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Beets and Cauliflower.

Wash and trim a head of cauliflower, blanch it by dropping for five minutes in boiling salted water, and then in cold. Cut it into smallish branches, and boil until tender, not crumbly. Cook half a dozen young beets thoroughly tender, peel and slice them lengthwise, and arrange the slices star-fashion in the bottom of a bowl. Heap the cauliflower upon them, keep very hot and pour over them a dressing made by mixing a gill of the best salad oil, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a salt spoon of salt, half as much dry mustard and a dash of white pepper, smoothly together. In serving stir so every bit of both vegetables shall have its proportion of dressing. This is much relished by capricious appetites, but many prefer the beets and cauliflower dressed simply with clear melted butter—not drawn butter—and dashed with vinegar at the moment of eating.

Minced Meat in Biscuit Cases.

The lovers of hot bread frequently have baking powder biscuit left from breakfast or luncheon. These may be utilized for serving up some scraps of meat in a very attractive manner. Remove the tops from the biscuit and scoop out the crumbs; warm the biscuits by placing them in a paper bag in the oven. If you have two cupfuls of finely minced meat, beef, mutton, veal, etc.—it matters not what—add half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of minced parsley and a few drops of onion juice. Mix well; then add two cupfuls of stock, or bouillon, which can be made by adding half a teaspoonful of prepared bouillon to a cupful of boiling water. Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and add to other ingredients. Stir over the fire until the sauce is thick and smooth; then fill the little biscuit cases with this mince, replace the covers and serve at once.

House Plants For the Winter.

The best time to get decorative plants to be grown indoors during the winter is early in September. At that season artificial heat and high, moist temperature have been dispensed with, and plants are growing more naturally than at any other time in the year. There are but few which one can expect to grow well in the house in winter. The aspidistra is a plant which cannot be killed by ordinary neglect. Give it all the water it needs, an occasional application of fertilizer, and a reasonable amount of light. The agave is a stately plant, and a well-grown specimen always attracts attention. For the hall it will be found quite as ornamental as a palm. Because of the semi-succulent nature of the foliage it will not require much water except when it is growing. Asparagus Sprengeeri is another plant which grows as well for the veriest amateur as it does for the owner of a greenhouse. Plant it in a soil of rich loam, and give it a liberal allowance of water when it needs it, a shady place to grow in, and a frequent shower-bath. Begonias are not often classed among the very robust plants, but there is one variety which I have found sure to grow well under difficulties. This variety is B. argentea guttala. Give it a soil of sandy loam, well drained. Be careful not to over-water, but shower it frequently. —Eben E. Rexford, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Peach Marmalade—Pare and cut up the peaches in small pieces, and to a pound of fruit add a pound of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved set it over the fire and let it boil till it is a smooth paste. Stir it all the time it is boiling. Put it in the jars while warm and paste them over the next day.

Egg Dumplings—One-half cup water, one-half cup butter boiled together. Sift in one-half cup flour and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Boil until the mass forms a lump. When partly cool beat in two whole eggs. Add to the soup in teaspoonfuls five minutes before serving time, and boil until light, keeping the kettle well covered.

Bread Pudding—To make "bread pudding" with oranges take a pint of grated bread crumbs and soak them in one and one-half pints of milk; add one well-beaten egg, one-quarter of a cup of sugar and butter the size of a walnut. Pour about two-thirds of the mixture into a buttered pudding dish, and on top lay a cupful of sliced oranges. Add the rest of the pudding and bake in a moderate oven.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes—From the blossom end of a dozen tomatoes, smooth, ripe and solid, cut a thin slice and with a small spoon scoop out the pulp without breaking the rind surrounding it; chop a small head of cabbage and a good sized onion fine; mix with them fine bread crumbs and the pulp and season with pepper and salt; add a cup of sweet cream. When all is well mixed, fill the tomato shells, replacing the slices. Place the tomatoes in a buttered baking dish, with cut ends up. Put in the pan just enough water to keep from burning; drop a small lump of butter on each tomato and bake one-half hour.

THE HOME LIGHT.

