

THE WIFE'S STORY.

From the Waverly Magazine. At eighteen I was married, and my husband was an author. I wonder if all the readers who linger entranced over the pages of books and the columns of newspapers have any idea of the thought, the toil, with which these creations of the brain are wrought out? I never had before I became John's wife. "What could John Everett have seen to admire in me?" I have often since asked myself. But he did love me truly, and after my childish fashion I loved him. "John, the Morgans and Miss White are going to Saratoga for a month—can't I go too?" My husband looked up from his papers in surprise. "To Saratoga, Belle? I thought we had concluded to spend such a quiet summer together here?" I shrugged my shoulders. "It's so awfully stupid here, all by ourselves," said I, "like a modern edition of Darby and Joan."

me to myself, free to examine the mysteries of my heart! I could not believe it. John false and fickle? John sunning himself in the light of his old love's smiles while I was away? And yet how strongly all the circumstances seem to point to it! I flung my things into my trunk with reckless haste, determined to return home at once and accuse John of his wickedness. Again and again as the train flew over the rails I rehearsed to myself the scornful speeches I would make, the cutting conceit with which I would tell him that henceforth we could be nothing more than strangers to each other. But it all ended in a burst of tears. If John was faithless, my love, my demi-god in whom could I believe? It was 9 o'clock at night when at last I stood on the steps at my own door. The servant stared at me in a bewildered way. "Master wasn't expectin' of you, ma'am," she said, "and—"

KIP VAN WINKLE.

How It Was Visited by the Dramatic Creator of the Character—Jefferson's Intention. New York Letter in the Utica Observer. Joseph Jefferson has within a few days visited, for the first time in his life, the gorge which Irving located the tale of "Rip Van Winkle." It reaches up from the plain very picturesquely between two of the Catskill mountains. A creek creeps and trickles down between boulders and over pebbles; the slopes are wooded and the precipices mossed; the meager description which Irving made of the scene of his legend strikes the visitor as wretchedly inadequate. There is an inn here in Sleepy Hollow, and the owner was foolish enough not to build it in an old-fashioned style, or stick moss on it, or even hang a weather-beaten sign from it. What he did was to erect a stiff, white house, and let it look brand new. It wasn't his conscience that prevented him from counterfeiting a colonial tavern and swearing that it was an antique. He has got the idea that Rip Van Winkle, and he points out the spots where the lovable sot encountered the keg-laden dwarf, where he saw the old fellows play ten pins and where he lay during his long sleep. He has seen Jefferson act Rip, but he did not recognize the actor in the close shaven, venerable old man, who came with others to look at the place. He mistook him for a minister, as a yobody might easily do, and was agreeably surprised to see him drink a glass of beer. The gorge did not seem to greatly interest the man who has made fame and fortune out of his legend. He has grown tired of the "Rip Van Winkle" play and rather resentful toward it, because he thinks that his success in it has obscured his versatility. "I am going to New York to open a new theater with the old drama," he said, "and I heartily wish that I may never undertake to play the rest of the season altogether in other pieces. I asked him if playing one character almost exclusively and continuously for many years did not blunt his conceptions concerning it, so that he found it somewhat difficult to know whether he was acting properly or not. "That's hard y true," he replied, "and yet the performance of it has part long ago ceased to be anything but the most perfunctory task, almost mechanical. Still, I am told that there is no perceptible difference between the character as I present it now and as I did twenty years ago."

HOUSE AND FARM.

