkle of chains all about her fair person, which astonished the country eyes into something scarcely less than an impression of beauty.

"So your mother has got a city boarder," said Agatha Pleyell, with a toss of her pretty brown curls, as Hiram Johnson "stopped in," on one of those bright July afternoons, "and they say she's very stylish."

"Not half so goodlooking as you, Aggie," said Hiram, looking with round, admiring eyes at that young lady's velvet cheeks and long eyelashes.

"That's nonsense!"

"I snould like to know why?" stoutly demanded Hiram.

"Because she's a Fifth Avenue heiress and I'm only a country farmer's daughter."

And Agatha shot a solitary, roguish glance at her cavalier which said plainly enough, "There's a statement of facts which you are expected to contradict out of hard." And Hiram Johnson contradicted accordingly.

"If she were as beautiful as Venus, and as rich as Cœsus' eldest daughter," said he boldly, "do you suppose I should care so much for her as I do for *you*, Aggie?"

"Do you *really* care for me?" coquettishly demanden Agatha. "There, now, you've tipped over my basket, and father is coming in at the back door! *Will* you please to behave yourself, Mr. Johnon?"

But she was not very angry, neither was honest Hiram, perhaps, as much discomfited as he ought to have been.

"What a dreadful long time you've been!" said Mrs. Johnson, repiningly, as Hiram came in that afternoon with the roll of "things" from the village store, of which the postoffice was but one feature. "Miss Estcourt has been saying what a delightful afternoon it would be for a walk over Buckstone Hill."

"Well, why didn't she go and walk, then?" unceremoniously demanded Hiram.

"Mercy upon us! You know she's as 'frald as death of Squire Garney's cows. But what kept you so long, any way?"

"Oh, I stopped a minute to see Agatha Pleyell."

"Agatha Pleyell!" repeated Mrs. Johnson, with an indescribable accent in her voice. "Well, Hiram, if you aren't the biggest flat I ever *did* see!"

"I don't know what you mean, mother," cried Hiram, with a puzzled countenance.

Mrs. Johnson ironed away at the household linen with a face of ineffable meaning.

"When there's an heiress right here in the house," she said, as if addressing the three-legged iron stand; "and when she was a sayin' only yesterday, you was the handsomest young man she ever see—"

"*Did* she say that, mother?" said Hiram, with sheepish gratification.

"Of course she did. And when she as good as asks you to go out walking with her, and lends you poetry books, and takes every chance to be in your company, why I, for one, can't be blind to what it all means."

"Mother," cried Hiram, "do you really think—"

But just then Miss Rosamond Estcourt fluttered into the room, gorgeous in a black grenadine dress, embroidered all over with straw-colored butterflies, and the family soliloquy was brought to a premature close. Nevertheless, the fuse had been fired, the little grain of mustard-seed sown, and poor Agatha Pleyell's peace of mind was seriously threatened at last.

Hiram sat in the moonlight that night on the little back porch, thinking over the new subject of meditation so suddenly opened to him. Rustic youth though he was, he was by no means unsusceptible of ambitious impulses, and this idea of a Fifth Avenue heiress in love with him, at once spurred on his aspirations and flattered his self-appreciation.

But there was hazel-eyed Agatha Pleyell.

True, but there was not, and never had been, any formal engagement between himself and Miss Pleyell. They had always been tacitly acknowledged sweethearts, but nothing more. Agatha couldn't say any compact had been broken, and after all—Hiram's face grew unpleasantly hot in the cool moonshine—it was a man's business to consult his own interest in these things.

But where is the use of following out the chain of argument and self stultifying logic by which Hiram Johnson deliberately made up his mind to be a villain.

Poor Agatha! All in vain now she dressed herself in the pretty pink calico, which made her look like a newly blossomed sweet pea, and brushed her curls until they shone like brown satin—all in vain she sat at the window in the twilight, watching and listening for the footsteps that never came.

"It's harvest time," thought Agatha, resolved to invent some excuse or other for her faithless swain, "and I suppose he is very busy. He will come soon."

But Mrs. Hartly came in one sultry afternoon, and triumphantly proclaimed the piece of village news which was just then floating in the atmosphere.

"Hev ye heard," quoth Mrs. Hartly, "Hiram Johnson's engaged to that rich city gal that's a boarding to his mother's house, and they're goin' to be married next month?"

The scarlet rushed in a sanguine ride to Agatha's face, and then receded, leaving the transparent skin marble pale.

"I do not believe it," she ejaculated, almost before she knew what she was saying.