I see the dear home light ahead,
There where it used to glow
Before ambition came and led
Me from it, long ago.
I see the light, the glorious light,
Upon the distant hill!
Thank heaven for the welcome sight,
Thank heaven they are there to-night,
To keep it burning still.

I faintly see the fields that lie
Upon the distant slopes,
And oh my heart is beating high
With freshly kindled hopes!
I see the light which tells me they
Are waiting for me still—
The boy they lost is turning gray,
But here he flings has cares away—
The light burns on the hill!

The light of home! Oh, shall I fare
Up, up, alone, some night,
Upon a star-lit way and there
Behold another light?
On that last night, oh shall there be
A light upon the hill—
Oh, shall there come a thrill to me,
As, faring up the slope I see
The home light burning still?

—S. E. Kiser.

The Gamekeeper and the Wasps.

A True Poaching Story.

By W. W. Willocks, Mayville, Ky.

MANY years ago the famous Hill of Catterthun was densely wooded on all sides—as you approach the Yale of Lethnot, Forfarshire—consequently game was abundant; but all the woods and grounds were carefully patrolled by many keepers and bailiffs. But in face of all this poachers were numerous, and bold, and many stories are told about them. I recollect a rather amusing incident.

At that time there were two very determined poachers—I think one of them was named "Drummond." They were both well known, and gave the keepers a good deal of trouble. The head gamekeeper had resolved to capture them single handed, and to this end he had been secretly watching their movements. He knew full well that they had game in their possession, but how to make the capture was the difficult part, for they were very shrewd and cunning.

The keeper had been out watching several nights in the hope of securing them and their booty. At last his vigil is about to be rewarded. The night had been a little showery, heavy clouds kept scudding across the face of the moon. It was the fall of the year, but the evening was pleasantly warm.

The keeper had carefully secreted himself among a clump of tall broom and whin bushes. It was not long before he discovered his prey. One of the poachers had what appeared to be a grain sack on his back, and, by glimpses of the moon, our hero could see that there was something bulky in it. "Hares, no doubt," chuckled the keeper, "and perhaps pheasants. Aha! now I have them at last. At the proper time I will give chase and catch them."

Just then the moon glinted forth again, and convinced him that he had made no mistake, for the men were within thirty yards of him. "Aha! my billies," the keeper again chuckled to himself. "Forsooth, a sack full of my hares, but I have got you this time." And out he sallied from his ambush. The bushes parted, and out the conquering hero goes with blood in his eyes.

But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," for another dash of moonlight assured him that the poachers had seen him, for they had already started to run; but the keeper was fleet of foot, and gave rapid chase. A cloud came over the face of the moon, and they all but lost sight of each other.

Not a word was spoken, but on sped the pursued and the pursuer. Another rift in the clouds revealed to the keeper that he was gaining on them. One of the poachers was falling behind—it was the one with the sack. Now was the time for "Gamie." He yelled at the top of his voice, (which by the way was equal to a steam calliope) "Stop thief; I have caught you at last my fine fellow; Bo'tany Bay for you this time." He was now close on to the fleeing man with the sack. The poacher stumbles and rolls over an old stump, the sack going one way and the man another. "Now, sir," screamed the keeper, "turn my hares out of that sack." "No, I won't do anything of the kind," growled the poacher, as he scrambled to his feet limping badly. "If you want to know what is in it you must untie the sack and find out for yourself." "Aha," snarled the keeper, "I will soon do that," and he whipped out his knife to cut the string.

The poacher was moaning and limping badly, so the "Gamie" thought that there was no chance of him trying to escape. "You scoundrel, is your leg broke?" "I think it is," moaned the poacher. "Ah! there now I will see how many of my beauties you have got in there," proceeding to cut the string that was lying the sack, his head leaning forward near the mouth of the bag.

As he reached down his hand to bring out the contents, the keeper gave a wild, piercing scream, and then began to execute one of the wildest of Indian war dances. "Hey, there," cried the poacher, "keep off. What is the matter with you? I say, keep still, or you will break my other leg." "Fire, murder, thieves, the Lord have mercy," roared the keeper. "What did you have in that sack?"

