HOUSEHOLD.

The Far - Song Bird.

You may talk about the music of the thrush,
Singing from a stry mook in June;
You may tell met win early moring's hush
Robins' throat-their melody attune;
You may even praise the chatter of the wren,
But to me the sweetest warbling in the world
Is the cut cut cut dawcut,
Cut or cut cut dawcut,
Cut out cut cut
Cut cut cut cut
Of the ordinary head

Of the ordinary hen!

I have naught against the bobolink to say,
Nor the blackbird's crazy quiverings;
I can listen quite enchanted all the day
If the oriole above me sings;
Gainst the nightingale I've not a single word,
But I claim there's no singing in the world,
Like the cut cut cut cutdawcut,
Cut cut cut cut dawcut,
Cut cut cut cut
Of our gallinaceous bird!

Of our gallinaceous bird!

Tis a pean and a promise all in one,
"Tis an invitation to a feast:
"Tis an invitation to a feast:
"Tis an honest bast of useful labor done,
And it tells of capital increased,
On, I praise no fancy bird with tongue or pen,
For to me the noblest music in the world
Is the ent cut ent outdaweut,
Cut cut eut cut daweut,
Cut cut cut cut cut
Cut cut cut cut
daweut

Of the common barnyard hen!

True, 'tis not a cultured operatic song,
Like the caged c mary shouts and trills.
But it often makes a city fellow long
For his boyhood back among the hills.
While he dreams he's barefoot, hunting e

To that most pathetic music in the world,
To that most pathetic music in the world,
To the cut ut cut cutdawcut,
Cut cut cut cut dawcut,
Cut cut cut cut
Cut cut cut cut
dawcut

his mother's speckled hen -[George Horton

Something Cheap in Shades.

The question of shades for windows is ten a serious one, where as is usually the often a serious one, where as is usually the case in the country, the windows are numerous and one has become so accustomed to the use of shades that they seem almost a necessity, not a luxury. A writer in the New York Ledger tells how this matter was managed when living not exactly sixty miles from a lemon but a good ways from any place. At the nearest point where such things could be purchased the price, \$1 a window, struck us so utterly unreasonable that we declined to disburse the necessary amount of cush, especially as there were romething like twenty-four windows in the building. The timely arrival of an ingenious friend helped us out amazingly. She had written to us that she was coming, and we wrote her the particulars of our dilemma about the shades. When she arrived she brought, among other luggage, a parcel with it was duly turned over to be the head of the family, with the laughing remark:

"There my dear are all the necessary supplies for your win lows and the bill is just three dollars and a half."

The parcel contained two dozen shade rollers with fixtures, a lot of fringe and some white muslin, the purpose of which we did not at first understand. The next day our case in the country, the windows are no

The parcel contained two dozen shade rollers with fixtures, a lot of fringe and some white muslin, the purpose of which we did not at first understand. The next day our friend went to work, measured the windows, sawed the rollers, and put up the fixtures. She then, with a very sharp shears cut the curtains of exactly the size required, out of the muslin and fastened them to the rollers with the smallest gimp tacks, which were also in the parcel. The hems of the curtains were finished, the fringe put on, and sticks put in. The curtains were then tacked to a cross beam in the garret, this being the most convenient place. They were fastened by sticks in the hems, very slender nails being driven through at each end and through the middle. The cloth was then saturated with starch, in which was dissolved some white glue, and weights were attached to the rollers. They were then allowed to dry without being touched. Having been cut by the threau and tacked so that the cloth feell in exactly perpendicular line, the curtains dried perfectly square; and when put up, rolled as easily as a holland, which they very closely resembled.

In large cities curtains are so inexpensive that it is scarcely worth while to take the trouble to make them, but in country districts or where goods are very high priced it pays excellently well to make the curtains at home. It is really very little work, requiring only careful attention co cutting of the cloth and sawing the sticks and a me-

On Apple Pudding.

