

A BABY'S DEATH.

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?
Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heaven lent through
To lighten earth from paradise?
No storm we know may change the blue
Soft heaven that haply death descends;
No tears like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.
Angel by name love called him, seeing so
fair
The sweet small frame;
Meet to be called, if ever man's child were,
Angel by name.
Rose-bright and warm from heaven's own
heart he came,
The cloud that covers earth's wan face with
shame.
His little light of life was all too rare
And soft a flame;
Heaven yearned for him till angels hailed
him there
Angel by name.

A School-Girl's Stratagem.

"Oh, dear, Sophie, I'm tired to death of this monotonous, treadmill existence! I shall positively die if I don't have something to stir me up," said a young boarding-school miss, as she flung herself on the bed. "Ain't you sick of such a life?"
"Sick unto death," answered a young girl who was combing her beautiful light hair before the mirror. "Oh, for one evening in society!"
"Oh, for a sly flirtation
Beneath the light of a chandelier,
With music in the pauses,
And no watchful teacher near!"
sang Emma.
"Yes! society and flirtations, with such strict rules and watchful teachers, are things we may dream of but not enjoy."
"It is six months since I have had a chat with a gentleman."
"And so much lo, ger than that, I have forgotten my reckoning entirely. I declare I shall forget how to converse."
"If we only had a more agreeable physician I would have a fit of illness, just by way of variation. What do you say to it?"
"Capital!" said Emma, "only that old Dr. Hill, with his cracked voice and creaky boots, is so cross I can't endure him. I wish Miss Curtis would employ his nephew, young Dr. Wheeler."
"Catch her doing that! If I had any hopes of it I would be sick on the instant."
"Oh, Sophie!" said Emma the next day; "I have capital news for your private ear."
"A secret? Oh, hurry up! I'm dying with impatience!"
"Yes, but as you value your life, don't let Miss Curtis hear of it."
"A peaceful caution, truly; I'll run and tell her directly."
"No you won't! Now listen—Dr. Hill has left town for two weeks, so that his nephew may get into practice. No one is to know of it, and when Dr. A. is sent for, Dr. W. is to respond, and by his skill and address induce patients to send for him next time."
"Oh, Emma! I feel so ill," said Sophie, leaning her head on her hand.
"What is it, dear? How pale you are," said Emma, as she flew to her side.
"Ha, ha, ha! I was only practicing; do you think Miss Curtis could be taken in that way?"
"Yes, indeed! only try."
"Well, but you must follow suit."
"Certainly, but you shall have the honor of being first attacked."
"Ding, ding, went the tea bell, and the young misses skipped along the passage to the dining hall, followed more slowly by maids and teachers.
"Miss Sophie, will you have milk or tea to-night?" There was no answer and the question was repeated, when Sophie lifted her hands to her head and said, "I wish nothing, may I leave the table?"
"Are you sick?" "Not much" was the truthful answer as she walked slowly from the room. "She looked pale," remarked one of the teachers. "May I go with her?" asked Emma, half-rising.
"Miss C. answered by requesting one of the servants to assist Miss Sophie to bed and ask if she could be of any assistance. After tea all the girls flocked to Sophie's room but she was too weak to talk to them, so they were all put out of the room, and Miss C. kissed Sophie good night, with the pleasant assurance that if she was no better in the morning, Dr. Hill should be sent for. After the door closed behind the good lady Sophie said, "Oh Emma, I did want a piece of cake I saw on the table."
"Well, for once I read your heart," said Emma, drawing a slice of the cake from her pocket. "I took it while Miss C. was returning thanks for what we had eaten, though not for what I had stolen I presume." The next morning Sophie was no better, and as she was able to exercise self denial far enough to decline breakfast, Dr. Hill was sent for. What a flutter the intelligence caused in the girls' room. "Do, Emma, arrange my hair becomingly and make me look interesting, and bring me one of my embroidered handkerchiefs, and place my flask of Eau de Rose here on the rest table; and by the way please get from the lower bureau drawer my New Bible with the purple velvet cover and gold clasps."
"Why, you don't want to impress him with a sense of your piety do you?"
"No! but the purple and gold makes my hand look so fair in contrast." In a few moments all was satisfactorily arranged, but not without bringing a flush to Sophie's face, which was deepened by hearing a gentleman's step on the stairs. "She has a fine color," remarked the physician. "She was very pale when I left her a half an hour ago. That spot has come there within a few minutes," said Emma. "Oh dear! it must be fever." Of course it was necessary for the young and handsome physician to feel his patient's pulse. "Some flutterings of the pulse," he said, and leaving a harmless prescription left, promising to call the