"Well, we may, for Mrs. Johnson told me so herself. She's dreadful set up about it, Mrs. Johnson is. She always was an ambitious, driving creature, and Hiram's just like her. Well, I hope the Johnsons will feel better now," somewhat viciously added Mrs. Hartly, who had a tall, raw boned son of her own, concerning whom and Miss Estcourt she had entertained secret hopes ever since one rainy Sunday afternoon, when the heiress had graciously consented to walk home from church under Seth Hartly's green cotton umbrella.

She went away to spread the news elsewhere, adding to it the item that Agatha Pleyell was clean took aback, and no wonder; for everybody s'posed she and Hiram Johnson was as good as engaged; them Johnsons would any of 'em sell their souls for a ten dollar gold piece, and give back five dollars in change."

And poor Agatha, pitied by the whole neighborhood, was quietly sobbing herself to sleep in her own room, fondly supposing that no one knew her secret.

Hiram Johnson and his elderly bride were quietly married in the little Eldertown Church, for Rosamond declared "the sweet summer idyl must end where it began; she could not go back to the city to be married, on any account; it would spoil the whole illusion." And Mrs. Johnson made a wedding cake nearly as large round as a cart wheel, and invited all the neighbors in a spirit of ostentation which made Mrs. Hartly secretly long to pull her cap ribbons out of joint. And so Hiram Johnson and the fair Rosamond, set forth rejoicing on their wedding tour.

They went to Niagara, Saratoga and the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, and Hiram began to grow a little uneasy, as nothing was said of the prospective fortune he supposed himself to have married into.

"Well, ducky," he said, one fine evening, "shall we go straight on to New York, or first to Eldertown?"

"Why to New York?" asked Mrs. Johnson innocently.

"You live there, don't you?"

Rosamond showed her false teeth in an artless smile.

"I live where *you* do, Hiram dear."

But—number —— Fifth Avenue? Was it not your house?" gasped the bridegroom.

"My goodness gracious, no! What ever made you think so?"

"It was on your baggage when you came to our house."

"Of course," said Mrs. Johnson. "But that was because it was the place I lived at last."

"The *place*?"

"Yes, Hiram dear; I'm a dressmaker by trade."

"A—dressmaker! But, Rosamand, I thought you were an heiress," broke from Hiram's dry lips.

"I can't help what you thought," said Rosamand. "I never said so."

"But you allowed everybody to think so."

Rosamand put her handkerchief to her eyes, and the point of her nose blushed scarlet.

"I'm not to blame for what people may choose to think," she sobbed hysterically; "and if you married me because you imagined I was rich—"

And here ensued the first thoroughgoing "scene" of their married life. Hiram's reproaches were bitter. He claimed in the heat of his anger that he had been deliberately entrapped under false pretenses, and Rosamond retorted by accusing him of mercenary motives; and there can be no manner of doubt that both were right. One thing though was quite certain—they were married, and there was nothing left for it but to wear the chains as easily as possible.

Hiram Johnson went back to his farm and his work, and Mrs. Hiram Johnson eked out their slender income by making dresses for the neighborhood. And it so happened that the second dress she made was one of white Swiss muslin for pretty Agatha Pleyell to be married in.

Hiram wasn't worse than other men, but it did chafe him that Agatha couldn't have mourned over his defection a little longer. Agatha had consoled herself, and he was tied for life to an ugly, ill-tempered old maid, and all because he had fondly hoped to "marry rich."

THE COOK'S COLUMN.

Cream Pies, No. 1.—One tablespoon of flour, two tablespoons of sugar; stir the sugar and flour together, then stir in one cup of good cream; use any flavoring desired. Try it.

Cream Pies, No. 2.—Two eggs, two tablespoons of flour, four tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of butter; two teacups of cream, flavor with lemon or cinnamon. This will make two pies.

Johnny Cake.—One pint of meal, one half pint of flour, one quart of buttermilk, three eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of soda, one of salt; bake in two thin cakes for twenty minutes.

Rich Jumbles.—Rub to a cream a pound of butter and a pound of sugar; mix with it a pound and a half of flour, four eggs, and a very little brandy; roll the cakes in powdered sugar; lay them on flat, buttered tins and bake in a quick oven.

Biscuit.—One pint of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one tablespoon of lard, a little salt; rub well together; stir in a cup of milk in which has been dissolved one-half teaspoon of soda; roll quite thin; cut out with tin biscuit rings and bake in a hot oven.

Cold Lamb Hashed.—Fry slices of cold lamb until well browned, having first dipped them in the yolk of an egg and then into bread crumbs. Make a nice gravy out of the bones and thicken it with flour, and flavor it with tomato catsup. Serve with boiled spinach.