"Aha," laughed the poacher, "you found out, didn't you? There, now my leg is better, so I must be off. Good night, Gamie, and remember that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'" And off he ran to join his companion (who was waiting for him and enjoying the fun) leaving the miserable gamekeeper screaming and yelling, and rolling his body on the ground like a real professional contortionist.

The scheme was a well-laid one on the part of the poachers, but a serious and a very cruel one for the keeper. The poachers had been very successful in snaring a good many hares that morning, but they could not get them moved, for they knew that Gamie was watching them, and capture meant transportation. So they devised a plan to catch the keeper. In going their rounds they knew the exact spot where there was a wasp's byke (nest) hanging in the bushes. It was a very large one, about the size of a peck measure. This suited their purpose. On this eventful evening they got a sack and half filled it with some light material. Then at the proper time they bagged the byke, wasps and all, and securely tied the mouth of the sack.

How the plan worked we have already seen. On purpose the poacher with the sack lagged behind and finally stumbled. The gamekeeper's knife did the balance, and set loose the infuriated wasps, who stuck to his face and body in a cluster, full of revenge. Poor fellow, he was badly sold and discomfited, and it was many weeks, aye months, before the fallen keeper was able to follow his usual avocation.

The wasps did their work well, and the poachers secured their booty. Soon thereafter they disappeared—no one seemed to know where, and very few cared. I think that Drummond is dead; but to this day the portly gamekeeper cannot bear to hear of wasps' bykes, while to see one makes him scream with terror.—Scottish American.

Alone in the House.

As he is six feet two and is fully up to the American standard of physical courage, it is amusing to hear him tell about it.

"The folks went away the first of July," he relates. "That's an awful big house of ours, you know, and I remained there as the sole custodian. It had been burglarized twice within my memory, and I own up right now that I used to feel a little squeamish when I turned in anywhere from 12 o'clock to 2 o'clock.

"One night it was just 1 o'clock when I clicked off the electric light. The wind was blowing half a gale, and even when there is a dead calm late at night you can hear all kinds of sounds and imagine as many more. I had a miniature howitzer under my pillow, and I recall that I grabbed the gun three different times, sat up in bed, heard my heart bounding, and was ready to turn loose as soon as I made up my mind where I ought to shoot.

"By three o'clock I was in a doze and had ceased to strain my ears for noises, when there came a 'bing' that raised both me and my hair. Honest, it was the most startling thing I ever went against. I forgot I had a gun. I rolled down from the off side of the bed and dropped to the floor like a ton of pig iron. I made as good as a mile in 4.30 on my hands and knees, reached the hall, went downstairs in three jumps and a fall, went to the corner with all sails set, met a policeman and together we hurried back.

"He carried his revolver in his hand and I seized a $400 vase as a weapon as we passed through the hall. Just as we reached the top of the stairs there was that blood-curdling 'bing' again. I dropped the vase into the hall below, and he dashed into my room, turned on the light and investigated. What do you think he found?"

"A burglar?"

"No. I had left my banjo keyed up taut and two of the strings had snapped."—Detroit Free Press.

The King's Limner.

Should you ever attain to the honor of knighthood you will receive a beautifully executed parchment commission. This much-desired document is prepared by the king's limner, who is a skillful wielder of the pen and brush.

The post of king's limner is a very old one, and dates back to the time when the art of printing was unknown, and when all records were written on parchment and decorated with finely drawn initial letters. The king's limner at the present time receives a salary of 500 pounds sterling a year.

The clockmaker at Windsor Castle receives the same compensation, and it is his duty to keep all the timepieces in repair. The historigrapher, who is supposed to keep a record of events, holds a hereditary office, with a salary of 500 pounds a year. The master of music receives 300 pounds and arranges concerts for his majesty's diversion.

The surveyor of pictures is paid 200 pounds; the examiner of plays, 330 pounds, which is considerably less than the salary of the keeper of the swans, who is paid 600 pounds.—London Answers.

Real Golfer's Dress.