An English apple-pudding is a wholesome and hearty dessert. It is properly made with a suet crust—not with the biscuit crust so mach used by American cooks. When will our cooks learn that a crust raised with baking-powder, puffy and light though it be, may pall upon the taste? It is served to us in dumplings with our soup, in potpie with our ragout, in our meat-pies as the crust (and a thick, clumsy crust it makes); it returns "gain, like a harlequin with his lightning changes, as a crust to our apple-puddings; and, alas! it is ever there sort of an incompetent jastry maker is a crust for apple-pie. A baking-powder rust may pall upon the taste if we have t served in each of six courses of a dinner. May not a new Talleyrand arise and tell is, with justice that we have 250 religious and but one crust? Yet a biscuit crust, raised with baking-powder, or its equivalent, soda and cream of tartar, seems to be she beginning and end of our cooks' knowedge on this matter.

the beginning and end of our cooks' knowedge on this matter.

An English suet-crust is wholesome, sconomical and by far the best crust to use a nan apple-pudding. To make it, use a quarter of a pound of firm beef-kidney suet; et it be ice-cold, then mince it fine. It is impossible to chop suet to a powder unless t is cold and hard. Add a heaping pint of pastry flour to the suet and half a teappoinful of salt. Rub the suet and flour together with the hands until they are thoroughly mixed. Wet up the dry ingredients with enough ice-cold water to be easily handled. Roll it out until it is something less than a quarter of an inch something less tha something less than a quarter of an inch thick. Butter a quart pudding-mould or Boston brown-bread tin and line it with this pastry, leaving about half an inch above the edge of the tim. Fill the crust with sliced sples. Tart, well-flavored apples should be chosen for this purpose. Add a little sugar to the apples and half a grated nutneg. Arrange a cover, dampen the edges and put it e2. Flour a thick cloth and trait are the top of the mould. Im-

merse the mould in boiling water to within an inch of the cover. The water should be boiling hard when the pudding is put in, and it should be brought back to the boiling point as soon as possible afterward. Let the pudding boil steadily for at least three hours. Serve it with a hard sauce flavored with nutmeg and, if you wish, with brandy.

This same suet-crust is very nice for baked apple dumplings. Roll out a piece of the crust until it is twelve inches wide by eighteen long, and out it into six square pieces. Core and peel six medium-sized tart apples. Rhode Island greenings are very nice for the purpose. Put a dash of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of sugar and a small bit of butter in the cavity of each apple, after placing it in the centre of one of the square pieces of crust. Moisten the edges of the dough and fold them firmly so as to enclose the apple. Brush over each of the dumplings with a little beaten egg and milk, if you wish to make them very glossy. Let them bake in a moderately hot oven for a half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve them with hard sause, like the boiled apple-pudding. The best rule for a hard sauce is: Half a cup of butter beaten to a cream (if it is salt butter it should be carefully washed to freshen it), a cup of sugar stirred in, and finally the unbeaten white of an egg. Stir all together till it is very light and white. Add a tablespoonful of wine or brandy, if you like, and half a nutmeg, grated fine. If you wish, you can arrange the hard sauce in a beehive shape when it comes to the table. This is the old-fashioned way of arranging this sauce, and it will be found quite attractive. same suet-crust is very nice for baked

The Road to Fortune.

Dame Fortune's eastle, great and grand, Upon a mighty hill doth stand, Yet she invites on every hand All who may care to come; The rich and po'r from every land Shall have her'' welcome home."

3 i ere you reach her castle wall,
Or sup within her banquet hall,
A host of foes must die or fall
Beneath your conquering hand,
For nought but men of worth e'er shall
Within her port 1 stand.

The first great foe that must be s'ain
Is Indolence, who with his chain
Will seek to hold you in the plain,
To stop your bold ascent;
But lift your sword, cleave him in twain,
Hait not, nor once relent.

