

Jennie, the Milkmaid,
My heart is so light,
I sing day and night,
So, Boss,
So.

My pail is now ready,
I carry it steady,
Moo, Boss,
Moo.

My Jamie comes whistling,
He knows I am listening,
So, Boss,
So.

He smiles in my face,
And then takes my place,
Stand, Boss,
Stand.

I sink right by his side,
My warm blushes to hide,
Wink, Boss,
Wink.

He looks down in my eyes,
I peep up in surprise,
Low, Boss,
Low.

"Look, Jennie, look yonder!"
I turn in great wonder,
Back, Boss,
Back.

Round my neck his arm steals,
On his lips his laugh peals,
Slow, Boss,
Slow.

On my lips, quick as light,
He sprigs like a night,
Turn, Boss,
Turn.

Then away I run fast;
He sings out: "Caught at last!"
Bye, Boss,
Bye.

The Burnt Letter.

It was a gossiping neighbor who had been spending an hour with Mrs. Webb, and just before she went she had left the arrow she had kept in her quiver.

"Your son Grantley goes over the hill to the Burdock's pretty often, Mrs. Webb," said she.

"I don't know it if he does," replied the old lady.

"Naturally he wouldn't tell you until the last, after old Burdock's quarrel with his dead father," said the neighbor—"but everybody else knows. It's said to be a settled thing. Why, Keziah saw him kiss her at the gate one Sunday night, and even Ann Burdock would hardly go so far as that, unless it was on a hill."

"She hurried off leaving her hostess dumb and motionless at the door.

"It was some moments before she even thought of going in and casting herself into her chair, but she did it at last, and fell to talking to herself in this wise:

"Oh, it's worse than anything that ever happened to me. I've had trouble, heaven knows, but it was the kind I had to bear if God sent it, but this doesn't seem right. My Grantley to marry Steven Burdock's daughter, the child of the very worst enemy my father ever had, a girl brought up by a woman I despise! Sarah Burdock never had the ways I liked, nor did the things I thought right for a woman to do. Everything is so different with the Burdocks, so strange. Like ought to marry like, or there'll never be a happy home. But that's the way with men! A pretty face strikes them and away they go, and Grantley is like the rest. Why should he choose Sarah Burdock's daughter?"

She rocked to and fro as she spoke, letting her neglected knitting drop into her lap.

"There's Fanny White," she murmured, "a nice, thrifty girl; and Minnie Holm. Why, her mother is the best friend I have. There are plenty of girls I could have made up my mind to; though I don't know why Grantley should marry any one yet. But Ann Burdock, with her showy ways, and her airs and graces, I never can welcome her, never. I must go away and live by myself if she comes here to lord it over the house; and her mother, no doubt, will come and sit and talk in her foolish, flighty way, and the sisters will sit in the parlor windows, and take up the table. They'll be here half the time, and make nobody of me. I know them. Oh! if my Grantley does marry Ann Burdock. But it can't be! It can't!"

Just then a foot struck the floor of the porch, the window raised a little, and through the aperture came flying two letters. One a yellow, vulgar-looking missive, the other a little white envelope with a monogram upon it.

The old lady looked up.

The postman, who had thus easily delivered his letters, looked over his shoulder, and laughed and nodded at her, as he hurried away with his leather bag upon his arm, and she put on her spectacles to read the superscriptions.

The yellow envelope held only one of those circulars with which tradesmen of all sorts are in the habit of flooding the country. The white one was not addressed to her, but to her son, and the monogram was a very pretty silver and blue A. B.

"Ann Burdock," said the old lady, "It's a note from her. Now, I wonder what she has written to my boy? I'd like to know. It's very easy opening these envelopes. 'Tisn't as if they were sealed; and what harm would it be for a mother to read a letter to her son? I've half a mind to do it. Only he'd be angry, maybe. Well, then, I'm angry too, and with more reason. Yes—I will."

A little old-fashioned copper kettle simmered and bubbled upon the stove. A little spirit of steam arose from its spout.

The old lady looked at it. Then, rising, she crept across the floor in a giddy sort of fashion, and held the envelope with its flaps downward, close to the mouth of the spout.

She held it for a few moments, and then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might have read it if she chose; if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann Burdock should have secured them better than she could with the little touch

of maulage the maker of those envelopes had bestowed on each one.

Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped them from the steam that had gathered upon them, and still standing, opened the sheet of paper adorned with a monogram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRANTLEY—You went away angry with me on Sunday evening, and said that if I would not take back what I had said you would never come to see me again. And I was too proud and too angry to say a word to keep you. But Grantley, dear, I'm sorry for it now. You were in the right, and I was to blame. And I take it all back—every word. I never meant it. You are so downright you think one must mean all one says, but indeed I never meant it. And so forgive me and come again next Sunday night. I find that life would be a very sad thing for me if we really quarrelled. Yours forever, ANN."

"So!" muttered Mrs. Webb, between her teeth. "It has gone so far, then; and she has been showing her temper and angering Grantley. Well, if he has spirit enough to stay away one week, he'll have spirit enough to stay away altogether, perhaps."

Then she gave an angry stamp.

"Why do I comfort myself with that?" she said. "I know this letter will call him back to her, and he'll be more in love with her than ever. Oh, if she had not written! I know my boy well enough to know that he would not go back to her without that. Well, he hasn't seen it yet; and if I choose he never will. It is for his good, I know. Ann Burdock is not the girl for him. I'll keep him from her."

She dropped Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There lay a black and shrivelled fold of tin, as her son's step sounded in the hall, and she covered it from sight with the kettle.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?" he asked. "I smell something scorching."

"It's not my dress," she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea things.

In came the girl with the tray, and again Mrs. Webb had a little fright.

"An eager look for me?" asked her son, with an angry look in his face.

"No," she answered faintly. "Did you expect one?"

"No!" said he, his brows contracting.

"But I met the postman on the hill, and he called out to me to hurry home and get my love-letter. His joke, I suppose."

"It was impudent of him," said Mrs. Webb, not daring to meet her son's eye.

"That's a love-letter, is it?"

She tossed him the tradesman's circular. He glanced at it and put it down.

"How sad he looked! What gray tints there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!"

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock girl? Would it have been better that he should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the thought from her. She spread the little store of despair before her son and tried to make him eat; and though she had been so frightened by his questions, she could not help approaching the dangerous subject herself.

"Are you going out to-night?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "I think not."

"The neighbors were telling me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often," she went on.

"Well, if I have, mother," he answered, "that is no sign I shall go again."

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's," said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never think of a girl whose father quarrelled with yours, and may have the evil temper of her mother. She's a flirt, too, they say."

Then she bounced out of the room. When she came back Grantley had gone upstairs.

She heard the boards of his bedroom floor creak as he walked up and down for hours, but she did not see him again that night.

Well, well," she said to herself, "he'll get over it."

But, whatever the feeling was, love, anger, or grief, it did not agree with Grantley Webb. He grew thinner and thinner. He took less interest in that which went on around him. He avoided all the other young people of the place, and seemed to have neither youth, nor spirit left.

Could it be all about that girl Ann, old Mrs. Webb asked herself, trying to cheat herself into the idea that the boy was only ill.

But in vain she made him warm possets and bowls of herb tea. Even if he had drunk them, which he did not, for they all went to water the grass of the old orchard—even if he had drunk them, they would have done him no good.

Only one thing could help him, if possible—the only thing that seemed to him impossible as he sat at his window, staring through the starlit midnight at the roof of the Burdock dwelling, never guessing that under its eaves Ann Burdock sat, at once angry and sorry, thinking of him and none other.

He had not answered her note; he was unresponsive; but she had vexed him. She was partly to blame.

The old lady in the ruffled night-cap—who often started from her sleep in the big front bedroom of the Webb home with a dream of letters that curled up into tinder over the red coal—had more on her conscience than she knew.

For though Ann grieved, she did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but was outwardly gayer than ever, and flirted as she never had before, until at last the same neighbor who had brought the news of Grantley's love affair to his mother, dropping into tea, gave Mrs. Webb and her son a bit of gossip as they sat at the table together.

"Ann Burdock is going to be married at last. It's that young man from London—Mr. Millet."

"I believe weddings when I see them now," said Mrs. Webb.

"But Mrs. Burdock herself told me this," said the guest.

When she was gone, Grantley, who sat before the table still, with his elbows upon it, dropped his head upon his arms, and there was a sound of quick breathing.

For a little while his mother watched him. Then she went close.

"Grantley," she said, in a trembling voice, "what is it? What ails you? Tell me!"

"It's only that I'm a fool, mother," he answered.

"But—Grantley, what about?"