next day. "Do you really think she is ill?" asked Mrs. C. "A few hours will determine" answered the doctor; "there is fever in the village."
"Let me see the symptoms"—mused the doctor, but he never got any farther than that. Could she be shamming! Hardly, thought he, for they had no idea uncle was out of town, and she must know it would be difficult to take him in. "If I had known Dr. Hill was away I would not have sent there," said Miss C. in a vexed tone. "I don't like this handsome young doctor coming here in the school, it will make talk I know. I hope she won't need many visits."
"Didn't I carry it on well Em? It is time you were attacked; misery loves company you know." "Well, I will come up from my music in a very bad way" said Emma. The next time the doctor called he had two patients to prescribe for. It was said throughout the school, "Em is sick from sympathy with Sophie." "What peevish were we Em," said Sophie, as she munched a crust of dry toast, "not to have laid in a stock of edibles for this occasion. I am nearly starved. I do believe I could eat a pound of beefsteak and a whole pudding." "So could I, and I guess if we promise to make Rosa's doll a new dress, maybe we can bribe her to get us some. Let's make out a 'bill of larder.' What say you to sardines?" "I'd rather have pickled oysters." "Well, we'll have both, and fruit cake, tarts and maccaroons."
The little girls were easily persuaded to execute the commission and "not to tell." The next time the doctor came it was not surprising that his patients had a good deal of fever, and an appearance about the eyes of a disordered state of the system. "They have eaten nothing but dry toast," said Miss C. in answer to his query. But the doctor saw a flush on the faces of the girls as she spoke, and began to get an inkling of how matters stood for his sister Kate had been an inmate of a boarding-school and let him into some of the secrets of that life, and when Emma said in a low tone that her "worst feelings were about the middle of the afternoon," he told her he would call in at that time. Though he knew that was the hour Miss C. always walked.
"Sophy, they say he is very fond of music. I'll tell Jane to get my guitar. I shall look so interesting with one hand on it, and I will be literary and have my little gem of a writing case by me, holding my gold pen in my hand. There isn't that comme il faut?" "Perfectly! how glad I am Miss C.—is out of the way we will have such a nice time!" "Did you call me my dears?" said the good lady very gently as she stood in the half open door.
They were so sure she had gone out they had thrown off all restraint, forgetting the door had been left open. She understood all their symptoms now as well as their doctor did. "Oh! haven't I done my duty by them?" thought the good lady, and she hastened to the throne of grace to implore wisdom to guide their right so that their tastes for flirtations would give place to higher enjoyments.
The doctor paused just inside the door and gazed with surprise and amusement upon the tableau presented to him. Lovely indeed looked those young girls in the subdued light. One with her rich dark ringlets, and long lashes resting on her cheek, and her lovely hand on the strings of the guitar, as if she longed to draw melody from its chords. The other with her silky bands of light hair pushed back from her alabaster brow, one small hand pressed against the blue veins of her temple, as if to check the rapid flow of thought, while the glittering gold pen in her snowy fingers glided over the paper before her. "I suppose I may advance and examine the picture more closely, though in tableaux we are not usually allowed to do so," he said at last. "I hope my fair patients are not suffering much pain," he added with a smile. While he despised their maneuvering, he could not help his vanity being flattered by the recollection "all this trouble was taken for me." He felt that politeness required him to make the visit agreeable to the girls. So after rallying the one about writing poetry, insisting that he had seen verses in print ascribed to her, and entreating that he might be permitted to see the effusion; he next made music his theme, declaring he loved the guitar better than any other, as it harmonized so perfectly with the female voice. Then he besought her for a little music. At first she affirmed she was too weak to play, but he pleaded insinuatingly, so she consented to give him just one song. But her voice and hand both gathered strength as she went on and the concert was prolonged for nearly an hour. Thanking them politely, for the entertainment they had afforded him, he bowed himself out of the room.
Miss Curtis met him in the hall. "Your patients seem to be getting along very well, Doctor," said—then a meaningful smile was exchanged. "Yes, madam, by to-morrow they will probably be able to resume their places in school."
"Then you think they need no more visits? Very well, sir, make out your bill and send it in at any time."
When old Dr. Hill returned and questioned his nephew about the patients he had attended during his absence, he laughed heartily when he told of his visits to the young girls, and exclaimed, "you may depend upon it those girls knew of my absence, for they would not have risked passing themselves off for sick upon such a cross old curmudgeon as I am." This was certainly very flattering to the young physician. "Now they have had their amusement," said the uncle, "I would amuse myself by frightening them a little." "How so?" "Why by bringing in an immense bill for attendance. Let the girls have their fun without paying for it." "You can return the money again you know, but I would certainly have a little sport out of it."
Finding his nephew inexorable, he undertook the business himself stating that Dr. Wheeler had only been acting as his agent, and sent in a bill of so large an amount that the girls were quite dismayed. "Illness is expensive," remarked Miss C.—significantly as she saw their looks of blank astonishment.
"I shall have to do without ever so many things I wanted," said Sophie to her friend. "So shall I," said Emma. They did not dream that the money was safe in Miss Curtis's possession to be re-