Then Pleasure with inviting smile
May your unwary heart beguile,
And from the upward pa h to wile
The weak, unsteady feet,
But man thyself in noble style
And with contempt her treat.

Then as you climb the rocky steep.
And fear such lonely paths to keep.
A dangerous foe will near you cree.
To pierce you from behind
'Tis sly Timidity—but leap
The higher up and safety find. And as you seem to upward rise, And these ignoble foes despise, Then worldiv Hate with envious eyes Will use its utmost skill To rob 1 ou of your well-won prize, But press on dauntiess still.

These are a few of deadly foes
Who do th' aspiri...g heart oppose,
But many more will round you close
To drag you to the earth;
Who s ays them all but c'arly shows
That he's a man of wor h.

tricts or where goods are very high priced it pays excellently well to make the curtains at home. It is really very little work, requiring only careful attention to cutting of the cloth and sawing the sticks and a mechanical eye to put the fixture up straight. Some home-made curtains have been so neatly finished that the casual observer would never imagine them other than the work of a professional. Fine heavy sheeting, "Pride of the West, or even cambric, makes extremely retty shades if carefully managed. Fringe or any other desired finish may bused, and will add greatly to the neatness of the job. A fine quality of size may be used instead of starch and glue, but must be very carefully a piled and permitted to become thoroughly dry before using.

Un Apple Pudding.

An English apple-pudding is a wholesome and hearty dessert. It is properly made than the besonit crust.

The properly made and permitted to be come and hearty dessert. It is properly made the fifty-five above, with the dampness, was more searching and uncomfortable than more and made to the containing bitterly of the cold. He said than here fifteen degrees above zero or even than the biscuit crust. When thirty-five below in Dakota

Corsica, which has always been a favorite home of the brigands, is (says the D ily Telegraph) keeping up its reputation. The wails of the Court house at Bastia are just wails of the Court-house at Bastia are just now adorned with a notice calling upon Giacomo and Antonio Borelli better known as Bellacoscia, to surrender to justice for the purpose of being executed, in accordance with a sentence of death recently passed upon them in default. On this occasion the brigands were tried for having sought to kill six gendarmes. Death sentences, however, are an ordinary occurrence in the lives of M M Borelli, for each of them has been condemned to capital punishment six times already, and to capital punishment six times already, and so long as they are very careful that they do not go by default-there seems no reason why they should not be condemned to the guillotine many times more.

A Winter Song.

The soft snow whirls like a ring-dove s feather.
That is tossed and blown by the breath of May: An ley hand holds the brook in tether, The sad wind dirges the passing day; But you, love, and I, love, happy togeth Laugh though the skies be gray.

Mirth and joy are the draughts we mingle, And pledge King Winter a lusty rolgn; We pile the loge on the roar ig ingle, We tune the lute to a lover's strain, And marry song to the strings and tingle With never a nete of pain,

They say that May is the month for mating When the leaves broak and the songst We wish all well in their weary waiting For the pied-green meads and the arching blue; But there's life and love in these airs elating, And this is the time for two! —[Clinton Scollard.

THE PROFESSOR'S SKELETON.

"that is not work for your fingers. Where is papa, that he can't?"

"Hush! He's counting up the boxes. You know it takes a man"

"Oh yes; I know all about that," laughed Mary, finishing the refractory straps herself. "Now, mother, we will just go and put ourselves into the first cab, and leave the "man" to wind up any way that pleases him."

save the "man" to white applicates him."
She swept her mother out of the chaos, past the energetic trofessor—who was expounding the first principles of leverage to a sulky porter—into the roomiest cab, whence they looked out at the rest of the

whence they looked out at the rest of the performance with rather malicious satisfaction on Mary's part.

It came to an end at last. The Professor, with his hands under his coat-tails, looking not at all unlike a dignified bantam cock, strutted round the various rooms, turned the key in the front door with his own hand, and descended the steps. One foot in the cab he paused and looked searchingly at his wife. "Isabella, where was my study coat packed?"

