

THE MILLER'S SON.

Why is it the birds sing sweeter to-day? Why is it the sky so bright? Why is it that time flies faster to-day? And the moments are winged with delight? All the day long She is thinking of one. None so handsome and strong— The Miller's son. For he loves her, he loves her, and, whisper it low, 'Twas only last night that he told her so!

"IT'S AN ILL WIND."

BY K. A. M.

On a blowy, rather raw day early in March, in the year 187—, a young man of a well bred bearing and stylish presence strides with quick steps along the narrow sea-wall that protects the inhabitants of St. Augustine from the overflow of the ocean through Mantanzan river. The breeze from the sea is so very stiff and brisk that it requires some delicate balancing and acrobatic feats and contortions for him to retain his foothold upon the wall. Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop—as his visiting cards label him—is piqued and annoyed, and he takes a malicious pleasure in butting against the wind, and conquering its ugly gusts. After a valiant struggle, he reaches the fort in safety. The walk has sent a rich tinge of crimson to his cheeks, and, having changed the circulation, has somewhat cooled his ire.

After rambling about the fort, and listening, with an incredulous smile, to the blood-curdling tales of the cicerone, in regard to the skeletons, instruments of torture, and rusty iron cages found in a certain dungeon, Mr. Lathrop comfortably settles himself on the rampart in a retired nook, and sheltered from the gale. He has a fine view of the river, and the distant, white crested breakers. He is really uncommonly comfortable, and the surroundings are so conducive to pleasant thoughts, that after a slight introspection he comes to the conclusion that he is the one at fault, that he has been unreasonable and disagreeable, and thinks that if the men at home could know how he has acted in a certain affair, they would call him a cad. The fact is, Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop is somewhat in love, or rather, very much in love, and men when laboring under such an influence are apt to be exacting and suspicious.

Mr. Lathrop, about a fortnight ago, traveled all the way from Philadelphia to St. Augustine for the express purpose of being near a very charming young woman with whom he was enamored; but lately the powers that have been most provokingly against him. Miss Estey, upon his advent at St. Augustine, was most gaudily delighted to see him, and for five or six days he lived in elysium; but then a change came, and it dawned upon Sedley Lathrop's mental vision that Ethel Estey was a most sad coquette. To be sure, there was some excuse for it, as she was an uncommonly pretty and attractive young woman, and wore her gowns and hats with such bewitching grace that a dozen or so men at the hotel were as enthralled as Sedley Lathrop. When Mr. Lathrop arrived, and Miss Estey appeared so to approve his admiration and devotion to the exclusion of all others, there was gnashing of teeth, and bitter anathemas pronounced upon his devoted head by the young men in question.

But now she seems to tire of the attention of only one man, so she throws out her lines again, and the twelve young men are soon wriggling on the hooks; then comes Mr. Lathrop's turn to gnash his teeth, but what is one against so many? He sulks and he mopes, and complains, but all to no purpose; she still continues dancing three times in succession with that miserable snob, Tom Wilton. On all sailing and driving parties she takes particular trouble to snub him most unmercifully, and his life, to Sedley Lathrop, grows to be a burden and a misery, he loses faith in human nature generally, and the milk of human kindness within him is rapidly evaporating.

On this particular windy March day he has told Miss Estey, at the conclusion of another gentle remonstrance, that he sees now clearly that they are not suited to each other, and he intends returning to Philadelphia the following day. She looks a little startled when she hears his last words, and her under lip and eyelids quiver, but she repeats that she has long been of his opinion, too, that he has done nothing but scold and annoy her, that he is horribly suspicious and jealous, and it is probably just as well that it should end now. So, as a preliminary to the long journey home, he takes the walk on the sea-wall.

As Sedley Lathrop sits on the rampart, idly digging little stones out of the wall, and tossing them into the yawning mouth of a cannon near him, he suddenly hears a low laugh, and catching the projection—

