



The Sick Fairy.

(Continued from page 218.)

Charley retired with respectful salutations, and met at the hall door a little sallow old man dressed in a buff coat, who was inquiring of the stately Mr. Parakeet if her ladyship could receive him.

"Announce Doctor Camomile," said the little man, as he followed Mr. Parakeet upstairs.

Charley caught the butler and the visitor in the act of winking at one another. Their faces wore an expression of suppressed merriment, and the boy immediately concluded that they were laughing at him, whereas, in truth, the two old enchanters were only very much amused at the farce they were enacting in pretending to be mortals. The game was continued up in the drawing-room.

"Dr. Camomile," announced the butler.

"Charmed to see you, my dear Doctor," said the old lady graciously. "Your prescription has done me so much good that I am thinking of going home, but you know that I must first remedy that mistake I told you about. Did you meet a little boy at the door?"

"I did."

"Well, that's the very naughty boy I intended to make an example of, when, owing to an unaccountable slip of my wand I turned his good little brother into a turnip instead. If I had not left my wand at home I really should not have been able to resist the temptation just now of turning Master Charley into something he would not like being. It is one comfort, though, to see that the naughty boy suffers agonies of remorse."

"Never mind the naughty boy," said the Doctor, "but the good one certainly ought to be restored to his proper shape, for I dare say he doesn't much enjoy the change into a turnip—not so much as we enjoy our transformation into mortals. He! he! he!"

"My servants don't enjoy that at all," observed the fairy, "but little Ernest is all right with the gnomes, who keep him amused, and send me daily accounts of him. The hardship is for the parents and sisters. My heart smites me when I see their grief. Doctor, I feel my power returning, and before I leave Mortal-land I should like to astonish their weak minds by such a display of magic as they have never seen. I hope therefore that you will assist at the performance, and I will give you a few blank cards to fill up with the names of any of our friends who may be inclined to help us with a little conjuring."

Meantime what was Ernest about under the earth?

Well, he was very happy and amused. The gnomes took care of that. As soon as Ernest became accustomed to the darkness, he found out that there is a wonderful world underground, full of activity and interest. On one side of him were little seeds bursting and sprouting. On the other a veiled, weeping form in white assured him it was an onion, whilst a jolly red-faced carrot grinned at him from a distance, and a young potato confided to him that it had been separated by accident from its companions.

"Just my case, and what I am crying about," said the onion.

"All your family cry about nothing," laughed the carrot.

But more interesting than all were the gnomes to Ernest. They were not exactly pretty, having bad complexions and little legs, and heads too big for their bodies; but they were very active and clever in helping the seeds to open, and in chasing away the worms and grubs that wanted to eat the roots.

"Well, Master Charles, and what be you about with that onion?" was the gardener's astonished exclamation as he beheld Charley seated on the ground shredding an onion into strips.

"Can't you see that I am crying over it?" replied Charley, whose tears were falling fast over the leaves of the mysterious turnip, and who felt quite triumphant at having got himself to cry at last.

He had noticed that the cook always cried while

peeling the onions, and he had tried the recipe with great effect, after various vain attempts to grow sentimental over the turnip. He had come to the conclusion it was not to be done *that way*; he was not of a poetical turn of mind like his sister Lily, who had been known to weep over the beauty of a flower, but even *she* would have found it difficult to idealize a turnip. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and where there's a will there's a way, as the practical Charley discovered. But his triumph soon gave place to vexation when he found himself the butt for all the family wit.

No one could understand his fancy for watering a turnip-top with his tears, and he was too proud to enter into any explanations; he was therefore much laughed at.

"Well, Master Charles, you save me the trouble of watering that there vegetable," observed the old gardener, as he went his rounds with the watering-pot.

