A TRIBUTE TO OUR WOMEN.

Extract from A. H. Stoddard's poem read at the Kalamazoo Pioneers' meeting:

"O know Mr. Paul has strangely said
The man should always go ahead,
In other words should have his way
And that the women should obey,
And further seemed the thought to carry
That it was best for men to marry.
If Paul had been a pioneer,
And had your forest lands to clear,
After he'd tried it for a year,
Had not old-fashioned ague shake him
And billous fever overhaul him,
With no one near to soothe his woes,
Or hold the camphor to his nose,
Do you suppose he would have said
It was not best for men to wed?
I cannot say, I do not know
About their wives so long ago.
They may have been as worthless then
They were a nuisance to the men,
And he had reason in his head
No doubt for saying what he said.
But if Mr. Paul were here to-day,
To look upon this fine array
Of faithful and devoted wives,
Could read the rec ord of their lives,
Could look upon these lovely girls,
Their sparkling eyes and auburn curls,
He'd doubtless say—I do declare
I must have been mistaken there
And then acknowledge to his credit
He had dis-pepsia when he said it."

AN ENTERPRISING POLICEMAN.

A policeman was awaking echoes on silent night by the measured tread of his heavy footsteps on the pavement of Fifth avenue, when he was startled by shrill cries of "thieves!" and "murder!" close at hand. Being a young man, eager to distinguish himself, he ran at the top of his speed in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and found a small group of men, including another policeman, congregated outside of a large house.

"What's up?" he inquired of his side partner.

"Blessed if I know! The women seemed to fret frightened to do anything except scream, growled the officer—an old hand apparently—pointing the rest of the heads which were thrust out from the upper windows. "Hi, there! come down and open the door!"

"I believe somebody has been shot, I'm sure I heard a report as I turned the corner," said a young gentleman in evening dress, who was apparently returning from a ball.

"Here, you run round to the back," said the first patrolman to the other, "make your way in, if you can, and I'll stay here till the door is opened."

The patrolman started off on his errand with alacrity, and, turning the adjacent corner, climbed over the railing into a garden at the rear of the premises. He had no difficulty in identifying the house in its altered aspect for a light in the basement attracted his attention. The dining-room had French windows opening on to an ornamental iron bridge or gangway, which spanned the area, and led into the garden. One of these windows was slightly ajar, and the officer, grasping his bull's-eye lantern firmly with his left hand, walked across the bridge and entered the room. Passing through the apartment, and throwing a ray of light right and left as he walked he came to the hall, and was entering straight to the entrance door to give admission to his colleague, when he encountered a white clad figure crouching in a recess which was used for hanging coats and hats. He experienced a thrill of nervousness, and involuntarily laid his hand on his club. A second glance, however, convinced him that he had not to deal with a burglar or a desperate character. The individual was a gentleman in his night attire, trembling violently and in a half fainting condition. The patrolman rightly assumed that it was the master of the house, and addressed him roughly, but respectfully.

"What is up, sir? I'm a policeman."

"They—they have shot him, gasped the other, apparently a little reassured at the sight of the constable's uniform.

"Shot who?"

"My butler."

"Where did it—

"The—the burglars.

"Well, we had better open the door. Come, sir, there is nothing to be afraid of now," he added, a little more sympathetically. "You understand the bolts and fastenings. I'll trouble you to lend me a hand."

After a brief search the body of a man was found huddled up on the floor of the kitchen, which smelt strongly of gunpowder. A knife was lying on the dresser, the reflection of which had been seen from the garden at the back. One of the men ran for a neighboring surgeon, and he at once knelt down beside the prostrate man, who was dressed in his shirt and trousers, and with professional coolness examined the nature of his injury.

"He is dead, poor fellow," remarked the doctor quietly, after a short pause. "Shot, sir?" inquired the policeman.

"Yes; shot through the lungs. Here is the wound, you see. I could do nothing," added the doctor, gently releasing his hold of the man and rising to his feet.

While this survey was proceeding the capital had been searched for a butler, and the butler was found in his bed, and led the way down stairs. I followed him. I don't know what we were going to do exactly. We went down without making a sound. He was barefooted, and so, I think, was the butler. The moment after he had entered the kitchen I heard a loud report, a groan and a heavy fall. By chance I came across a box of matches. I struck one with great difficulty, and then lit a candle which was standing on the dresser. The poor butler was uttering low moans, which ceased as I bent over him. I then perceived he was dead."

