A CATERER ON TERRAPIN.

When It Is Ready the Divine Satisfaction Is in the Eating.

James Prosser, a famous colored caterer of Philadelphia, dead long ago, furnished the following formula for preparing and serving terrapin. It was published in a gastronomic journal when he was on earth:

"You can't enjoy terrapin unless the day is nippin'. Temperature and terrapin go hand in hand. Now, as to your terrapin. Bless you! there is all the difference in the world in them. The more northerly is the terrapin found the better. You eat a Florida terrapin—you needn't despise it, for terrapin is terrapin everywhere—but you get a Chesapeake one or a Delaware Bay one, or, better still, a Long Island one, and there is just the difference between $10 a dozen and $36. Warm water kinder washes the delicate flavor out of them. Don't you let Mr. Bergh know it, but your terrapin must be boiled alive. Have a good big pot, with a hot fire under it, so that he shan't languish, and when he has got on a full head of steam, pop him in. What I am going to give is a receipt for a single one. If you are awfully rich and go in for a gross of terrapin, just use your multiplication table. Just as soon as he caves in watch him and try his flippers. When they part when you pry them with your finger nail, he is good. Open him nicely with a knife. Biling of him dislocates the snuff box. Pick out every scrap of his meat. There ain't overmuch of it, more's the pity. The most is in the jints of the legs and side lockers, but if you want to commit murder, just you smash his gall, and then your tarrapin is gone forever. Watch closely for eggs and handle them gingerly. Now, having got him or her all into shape, put the meat aside. Take three fresh eggs—you must have them fresh. Bile 'em hard and mash 'em smooth. Add to that a tablespoonful of sifted flour, three tablespoons of cream, salt and pepper (red pepper to a terrapin is just depravity), and two wineglasses of sherry wine—wine as costs $2.50 a bottle ain't a bit too good. There never was a gotega in all Portugal that wouldn't think itself honored to have itself mixed up with a terrapin. Now you want quite a quarter of a pound of the very best fresh butter, and put that in a porcelain covered pan and melt it first—musn't be browned. When it's come to be oily, put in your terrapin, yolks of egg, wine and all. Let it simmer gently. Biling up two or three times does the business. What you are after is to make it blend. There ain't nothing that must be too pointed in terrapin stew. It wants to be a quiet thing, a suave thing, just pervaded with a most beautiful and natural terrapin aroma. You must serve it to the people that eats it on a hot plate, but the real thing is to have it on a chafing dish, and though a man oughtener be selfish, there is a kind of divine satisfaction in eating it all yourself."

Not So Bad After All.

Mr. Manufact stood at his office window and watched the big waves of thick smoke that circled around his factory. Some of the sooty stuff percolated through the windows and smirched the innocent walls. A goodly portion settled in Mr. Manufact's hair and soiled his linen.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Why doesn't Smudgley buy a smoke consumer? His smoke ruins my walls. I hate to say anything to him about it, for, of course, he would be mad. But this is insufferable. There ought to be an ordinance to regulate this nuisance. I'll see my alderman and get him to agitate."

Then he turned to his stenographer.

"Kittie," said he, "take this letter.

"Mr. D. W. Boodler, First Ward, City—The smoke nuisance in my vicinity is terrible. Can't we have an ordinance to regulate it? Stir 'em up in the council. I'm nearly smoked out. The factories around me contribute intolerably to my inconvenience. See what you can do about it.

Yours, M. M. MANUFACT."

Just then Mr. Manufact's engineer came into his presence.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, "but Mr. Smudgley says we must do something to abate this smoke nuisance."

"Well, the impudent fellow," said Manufact, "doesn't he know that the smoke all comes from his chimney?"

"Oh, no, sir, it doesn't. It comes from ours, sir. We ought to have a smoke consumer, sir."

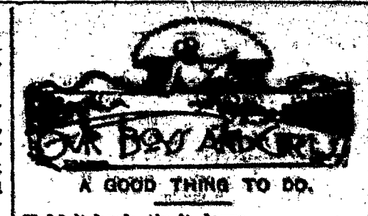
"James, there is not enough smoke to pay any attention to. People that live in the city must expect to breathe a little smoke. It is good for the lungs. Kittie you need not send that letter to Alderman Boodler. Let me have it."

A $5,000 Australian Oriole.

Chapman Coleman, of Frankfort, Ky., Secretary of the Reciprocity Committee, and Mrs. Coleman and daughter have taken apartments at the Normandie in Washington for the winter. They brought with them an Australian Oriole, for which Mrs. Coleman has refused several offers, one of $5,000. It is a beautiful bird of black feathers, and warbles a number of familiar melodies with harmonic precision.

1,000 Hogs Raised in One Tree.