turned to them at the close of the term. Amid their surprise at having it thus refunded, they said, "Well, one good result of the affair is, that we have learned how to practice economy. I should have spent every cent of this money, if I had had it, and be no better off than I am now."
Sophie and Emma are women now and too high minded to stoop to either flirtations or artifice; and while they cannot recall that event to their girlhood without a blush of their own folly, they have sportively named it their "first lesson in economy."
MINNEHAHA.

HOW TO GET ON AT COURT.

The Oddities of Etiquette at Madrid, Berlin and St. Petersburg.
An old custom of the Spanish court requires that when a baby is born in the royal family it shall be officially announced that a "vigorous" infant has come into the world. The queen of Spain having become the mother of a sickly child, which lived only two hours, the court journal chronicled the birth and death in the usual way: "Her majesty was delivered at 3 o'clock of a vigorous infant, who died at 5." The Epoca of Madrid lately reported that the town council of Seville, having had an interview with Alfonso XII., "kissed the feet of his Majesty and withdrew." It is not to be supposed that the councilors actually went down on all fours and kissed the king's boots as if he were the pope; but etiquette demanded that they should be said to have done so, because a town council does not stand on the same level of dignity as the Cortes, whose members are supposed to kiss hands when they take leave. The three letters B. S. P. (besos sus pies), which mean, "I kiss your feet," are still used by gentlemen in Spain when signing letters addressed to ladies, and by subjects to their king. The letters B. S. M. (besos sus manos), which are used by gentlemen to men, and by ladies to ladies, would seem too cavalier from a gentleman to a lady and downright impertinence from a subject to his sovereign.
One of the chief reasons of the duke d'Acosta's unpopularity during the brief reign which he closed with a voluntary abdication, was that he would take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the court, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as "Senor Caballero." He one day told a muleteer, with whom he stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling sun, to put on his hat; forgetting that by the fact of ordering a subject to cover himself in a royal presence, he created him a grandee. Marshal Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the muleteer's headress out of his hand, and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer, who was mortally offended, spurned the money and a few days later when Prim was assassinated, a rumor was circulated that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed being a grandee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular as tu. Happily the man was an Italian; for, as a court chamberlain represented to his majesty, a Spaniard spoken to with this familiarity might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him cousin—that is, had ennobled him. Another thing that the much worried Italian prince had to learn was that a Spanish king must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but simply write Yo el Rey ("I the King").
Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser ones in proper respect. Prince Bismarck, when a boy, was rebuked by his father for speaking of the King as "Fritz." "Learn to speak reverently of His Majesty," said the old Squire of Varzin, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration." Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great Chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the Emperor by words of mouth or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian court, it is the practice for the state dignitaries to form a candle procession—that is to say, that Ministers, Chamberlains, High Stewards take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bridegroom round the ball-room, where guests are assembled, and thence into the throne room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the Chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of Prince and Highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle procession, and court gossips quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in a semi-menial ceremony. The truth was however, that the chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout, and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all aspersions by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers.
Prince Gortchakoff was always equally careful to observe the minutest points of etiquette in relation to the late czar and the imperial family. Lord Dufferin asking him whether the emperor's cold was better, was rather startled to hear him answer in a reverent voice, with his head bent and his eyes half closed, "His majesty has deigned to feel a little better this morning." The Duke de Morny said of Gortchakoff that he seemed to purr when he talked of any creature at court, "even of the grand Duchess Olga's monkey." But possibly this imperturbable obsequiousness is appreciated by the rulers of this earth, for Gortchakoff remained prime minister throughout the whole of the emperor's reign.—Chambers' Journal.

Gen. Prendergast, captain general of Cuba has resigned owing to ill health. Gen. Chinchilla, vice captain general, has also resigned. Gen. Castillo has been appointed Gen. Prendergast's successor.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Farming Items.