Corn Meal Muffins.—Three eggs well beaten, white and yolks separately; two heaping cups of Indian meal and one of flour; sift into the flour one teaspoon of lard, melted, three cups of milk, one teaspoon of salt, beat well; bake in rings or small patty pans; bake very quick and serve hot.

To Cook Egg Plant.—Select of nice, ripe egg plant a sufficient quantity; cut off the ends; cut transversely in slices one inch thick; cook without grease or any other thing whatsoever, on a hot griddle or frying pan; when it is done through and nicely browned, dress with butter and salt, and serve hot.

Delicate Cake.—Two cups of white sugar, one tablespoon of butter, rubbed together, to which add one cup of rich cream, two cups of flour into which one teaspoon of cream of tartar has been sifted; add half teaspoon of soda, flavor to suit the taste, and at the last add the well-beaten whites of five eggs.

White Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one scant cup of sweet milk, whites of five eggs, one grated cocoanut, one pound of almonds blanched and cut fine, one pound of citron cut into very thin pieces, three and a half cups of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoons of flaking powder; flour the fruit and add it last.

Gold Cake.—Take one-half pound of flour, dried and sifted, one-half pound of sugar, three-eighths of a pound of butter, the yolks of seven eggs, and one grated lemon and juice. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream and add the yolks well beaten. Then add the lemon peel and flour, and a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Bake in a moderate oven.

Paring Tomatoes.—Those who are in the habit of scalding their tomatoes before paring them, can hardly think how much nicer they are without the scalding. It is not so difficult to pare a fully ripe tomato, without the scalding, when one gets in the habit of doing it. If one is paring those not fully ripe, she should have a sharp thin knife, and pare them from the blossom to the stem, instead of around like an apple. If they are not smooth, one can cut them apart in the creases, and thus get at the skin.

Selecting Meat.—It is always important to know how to choose meat in buying. Ox beef should be of fine grain or fibre, the flesh or lean of a bright red color and firm; the fat white, and distributed throughout the lean; it should not be yellow or semi fluid. If the meat is entirely lean it will be tough and its nutritive power low.

Veal is dry if fresh. It should be close grained. If the meat is moist and flabby it is stale.

Mutton should be of a clear, deep pink tint; firm and with a liberal supply of fat. Fine wether mutton may be recognized by the presence of a small mass of fat upon the upper part of the leg. It is more nutritious than ordinary mutton, and the darker its tint the finer its flavor.

Pork, if eaten at all, should be of a pale, pink tint, and the fat very firm. If it is soft or if the fat is yellow the meat is bad.

The conjuring materials taken from a Georgia negro consisted of goose quills filled with broken needles, a vial of iron rust, the feathers of various birds and a snake skin. The negroes of his neighborhood had long believed in and feared his power of working mischief with charms.

AGRICULTURAL AND HOUSEHOLD.