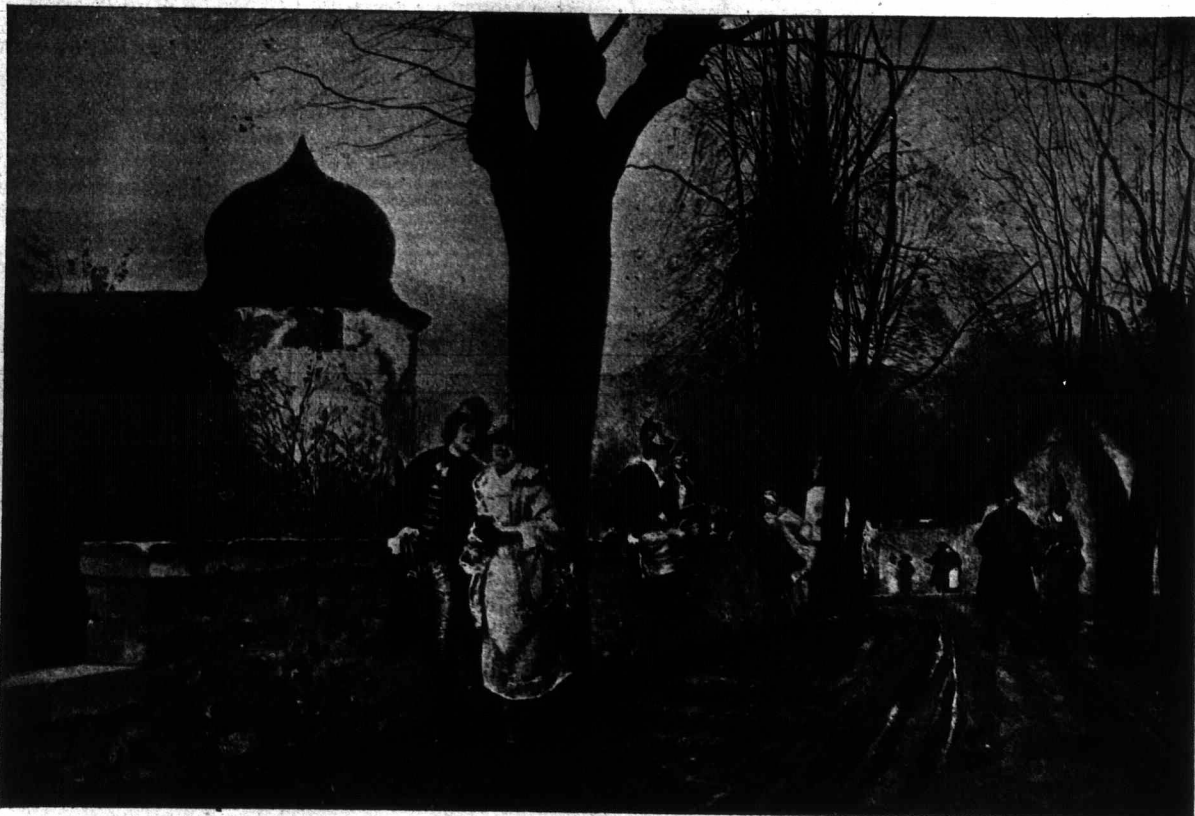
His sister Rose would sarcastically ask him to come in to tea when the turnip no longer required his services.

The old nurse was of opinion that "the boy was going off his head"; but the cook said:

"It's nothing only a fancy for raw onions as has took him, it's my belief, and I shan't have one hanging on the string if he goes a taking of them at this rate."

Charley finally grew so savage that he burst into real tears of mortification, such as made it unnecessary to steal any more of cook's onions.

"That old witch of a countess," he thought to himself, "knew how to devise a punishment for me which didn't seem like one. It would have been easier to bear a horsewhipping from my father than what I go through now; and after all, she hasn't found Ernest as she promised. I don't



"AFTER VESPERS."

believe she has even looked for him! It was here, by the way, just here that he disappeared, when I was going to strike him! Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo!!"

This sudden recollection, which, strange to say, had never come to him before, caused Charley to fling himself on the ground and sob with real heartfelt grief. He was roused by a light tap on the shoulder, and on looking up, what was his surprise to see the old Countess looking down upon him with more benevolence in her countenance than he could have believed her capable of.