THE PROFESSORS SKELETON.

The Professor was a good man, a man of unimpscalable character and reputations and who had never been known to make a mistake, and also a man who was thoroughly aware of the fact. So much for himself, For his abilities—he know his work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far a do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and to do it, he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far and the convenient of the likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and as far and the likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and as far and the likewise him of the like

Mr. Grierson gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "Phew! if that's the plight your servants leave behind them, I'd make a clear sweep of them, every one. Why, the place might have been burned down three time

"It was I who left it," gasped the convicted master, "not the servants."
"O-h!"
"I wouldn'thave had it happen for ten—twenty—fifty pounds," pa ted the Professor. "I have always been so particular about anything of that kind, and now"—He broke off with a groan that expressed more than words.

He broke off with a groan that expressed more than words.

Mr. Grierson made no comment; he did not feel called upon to express any sympathy—it was hardly to be expected of him. The Professor might be great in metaphysics, but in a practical emergency he was nowhere. As far as John Grierson could perceive, they were likely to spend the rest of the evening gazing at the sonty scene.

"You are going back by the six train, I suppose?" he remarked entatively.

"How can I go back with a house like this?" demar ded the Professor. "I shall never hear the last of it. Look at Mrs. Dow's cloak; I was to have taken it back with me." He lifted the edge of the garment as he spoke—the fur-lining might have been composed of black fringe, for any colour that could be seen.

Mr. Grierson shook his head discouraging.

best composed of black fringe, for any colour that could be seen.

Mr. Grierson shook his head discouraging-iy "I'm afraid Mrs. Dow will never put that

"I matraid Mrs. Dow will never put that on again."

"I never had a misfortune like this in my life before," wailed her unhappy husband.

"I'd almost as soon the whole place had caught fire."

Mr. Grierson shook his head a second

minute or two."

"Then perhaps you will allow me to wait for you? I have several other things to speak to you about."

Very reluctantly, the Professor gave way the had the instincts of a gentleman, and could hardly decline as gentleman, and to compare the message verbatim. He knew that that there had for the message verbatim. He knew that that there was an excellent as gentleman, and to compare the message verbatim. He knew that that there was the unit of the present generation—it was the unit and unpunished. Novertheless, the message verbatim. He knew that that there was an undiscovered and unpunished. Novertheless, there have been many exceptions recorded. The passage deleton is one of them had extended the negotion that there was any there had for any or gentleman and the tire of the passage deleton is one of them had the professor in the only of quiet dust have gathered undisturbed about it, in

the Tables on a Baptist Parson.

At a recent banquet in this city there was a neat bit of repartee between two of the after-dinner speakers. which was greatly appreciated by those about the feative board. The first speaker was a State official and member of the Baptist Church, who evidently placed but a small estimate upon his powers of entertaining, as he told the company he would talk simply to save them from the worse fate of listening to the next speaker.

To illustrate his position he related a story of a party of lynchers who had harged

speaker.

To illustrate his position he related a story of a party of lynchers who had harged a man and were afterward greatly concerned about breaking the news gently to the widow. After casting about for some time as to the best means of conveying the intelligence they had decided upon writing the following note:

"Dear Madam: We have this day saved your husband from drowning."

"And so, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "in my holding the floor to-night, though my speech may be an uninteresting and a boring one, I may still be saving you from the worse fate of drowning at the hands of the speaker who is to follow me."

The company laughed and wondered what the next speaker would say to this goodnatured reflection on his power of eloribece.

natured reflection on his power of elo-questions. It happened that the following speaker was a Methodist minister, and as he rose to respond to his toat he neatly turned the point against his predecessor by remarking: "Gentlemen, as I am not a minister or the Baptist Church and consequently do not practice immersion, there is no fear of any attempt on my part to drown you."—[Boston Herald.

And the state of t