He lifted up his young, worn face then, and answered:

"Mother, don't you know? It's about Ann Burdock. I been very hard to hear, but if she does marry any one else—I shall kill myself, I think. Life doesn't seem worth having. If you can't have Ann!" the mother said, in a puzzled sort of way. "But why, what is there in her?"

"What there never is in more than one woman to any man, mother," said Grantley.

Somehow, from the far-away years of youth, a memory came back to his mother that helped her to understand him.

She felt that she had done very ill, and if confession could do any good, she would even confess. At least, if she could not quite do that, she would tell him the truth about Ann.

"Grantley, dear," she faltered, "you—you had a quarrel?"

"Yes," he answered.

"But if she had written to beg your pardon you'd have forgiven her?"

She almost hoped that he would say "No"—that she need not go on.

"But he answered:

"Yes—but she never wrote."

"I think she did, Grantley," said the mother. "I—I know she did. I—I an accident happened to the letter. It—it got burnt; but I'm sure it was an apology. Indeed, I saw a few words, but I didn't think you cared so. You see it—it fell into the fire."

"Why did you not tell me before?" cried Grantley.

"Well, I somehow didn't like," was all the mother could say. "And why don't you go and ask her about it, and see what she says?"

Poor Mrs. Webb, when her son, after many questions, had taken her advice, cried bitterly. She might have felt even worse had she heard what Ann was saying.

The story had been told, a reconciliation effected, a declaration made to the effect that Mr. Millet had never been loved. And then Ann Burdock said, with a laugh—

"But, Grantley, your mother burnt that letter on purpose. Only a man could believe the story you've told me. She did not want me for a daughter-in-law. I owe her no grudge—remember that, and don't tell her what I say."

Grantley never did. And old Mrs. Webb has often been heard to say that Ann Burdock has turned out better than could have been expected.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Improved Method of Wintering Cows.

Mr. Linus W. Miller, of Stockton, N. Y., an experienced dairyman, advocates, in a pamphlet entitled "Meal Feeding and Animal Digestion," a system of feeding cows during winter, which involves the use of but three quarts of meal per day. He asserts that this amount of good Indian meal, fed under proper conditions, is more than the equivalent for all the good hay a cow can be coaxed to eat—that the animal does not need a great bulk of woody fiber, which imposes upon the system a large amount of extra mechanical work both in the processes of digestion and remastication—that, in brief, bulk in food is not advantageous to the contrary, and that nutriment in food governs the condition and health of the animal, and that condensation of nutriment is true economy. Mr. Miller has conducted physiological investigations into the functions of the four stomachs of the cow, whence it appears that meal follows the same course as herbaceous food, and stays longer in the rumen than coarse food, while it also digests more thoroughly than when the energies of the stomach are divided between meal and coarse herbage.

Whatever may be the correct theory in this regard, results of actual practice appear to bear out Mr. Miller's views. A committee, appointed to examine into the system by the Western New York Dairymen's Association, shows the following facts: The examination was conducted upon Mr. Miller's herd of Chataqua county native cows, the average live weight of which was 900 pounds. The herd were fed exclusively upon corn meal for seven weeks, each animal, according to its digestive capacity, making an average of about three quarts of meal per day for each cow. The animals did not ruminate, did not manifest so much desire for food as cows fed on hay alone in the usual way, a little less than they will eat, showed no signs of unrest or suffering, and at the end of the trial they had gained flesh. After returning to hay, their stomachs filled and nutriment went on normally, healthy calves were dropped, and when turned to grass the animals took on flesh faster than those wintered in the usual way. Their daily yield of milk was twenty-nine pounds three ounces, or one pound eleven ounces per cow more than that of any other herd sent to the same cheese factory.

As regards the economy of meal feeding, Mr. Miller points out that one bushel of corn, ground and tumbled, will last an ordinary sized cow 900 pounds weight twelve days, and is equal to 240 pounds of hay. Corn at sixty cents per bushel is therefore the equivalent of hay at five dollars per ton of 2,000 pounds, and where it can be had at that rate the cost of wintering the animal will range from seven to ten dollars, according to length of the feeding period.

But hay as a rule costs at least ten dollars per ton, and frequently much more. Hence the estimated saving by meal feeding is placed at from five to twenty dollars per animal, according to the respective prices of corn and hay.—*Scientific American.*

Grape-Rot.

