

## THE BISHOP AND THE BUSHMAN.

During the ten years he was in Australia as Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse, the present Bishop of Manchester, made himself very popular through his geniality, tolerance, and common-sense.

One night the Bishop was about to lecture in a little township perched on a plateau in the Australian Alps. The hall was packed, but a young bushman, attired in a striped shirt and moleskin trousers, and wearing a flaming red comforter, was determined to push his way to the front.

He thought he saw a vacant seat on the platform, and made for it.

"Would you mind shoving up a bit, missus?" he said to a quiet, homely-looking lady.

"No, no; you mustn't sit there," interposed the local clergyman; "that's the Bishop's wife."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Bishop, who had overheard the remark. "Squeeze up a bit, Mary."

Mrs. Moorhouse laughingly acquiesced, and the young bushman in many-colored attire sat by the side of the Bishop's wife throughout the lecture.

## A GOWN SEEN AT WEST POINT.

A pretty carriage toilet was seen at West Point, and the susceptible heart of the cadet succumbed at once and has been captive ever since. The gown that created such havoc in our army is of India silk, white, with dainty little moss rosebuds scattered here and there, and looking so natural that one is strongly inclined to pick them. There is a delicate odor of rose sachet pervading the whole dress that completes this illusion. The skirt has a deep flounce of Irish point embroidery, caught up at intervals by small bows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

The bodice has a V of white mull gathered very full at the neck and brought down to the waist line. The lower edge of the bodice has a narrow ruffle of Irish point embroidery. The sleeves are of mull; they are large and full, and are gathered into a deep cuff of the embroidery. The hat worn with this costume is a large, black Leghorn, covered with black ostrich feathers. Black suede shoes peep out beneath the gown. While outing gloves, stitched with black, cover two little hands that hold an immense white parasol.—New York Advertiser.

## A GOOD WORD FOR THE SAILOR HAT.

The little round sailor hat is after all the only durable and always presentable head gear for the watering places. A big Gainsborough may make one look demure, piquant and coquettish, but it gathers all the dust and sand and it is almost impossible to tie a veil around it; then if you are out sailing the wind gets under it; it plays havoc with the hair, either straightens it all out and makes you look heathenish or catches in the hairpins and draws the plaits out of shape. The dear little hat! It has

so many pleasant traits. Two heads can get in very small places with sailor hats on.—New York Recorder.

## THE HADJI SAID.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

The Hadji said, "If o'er my tomb  
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,  
And if with tears the spot should be  
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,  
My rest would be a blissful rest,  
And I would count the Hadji blest."

No roses deck the Hadji's grave—  
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—  
And never woman's eye grows dim  
In that strange land at thought of him;  
And yet, no doubt, the Hadji's rest  
Is quite as sweet as if his breast  
Were by a million roses prest,  
And woman made his grave her quest.

## TO KEEP ROSES OVER WINTER.

Take them up after a good hard frost and heel them in, in some protected place in the garden; lay them close together at an angle of about forty-five degrees, pack the earth closely around the roots, then cover the whole with newly fallen leaves to the depth of six inches; over the leaves lay some brush or throw over them sufficient earth to keep the leaves from being scattered by the wind. The following spring gradually uncover upon the approach of warm weather, and replant as soon as the soil is in proper condition.

## PRUNING THE GRAPE.

Cut the vine and bud higher than it is intended to have it grow, and rub off the bud just below the cut. A cut just above a bud must, in the dying back of the wood, injure that bud (the most important one left on the vine) for the coming year.

She.—"John, if I accept you, you will not object to mamma visiting us as much as she wishes to?"

He.—"Of course not, dear."

She.—"And of course papa may accompany her?"

He.—"Certainly."

She.—"And Bertie and Nellie may come too, for they are too young to be left alone?"

He.—"Of course."

She.—"And you will occasionally go off and spend a few weeks somewhere else, so it will be just like home used to be?"

He.—"Yes."

She.—"Well then, you may ask papa and mamma to help you select the ring."

Those who ought to know say that "he" has not been to see "her" since, and that is a year ago.

One degree meaner than the man who never gives up his seat to a lady in the train, is the fellow who bullies the small boy and tells him to stand up and let the lady sit down.

"How would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately."

"Perhaps so, father; but his hair is so red that—"

"True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."

Mistress.—"Jane, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture."

Jane.—"All right, mum. I'll pull down the blinds."



## PRETTY TO LOOK AT.

HOW A YOUNG LADY GOT THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR POULTRY.

One of our subscribers from southern Wisconsin recently called at the office. Among other things he said: "My seventeen-year-old daughter has quite an eye to business, and noting the very tidy and attractive style in which many articles of merchandise are put up nowadays, she concluded the scheme was applicable to many farm products as well, and when fitting a lot of poultry for market last winter she gave it a trial. She marketed forty dressed chickens during the last week in December, selling them through a Chicago commission house.

"The November lot was dry picked, drawn, and the skin of the neck tied with common string. They were then packed in the ordinary way in a barrel and shipped. The net returns were 8½ cents per pound. The December lot was from the same flock and no better or fatter; they were dressed precisely the same, but the neck skin was carefully trimmed with shears and tied with a cheap, narrow blue ribbon in a double bow knot. The feet were thoroughly cleaned, and each fowl placed in a sitting position, and when cold the same kind of ribbon was tied around the body, over the feet and wings, with a double bow knot on the back.

"She obtained a store box of sufficient size and planed off all lettering. A row of unbroken rye straw, the length of the height of the inside of the box was placed on end around the ends and sides about one and a half inches thick, with a layer of straw in the bottom. This was covered with fowl placed closely together with their backs up, a course of straight rye straw was put over these, followed by more birds, and so on until the box was full. The box was then shipped to the same firm, and the net returns was thirteen cents per pound, while the market quotations were quarter of a cent less per pound than in November. A letter accompanied the remittance saying it was the most attractive lot of dressed poultry ever seen in the market, and that one hundred boxes like it could have been sold in one hour."—Farm, Stock and Home.

"Doctor," said Sohker, "how would you treat a man who was subject to dipsomania?"

"I wouldn't treat him at all," replied the doctor, after a moment's consideration; "treating is the bane of our civilization."

And the applicant for the information paid the usual fee and left the consulting room.

Men may come and men may go; but for coming and going the servant girl has a record that never will be broken except by herself.