The Housewife's Recipes. In using ground spices to them in muslin bags allowing one or two bags to each jar of pickles. Har-b-illed eggs pressed with chicken or veal add to the relish and the appearance also of these dishes when cut in slices. Pains must be taken not to press the eggs out of shape. This is an excellent recipe for Graham gems and differs from any before given: One cup of Graham flour, one cup of fine flour, two eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Have the gem pans hot, and twenty minutes will be long enough to bake them. INDIAN SUET PUDDING.—One-half pound suet, chopped fine; one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, teaspoonful ground cloves, teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or copped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce. HOW TO COOK CORN.—Green corn, as a rule, is cooked too much. Young, juicy ears do not require more than ten minutes boiling, for they grow hard instead of tender by excessive cooking. Leave the inner husks on, but strip off the silk and put them into boiling water slightly salted. Remove the husks before sending to the table, and serve wrapped in a napkin. POTATO EGGS.—Mash five or six well-boiled potatoes, add salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cup of cream; work well, and when quite free from lumps, add two well-beaten eggs and a cup of finely-minced ham. Make the mixture into egg-shaped balls, roll in flour and fry in good dripping, turning them carefully not to spoil the shape. Pour over a parsley sauce and serve. POTATO FRITTERS.—Burst open four nicely baked potatoes; scoop out the insides with a spoon and mix with them a wineglass of cream, a tablespoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, the juice of one lemon and three well-beaten eggs; beat the batter several minutes, or until it is quite smooth, and drop in large tablespoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat and fry a light brown; send powdered sugar over them and dust to the table on a hot dish. PICKLED GRAPES.—Take ripe grapes; removed imperfect and broken ones. Line an earthen jar with grape leaves. To two quarts of vinegar allow one pint of white sugar, half an ounce of ground cinnamon and a quarter of an ounce of cloves. Let the vinegar and spices boil for five minutes; then add the sugar. Let it come to a boil and when cold pour over the grapes. If poured on while hot it shrivels them, even if it does not break the skin and spoil the appearance of the pickles. PICKLED WALNUTS.—They must be gathered when green and soft enough to stick with a needle. Keep them in salt and water for four weeks. Drain them thoroughly, and lay in vinegar just enough to cover them for a few days. For one hundred walnuts boil an ounce of cloves, an ounce of allspice, and some chopped horseradish in a bag, with this vinegar that has steeped the walnuts. Add some fresh vinegar, just scalded, so as not to lose its strength. Pour over the walnuts in a stone jar, and tie up with flannel and oiled paper when cold. MARBLED CAKE.—One cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar beaten to a cream. Stir in four well-beaten eggs and one cupful of milk; stir two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three cups of flour; beat in well with the creamed butter. Dissolve a large spoonful of chocolate with a little cream and mix with a cupful of the batter, cover the bottom of a pan with the batter and drop upon it in two or three places a spoonful of the chocolate, forming rings, and then another layer of the batter, and so on until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven. Miscellaneous Farm Items. Pear trees come into bearing after planting sooner than apple trees, and annual crops are more certain with the usual treatment that both crops get. Generally, too, the pears bring the best prices. According to Secretary Chamberlain's September report, apples in Ohio figure as a quarter crop. Before planting a pear orchard take careful counsel as to the varieties. Too many sorts has been the cause of many sad disappointments. F. D. Curtis says that twenty years ago he treated a stunted Fameuse apple tree with a wheelbarrow full of leached ashes, and the tree shows the benefit of it to this day. Mr. Curtis also says that too many varieties of fruit are a nuisance and an endless amount of work. "Pickling" seed-wheat has the effect of destroying any rust spores that may be adhering to the grain, but it can not be considered as a means of insuring the crop from rust. Mr. John Tallman, of Mount Morris, N. Y., has, according to the Rural Home, been much aided in his potato culture this year by "a new parasite," in size and form much like the large squash bug, but beautifully colored with a variety of hues—yellow, green, gray, black, etc. It feeds on the Colorado beetle and its larvae, and threatens to exterminate that pest. Clayey loam, says the Rural New Yorker, is the best wheat soil obtainable. If the land has been plowed for wheat in August, cultivate it enough to pulverize and "firm" it. If the land has to be manured, it will pay best to have the manure as fine as is possible and well rotted, so as to mingle with the soil directly, and soon become available for plant food. Some genius who evidently does not believe any farmer should try to own

all the land that joins his homestead, says that "the possession of too much land is the bane of farming in many sections of the country. No one can afford to allow an acre of land to lie idle. Unless producing some valuable crop it is growing weeds, which are the most expensive crop both for himself and neighbors that a farmer can raise." And yet how many who do not half cultivate their farms are constantly "hankering after" more land.—Tribune and Farmer. When a tiller of the soil is thoroughly conversant with his business it is well for his sons to follow in his footsteps, for they will have to at least have some knowledge of the business. A practical knowledge of one's business is the lever and success. The Chicago Tribune recently mentioned the birth of a calf from a Jersey heifer 1 year and eighteen days old. The Breeder's Gazette is reported as stating that the Jersey heifer Susan Amelia, 17-759, dropped April 27, 1883, she being at the time 1 year and ten days old. The same papers tell of a shorthorn heifer, dropped May 20, 1855, which May 17, 1828, dropped a fine heifer. The young dam was just three days less than a year old, and was herself sucking her dam. The American Dairyman remarks pithily as follows: There are many degrees of feeding, such as poor feeding, good feeding, and over-feeding. High feeding can only be indulged in with young animals, and always then with more or less risk of permanent injury to the best. The overworked or starved organs of digestion will never fully recover from the injury, and what is far worse than the immediate injury to the animal thus wrongfully treated, the evil effects of this bad treatment are sure to be felt by the offspring, so that such a course, if persisted in, will surely bring destruction to the herd. Bogus Disease. "Wolf-in-the-tail" usually co-exists with "hollow-horn" and is equally without foundation as a cause of disease. In the tail of a healthy cow the bones, which are quite large at the root, gradually diminish in size until they finally disappear entirely, their place being supplied by a rather soft, flexible gristle. During any serious internal disease the circulation in the tail, as in the other extremities, is lessened, and the part becomes relaxed. Sometimes there is a slight dropsical infiltration, which often makes it difficult for one who handles the tail to convince himself that some of the bones are not really wanting. Their absence has been accounted for by supposing that they have been devoured by a hypothetical worm—the "wolf"—but though "cow doctors" have sometimes found this marvel we have never heard that it has been seen by a trustworthy practitioner. Here, as in hollow-horn, when the real disease is properly treated, the imaginary disease of wolf-in-the-tail disappears.—Rural New Yorker. Overdoing Cultivation. A farmer tried the experiment, last year, of raking several plots so that the soil was as fine as possible, and then sowing wheat. The effects of this extra care were not evident in better crop or larger heads. There is such a thing as making a soil too powdery. If it is at all heavy soil it will crust over and bake, after the first hard rain, like cement. We know a farmer who, after getting his corn ground in good order, invariably goes over it two or three times more with the expectation of making it in better condition for the growing of corn. With all his cultivation he never raises a very large crop, no more and frequently not as good as do his neighbors with good but not extra cultivation previous to planting. Enough seems to be sufficient for all practical purposes in such cases, and that there can be too much cultivation of the soil when either wet or dry, is evident to most practical farmers. It is, however, not of frequent occurrence, and few err in this direction. The general rule is too little rather than too much. Drying Sweet Corn. Have the corn clean from silk, cut from the cob with a sharp knife, not, however, close to the cob. Then turn the knife and with the back of it press out the pulp from the ear, and you have a plate of milky rich corn. Butter plates or bright tins, spread the corn half an inch thick and put at once into a moderately hot oven, hot enough to scald the milk but not to scorch it. Watch it for half an hour as you would bread or cake, baking, turning around the plates, and by that time, with a knife or spoon turn and stir the mass, set the plates back in the oven and let them remain if it is not hot. If there is need of a hot fire in the stove, it is as well to take out the corn till the fire cools down in the afternoon, as after it is scalded it will not sour if left to stand awhile. The difficulty most people have, is in the corn souring. This is because it is not scalded at once, but put in a merely warm oven. Stir the corn often enough not to have it dry fast to the plates, and by a day after it is cut, it can usually be put into a paper bag and hung near the stove to finish drying. Or put it into the back oven after partly dried. Occasionally a bit on the edges of the plates may be brown; if so, cast aside, and only put away the white, nice corn. How to Keep Eggs. Take clean, pure paraffine and melt (about 11 degrees in the shade is the required heat); dip each egg in and wipe off smooth and clean, and pack in bran in a barrel or box; keep it in a cool, dry place where it will not be likely to be disturbed, and where the temperature will not vary much during the time they are there. Pack each egg small end down and so they will not touch each other. They must be gathered and put down fresh, for if the eggs have commenced to decay no earthly process will arrest its career. Eggs have been kept in this way for two years and came out as fresh as when