length—is Ethel Estey with Mr. Wilton. Mr. Lathrop is on his feet in an instant, and uncovering his head, returns Miss Estey's haughty recognition with a low, grave bow. They pass without comment, and Sedley, picking up his stick, starts toward his hotel with, if possible, even more bitter feelings in his heart than when he left it, all his good resolutions to apologize for his quick temper, and in the future to overlook Ethel's caprices, being completely knocked in the head by the late encounter. As he again steps upon the sea-wall, he fully realizes the force of the wind; it is now pounding against his back, and it rushes him along. He has not as much time to be angry as he would like to have, for it requires all his mental and physical powers to watch his steps and keep his hat on his head. He is seriously thinking of taking to the safer width of the road, and leaving the narrow ledge of the wall; the thought causes him to look at the former, and he falls about ten feet; fortunately the tide is rapidly falling, and the muddy water is only about two feet in depth. Sedley Lathrop is on his knees, with his hands buried to the wrists in the mud. There is a sharp pain—a cross between a red hot knife slowly cutting, and an electric shock—but he is too dazed and bewildered to locate it. Drawing his hands out of the ooze, he attempts to stand; but his right foot will not support him, and he sinks back with a sharp exclamation and a very white face. His hat and stick are floating off in pleasant companionship. What is he to do? In front of him rises ten feet of green, slimy, barnacle-covered wall; behind him lies the river, sparkling in the sunlight; there is not a boat in sight, and he is sitting in the water, chilled through and through, and unable to move.

"Will nobody ever come?" he thinks with despair. He knows the exact location of the tremendous pain now; it is in his ankle, and is growing so intense that he feels ill and dizzy. "What if I should faint?" he says, looking at the water about him, and measuring the depth with his hand. "It is deep enough to suffocate me."

Just at this juncture there are steps on the wall, coming toward him, and he hears a sweet, musical voice, the accents of which send a rush of crimson to his face. He is mortified to think that she will see him in this humiliating predicament. He decides not to call; he will wait for some one else to help him; but it is grow-dusk, and he cannot endure the pain much longer. Involuntarily he groans. The footsteps stop.

"I heard a groan Mr. Wilton; what can it mean? It seemed right here." Then there is a horrified cry as Miss Estey discovers Mr. Lathrop sitting close to the wall, submerged in the water, all splashed with mud, looking frightfully demoralized, and with an agonized expression in his eyes as he meets hers.

"Why, Mr. Lathrop—Sedley—what has happened? Oh, are you hurt?" getting down on her knees and leaning over the wall to look at him. He smiles rather faintly at her, and without a word falls over, and the water quite covers his head.

Without an instant's hesitation Mr. Wilton lowers himself over the wall and then drops into the water. Resting on one knee, regardless of the wetting, he holds Lathrop's head, and brushes the water from his face with his handkerchief. Poor Miss Estey is quite beside herself with horror and terror, and calls out: "Oh, Mr. Wilton, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Just stop the first person you see, please, and ask for a boat. I will stay here."

In about half an hour a boat is rowed as near to the wall as possible, and two men wading to Sedley Lathrop carry him to the boat. There is quite an excited crowd of spectators on the wall, and a great many conjectures and opinions as to how it happened are volunteered. \* \* \* \* \* Toward the end of the month of April, St. Augustine begins to look deserted. The great rush of the Northern travel is over, and the few remaining tourists are generally people who, for various reasons, cannot get away. On the road that leads to the fort, on a deliciously perfect day of that month, stroll two of the above-mentioned tourists—a young woman and man; the latter leans rather heavily upon a stout walking-stick, and has an almost decided limp. They reach the fort, and seat themselves.

GOOD WORK.

An Incident in Ex-Quartermaster-General Ingalls' Life—How He Gave Protection to Two Mormon Women.

Appropos to the retirement of Quartermaster General Rufus Ingalls of the United States Army, an incident is related by a gentleman connected with the Journal, who was one of the party referred to. In the spring of 1854 a party was organized at Salt Lake City for the purpose of crossing the plains to California, a majority of its members being newly-enlisted recruits for the army, designed to fill up a number of depleted commands on the coast. It was at a time when the Mormons were unusually averse to the presence of gentiles in their midst, and during the winter months, which the party had spent in Salt Lake City, many disturbances had occurred and bitter feuds had been engendered between the Mormon residents and the gradually increasing party. So serious, indeed, had the situation become that on one occasion, early in the spring, the Mormons had violently assaulted a detached portion of the command and seriously wounded several members of the party, necessitating the commander, Colonel Steptoe, to place the men under arms, and station double guards constantly about their barracks to prevent their being surprised and possibly massacred. When the snow cleared in the spring the party moved up on the banks of Bear river to fatten up their stock and prepare for the wearisome and tedious journey to be taken across the plains and mountains to the Golden State. Their leaving the city did not serve to lessen the hatred of the Mormons, however, and the party still found themselves submitted to every class of indignity, and most circumspectly to avoid serious trouble. In the midst of all this bad feeling a Mormon woman came to the camp, accompanied by her daughter, a young woman almost grown. She was admitted to the presence of Gen. Ingalls, then a captain, and Col. Steptoe, commander of the party, being absent, for some reason, her conference was held with him. Her story was one calculated to inspire sympathy in the heart of almost any one, and Captain Ingalls, without any further questions or hesitations, guaranteed her the desired protection. She had married a Mormon gentleman in the States, and had not long been a resident of Utah. Her husband was not a polygamist, however, and their married life had been a happy one. About a year previous he had died and lately the leaders of the church had been making persistent efforts to induce her to marry another man, one already possessed of a sufficient number of wives. Her daughter had also been impudently urged to marry, to which both had entered object. The persistent efforts of the Mormons to force them to do as they dictated was akin to persecution, and the mother and daughter determined upon flight as their only means of impunity from further persecutions. Captain Ingalls was fully aware of the consequences of his action, but determined to afford them a safe conduct to California, and accordingly provided quarters for them.