The unfortunate gentleman was evidently quite unnerved by the scene which he had witnessed. He seemed almost hysterical, showing that the shock had seriously affected his nerves.

An inquest was held, at which the householder repeated his story, and the inquest, which gave the coroner an excellent opportunity of drawing his portance, terminated in a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. The police, as usual, expressed themselves confident of being able to capture the guilty parties at any moment, and asserted that they were in possession of an important clew, though nothing ever transpired to verify the allegation.

About a month or six weeks afterward the householder was one day seated in his office when a clerk entered and announced that a young man wished to see him. The outer clerk refused to give his name, but declared that he had something important to communicate.

"He says you wouldn't know his name, sir; but he seems quite respectable," said the clerk, who presently ushered in a tall young man of military aspect.

"Well, man, what do you want with me? Why didn't you send your name in, eh?"

"You wouldn't have been any wiser, sir. I'll close the door if you don't mind," said the young man, seizing the handle.

"Thank you, I prefer it open."

"You needn't be afraid, sir. You're not to raise your voice above a whisper to be heard through that partition. You don't recognize me in private clothes, sir, and in fact I don't suppose you noticed me at all. I am the officer that came into your house that night when your butler was shot."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the other, changing color. "What brings you here?" he added, lowering his voice. "Has anything transpired?"

"No, sir, not that I know of," said the man, taking a chair.

"Have you left the police?"

"No, sir. That just brings me to what I want to say. I don't left the police, but I'm thinking of doing so I've a brother doing very well in Oregon, and I want to join him. But of course, it is no use going without some capital. I shall require $900."

"I don't see how that interests me."

"Then I will come to the point at once, sir. I know who shot your butler."

"Do you? Has the burglar been discovered?"

"No, sir, I haven't discovered no burglar, but at this moment I have put my finger on the party who fired the shot," said the visitor, still looking him in the face.

"Do you mean that you suspect me?"

"Yes, sir. It was an accident, no doubt. You had a revolver in your hand, and were so nervous that you didn't know what you were about. I expect the butler startled you by coming in upon you in the dark, and you fired from sheer fright," said the young man in a matter-of-fact tone.

"What makes you imagine I had a revolver?"

"Well, sir, when I came upon you suddenly in the hall that evening, I noticed that you threw your hand away quickly from one of the coats that was hanging close by you. At the time I paid no attention to the circumstance, but when I thought of it afterward I gave me an idea. Next morning being off duty, I strolled round to your house private clothes, and being about, thought you left to go to town. I guessed you would have the revolver about you, and would try and make sawbo with it. You will recollect that you left for Brooklyn that day. During the journey you dropped a small parcel in the river."

"Good God, you have guessed my secret!" interrupted the other, in piteous tones, as he clasped his hands together convulsively. "For my wife's sake don't breathe a word to anyone! It was a pure accident, and it happened just as you say. I was so horrified and frightened that, like a fool, I concealed the truth."

"Nobody suspects you but me," said the young man. "That is why I thought it might suit your purpose to get me out of the country. You have complicated matters by giving bribes, sir."

"Yes, yes; the matter must be hushed up. You shall have the money you asked for if you will leave the country and never breathe a word to—to—I—I said he, eagerly, as he seized his check book and turned over the leaves in great agitation.

"You can rely on my holding my tongue for my own sake," said the young man with a short laugh.

Acting upon this significant hint the merchant raised no further objections, and the following week the enterprising young notorious went to Oregon

The Model of Womankind

Was the subject of Mgr. Capel's sermon in St. Paul's Roman Catholic church, New York. The great prelate said:

"The doctrine of devotion to the Blessed Virgin meets with so much opposition from the fact that this doctrine is especially precious to Catholics. Who is it is so, the Virgin herself explains. He that is mighty hath done to me great things." These were inspired words, dictated by the Holy Ghost. Why was she to be called blessed? What greater things could even God Himself do in her, than has already been done? Not as mortal before or since, has been or can be, the very Son of God dwelling in her, partaking of her own nature, admitted to a union with Deity as intimate as that of soul and body, what grace could exceed her? Can there be any more sacred bond on earth than the union of mother and child? It is so intimate that the latter partakes even exclusively of the nature of the former. Some persons are shocked at the words Mother of God, because they will not look closely at dogmatic truths. They think of Christ as a man only, and not as the very God. It was the very God which Mary bore, and therefore she cannot possibly be termed other than the Mother of God. Among men the holder of a dignity is treated with the honor belonging to that dignity. Mary was raised to the highest dignity by virtue of the son she bore. She was titled to be the Mother of God by an endowment of marvellous grace. Angels could compare with her, and it was no wonder that some saluted her with the words "Hail, full of grace!" Virginity was the brightest jewel in her crown of humility. The Incarnation trembled in the balance, waiting for her lovely answer. Her answer was spoken, "Let it be so, Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