Many of the most beautiful figures in Holy Writ are taken from rural life. An instance: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside still waters."
Trees for transplanting from the forest should be selected, so far as possible, standing apart from the others. In raising them from the seed care must be exercised to gather and plant the seeds at the right time. It is impossible to specify the time for sowing all kinds of tree seeds, but the general rule is to sow them soon after they are ripe.
Every additional cow, well fed, puts \$10 worth of fertility per annum on the farm, besides what she puts in her owner's pocket. Cows have been around 6,000 years or more, and never disappointed a liberal and humane owner in any country.
Turkeys are troubled with rheumatism, caused by allowing them to run out in the wet grass while the dew is on in the morning or during rainy weather. Give them a warm dry room in which to sleep; feed in the morning with a little wheat, chopped meat, and vegetables, and then let them out after the grass and ground are dry, not before eight or nine o'clock.
Professor Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, said in a recent address: Early maturity for meat product is essential to fullest success. I have from personal experience abundant data showing that the law is that the older and larger an animal the more food it requires to make a pound of growth. This law is as immutable as those that hold the spheres in their courses. It has been said to me that it is cheaper to make a pound of growth on an 18-month-old pig than in a younger one. That man that keeps a pig beyond eight months makes pork at a greater cost than necessary, and if kept until eleven months, at say 20 per cent. of more beyond what is necessary.

Cookery

A Delicious Chocolate Pudding is made of one quart of milk, three ounces of chocolate, six eggs, one cup of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla; boil the milk and stir in the grated chocolate. When this is dissolved, take from the fire and stir in the beaten yolks of six eggs; then add the sugar and vanilla. Bake in a pudding dish for half an hour and make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, with three teaspoonfuls of sugar beaten with them.

GOOSEBERRY PANCAKES.—Melt some butter in a frying-pan, put in one quart of gooseberries, fry them until tender and mash them; beat six yolks of eggs and three whites, sugar to taste, four spoonfuls of cream, four large spoonfuls of bread crumbs, and eight spoonfuls of flour; mix all together, then put to them the cooked green gooseberries and set them in a saucepan on the fire to thicken; fry in fresh butter and sift sugar over.

BOILED LETTUCE.—Lettuce, boiled, makes a good dish. Cook and serve as you do spinach. A small piece of bacon boiled with it is a good seasoning. When the lettuce has grown a little rank and is not quite crisp enough to serve as salad, it may be prepared in this way, and make an agreeable and wholesome dish.

MERINGUES.—Which are pretty to serve with cake at a summer evening entertainment, are made after this receipt: To one pound of pulverized sugar allow the beaten whites of eight eggs; beat the sugar and eggs slowly together; sift a little sugar over a sheet of thick white paper, and drop from a spoon the mixture of sugar and egg upon it. A tablespoon evenly full will make the proper size and shape. Allow about two inches of space between them. Have the oven so hot that they will bake with the door left open, so that you can watch them; the moment they are browned take them out. If you choose to take the trouble, remove the soft inside, and fill with cream or with red jelly. A deep platter with whipped cream in the center and the meringues around the edge is a handsome ornament for the table.

Making Good Butter.

Butter is finished in the dairy, but not made there. The stamp of the dairywoman puts the gold in market form; but the work must be commenced in the field or the feeding stables; and this leads at once to the consideration of feeding for butter. During the early summer months, when nature is profuse of favors, there is little to be done beyond accepting her bounty. The tender grasses are full of the needed nutrition, and they afford the constant supply of moisture, without which the secretion of milk is greatly lessened. Yet at this season, as well as others, a pure supply of water is absolutely necessary. It does not meet the requirement if cattle have a wet hole full of surface drainage in the pasture, or a frog pond. While it is not probable that tadpoles and wigglers, sometimes found in city milk, have been drunk by the thirsty cow, many infusions do exist in such pools that are hardly eliminated or rendered entirely harmless by the wonderful milk secretions of the animal. The cattle should drink from spring-fed boxes; and as often as these, under the hot sun are seen to produce green growth or floating scum, a pail of coarse salt may be put in, and the current checked until the fresh water growths are killed; the salt water is then drawn off, and for a long time the trough will remain pure and the water bright.—Breeder's Gazette.

Sorghum and Sugar Beets.