The only form of grape-rot that we have had an opportunity of observing has visited us in the last two seasons. It appears suddenly in July. The grapes, usually only parts of bunches, soon become brown and soft, like a rotten apple, and when the unsoftened berries are ripe they still adhere, shrivelled up, and usually of a reddish tinge. The Wilder (Rogers No. 4) has been most affected, and the Iowa, Emelian and Clinton have suffered partially. These sorts are of such different characters of leaf and berry texture, and of style of growth, that there does not seem to be any reason apparent on these internal grounds for their being subject to the visitation.

But while gathering the Clintons from a large frame covering a lean-to greenhouse, and elevated three feet above its glass, a circumstance was observed which shed some light on the case, and shows that the cause is to be sought in some sudden stress upon the circulation and leaf digestion, while very active, and while the conditions of temperature and moisture are inducing very free and tender development and extension of new growth. The rafter-like rods, to which the canes are strictly confined, are two feet apart, the object being to shade the glass below without cutting off too much light.

For the same reason all side shoots from the canes were stopped at one or two leaves beyond the one bunch of fruit allowed on each. And while gathering the vines fruit about the middle of October, it was noticed that although many bunches had partially rotted where only one leaf existed beyond the bunch, and especially where this leaf was small there was not a single case to be found where there were three or four leaves, or a continued expansion of them, after the second or third pinching. As the pinching of these canes required the use of ladders, the whole growth was closely pinched at each of the three or four times of operating, from about May 20 to about the end of July. Vines elsewhere, more conveniently within reach, and pinched more frequently and more moderately, escaped rot.

The rot is not, however, to be attributed to the pinching alone. We had warm, humid weather during July, and very free growth, and a general and sudden stopping of the points of growth while under such rapid headway, must naturally be expected to cause injurious congestion, and at such a season an embarrased, tender growth will quickly go into decay. It is worthy of note that mildew has been but little prevalent during these two seasons. The active leaf transpiration seems to have prevented its germs from gaining lodgement. Our Concord, thinned and very moderately pinched, has most.—*W. in New York Tribune.*

Receipts.

SWEET PUDDING.—Two and one-half cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, one cup sifted chopped fine, two eggs, scant pint milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half cup apples chopped fine, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, three teaspoonfuls molasses; steam one and three-quarter hours.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.

One pint of sweet milk and three grated sweet apples, two well beaten eggs, little salt, sugar, and nutmeg to taste. Have only an undercrust.

BROWN BREAD.

One pint of corn meal, one pint of rye meal, two-thirds cup of molasses, one large spoonful of vinegar, one heaping teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little warm water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, mix well with warm water, quite soft, and steam three hours. Put in the oven fifteen minutes and brown.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

Cut the tail in seven or eight pieces and fry brown in butter; slice three onions, and the same of carrots; fry them in the pan after removing the ox-tail; place the onions and carrots, after frying, in a cotton bag, with a bunch of thyme; drop it into a soup pot with the ox-tail; cut up two pounds of lean beef, grate over it two carrots, place it in the pot; add four quarts of water, some pepper and salt; boil five or six hours, strain it; thicken with a very little flour, boil ten minutes longer, and serve hot.

CHICKEN SALAD.

A pair of boiled chickens, seven or eight pounds in weight (not old fowls), cut in small dice, about a quarter of an inch square; two bunches (seven or eight heads) of celery, the white part only; slit each head in half, wash well, leave it in ice water some time to make it crisp, drain well, cut the size of chicken; add chicken and celery white pepper and salt to taste; season with half this dressing; mix well, add two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; dish up in a pyramid shape, on a platter large enough to put a border of lettuce, cut in shreds or picked in small pieces, around it, spread the balance of the dressing on the top, put the lettuce and three hard-boiled eggs, cut in four pieces, lengthwise around the dish, take the heart of a head of lettuce and put in the center; a few capers sprinkled over the dressing is good.

SEVENTY YEARS SEPARATED.