God be praised for women, the companion of man through life. The sweet domestic life where she shines most is little thought of. In these days, when women aspire to be priests, and to be called woman's rights, to an education wholly masculine, employments much more suited to man, to the ignoring of the proper duties of woman, God forbid that such a woman ever resemble Mary the Mother of God? Woman's sphere is home—near to God and far from the world. Purity, humility, retirement should characterize her—the very opposite of what men most admire now. God forbid that you Catholics should ever adopt, such baneful ideas. Bring up your girls to imitate the Blessed Virgin; make them your models for life. Our Lady, that imbued with her virtues that may go forth as lights to bless mankind. The saints gone home are still one with us in heart and love. They have power to help us. But who among them has so much power to do so as Mary? Woman can do nothing, therefore until she copies her sublime example. What man would not wish the woman he loves to be like Mary in all the loveliness of purity and virtue."

How to Cure a Cold.

A medical journal tells of how one man was cured of a cold: "He boiled a little licorice root and made a strong brew and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arm, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all of these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard plaster instead. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it on a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time with a bundle and sweet fern, which she made into a tea and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a dose of castor oil. Meanwhile his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience on doctoring, in High street, gave him two pills of her own, and sent for a pint of hot rum, at the suggestion of an old sea captain visiting in the next house, and stuffed his pipe with tobacco and smoke. At this crisis two of his neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea and a dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burned on a shovel in his room. He is now cured and full of gratitude."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Sheep for Wool.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman asks for the breed of sheep from which the largest fleece of wool can be obtained, and is answered:

For wool alone the Merino is probably best. For carcass and wool, the Shropshire or some other of the longer wooled Down breeds. For carcass alone, the South-Downs is the best. The Cotswold, Leicester and Lincoln sheep are good for wool and mutton combined, but are less hardy than the Downs, and fine combing wool is now less in demand than formerly.

Around the Farm.

If your horse is lame in the ankle the following cheap prescription will be found very valuable: Take twice daily with tincture of iodine, 1 oz.; tincture of aconite, 3 oz.; spirits of camphor, 3 oz.; mix. Apply to the ankle joint, the hollow the knee to hoof on back and sides.

One who has tried it says the best butter color is a pailful of cornmeal mush, fed warm morning and day, the corn to be of the yellow variety, adding that it will increase the milk and butter as well as give a good color.

An average cow, for dairy purposes, should give twenty pounds of milk per day during 250 days of every year. Eighteen pounds of cream for every 100 pounds of milk, forty pounds of butter from every 100 pounds of cream, and fully ten pounds of cheese from every 100 pounds of milk.

Sows intended for breeding should be separated from those intended for the fattening, and be fed a generous but not fattening diet. Select those with long bodies, straight backs, and having the largest number of teats, as these will be the best mothers. When a good breeder is thus secured, she should kept at least two or three litters, and as many more as she will breed without becoming unruly or giving her young to eat.

With the approaching cold weather stock of all kinds will need more liberal feeding. If animals are pastured it should be remembered that the first frost seriously diminishes the nutritive value of grass. Cows, especially, should be fed at this time to keep up the flow of milk.

Cut pasteurless plant known as the tur-dock is likely as some future day to become a profitable product if what is said about it should turn out to be true. Recent experiments have shown that the seeds of the plant are rich in oil of the finest and most delicate quality, suitable for mechanical purposes, and far superior to the olive oil for table use. The difficulty seems to be only waiting the inventive genius of some Yeffer to take the stickers of the burs. The burdock corp in the city of St. Louis can supply a machine for the asking.

Cook Book.

Floating Island.—Beat yolks of three eggs until very light; sweeten and flavor to taste; add to a quart of boiling milk, cook till it thickens; then pour into a low glass dish; whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweetening and flavoring; add a tablespoon of water to cook. Take a tablespoon and drop the whites on top of the cream, far apart, so that they look like "little white islands;" will not touch each other.

Lemon Pudding.—Four eggs, four lemons, grated bread crumbs to thicken, sugar to sweet, one cup of suet and one cup of milk. Steam three hours.

