

Miscellaneous.

15 Dogs and 10 Pigs. A BOSTON WOMAN'S TRILLA AND HOWLS IN A STATION HOUSE.

New York, June 24.—Miss Loreta J. Whitman, of Boston, reached this city Tuesday morning late, accompanied by 29 canine pets. She was accompanied by a dog named 'Lionel' which was a brown spaniel and had been with her at Long Island city, where Sgt. Darcy of the Long Island city police was aroused from a reverie on Tuesday evening by a medley of yelps and howls outside the door of police headquarters.

On one arm she carried a watering can and on the other arm two sachets. Her left hand was engaged also holding a bag and an apron of yellow muslin that suited to the ten feet bowing of the 15 dogs on the string. The little woman dumped out the contents of her apron on the floor. There were six pups, and the thirteen dogs jumped stately around them. Then she turned the bag upside down, and 10 more chunky little fellows, with eyes fast shut, rolled out over one another like a shot of rubber balls. Bark after bark, she said to the dogs in the meadows in Jersey for a minute or so.

When the little woman had got things calmed down, she made her self sell that the animals were all there, she turned the dog to her. The sergeant finally consented to allow the dogs to stay with the dogs, he offered a rig which she took to her. The sergeant finally consented to allow the dogs to stay with the dogs, he offered a rig which she took to her.

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Weather; if they fly low look out for rain.

If pigeons hang round the coop it means rain, if they fly away and fly a great deal the weather will be dry for at least a day or two. Of course, mean walled pigeons. A starved bird will look for something to eat, rain or no rain.

If a male cat stays in the house of his own accord at night, look out for a storm in less than twenty-four hours.

If a female cat washes her face before breakfast it's a sign of rain.

The average dog will come in under shelter six hours before rain, no matter how clear the sky is.

If the pane of glass in your window is cool when the weather is warm, rain is near.

Milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

It is very important that the cows be milked regularly each day, about four hours. Rock salt is esteemed best placed where cows can get it at their will.

It is said that the experiment of milking cows three times a day at low level, and milking at high level, did not increase the milk flow sufficiently to pay for the labor and expense of the extra milking.

Whether the cow should be allowed to pick up green food at once and feed, or wait until she gets a good bite, must depend upon circumstances.

The London Gazette gives a good recipe for making cream cheese, namely: Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich add one pint of milk, warm it in hot water till nearly boiling, add a salt spoonful of rennet let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in a fine cloth press, it slightly with weight, let it stand for an hour, then press it in the frame, a little powdered salt may be put over it.

A trial of that will convince you that it is a fine article of cheese, the J. ray cow is admirably adapted.

In some portions of Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom still prevails. When a girl is about to be married, before she leaves home to go to the church her mother hands her a handkerchief, which is called a 'tear-kernel.' It is with this handkerchief she dries her eyes when she leaves her father's house and while she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over, and the bride has gone with her husband she places it unwashed in her linen chest, and keeps it there until she has had a new tear-kernel. Her own remains which were placed on the day of her marriage. Generations come and go, the young bride has become a wrinkled old lady. She has been married her husband and all of her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. But it comes at last. At last the weary eyes close for a long, long sleep, and the tired, wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear-kernel is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead, never to be removed until she is summoned to camp forth on the resurrection morn.

—To have a fine crop of large, rich currants, enrich the ground, make it neat and mellow, and thin out the bushes. Cut away the old, stunted wood, and leave the vigorous young shoots. Let them occupy equal distance from each other, and give the bushes in some degree a regular form. No fruit is more neglected than the currant, the bushes being allowed to become entangled in weeds and grass, and enfeebled bushes allowed to grow into a mass of brush. The difference in the quality of the berries caused by the two modes, is as one to four.

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SLEIGHTS! SLEIGHTS! SUIT EVERYBODY.

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To Rent.

For the Ladies.

Milliners report a big demand for large hats.

Flower aigrettes in the coiffure are the fashion for the moment.

Dainty bracelets are formed of a slender cord of gold with a spray of enamelled flowers on top.

Parian ladies are wearing big bows of red silk perched far away at the back of the high-crowned hats.

Immensely large buttons—two large to pass through a button-hole—are used simply decoratively.

EXHIBIT WAY TO DRESS FASHION.

—New notions are prepared in this way are very nice.

Small boys wear knit suits of fine cloth or pique, having a jacket slashed at the back and away square at the waist line.

Can or Passover Party.—Keeping fruit or any provision depends on three things.

—What's that? —I say that I am just as much to blame as you are.

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Joker's Corner.

A Practical Joker. Three brother officers were traveling to Lahore from Umrisar, where they had been playing polo during the afternoon.

—Where is my ticket? —I know had one right enough when I started. You fellows saw me get it didn't you? —Yes.

—But I haven't a pie with me! —I'll see you'll follow him and dry as regarded money.

—I don't know, blessed if I do! —Where can you have put it? —I don't know, blessed if I do! —he replied in desperation.

—What do you want, George? —I was an ordinary, everyday sailor. Under the name of the ticket collector, in a tone of surprise.

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