Just before the train was to start on its journey westward the Mormons learned that the two women, whose disappearance had created quite a commotion, and for whom search had been instituted in every quarter, were with the accursed gentiles, who proposed to frustrate their designs. Accordingly a large party of their "minute men," over a thousand strong, armed to the teeth and fully equipped, and headed by no less a personage than Brigham Young himself, was hastily summoned and marched to the camp on Bear river. The Mormons outnumbered the United States troops five to one, and were fully armed and well disciplined. Only a few of the gentile party had suitable arms, a majority of them being civilians on their way across the continent, and the troops were perfectly raw, new recruits; The little party were surrounded and every preparation made for the fight, but they showed no symptoms of weakening. All trouble could be avoided by surrendering the women, but this the officers would not do. Brigham Young went to them—Ingalls did the talking. When the Mormon apostle made his demand for the surrender of the women the young officer stoutly refused to give them up. "You may wipe this little command out of existence," said he, "but you can't have these women. I have promised them protection, and they shall have it. You have got force sufficient to annihilate a bigger force than ours, but you will have the United States to whip before you are through with the job. Whenever you are ready to commence operations open fire!" The men were ordered into line, and the Mormon escort withdrew with Brigham to the main body of their force. They held a consultation and concluded to let Ingalls take the women. And he did, too. A day or two later the party started for the West, and reached California safely. They were bothered and bedeviled in every imaginable way by the Mormons until they were across the Sierras, but they were never molested by an armed force. To make complete whatever romance there may be about the incident, it can be added that after the arrival of the party at San Francisco the younger of the two women was married to a young man who belonged to the party. The anecdote is related simply as an illustration of the character of the retired Quartermaster-General. But for the refuge and escort tendered them by him the women would never have escaped from bondage that to them was worse than the most abject slavery, and but for his determined stand and courageous attitude another such massacre as the bloody affair of Mountain Meadows would have doubtless been enacted.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LENTEN SAUCE FOR FISH.—Mix two ounces of melted butter with a tablespoonful of parsley, chopped fine, and the juice of two lemons. A pinch of cayenne pepper gives tone to it.

ORANGE ICE.—Squeeze the juice from six large oranges and two lemons; pour about five gills of boiling water over the broken peel and pulp and let it stand until cool; then strain and add the water to the orange and lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with loaf sugar and freeze.

SILVER CAKE.—Beat one-half cup of butter, and one and one-half cups of powdered sugar together, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in two cups of flour; one cup of sweet milk; the whites of four eggs beaten to a cream; flavor with lemon. Bake in an evenly heated oven.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Cut a chicken into pieces and simmer it gently in a gallon of water until the meat is in rags. Skim well, strain and return the broth to the pot. Add a cupful of rice and a tablespoonful of parsley; let it simmer for another hour. Season with pepper and salt; add a cupful of boiling cream just before serving.

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

CAJUN SAUCE.—Chop a tablespoonful of capers and mix with a quarter of pint of melted butter; add a little cayenne pepper; let this cook for three or four minutes, then add a teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in three tablespoonfuls of cold water; let this come to a boil. If you choose to do so, add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce; it imparts an agreeable flavor. Of course, this quantity can be increased indefinitely if the proportions are preserved.

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

TAPIoca CREAM.—One quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, three eggs; soak the tapioca over night in cold water, only enough to cover it; beat the yolks with one cup of powdered sugar; put the tapioca in the milk and heat to a boiling point, then stir in the yolks and cook until it has thickened. Flavor to taste; take off the fire, stir in the well-beaten whites, reserving enough to frost the top of the tapioca; add sugar to the frosting. Place in the oven a few seconds to color.