The golfer who goes in for the game seldom wears knickerbockers. He never puts on a golfing stock, and he dresses generally in neglige flannels. The trousers are turned up at the bottom, and the coat is an ordinary single-breasted flannel jacket. Either a sweater or a madras shirt is proper. Knickerbockers are not absolutely tabooed, but they have been, so to speak, run into the ground, and the knickerbocker golf player is more or less an object of ridicule for those who love the game for the game's sake. However, you may suit your own ideas.—London Fashion.

FARM TOPICS

The Value of Experiments.

Experiments are of more value to the farmer when practiced on the farm than at the experiment stations. Five dollars expended in that manner, on small plots, will be money well invested, which may return fifty fold in the future.

An Animal's Disposition.

The disposition of an animal is very important. It is more difficult to find a safe horse for timid persons than to secure a well-bred animal. There are gentle horses, but they do not all combine desirable qualities for gentleness of disposition.

Train the Heifer Properly.

The habits formed during the heifer's first milking season are sure to cling to the cow as she grows older. This is notably true of the habit of a continuance of the milk flow. Dry the heifer off at six, eight or ten months of lactation and she will stop at that period ever afterward. Some claim that a cow could rest two months, but this claim is shattered by the fact that nearly all the best cows are either continuous milkers or nearly so. Let the heifer be milked so long as she will give a drop.

Poultry in the Garden.

The garden and the fowls are not considered compatible on farms, but the fact is that after the crops get well started in a garden the fowls do no injury and destroy many insects. There are a great many articles on a farm that can be consumed by poultry with advantage. Turkeys will clean tobacco of the large green worms, and there are no better destroyers of grasshoppers and moths than turkeys and guineas, as they forage early and late. The duck will eat anything that a hog will consume and they are excellent scavengers, as they are very industrious. Geese prefer the pasture and select young and tender weeds. During the season from May to October all classes of fowls, if given their liberty, can secure an abundance of food without aid from the farmer, and eggs in summer are really more profitable than in winter, because they need cost the farmer nothing except the waste foods.

Homemade Milk Cooler.

The illustration shows the end of a large hogshead cut off and fitted with a cover to serve as a tank for putting

HOGSHEAD CONVERTED INTO A CREAMER

milk cans in ice water. A row of cans are set about the outside, while ice occupies the centre space. A close fitting cover keeps out the heat. A wooden faucet or plug can be used for drawing off the water when desired. This is designed particularly for small cans holding eight and a half or ten quarts, but may be adapted for forty and fifty quart cans.—New England Homestead.

An Experience With Clovers.

I would like to report some good returns from small beginnings in clover, if only to encourage more of the same undertaking and on a larger scale. In April, I sowed a small patch of alfalfa, putting it on rather hard, stony ground, but sowing it in rows about a foot apart. It came up like magic and I hoed it twice, though without weeding the rows very much. The plants were so rampant that they soon outstripped all the weeds, and by the end of June were, I think, fully a foot high in the rows which bulged so that the spaces were about taken up. I did not want the plants to go to seed, so I have mown the plat and now look for a still more rampant and bushy growth. What can prevent this degree of success on a larger scale?

A small plat of crimson clover was sown some time last fall. Fowls wallowed some of the seed out before it came up, so that it was very patchy, but what did grow was very stocky and it wintered perfectly. In April, I filled in the vacant spaces, and the seed came up so rapidly that there were soon no bare spots in the plat. The old plants blossomed profusely, and by July 1 were heavy with seed, which will be gathered and sown in the chaff, probably in the corn field at last working. The new spring sowing grew so fast that it was also in blossom early in July, and but for having to be cut with the other would no doubt also bear seed.

It appears that the secret is early sowing for spring; otherwise, wait till the soil is moist in the fall. I am going to try some alfalfa in the fall also. With a good start it is independent of the weather, and it is pretty sure of this if there is not a dry spell right away after the sowing. We lose red clover mostly at such times also; so that alfalfa and crimson clover are not such great exceptions after all. Our cows eat the freshly-mown alfalfa greedily, though they have all the pasture they want.—John Chamberlin, in the Country Gentleman.

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