Wheat Mullins.—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, milk enough to make a thick batter.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Take a piece of pie-crust, roll it out and cut into strips; sprinkle cinnamon over it and roll up tight; put in a tin which has been rubbed well with butter, bake until brown.

Corn Bread.—Three cups of corn meal, two cups of flour, half a cup of sugar, one cup of milk, half cups of sweet milk, four eggs, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Lemon Butter for Tarts.—One pound of powdered sugar, six eggs, the yolks and yolks of two; three lemons, including grated rind and juice; cook twenty minutes over a slow fire, stirring all the while.

Orange Cake.—Make silver cake, and bake in jelly cake pans; grate one large orange, add to it two cold beaten eggs and a pound of sugar, until thick, then spread between the layers.

Coconut Jumbles.—One pound of coconut, grated, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, three eggs, large tea-spoonful of flour, drop on buttered pans.

Gold and Silver Cake.—One teacup butter, two teacups sugar, one-half teacup sweet milk, two teacups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, flavor. Gold—Take one-third of the above, add yolks of the four eggs, and adding one whole egg.

Graham Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, mix quickly, roll and bake.

Chicken Fritters.—Cut a cold boiled chicken in small pieces, put in a dish with a season with salt and pepper. Make a batter of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, stir in the chicken and fry in hot lard.

Egg Sauce.—Roll one tablespoonful of butter in flour and stir it into one cup of meat broth; add two beaten eggs; boil one minute. Pound the yolk of four hard boiled eggs and season; pour over the liquid.

Potato Balls.—Season cold mashed potatoes; heat to a cream with melted butter. Add three beaten eggs. Roll into balls, dip in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, fry in hot lard.

Veal loaf.—Chop fine two pounds of raw veal and one-half pound of salt pork; mix with two eggs, one quarter cup of rolled cracker, season with one tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt. Pack thickly in a deep, square tin, cover with bits of butter, sprinkle cracker crumbs on the top, and bake slowly for two hours. When cold slice it thinly.

Clover Vinegar.—Put a large bowl of molasses in a crock, and add to it *nine bowls* of boiling rain water; let it stand until milk warm, put in two quarts of clover blossoms, and two cupfuls of bakers' yeast. Let it stand two weeks, and strain through a towel.

Suet Pudding.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of suet chopped fine, one cupful of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little sifting of nutmeg; flour to make a tolerable thick batter. Steam two and a-half hours, or until done. Eat with liquid sauce. A half teacupful of cold tea may be used instead of the suet, if more convenient.

Queen of Puddings.—One cupful of white sugar, two cupfuls of fine, dry bread crumbs, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful for flavoring, one teaspoonful; one quart of fresh, rich milk, and half a cupful of jelly or jam. Bake the butter into the sugar, beat the yolks light, and stir these together to a cream. Add these to the bread crumbs soaked in milk and stir in the seasoning. Turn into a pudding-dish and bake until the custard is set. Draw from the oven, spread over with the jelly or preserves, and a meringue made of the whites of the eggs, whipped, sweetened and flavored to taste. Return to the oven and brown very slightly.

Fashion Notes.

Imported Jerseys have sash backs.

Fur-top boots are stylish for little girls and boys.

Polonaises are cut very long, both at the back and front.

Very dark red is the fashionable color for riding habits.

Forget-me-nots are the favorite flowers for corsage bouquets.

The Russian lambskin will be much used to trim black jackets.

Cat-tail chenille fringe is used for trimming dresses, bonnets and wraps.

The new white camel's hair dresses for evening wear are embroidered in green leaves and white blossoms.

Fine broadcloths, with closely woven surfaces, London cloths in herring-bone patterns, and irregular twilled cloths are used for the popular tailor-made costumes.

Seal sacques are made to fit the figure closely.

A new lace pin is in the form of a small green worm.

Painted lace capotes will be the leading opera bonnets this year.

Yellow plain brasses are more fashionable than the dotted ones.

Four buttoned kid gloves, heavily stitched on the back, are worn again.

The Brighton is the name of the new short jacket designed for young ladies.

Friz nets and rets for the back of the hair are studded with iridescent beads.

Highland kilts for small boys are made in velvet and plush as well as plaids.

Dog collars of solid silver, of various patterns, are again the hight of fashion.

Flat, crossway folds hanging like tassels from the skirt is one of the novelties from abroad.