Butter Making.—Mr. A. W. Cheever gives the following description of the methods of managing his dairy: "My dairy at present consists of fifteen cows in milk, seven of which are two and three-year old heifers. Eleven of the fifteen are homeless, being chiefly descendants from the English Suffolks crossed with the Jerseys. Two of the others are of the same blood, but taking strongly from the Jerseys have small horns. The feed is from good English hay, as good as I know how to produce, cut early and well cured. It is given in two meals only, one in the morning from six to eight, and the other between four and six o'clock in the evening. Grain is fed after the hay in the morning at the rate of four quarts of wheat bran, one quart cornmeal and one pint cotton-seed meal each to the heifers and an additional quart of cornmeal to the older cows, all made into a stiff dough with spring water. The animals are bedded on clean sand which is laid up under cover in summer in large quantities. This is thrown under them twice a day in liberal quantities, and the raised platforms upon which they stand are kept as clean as practicable. The gutters back of the cows are made quite open that the liquids may pass through immediately. This with the free use of sand aids much in reducing the amount of labor required in keeping the bodies of the animals clean. Tin milking pails only are used, and the milk is strained through both wire gauze and fine cloth. After straining, the milk is set in an average temperature of about sixty degrees in old fashioned, shallow tin pans, holding some five or six quarts each. The pans are pressed and seamless and much more easily cleaned than those made from pieces soldered together. Skimming is done every morning, one-half the milk being twenty-four and the other thirty-six hours old. It is skimmed in the morning because the cream is then cool and firmer than at night and comes off more perfectly and with less waste. The cream is kept in large tin vessels, plenty of fine salt being thrown into each pail when commencing to gather the cream, and a glass paddle is kept constantly in each vessel with which to stir thoroughly when new cream is added. I churn twice a week and have the cream slightly sour when it enters the churn. If sweet cream is added at the time, a little delay is made before pushing the churning, that the sweet and sour portions may become thoroughly mixed. Unless the temperature is known to be just right, the cream is either cooled in well water or warmed in a kettle of warm water, the thermometer being kept in the cream, which is stirred constantly until the desired degree is reached, which is never over sixty-three degrees in winter nor below sixty degrees in summer. The churning is done in the Bullard oscillating churn, and occupies from forty-five to sixty minutes, and often more, including the getting ready and finishing up. The churning is stopped as soon as the butter is in fine particles, like turnip or wheat seed, the buttermilk being then drawn off and a pail of cold water thrown in to rinse the milk from the surface of the little crumbs. It is then taken out upon an inclined board, and after being pressed together pretty compactly, which operation forces out nearly all the buttermilk, the color and salt are added and worked evenly through the mass while it is yet pliable. The color is applied in fine white sugar, which is worked in very slightly before applying the salt. Applying the color in this way, I always know when the salt is sufficiently worked in, and can know just when to stop—a very important kind of knowledge to have when working butter. Depending upon the color for a guide prevents the liability of overworking, while it insures perfect freedom from stripes and streaks caused by uneven salting. The proportion of salt is two-fifths of an ounce to a pound of butter, measured by the eye, which in my case is very accurate after so long a practice. My worker takes from twelve to fifteen pounds at once, and when I have two or more parcels one is piled upon another and then cut down through and immediately reworked, thus insuring perfect uniformity in salting and coloring each churning. The butter is then ready for putting in one-fourth pound cups by hand labor. It is then folded in new bleached cotton wrappers and packed for market, three layers deep, with cloth between, in round wooden boxes, holding fourteen pounds each. These boxes are then enclosed in strong shipping cases, and in summer broken ice is used between the smaller boxes while in transit. Twelve to sixteen pounds of ice, costing from three to four cents, is all that has found it necessary to use for each trip, the expressman taking it ten miles by stage and twenty-five by rail between the hours of eight and ten o'clock in the forenoon, then carrying it over the pavements across the city to Quincy Market during the next hour. No ice is used in the dairy for any other purpose than shipping the butter over the road in hot weather. All the work of tempering the cream, churning, working and putting up the butter is done on the same day and as rapidly as possible. On no account would I ever rework or handle butter after it once becomes thoroughly cold and firm. Working butter the day following churning I consider a bad practice. Good, sound, well made butter requires very little ice for handling or marketing, while that which is poorly made, either in the churning or the working, will seldom harden well even on ice. In presenting this statement, I have endeavored to give all the principal important points in my somewhat old-fashioned method of butter making, but if I have overlooked any matter of interest I will reply to any questions which such oversight may suggest.

Good Night Words.

The last waking thoughts of a child have a peculiar power over his mind and heart, and are influential in fixing his impressions and shaping his character for all time. When he turns from play and playmates, and leaves the busy occupations of his little world to lie down by himself to sleep, a child has a sense of loneliness and dependence which he does not feel at any other time. Then he craves sympathy; he appreciates kindness; is grieved by harshness or cold neglect. How glad he is to kneel by his mother's knee in prayer, or to have his father kneel with him as he prays. How he enjoys words of approval or encouragement when they precede the good-night kiss from either parent.

With what warm and grateful affection his young heart glows as he feels the tender impress of his mother's hand or lips on his forehead before he drops asleep. How bright and dear that home seems to him at such an hour. How sorry he is for every word or act of unkindness, which he then recalls from his conduct of the day. How ready he is to make new resolves and purposes of better doing in the future. Whatever else a child is impatient to grow away from, he does not readily outgrow the enjoyment of his kind mother's good-night.

As long as she is willing to visit his bedside, and give him a kiss with a loving word just before he goes to sleep, he is sure to count that a priviledge of his home as something above price, and without which he would have a sense of bad luck. And at no time is he more sure than then to be ready to do whatever his mother would ask of him; and at no time do her tender words sink deeper into his heart, or make an impression more abiding and influential. But many parents lose sight of truth. Their last words at night to their children are by no means their pleasantest.

Indeed, there is, perhaps, no one thing in which parents more commonly err than in impatient or unloving words to their children when the little ones are going to bed. The parents are tired, and their stock of patience at the lowest. If the children are not quiet and orderly and prompt as they should be, the parents rebuke them more sharply than they would for similar offences earlier in the day.

Too often children go to bed smarting under a sense of injustice from their parents, and brood over their troubles as they quiet down to sleep, so that their little hearts are embittered and callonsed through the abiding impressions of the wrong they have suffered, or the harshness they have experienced while they were most susceptible to the influence for good or ill.