There are some strange occurrences in an action pending in the Tenth district court at San Francisco, for a divorce and a division of common property. Martha Stevens is the plaintiff and Coleman Stevens is the defendant. A separation in fact has been in existence between the parties for the long period of thirty-three years, the plaintiff, according to the story, having barely tasted the sweets of the honeymoon when her husband deserted her, leaving her almost penniless, and in a condition which increased her troubles. Mrs. Stevens is fifty-eight years of age. She has a certificate which shows that she married Coleman Stevens at New York, on November 1, 1843, and she states that two days after their marriage the husband went to visit his father, some two hundred miles distant, where he remained. The following March she also went to his father's. She took this step because she was advised that her husband was going after a young girl, prospectively rich. She found her husband very friendly, and he frequently called upon her, as she resided in a neighboring house. Then they both lived at his father's house, but not as married people. On the 15th of May, 1844, she signed a deed for the sale of land from Coleman to his father, and then they started for Michigan. It was the understanding that the money realized from the sale of the land would be invested in land in Michigan. They arrived at Goshen the first day, and remained there all night. The next morning he said he had made up his mind not to go to Michigan, and proposed to return to his father's house. At Charter station, en route to his father's, her husband jumped off the train. She looked out of the car window and saw him running across the fields, and that was the last she saw of him until she met him in San Francisco last year. At the time her husband jumped the train she had about twenty dollars in her pocket, but no other means of support except a little land she owned. After doing housework for a time at Williamsburg, she learned the milliner's trade, and opened a little store. She went to New York once or twice a year to purchase goods. The winter following the close of the war she went with her daughter to Camden Mills, Michigan, where she remained until February, 1875, when she went to California. She states that she never received any support from her husband from the time he deserted her until granted alimony in the present divorce case. The first intimation she had of the whereabouts of the missing husband was a letter from his father, written in December, 1875, in which he asks forgiveness for favoring Coleman.

Mending Matrimonial Chains.

A curious institution for the purpose of matrimonial reconciliation exists in the old province of Prussia, in which the population amounts to more than seventeen millions, who are mainly Protestants. The courts have, of course, the power of granting divorces; but before any suit of divorce can be entertained, a very singular process must be gone through. Man and wife are required in the first instance, to present themselves before some clerical or lay authority for the purpose of being, if possible, reconciled. When the marriages are between persons of different religions, the magistrate may be applied to for this purpose. But the people of these provinces are, for the most part, Protestants, and in the vast majority of cases the clergyman is the reconciling authority prescribed by the law. The plaintiff in such a quarrel must, in the first instance, go to him and state his or her grievance, and the clergyman must next hear the wife or the husband, who, in the contemplated suit, would become the defendant. When he has heard them separately, so as to become acquainted with the strength and the weakness of the case on both sides, he then hears them together, and exerts all his powers of persuasion to effect a reconciliation. If he fails in his efforts, the parties can proceed with their suit; but some very interesting statistics have recently been issued at Berlin with respect to the success of such efforts. It appears that in 1873 the number of married couples who desired a separation was 7,320. Of these, no fewer than 2,829 were reconciled by the intervention of clergymen. In 608 of these cases the reconciliation was effected, and the matrimonial disputes were thus appeased. In 1874 the number of such reconciled couples and the proportion of those reconciled were about the same. Even a failure in the first instance does not seem to destroy the efficacy of the resource; for of those who renewed their quarrels a second time, about a third were once more reconciled. The success of the clergy, in fact, in this function is so considerable, that they have earned the honorable title of "peacemakers."

Chloroforming a Horse.

A curious operation was performed by Dr. Wm. Hales, Jr., at the request of Mr. Newton, upon a valuable trotter, belonging to him. The horse is a fine animal, with a record of 2:30; for some time it has been noticed that when speeding him he labored under a difficulty in breathing, his throat appearing to be in some manner choked up. Determined to ascertain the cause, and, if possible, remedy the difficulty, the owner consented to an operation. It is well known that it is a very difficult thing to cause a horse to lie down, and in order to obviate this it was decided to administer chloroform while the operation was being performed. Accordingly a large quantity of chloroform and ether mixed in equal parts, was administered. The animal objected very strenuously to the treatment, but when the dose had been applied, overcome and fell to the floor. An incision was then made in the vicinity of the throat, and a very careful examination made, but nothing could be found which would be likely to hinder the breathing. It is supposed that the trouble is in a membranous thickening of the tissues of the throat, for which, of course, nothing can be done.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

Editor and Landlord.

Landlord.—"Mr. Editor, I'd like you to say I keep the best table in the city."

Editor.—"I'll thank you to supply my family with board gratis."

Landlord.—"I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper."

Editor.—"I thought you were glad to feed me for nothing."

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Excited landlord in a rage, threatening to have nothing more to do with the editor.