The favorite hair pins are gem studded daggers or ornaments showing deeds of heraldry.

Chenille canes for evening wear, reach to the waist and are to be seen in all the new shades.

Pigeon gray, sapphire blue, and all colors of the sky are the favorite colors for children's dresses.

White and cream-colored Jerseys, braided with gold or silver braid, are worn with evening costumes.

Ye vet is much used as a trimming for wood dresses, and may be of the same shade as the dress material, or of contrasting color.

Jeweled headed pins, with very long points, are called Jersey pins, and are used in place of brooches or lace pins, either in office and lace jabots.

Half sashes are made of wide velvet ribbon or of narrow satin ribbon of two shades, sewed in the seams on the side of the corsage and tied in a point in front.

Bangs are not as fashionable as formerly. Fluffy curls on the forehead are more worn. The Grecian knot is gradually ascending and the bangs receding.

Dark velvet bodices are worn with skirts of all possible materials and colors. The addition of lace trimming to these corsages considerably lightens their effect.

The fur cape now has a lighter substitute in the shape of puffings, made in all colors to match the costume.

Gold and silver braids are used on the military collar, and in a few cases the high-shouldered arm-pieces.

White brocaded satins for wedding dresses show new designs of lilac blossoms, pond lilies, and tinted stems, humming-birds, fern fronds, primroses and slender stems of white silk. Some of the most expensive patterns are outlined with cut crystals and pearl beads.

Evening gloves are shown in dressed and undressed kid, in long mousquetaire style, to reach to the end of the elbow sleeves, or far above the elbow when no sleeve is worn. Pale maize and straw tints, wild flight, pale mode, pale lavender and pearl gray shades, are also chosen for evening wear.

A very handsome pink Merveilleux dinner dress has a polonaise of pink satin across the front, bordered with lace, and a drapery at the back; the skirt is cut demi-train, and like all full dress gowns is reefed half way down with bias bands and then petticoated with thick plaited muslin. The low pointed bodice is made of brocaded plush of the same tone.

PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

Pa Boy Tries to Play Prodigal Son, and Instead of Fatted Calf, he gets Kicked by Loaded Calf Skin.

"Hello, got back again, have you?" said the governess to the bad boy, as he came in the store looking tired, with his clothes soiled, and a general appearance of having been sleeping in freight cars with cattle. "I thought you said he expected you had run away for good and that you might not come back. Where you been?"

"Chicago," said the boy, as he took out a tood stabber knife and proceeded to take the cinder off a smoked herring. "Been playing Prodigal Son, in two acts. But times have changed since that young fellow in the Bible went off and left his pa. I tell you what the old folks killed a young cow for him to eat, and fell on his shirt collar and cried down the back of his neck. Why, I don't receive prodigal sons that way, no ward. They fill a prodigal son's coat tails full of boats, and he can't find cold mutton in the house to make a sandwich.

"I thought your folks were pious, and would be inclined to overlook anything," said the governess, as she discharged the herring and crackers to the bad boy's father. "You don't mean to tell me that your pa would not forgive one of the good book, and warmed your jacket?"

"Yes, you have guessed it the first time," said the boy. "This prodigal son business is all right in theory, but in practice is a dead failure. You see at Sunday school we read about the return of the prodigal son and the minister told us all about how the boy took all the money he could scrape together and went to a distant country and painted the town red, and spent his money faster than a circus, and how he took in everything he could find, and got hungry and took a job at the stock yards feeding pigs, and he was so hungry he used to be jealous of the rations, and finally he thought of his home, where they had pie, and he wept home expecting to be fired out, but his pa was tickled to see him, and set up a free lunch of calf on the half shell, and hugged the boy, and made him feel bully. Then we got home pa and ma talked about the lesson, and pa said it was one of the most touching things he ever read, and told me to think of it, and it would do me good. Well, the more I thought of it the more I felt like trying the prodigal business on, and I told my mother I could see the country, and have a good time, and come back and be received with open arms. Well, we got all our money together, and a brakeman on a freight train, that goes to our church, cause his wife sings in our choir, he hid us in the caboose, and we went to Chicago. O, my but we had a good time. I never saw money wither the way it did with us. We eat about twenty times a day, the last two days, and then our appetites left us, because we didn't have any more money. The first two nights we slept in a two shilling lodging house, the third night we walked around, and the fourth night we slept in the police station. When our money was gone, half the fun was gone. If a fellow can walk around with money, he can have a good time, even if he don't want to buy anything, but when the money is gone, he feels bad, and wants to buy lots of things. We waited two days for our brakeman, and when we got on his train he put us in a cattle car, and it was vile.