There is one hill in this life, that no man can get by, and that is the little mound called the grave.

The postage stamp knows its place after it has been licked once.

ABU BEN ABEND'S DONKEY.

[Mrs. Elizabeth Cumings in the Independent.]

Abu Ben Abend was old and rich and stingy. His brown face was puckered and wrinkled, like an apple that has baked too long. His body was bent over till it looked like the letter C, and he could not walk without the aid of a stout stick; but he was as keen at a bargain and an alert to make and keep money as if he were young and strong. His only pleasure were counting over his gold pieces and beating his daughter and his donkey.

His daughter, Fatima, was beautiful and good; but he did not love her. He valued her only for the price he thought he should receive for her some time. I do not know whether it is because girls are worth more or less than they are in the United States, but they are sold in Turkey.

Ziba, his donkey, was a perfect treasure of a beast. Out of him Abu Ben Abend got no end of work, for he hired him by the day to any driver who would pay his price; but of Fatima he required nothing. She sat in her chamber day after day, with deaf old Zilpa, her nurse, and made tatting and embroidered pincushions; but she wished with all her heart she could do something more useful and interesting. Once in a while she was allowed to take a ride on Ziba's back, when the poor little beast could not be rented; and that she thought was the greatest joy the world contained.

Across the way from Abu Ben Abend's stately mansion was an old house, in which lived a handsome young fellow, named Youssif El Kedar, with his mother and sisters. He had a right to wear the green turban, for he was a descendant of the prophet; but he was so poor he wore an old fez' except on holy days, and carried bundles, or ran on errands, or did anything by which he could earn a copper.

For him Abu Ben Abend had the utmost content and hatred. He despised him because he was poor, and hated him because he was young and handsome. Often, when he struck his daughter for some little offense, he would say: "By the beard of my grandfather, you shall marry that son of nothingness, Youssif El Kedar, if you do not strive to please me more." And when he beat Ziba, between the blows he would cry out: "To destruction with you, most mulish of all animals! I'll sell you to Youssif El Kedar if you don't earn me more money."

"Now, when one hears a man's name spoken often, either for good or ill, one desires to see him. So Fatima watched for Youssif with great interest; and when at last she saw him, standing in the street, tall and straight like a palm tree, she fell in love with him, and thought of him constantly from morning till night. But as it is considered unladylike in Turkey for a maiden to show her face or to speak to any man not of her own family, Fatima contented herself with peeping at her neighbor through her barred window or from her latticed balcony.

One afternoon, when her father was away collecting his usury, Fatima crept down the stairs to the stable of Ziba, the one creature in the house she could pet and love.

"Dear Ziba," she cried, throwing her arms about the little beast's neck, "I am very, very unhappy. My father scolds me every moment he is in the house."

"Climb upon my back and let me take you out into the busy streets," said the donkey, rubbing his sort, warm nose against her rosy cheek.

Fatima shrank back alarmed, for Ziba had never spoken to her before.

"Don't be scared, dear mistress," said he. "When donkeys have been beaten 999 times the prophet gives them the power of speech as a recompense. Do as I have bid you. Array yourself in your prettiest gown, put on your yellow slippers and your veil, and I will carry you out into the world and we will see what will happen."

Fatima put on her nicest clothes and hung over her face her veil, which was made of thick white cloth, and left only her beautiful black eyes visible; then skipped down stairs and climbed upon Ziba's back. Away he trotted, through crowded streets, over high bridges and across open squares, till he came to an unfrequented lane that led through fields of wheat. A young man was walking in the road, and when Fatima overtook him, Ziba began to act in a singular way; for he pranced, backed, and finally reared up on his hind legs, and would have thrown his mistress to the ground had not the young man caught her in his arms.

As he did so the envious veil slipped to one side, and Youssif El Kedar (for it was he) saw Fatima's lovely, blushing face lying on his breast.

"Allah be praised!" he cried, and kissed her on the lips.

Youssif helped Fatima to mount upon the back of the naughty Ziba, and insisted on walking by her side until they reached the street in which they both lived.

"You are a bad beast," said Fatima, and gave the donkey twice his allowance for supper.

The next morning Abu Ben Abend filled the house with uproar. He swore and stamped and tore his beard and threatened to beat somebody within an inch of his life. "Youssif El Kedar, a beggar, and the son of a beggar, has written me a note demanding your hand in marriage," he cried to Fatima. "By the head of Mohammed, I would fry him in oil for his impudence if it were in my power."

Fatima went down to the stable to see her one friend.