The cultivation of sorghum and sugar beets is to be encouraged in Massachusetts through the offering of a bounty by the state of \$1 per ton for all varieties of sugar beets or sorghum raised and used within the Commonwealth in the manu-

facture of sugar. This bounty of \$1 per ton on the raw material is to continue for three years, and it is thought by that time that the industry will become so thoroughly established that it can succeed without further aid from the state. Sorghum will thrive wherever corn will grow, and we can see no good reason why all the sugar required for use in this country cannot be made here out of this plant. Of course, the process of manufacture now in vogue is rather crude and unsatisfactory, but it will no doubt be greatly improved as the culture of sorghum extends. We have more confidence in sorghum than in beets, because the plant can be raised at less cost of labor.—New York Sun.

Superior Cucumber Pickles.

To every five gallons of strong vinegar add a pint of pure alcohol, a lump of alum the size of a small walnut, and a handful each, of ground or pounded pepper, cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Pepper alone may be used if preferred, or the spices may be omitted altogether, but they add greatly to the flavor of the pickles. A few pieces of horseradish are also an improvement. The alum must not be omitted as it hardens the pickles. Put the cucumbers right in the barrel, k. g. or crock, containing the prepared vinegar each day, as they are gathered. If necessary to wash them do not rub them. Lay a board on them with sufficient weight to keep the pickles under the vinegar, and allow no scum to form. Cucumbers should be cut late in the evening, or early in the morning, and handled carefully. Tender string beans and radish pods, green tomatoes, and plums that are almost ripe but not soft, may also be put in the same vinegar with the cucumbers, and they will make excellent pickles. Peaches, pears, cherries, onions, etc., might be prepared in the same way; but I have never tried them. If good cider vinegar is not to be had, make vinegar of syrup, allowing one gallon to three or four of water. The pickles are soon ready for use. We always follow the above mode and many have declared our pickles the best they ever tasted.—Rural New Yorker.

The Prince of Strawberries.

Since the strawberry season opened in the south and west there has been considerable discussion among the cultivators of this fruit as to the best varieties for market. Thus far the old Wilson's Albany appears to have the greatest number of friends, and a correspondent of the Rural World, writing from Arkansas, calls it the "Prince of strawberries," and further says that "its brilliant color, even shape, and firm texture—giving it good ripening qualities—are all in its favor, and make it emphatically the strawberry for the masses, and throughout the states of Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, its hold on the great growers of berries is stronger than ever; so much so that the fancy varieties are being dropped, and more Wilson planted than ever." This is a strong recommendation for a strawberry that has been in cultivation for nearly or quite a quarter of a century, but we are inclined to think that it is none too strong, and that this old variety is worthy of all the praise it has received. Its advent in our eastern states gave an impetus to strawberry culture such as it never before received or is likely to see again for many years to come.—New York Sun.

Women's Training School.

There is in St. Louis an institution called the woman's training school, in which all useful as well as ornamental domestic work is taught. On one day lessons are given in the cooking of broiled mutton chops, fried cauliflower, raspberry trifle, and chocolate cake. The next day the lessons is in roast beef, baked Irish potatoes, rice custard, and white cake. This is followed by cooking lessons in broiled fish, with egg sauce, stewed cabbage, orange custard, and sponge cake. Lessons are also given in cutting goods for clothing, and sewing in ornamental needle-work and the work known as Kensington. The institution is very flourishing. This is a very valuable and commendable innovation, and it is hoped that the example will be imitated in other parts of the country.

"The Nose of Madame."

Mrs. Fred Burnaby, wife of the English officer whose "Ride to Khiva" is memorable, has been sojourning among the high Alps during the winter, mountain-climbing in search of health. Though on the borders of consumption, she found the pure air of the high mountains so beneficial that she now favors cold rather than heat as a cure for that terrible disease. Among her adventures while crossing a mountain one bitter cold day, was that of freezing her nose, which she thus describes:
As we ascended, the cold grew more and more penetrating, and the wind seemed turning to a positive gale. Still we walked upward. As we were talking, I saw Michel's eyes opening to their widest extent.
"The nose of madam! the nose of madam!" he screamed, and to my astonishment, every one began rubbing my poor nose with all their force.
"What is the matter?" I asked.
"Rub! rub hard!" was all the answer I got.
Presently the amount of rubbing which it received seemed to satisfy them, for Cupedon exclaimed, "Oh, it is beautiful now!"
"Beautiful! What do you mean?" I inquired.
"Yes," answered my guide; "it's now quite black!"
At length they enlightened me. It seemed that my nose had got frost-bitten; that its turning white was the first sign of the catastrophe, and getting black afterwards showed that it was cured. I felt no pain, owing to the intense cold, when it came to, but it burnt as if held before a fire for several days after.
Atlanta people own at least twenty silver mines in Mexico, all believe to be very productive.