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 : m his papers in surprise.

"To Saratoga, Belle? I thought we had concluded to spend such a quiet sum-mer together here?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's so awtully stupid here, all by our-selves," said I, "like a modern edition of Darby and Joan."

"But Darby and Joan enjoyed themselves, I suppose?

"They must have found it horribly wearisome after a while, love. John, don't be sentimental! Let us go to Saratoga

"Do you really wish it so much, my little wife?" he asked gravely, fixing his large, serious eyes on my face. "Of course I do!"

"Then we will go."

I chapped my hands in a gleeful sort of way and ran off to send a note to my dressmaker. Then, on second thought, I ran back to John's study.

"How with money are you going to give me for dresses and things?" "Dresses and things?"he repeated, in some surprize. "Why, it isn't six months since you had your wedding

outfit."

"That's just a man's reasoning. As if I hadn't worn every one of my dresses at least half a dozen times. I would rather stay at home than go like a dowdy.

A pained look came over John's pale, intellectual face.

"How much money do you want?" "I could make a hundred and fifty

He drew his check-book out of his desk and filled out the slip of paper. "There," said he, "I don't ask you to be saving of this, for I am sure you will be that at any event. We are not rich,

dear." "I know, I know," I retorted hurrying away, not over pleased with my hus-band's last words. It was scarcely three days after having this conversation that

John found me crying in my room. "Belle! crying?" he exclaimed in sur-prise. "I thought you were perfectly happy at the prospect of a month at

Saratoga! "I can't help it!" I sobbed. "I know its very ridiculous, but it's only because of Aunt White's diamond cross. My little one looks so cheap, by the side of

hers "But, Belle, a poor author's wife can't expect to wear diamonds.

"Yes, I know; and that's exactly what I am crying about.". He looked at me with troubled eyes,

and then left the room. "Belle," said Lulu Elwell, my hus-

band's cousin, who chanced to be sit ting with me, "you have hart John deeply." "If you are so very considerate of John it's a pity you hadn't mar-ried him yourself. I won't be lectured," 1 retorted pettishly. Luin recoiled as if something had

stung her.

"That is neither logical nor generous, Belle," she said; and rising she went quickly away.

The next day she started for paratoga, but at the last moment John changed "I have some work that ought to be finished, and I dare say you will enjoy it just as well in the company of the Morgans and Miss White." this mind and concluded to stay at home.

me to myself, free to examine the mysteries of my heart! I could not believe it. John false and fickle? John sunning himselt 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 scorn-ul speeches I would make, the cu ting concempt 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 bewil-

dered way. "Master wasn't expectin' of you, ma'am," she said, "and—" "I know; let me pass!" I uttered hoarsely, and the next moment I stood in John's study. I don't know whicher or not I had expetced to see Lulu El well sitting beside him, but it certainly was a relief to find that he was aloue, bending over his desk intently contem-plating some small bright object in a velvet case. He started to his feet at "Beil!" he cried. "Exactly!" I retorted with a hard laugh. "You were not expecting to see

laugh. "You were not expecting to see me? May I ask where Miss Enwell is?" "! ulu?" he looked at me in genuine a 'onishment. "In the mountains I

uppose. She went off the day after "Oh, John!" I threw myself on his

"On, John" I threw myself on his breast in a burst of hysterical tears. He pressed me to his heart. "My darling is over-tired," said he: "over-tired and nervous. Let me see if we cannot chase away those tears."

As he spoke he hungsomething bright around my neck—a diamond cross! "John, is it mine?" I cried. "Yes, dearest, it is yours. It is what

I have toiled for ever since you expressed a wish for it a month ago. Now

you know, dear love, why I did not go to S ratoga."

to S-ratoga." "Oh, John! But how pale vou are!" I cried, as I looked up in his face. "Pale? Yes, perhars so. I have worked night and day, you know." And even as he spoke he reeled and fell, During the brain fever that followed

I had sufficient leisure and poortunity for regretting my folly and levity; for it John hat died I never could have looked

again upon the diamond cross. But all that is past and gone. John is alive and well, thank God, and we are the hap-plest couple in the world. I never have been jealous of him since.