"Be comforted, dear lady," said Ziba. "A kind act is never lost. You have been kind to me many times, and Youssif El Kedar is the kindest driver I have ever known. Loose my halter and let me go, and we shall see what will happen."

Fatima was afraid the donkey would not return, and told him so.

"A kind act is never lost. Do as I bid you, and we shall see what will happen," was his only reply.

Fatima untied him, gently patted his shaggy gray head, and kissing him between the eyes, undid the gate. Ziba thrust his nose under her hands for a moment, then turned and ran swiftly down the street.

As soon as he knew the donkey was missing from the stable, Abu Ben Abend had another anger fit; and as the days went by and he did not return, Abu Ben Abend, like all greedy people, magnified his loss, till it seemed to him the most precious treasure he had ever had was Ziba, and he was willing to give anything to regain him.

A month had passed and brought no tidings, when one day Youssif El Kedar, dressed in his green turban and his best clothes and having at his side his grandfather's sword, which was shaped like the new moon, knocked at Abu Ben Abend's door.

Abu Ben Abend opened it himself. 'Ah!" he cried, his face turkey-red with rage. "You want an answer to your letter, do you? Bring back my donkey this afternoon, at 3 o'clock and you shall marry my daughter!" and then he slammed the door in Youssif's face.

For a moment Youssif felt like kicking the door down and slicing off Abu Ben Abend's head with his sword, but his anger cooled quickly, for he thought: "Five hours must elapse before 3 o'clock. I can at least look for the beast, Abu Ben Abend may find a bargain is a bargain,

Round and round the city Youssif went till he came to the lonely lane between the fields of wheat that were now as yellow as amber and ready for the sickle. Way down the road he saw a little gray figure, very like a donkey.

"Ziba! Ziba!" he cried. But when he ran the beast ran, and when he walked the beast walked, so he could not overtake him. And they soon came to a high hill, when the gray figure seemed to melt away into the wall of gray rock.

"Ziba! Ziba! Most lovely of animals! I am promised the hand of your mistress, the good and beautiful Fatima, if I restore you to your master. Do not hide from me."

"Knock on the rock five times," said a voice.

Youssif knocked, and the gray stone opened like a door and disclosed a narrow staircase, which seemed to go down, down into the heart of the earth. On either side the wall was lined with sharp knives that twinkled and glittered like a thousand lamps; and far down the descent stood Ziba. Youssif ran down the stone steps, unmindful of the keen knives, and stood by the little donkey in a moment.

"Ah, my treasure!" he cried. "My eye's delight! Come with me at once from this place and return to Abu Ben Abend, that I may marry the rose of women, the beautiful Fatima."

"On one condition," said Ziba.

"Name it," cried Youssif.

"You must buy me," said Ziba.

"Alas!" groaned Youssif, "you ask the impossible. Abu Bend Abend would not sell you for a thousand gold pieces, and I am very poor."

"Knock on the wall before you five times," said the donkey.

Youssif did as he was bidden. The wall opened, as the gray rock had done; and he saw a large vaulted room, in which were great heaps of gold and precious stones, before which sat strange shapes, that held in their arms silver harps, upon which they made sweet music.

"This man," said Ziba to them, "has never done a dishonorable act; has never spoken a cross word to a living creature, nor struck a blow upon man or beast. His safe passage down the stairway of knives proves it. Give him, I pray you, his reward."

One of the strange beings laid a sack upon Ziba's back, and another filled ti with gold and precious gems, till the little fellow cried: "I can bear no more." "Now," said the astonished Youssif, "we will return to the upper world, and we shall see what will happen."

Precisely at 3 o'clock Youssif entered Abu Ben Abend's gate, leading Ziba by the halter.

"Allah be praised! and may all donkeys be destroyed!" cried Abu Ben Abend, falling upon Ziba with his stout stick. "I'll teach you abominable beast to stay in your stable in the future."

"Hold!" said Youssif, seizing his arm. "For how much will you sell so miserable an animal?"

"Five hundred gold sequins!" shouted Abu Ben Abend. "Five hundred gold sequins, thou beggar! Not a para less."

"I will pay you that price for him," said Youssif, calmly opening his purse. "And to make you feel less lonely at giving up the good and beautiful Fatima, I shall be happy to add to that sum 500 gold lira as a wedding gift."

Youssif counted out the money; and as a lira is equal to about $4 50, and a sequin is worth about $1 25, the whole amount made quite a little bill of gold upon Abu Ben Abend's table.

"Bismillah!" cried that gentleman, shutting his eyes and dropping down upon his rug in an ecstacy of joy. "Bismillah! That I should have a neighbor and not know it. Now I can depart in peace, since so great and excellent a man is going to marry my daughter."