first laid. Paraffine is inodorous, tasteless, colorless, harmless and cheap. It will repay the trial.—Canada Farmer. To K-model Princess Dresses. If you possess a princess shaped dress you can make it quite en rapport with the present styles by proceeding as follows: Cut away all the skirt front, leaving sufficient only for a basque about four inches deep, or a peak. The remainder of the dress may keep its former shape; but the bodice should be open in the middle of the back, and eyelet knots let in on each side, so that it may be laced. The skirt front is then replaced by a tablier of plain silk, is the dress figured; or of brocade silk if the dress is plain; or, again, covered with lace. The silk tablier should be cut on the straight, gathered at the waist like a nurse's apron, and cut out into turret blocks at the foot, showing a fluting three inches deep of the same material as the dress. A square lace shawl laid over a silk lining to match would also look extremely well by way of tablier, deep facing of material to correspond may be placed on each side. For a dinner or evening toilet the bodice should be cut open in the shape of a square, if it is not so already, and the opening edged with lace; the front of the bodice which fastens at the back is then covered with a plastron in the Grecian style, pleated in the shape of a fan, and is finished at the point with a bow. Two narrow scarfs, proceeding from each side of the skirt, cross midway up over the tablier and are tied into a loose bow. The semi-long sleeves are trimmed with a drapery of the material and with lace. AN EGG FACTORY. The Novel Enterprise Which is Flourishing in New Jersey. "Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" asked a reporter of a Newark egg manufacturer. "Yes," he replied, "and if you wish I will show you something of our process. Come." He led me through a room in which there were stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. Everything was clean and neat. Several strange-looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment, where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture and the white of egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the extent of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first is second are the yolk and white. The next is what we term the skin-machine, and the last one is the sheller, with driving trays. This process is the result of many years of experiment and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a very good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course, it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture—" "What is that?" I asked. "Well, it's a mixture of indian meal, corn-starch and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box, where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin, flimy skin. After this it has only to go through the sheller where it gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell dries at once and the inside thaws out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances, a real egg." "How many eggs can you turn out in a day?" "Well, as we are running now we turn out a thousand or so every hour." "Many orders?" "Why, bless your soul, yes. We can not fill one half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two New York grocers alone. We charge \$13 per thousand for them, and they retail at all prices from 12 to 31 cents per dozen. We sell only to the wholesale houses. I suppose plenty of these eggs are eaten in Newark as well as in other places. Col. Zullick, Billy Wright, Honest Andrew Albright, Joe Haines, Judge Johnson, Judge Bright, and all Newark's candidates for governor are living on them. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs." "Can they be boiled?" "O yes; and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg." "Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled. "I hardly think anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can, by a little flavoring make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. They never spoil or become rotten, and being harder and thicker in their shells they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of business, as oleomargarine has driven out butter."—New York Sun. The store of C. R. Blair, at Eyota, Minn., was entered by burglars recently, the safe blown open and robbed of \$300.