KIP VAN WINKLE.

How it Was Visited by the Dramatic Creator of the Caracter-Jefferson's Intention.

New York Letter in the Utics Observor. Joseph Jefferson has within a few days visited, for the first time in his life, the gorge which Irving located the tale of "Rip Nan 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 ar + wooded and the precipices mossed; the meager description which Irving made of the scene of hi. 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 s iff, white house, and let it look brand ng a colo nial tavern and swearing that it was an antique. He has got the idea that people generally believe the story of Van Winkle, and he points out Rip Winkle, and he points out the spots where the lovable sot encountered he 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 recog-mize 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 yoody might easily do and was agreably 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 "Bip Van Winkle" pay and rather re-"Rip Van Winkle" play and rather re-sentful toward it, because he thinks that his success in it has obscured his

HOUSE AND FARM.

The Housewile's Recipes.

In using ground spices the them in muslin bags allowing one or two bags to each jar of pickles.

Hard-builed 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 teaspoontul salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or c opped 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 wellboiled potatoes, add salt, one tablespoopful 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 try in good dripping, turn-ing the a careful 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 tablesp onful 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 mix-ture into boiling fat and fry a light brown; dust powdered sugar over them and send to the table on a hot dish.

PICKLED GRAPES.-Take ripe grapes; removed imperiect 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 nighter

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 cool. MARBLED CAKE .- One cuplul of butter and two cup'uls of sugar beaten to a cream. Stir in four well-beaten eggs and one cupful of milk; sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three new. It wasn't his conscience that pre-vented him from counterfeiting a color creamed butter. Dissolve a large spoonlarge spoor ful of chocolate with a little cream and mix with a cupiul 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, so on until all is used. Bake in a and moderate oven.

says that "the possession of too much land is the bane of farming in many sections of the country. No one can af-ford to allow an acre of land to lie idle. Unle s 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 hali cultivate their farms are constantly "hankering arter" 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 jever and success.

The Chicago Tribune recently mentioned the birth of a call 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 tells of a shorthorn heifer, dropped May 20, 1855, which May 17, 1826, 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 beast. The overworked or starved organs of digestion will never fully recover from the injury, and, what is ar 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 eggs, and into another large, cool room supplied by a rather soft, flexible gristle. in the rear. Everything was clean and 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 drops:cal infiltration, which often makes it difficult for one who handles the tail to conv.nce himself that some of the bones are not really wanting. Their ab-ence ¹* b-n accounted for by sup-posing that they have been devoured by a hypothetical worm—the "wolt"— but though "cow doctors" have some-times 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 prop-erly trea ed, the imaginary disease of wolf-in-the-tail disappears.—Rural New Yorker.

Overdoing Cultivation.

A farmer tried the experiment, last A farmer tried the experiment, last one is the sheller, with drving trays. year, of raking several plots so that the soil This process is the result of many years of 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 taing 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 cem nt. We know a far ner who, after getting his corn ground in good order, invariably goes over it two or three times more with the expection of making it in better condition for the growing of corn. With all his cultivation he never raises a very 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 this condition it passes into the other for all practical purposes in such cases box, where it is surrounded by the and that there can be too much cultiva tion 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 gen-eral rule is too little rather than too much.

all the land that joins his homestead, | first laid. Paraffine is inodorous, taste less, colorless, harmless and cheap. will repay the trial.—Canada Farmer. lt

To Remodel 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 formin the middle of the back, and evelet 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 brocaded 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

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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 extreme-ly well by way of tablier, deep facingt 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 al-ready, 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?" usked a reporter of a Newark egg manu-

facturer. "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 neat. Several strang-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, wh ch moved noiselessy and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apart-ment, 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 proprie-tor said: "These contain the yelk mix-ture and the white of egg. We empty the wats every day so your can induce of the vats every day, so you can judge of the extent of the business already. Let the show you one of the machines. You me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into diff-rent boxes or receptacles. The first an isecond are the yelk and white. The next is what we term the skin machine, and the last experimentand expense. I first con jved the idea after making a chemical analyceeded 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 yelk mixture—" "What is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's a mixture of indian meal, 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."