The wedding of Youssif and Fatima was celebrated with great splendor as became a descendant of the prophet and the daughter of a rich money-lender; and they began housekeeping in a beautiful villa that overlooked the Sweet Waters.

When they had been married a year and a day, Ziba bade them an affectionate good-by, and trotted away down the lane between the fields of wheat till he came to the hill-side, where he disappeared in the gray rocks, as he did on the memorable day I have described, and though Youssif knocked many times no answer came.

That night a thicket of wild roses sprang up about the gray rock and hid it; and Youssif, believing it to be a sacred place, erected a shrine there, and those who visited it sometimes heard a voice in the earth whisper: "A kind act is never lost. Be kind. Be kind."

Youssif and Fatima were so very happy together, their bliss became a proverb; and when they died, at the close of a long life, and were buried beneath the shrine, among the roses, for many years young people made pilgrimages to the spot, to pray that in their wedded life they might be as happy as Youssif and Fatima. And the voice in the earth always answered: "Be kind. Be kind."

Down the Andes in a Hand Car.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* has been having some experience and taking a ride among the Andes, an account of which is worth reading. He says:

"Here I am at Chicla, Peru, among the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, 12,220 feet above the sea, acclimating myself for a trip over the mountains, whose highest point, 17,570 feet, I intend to scale. Leaving Lima this morning with a party of officers, I came over the celebrated Oroya railroad to Matucana, and from there by the light express to this place, the present terminus of the road. The building of this road was one of the greatest undertakings the world has ever known. It is only completed 86 miles, and cost $30,000,000. From the sea coast to the summit of the Andes we passed through 44 tunnels and over many high bridges, one of them 200 feet high. The road follows the valley of the River Rimas, crossing and recrossing it many times. From Matucana to the top is nothing but succession of Vs, Zs, and doublings. Some of the places are really frightful. As you pass around a mountain peak you can look for thousands of feet and still above you can see the lofty peaks of the Andes. Even here at Chicla we are 5000 feet from the top, and the railroad tunnel on the summit will be over 12,000 feet above the sea.

"Chicla is the highest railroad station and within a few feet of the highest city in the world. In Lima or Callao the lightest clothing would be very comfortable, but up here I would wear a suit of heavy underclothing and a large ulster. With all my clothes I am nearly freezing, and a red-hot stove close by, at that. Less than a week ago I was in the tropical seas of the equator—quite a change. Most people are troubled with what they call "scoroche," headache, nausea, and sometimes bleeding at the nose, mouth and ears. The air is so rare it is difficult to breathe.

"At the invitation of the road-master I took a ride with him down the road. We were just ahead of the regular train, and we started off like a streak of lightning. I have been in a good many tight places in my life, but never in a position to make my hair literally stand on end as it did coming down the Andes on a hand car. Never till my dying day can I forget that ride. Starting among the very clouds, down, down we came, disappearing like a flash in a tunnel of pitchy darkness and out on to a frail-looking bridge over a mighty gorge from 200 to 300 feet deep. We stopped in a long curved tunnel to look at some work that was going on, and did not hear the train in our rear until it was in the tunnel. We could not lift the hand car off, so we made a spring for it, cut loose the brake, and made a dash for our lives. And it looked so, for she came in full view before we were well across the gorge; and on she came at the rate of a mile a minute, but we were going by this time much faster than that, and in a short time we left her far behind. We reached Matucana, 200 miles from Chicla, in safety, but since I had to think it all over I would hardly try to do it again."

Order in the Household.—No one likes to live under a slatterly rule; but certainly the love of order can be carried too far. There are some women that are slaves to it, and who impress themselves upon the memory of their families that the recollection of their acquaintances, and never without a dust-cloth in one hand, and both eyes on the alert for something "out of place." They spend life "putting things to rights," and their epitaphs might appropriately read "she hath finished 'slacking up.'" Such women are trying companions; their very virtues make them so.

To Make Tomato Catsup.—One gallon of peeled tomatoes, four pods of red pepper; cook until tender, and strain carefully through a coarse sieve; then stir in four tablespoons of salt, four tablespoons of ground pepper, three tablespoons of white mustard seed, half a tablespoon of allspice, and one pint of vinegar; simmer slowly three or four hours; bottle while hot, and close tightly, and the preparation will keep good for years. It can also be made in the winter time by using canned tomatoes and dried red pepper pods.

Now weed your flower-beds. It's a trifle warm, and rather hard on the back, but it's got to be done.

"Don't Blister Me Again."

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor.