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

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

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

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

An editor intimates that the ladies of to-day are much stouter than they used to be about twenty years ago. Well, the ladies of to-day are twenty years older; perhaps that has something to do with it.

An editor says that when he was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailer to give the prison a puff.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL.

Two beautiful young damsels bounding on the street the other day, dressed with delight as they scanned each other's summer finery. "And where have you been, love?" asked the brunet. "Traveling," responded the blonde. "Been gone three months, studying our own country. Ma said a young lady's education was not finished unless she had gone 'abroad,' and she said she had gone to Europe without knowing anything of one's own country."

"How grand," sighed the brunet, whose sightseeing had been limited to Central Park and Coney Island. "Yes, but pa didn't want to go, so ma and I planned and planned. Finally, I fell in love with a plumber. Pa reasoned with me, so did ma, but got firmer and declared I'd have my own way. Ma got awfully uneasy (before pa) and—well, in short, she consented to let us travel."

"You naughty thing, but where have you been?" "Just everywhere. First San Francisco and—"

"Oh! then you had a chance to study some of those Southern gentlemen one is always reading about?" "I don't remember them; but the first tramped me over miles and miles of battle-fields, and I saw where—Oh! what's his name?—Oh! that General; you know who I mean?" "Yes," responded the other, eagerly. "Never mind his name."

"Well, we saw where—Oh! Grant's that's it; where Grant and Lee fought. I'm sure 'twas Lee, fought, or was he? I don't remember details. And we went to Mexico, and the—"

"How lovely to travel and improve one's self!" murmured the blonde with an admiring eye on Kitty's ruffled bonnet. "So ma says. Well, then we went to Utah, to Salt Lake City."

"Oh! those horrid Mormons! You really see them?" "Yes, indeed, and made a study of them. Ma said that was proper. Were there two or three days, and such dowdies as those women are, the men—well, they are too insignificant. Pa took us to the—"

"Temple—no—Tabernacle. 'Twouldn't you be a good deal better off, if you were a statistician and things; so I'll be up, see!" "How splendidly you'll be able to converse with everyone! I quite envy you."

"Yes, ma says few girls have so many opportunities, and I mean to improve mine. Then we've been to California and on such big trees and the wretched little Chinamen. San Francisco isn't much to see. The city are not any nicer than Brooklyn. But St. Paul is too lovely. Got out of those stylish-looking niggers. Who you believe me? Pa wanted to see me off to see the falls of—"

"Or Lord Byron, or some Tom, Dick or Harry wrote a poem about it. But we only had two days there, and it was a fright."

"And you have seen all the grand West—the splendid mountains, the rolling prairies, and breathed pure air?" "Oh, my! yes!" interrupted the tourist eagerly, "and we visited a mining camp. But I soiled my dress with silk Jersey. I was so disgusted, I pa—well, once got him started. St. Louis is no going back. Chicago, Cincinnati are not like New York. Thank goodness we are home. Traveling is improving and all, but pa manages to take us to some hot places. Now ma says: 'Some hot places, to give a final polish.' Pa's awfully contrary, but ma and I are patient with him, and we get on work together. I guess he will do it."

"Of course, he will," murmured the brunet, "for he must be proud of you."

"Oh! he is, but pa is queer. He thinks it silly to show one's feet, but come round to lunch some day, and I'll tell you more. Ma says that traveling one's self is to cultivate those who have not enjoyed the privileges."

"How kind you are, dear!" "Good-by."

And the sweet creatures separated, one buying her ribbons with a virtuous soul, the other selecting ribbons with complacent pride.

An almost incredible case of parental superstition has occurred in Prussia. In the village of Siedelbeck, in the province of West Prussia, the little daughter of a cabinet-maker has been bedridden for three years. The father became persuaded that his daughter was bewitched by a woman who had given her occasionally apples and pears. He was advised that the patient would be cured if she drank some of the blood of a supposed witch. The poor wretch was entrapped into visiting a place where some of the chief members of the commune were assembled to see her. She was seized, one of her fingers pricked with a needle, and the blood given to the sick child. The participants in this outrage were summoned before a magistrate, and sentenced them to imprisonment for three days.

"Yes," said Mrs. Towser, as she expatiated upon the beauties of her flower garden. "I have given it my care, and if you come over in a week or two I expect to be able to show you some beautiful scarlet geraniums."