I pouted a little

Of course you c n do as you please but alter all my preparations I shall most certainly go," said I. He bent his face to mine.

Do not let us part in unkindness,

dearest," he whispered. 1 turned my head away. "Good-by," said 1 lightly, and we

separated.

Saratoga was very gay that season, and for the first few days all was a whirl of happy excitement very congenial to my gid ly brain. Sometimes, as I thought of John all alone in the study at home a little thrill of homesickness came over me; but I was just at the age to enjoy every passing incident and every revolving day, until old Mrs. Stanton came with trunks innumerable.

'Oh," said she, regarding me through hereye glass "that is the wife of the handsome young author, isn't it?" "Yes it is, Mrs. Stanton," I said, with

a flush of wifely pride. He is in town, isn't he?" said Mrs. Stanton, maliciously.

'He still remains in--," I answered indifferently.

'So does his cousis. Lulu Elwell, don't

she?" the old woman went on. "Really," I answered, trying to speak as lightly as possible, "I am not aware of Luka Elwell's movements this summer."

"Oh, indeed! Well, young lady, don't wish to be a prophet of evil, b but it's a dangerous thing to leave these young husbands too much to the mercy of their old sweethearts. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old wretch, as she turned away.

I pretended to take no notice of her malicious insinuation, but they sank into my heart, nevertheless, lik poisoned arrows. Saratoga lost all its attractions for me. There was a masked ball the next evening, but I countermanded the order for my dress, and as onished An-nie White by declining to take part in a

picnic to the lake. "Why, Belle, what ails you?" de-manded Annie.

"Nothing except that I am homesick.

How glad I was when at last she left causaity.

versatinty. "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 some-what difficult to know whether he was acting properly or not. "That's bard y true," he replied, "and

vet the performance of he 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 vears ago."

Very wealthy, indeed, is Jefferson. He has a fine rural home over at Hoho-kus, N. J. One of his sons, Tom. is an actor in his company, and another is his business manager. Neither he nor his family has much to do socially with stage people, though Tom married Miss Paul, an actress. He is a believer in spiritual-ism, and it is said that he sees, or thicks he does, the spirits of Hendrick Hudson's men prominently present during tains. He will not talk on the subject tor publication, lest he should be ac-cused of using his religious views for advertising purposes.

A jar of whisky about seventy years old was smashed by a crowbar during the excavation at Bedloe's island. Strong men wept when they realized the swin'

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 be t 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 Fameues 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, biack, etc. It feeds on the Colorado "eetle and its larvæ, 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 rotted, so as to mingle with the well soil directly, and soon become available for plant food.

Some genius who evidently does not

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 in h thick and put at once into a moderately hot oven, hot enough to scald the milk but not to scorch it. Watch it for haif 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 scalled 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 by a day after it is back, it is tail usually be rut into a paper bag and hung near the stove to finish drying. Or put it into the back oven after partly dried. Oc casionally a bit on the edges of the pates 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 -hade 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 p'ace 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 down first, for if the eggs have com-menced to decay no earthly process will arrest its career.

Eggs have been kept in this way for believe any farmer should try to own two years and came out as fresh as when 'How many eggs can you turn out in

"Well, as we are running now we turn out a thousand or so every hour." "Many orders?"

"Wny, 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 thou-and for them, and they retail at all prices from 12 to 30 cents per dozen. We sell o dy 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 An-drew Albright, Joe Haines, Judge John-son, Judge Henry, and all Newark's can-didates 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. "1 hardly think anybody w uld 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 alter-ing the size. They will keep tor years. They never spoil or become rotten, and oeing harder and thicker in their shells they will stand shipping better than real We calcul de that in a lew years eggs. We calculate that in a lew 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 robted of \$200.