When he staggered into the house, the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick, and to lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, his breathing was heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable looking object. The doctor was sent for post-haste and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse, and examined him and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and, notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not until near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he awoke to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does it mean?" he cried, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still—you musn't stir," said the wife. "You have been very sick."

"I'm not sick."

"Oh, yes you are; you have brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim; "what's the matter with my feet?"

"They are all blistered."

"Well, I'm better now; take off the blisters, do," he pleaded, piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores and his feet and hands were still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for the doctor, and above all, *don't blister me again*."

"Oh, indeed I will—all that saved you were the blisters, and if you ever should have another such a spell I should be more frightened than ever—for the tendency I am sure is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you will be likely to die, unless the severest measures are used."

He made no further defense; suffice it to say, *he never had another attack*.

Quarreling.

There are some natures so harmoniously balanced as to be naturally averse to incidental and abnormal excitement. There are others, again, in a state of perpetual and sudden alteration, flying to extremes, especially in emotional directions. But the vast majority of people lower between these two poles, and, especially in the matter of quarreling, abandon themselves to circumstances.

Now if it could only be well understood that quarreling is, as we may say, always a blunder, and that it is almost invariably avoidable, it is clear that a little precaution might remove, to a great extent, this trouble from life. It takes two to make a quarrel, and you may refuse to quarrel if you like.

The more you quarrel the more unlikely you are to convince your opponent that he is is in the wrong. It is in the nature of quarrels that both disputants imagine they are in the right. Recrimination never contains argument that has the least effect, and the only result of the quarrel is to waste a large portion of time in profitless irritation and to injure one's health.

Tendency to let any dispute drift into a quarrel is very much a matter of habit, but it is a habit that may be greatly modified, if not greatly cured. We should teach ourselves, to begin with, that moderation in language and temper is evidence, not of weakness of character, but of the reverse. While a dispute is yet in embryo moderation and self control may remove it, but when it passes that stage—when it is developed into a quarrel—then all hope of setting the matter to rights is at an end. The prudent person will now simply withdraw himself from the affair, instead of needlessly embittering himself in a useless struggle.

A Mountain Mystery.—Up to the 23d of August the mystery over the sinking mountain is still unsolved, unless the explanation given by Mr. Stephenson, an old and accomplished scientist, is the true one. He has lived in the geol bearing section ever since the first white men came here. He says that he distinctly remembers that about 40 years ago a shaft of a mine was run under the edge of this mountain and afterward abandoned. Later the water of the river, which ran near by, filtered through into this shaft, and washed away all trace of it. It is a very rapid, swift mountain stream, and he supposes that it has gradually washed out the shaft and enlarged the hole, until there was a vast chasm of a half mile long, and fully as broad and half as deep. He thinks this washing continued until the support of about one-third of the mountain was eaten away, and it then tumbled into the chasm. It seems almost incredible that this could be true, and yet it is the only explanation offered. This Mr. Stephenson holds would account for the continued sinking of the broken mass, as he holds that the river is still eating it away. Thousands of persons have visited the scene, and many superstitious fears have been raised on account of the fall of the mountain. The whole gold bearing section is full of violent streams, falls and cascades, and there are some few subterranean streams of considerable size.—*Special to Courier-Journal.*

Drugging Babies.—I think it will be found that the increase in the sale of opium, about which there has been some outcry, is due to the school boards. A poor woman, obliged to send her children to school, is left with the baby. The girl who in past times would have attended to the baby whilst her mother went to her work, is at school. The mother must, therefore, choose between stopping at home to watch the baby and forfeiting the money she can earn out of doors, and going to work and leaving the baby to shift for itself. It may not be natural, but it is perhaps ineligible, that she should compromise with her maternal instincts drugging the baby, so that while she is absent she may console herself with reflecting that baby cannot possibly be in mischief, and that it does not need her care. If the establishment of a *creche* were a compulsory condition of the establishment of a school board, the sale of laudanum, I take it, would very sensibly decrease.—*Mayfair.*

The fair sex in Jersey are not to be trifled with. At a fancy-dress ball given there recently by the subalterns of an infantry regiment, a lady noted for originality and wit was brought by chance to the side of one of the chief military authorities of the place. Said she to Colonel Z——: "May I ask, Colonel, what are you?" "Oh," replied the Colonel, who was evidently not in one of his happy moods, "I am nothing. What are you?" "I am next to nothing," was the prompt rejoinder.

There is a young sculptor in a certain city who says he is certain that republics are failures, and ought to be at once swept from the face of the earth. He says he sent a model clay group representing "Truth Guarding the Temple of Justice," to the Congressional Committee for approval, and it was returned with a letter, declining with thanks, his "humorous, but inappropriate design of a female bareback-