"I am glad to see you keeping your promise," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Charley, rather sulkily, "but allow me to observe that you have not kept yours; you have not found my brother."

"Haven't I?" said the fairy. "Just pull up that turnip."

"With pleasure," said Charley, giving it a savage tug.

"Oh, don't hurt!" cried a voice from underground; "don't pull my hair."

And what was Charley's astonishment, and at first his horror, to find that he had hold of Ernest's golden curls.

"Go on—pull away," cried the fairy. "If you let go he may sink down again."

Ernest's head and shoulders presently appeared above ground.

"Now take hold of his hand," said the fairy, and Charley, trembling in every limb, seized the hand which his little brother had disengaged, and pulled away lustily until Ernest stood safely on *terra firma*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ask your neighbor if he reads the "Farmer's Advocate." If he does not, get him to.

"After Vespers."

This charming picture is very suggestive. Doubtless during vespers many kneeling figures were busily engaged in devout exercises. We question not their sincerity; but "when the heart is young"—as the song runs—what would you? As we look upon these young men and maidens, and see them pairing off in youthful happiness—some tripping lightly down the paths—others lingering by or seated on the wall—it is not difficult to guess what they are saying. The couple to the right, it is true, look somewhat sober, and one almost feels certain *they* must be married! The very sentimental couple, though, in the left foreground, surely are *not*! Go your ways, happy maidens, happy youths—"After Vespers" means much to you.

"After Vespers," down the path
Come maids and youths in happy pairs,—
Fresh from innocent devotions—
True of heart, and free from cares.

How sweet the sound of Love's soft whisper
Uttered fondly in her ear!
The maiden's heart is quickly beating,
But 'tis with joy—not with fear.

The sweet old story—ever new—
Is being told, as home they rove;
And fair maid—listen—as of yore—
To "After Vespers" tales of love.

Recipes.

SULTANA ROLL.

Put 1 pint of cream over the fire, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sugar; as soon as the cream reaches scalding point take from the fire and add another pint of cold cream, 1 teaspoonful of pistachio nuts or bitter almonds, chopped fine; half an ounce pistachio flavoring, and 10 to 15 drops of green coloring. When the mixture is gold freeze it; when frozen

remove the dasher, work around the outside of the mould and leave a well in the center; fill this with plain whipped cream, with a few candied cherries cut in small pieces. Now put more ice and salt around the mould in the freezer, and cover it with an old blanket, and don't serve within half an hour. Serve in slices. This is much nicer without the sauce.

SAUCE FOR SULTANA ROLL.

One cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water; boil together until they will spin a thread; add the juice of 1 lemon; take from the fire; add coloring to make it pink, and pour, while hot, over the well-beaten white of 1 egg.

MOCK CHARLOTTE.

Put 3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch into a saucepan and moisten with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water, then add 1 pint of boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sugar. Put this over the fire and stir until it is thoroughly cooked. Pour, while hot, over the well-beaten whites of 3 eggs, flavor with vanilla, and turn into a mould to cool.

SAUCE FOR MOCK CHARLOTTE.

Put 1 pint of milk over the fire; beat together the yolks of 3 eggs and 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, take the milk from the fire and add the eggs and sugar; then put it over the fire again until the eggs are cooked. You can tell by trying with the blade of a knife—if it sticks, remove at once, or it will curdle and will not be so nice; flavor with vanilla, and pour from one vessel to another three or four times and it is ready for use.

The Great Prize Puzzle.

[NOTE.—All answers need not be correct in order to gain a prize.]

Let our readers remember that there is still time to send in answers.

Do not think that *early* answers *only* receive attention. None will be read until after the day fixed (May 20th), so that no attention whatever will be given to the date of sending.

To remind our readers that our Prize offers are *strictly honest* seems almost like an insult to our own paper, but for the benefit of New Subscribers who have not known us long, we repeat that "Honor is our watchword."

One reason why we allude to our honest intentions is that there are so many bogus advertisements running riot over the country by which so many confiding readers have been deceived. We want everyone to know that THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is incapable of this sort of thing.

Remember, right up to the date, MAY 20TH!