I traded my clothes for a musical cow, and wrote to pa that the prodigal would put in an appearance at nine p. m., and for him to prepare to fall on my neck, and he send down to the market for Jacobs' fatted calf, and have a bunch of fatted calves, and have a bunch of fatted calves, and have plenty of gravy. You wouldn't believe it, but there was no carriage at the depot, and we had to walk home. I could have overlooked that, if there had been anything to eat when I got to the house, but there wasn't even a bone for canary bird. Pa was there, however, and I was just going to hold out my neck for him to fall on to weep, when he grabbed it with his hand and came near twisting it off, and then he turned round and began to play the bass drum on my back with his feet. I never was so annoyed in all my life, honestly. It was not the kind of a reception I had a right to expect, after they had told me about the prodigal son of ancient times. As quick as I could catch my breath I asked pa what he thought of the prodigal son, the Bible would have thought if his pa had mauled him when he came home, and he said he was the kind of a story I could have made, if it had told about the old man taking him by the neck and kicking him out of the room instead of falling on his neck and weeping, and giving him a veal pot pie. Pa said he wasn't running any old back number prodigal son, and he thought his son was a fool, and he sent me to bed without any supper. That settles the prodigal business with Peck's family. No more fatted calf for Hank, if you please." and he blew up and shook the herring peelings off his lap.

"Well, how did your church come out?" asked the grocery man with much interest.

"O, he hasn't come out yet. He is in the back shop, locked up," said the boy, "I put the police onto him, and when he showed up they run him into the police station as a tramp. I think we have both demonstrated that this business does not agree with the prodigal business, and however much folks may try to teach us that people of such stories, they do not expect us to try to imitate them. When I go to Chicago next this I shall go in a parlor car, with lunch enough to last me on a return ticket. I don't understand it at all. Now I didn't do half the mean things I did to imagine that the Prodigal Son did in the far off country, and yet he got fatty when he got home, and I got my spine broke. It may be all right, but they do things differently in the old country, you know."

"If I understand the kind of a Prodigal son you are," said the grocery man, as he sprinkled the floor from a wash basin preparatory to the semi-annual sweeping out, "you have got even with your pa before this, for his treatment. That is, mind you, I don't suggest any thing for you to plan on him, but from what I know of you, the account is evened up before now. Am I right?"

"We'll should remark, any person who thinks I cannot get even with his pa, makes a mistake as to the sort of a prodigal son I am. We had companions in Chicago who did all that is in his element when we have company. He prides himself on his carving. We had a roast of beef, and before it was on to the table I look two, and I put up sharpens the carving knife on, and made two holes right through the ribs, and then I made a ravenlike whip that knocked me with once, cut it in two, and run pieces of rawhide in the holes of beef, and began carving with a smile, and asked the minister if he would like his beef rare, or an out-side piece. He was bearing gently on the carving knife, when the knife struck the rawhide and it wouldn't go any further. Pa smiled and said he guessed he had struck a barbed wire fence, and he turned the meat round and cut again, and he struck the rawhide. The minister drummed with his fork and spoke to ma and said he had a splendid meeting Wednesday night, and ma said it was perfectly gorgeous, and pa began to perspire and turn red in the face, and he said some more that would sound better in a brewery, and he tried to gouge off some meat, but it wouldn't come, and the minister said, "Brother, you seem to be having a monkey and a parrot time with that roast," and that made pa mad and he said he guessed he could carve his own meat without any pious interference, and ma said, "Why, pa, you should not be impudent," and pa said he had a good mind to carve that solid lump that had been at work on, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen and the company ate cold liver. The girl brought in the liver in the chest, and pa's soon I went down cellar, 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and I had all the fatted calf I wanted, and I gave the rest to that lame dog you see me have here a shaggy age. O, a boy can get enough to eat it he goes at any originality among folks, I think if pa would show a christian spirit, and wear slippers when he kicks his son, he would be more in the line of sky pilot's interference, and ma said, 'Why, pa, you should not be impudent,' and pa said he had a good mind to carve that solid lim that had been at work on, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen and the company ate cold liver. The girl brought in the liver in the chest, and pa's soon I went down cellar, 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and I had all the fatted calf I wanted, and I gave the rest to that lame dog you see me have here a shaggy age. O, a boy can get enough to eat if