W. T. Harmon, living on the Days Mill turnpike near Tilton, Ky., has a very curious but convenient hog pen. The pen is nothing more than a huge sycamore tree which is hollow, and furnishes sleeping quarters for at least twenty large-sized porkers. The tree has been used for its present purpose for over ten years, and during that time over 1,000 hogs have been raised in it.



A GOOD THING TO DO.

Hold it back, tie it down,
Bind it fast and tight,
Set your lips together close—
Which will win the fight?

Let it go wild and free,
Running reckless riot?
Surely that will quickly be
An end of peace and quiet.

Strongest men of all you know
Find it hard to do,
If you try your very best,
Victory for you.

Try it hard. Bring to it
Firm determination.
If you rule it well and good,
You can rule a nation.

To all the heroes who have been
Tried and told and sung,
Let us add the sturdy boy
Who can hold his tongue.

A SHARK IN HARNESS.

How the Florida Reef Boys Play With the Sea Monsters.

On the shallow lagoons of the outer Florida reef the bottom in ten feet of water is often pure white, so that dark objects resting upon it stand out with startling distinctness. One of the frequenters of the reef is a shark, known as the nurse, a huge fellow, nine or ten feet in length, who seeks the seclusion of the shallows and apparently goes to sleep. At least, pretends to, as he is seen lying perfectly quiet for hours, often permitting a boat to sail over him.

Naturally so sluggish a fish was easily captured, and one day, after watching the sharks swimming around the lagoon and refusing to leave the white shallow bottom, it occurred to a party of boys that the nurse shark would make an admirable steed, and immediate plans were formulated to capture him.

The sharks were most plentiful near a long, narrow island, and here the boys made their headquarters. Their mode of transportation was extremely primitive. The boat in which they crossed from the main island where they lived was the wooden casing of an arch some masons had been making, a boat-shaped affair, blunt at both ends. This had been calked and provided with rowlocks, and in it the boys made frequent excursions. The plan was to sail the boat quietly over the sharks, then lower a large slip noose down and take one by the head.

The rope and a pair of grains were thrown into the boat, and, all being ready, the boys started on their expedition. They soon sighted a black spot, which told of the presence of the school of sharks, and a few moments later were quietly drifting over them. Not a word was spoken, and the greatest caution was observed as one of the boys held the boat in place while another lowered the noose. Unfortunately an oar dropped overboard, and, with a whirl of their tails, the big fishes were off in every direction.

In the excitement of the moment a third boy seized the spear, and hurled it at a shark that was passing beneath the boat. The weapon took effect, and the next moment the line, which was fastened to the pole, stiffened out with a jerk, whirling the boat round and round, and throwing the boys down violently into the bottom. When they picked themselves up they found the flat-bottomed boat dashing along at a rapid rate. They had secured a steed, though not in the manner anticipated.

Up the reef the nurse swam, now pulling the boat down dangerously near the water and sending out a big wave on either side, then turning with a rush to avoid a coral bank, that grew on the edge of the channel, and racing back to the starting point.

All this was very exciting. One boy held the line by bracing back; another took an oar and attempted to steer the craft in its wild race, while the other boy was merely an enthusiastic passenger. Suddenly the shark turned again, and the bow boy, rising to see what new direction it was taking, lost his balance and was jerked overboard. Before his companions realized fully the situation he was being towed along on the surface by the demoralized shark. The reef boys were as much at home in the water as on land, so the unforeseen accident simply added to the sport. The remaining boys rowed the boat across the lagoon cutting off the shark, soon picking up their companion who had pluckily held the line during the exciting tow. The shark soon became weary of dragging the boat and was then run ashore by his captors.—C. F. Holder.

Fish from a Bottle of Ink.

A simple and pretty little trick, that almost anybody might do, is the changing of a glass full of ink into an acquarium. The glass of ink is exhibited to the audience, then a handkerchief is placed over it and immediately removed, showing a glass of water with a fish in it. Of course the water and the fish are there at first. The ink is perfectly represented by a piece of black rubber cloth, laid against the inside of the glass. A bit of thread is fastened to the cloth and hangs over the side of the glass away from the audience, with a little cork at the end of it. When the magician places the handkerchief over the glass he takes hold of the cork and brings away cork, thread and all, hidden in the handkerchief, leaving the water and the fish disclosed.

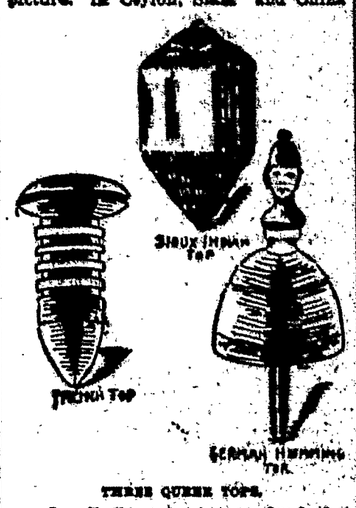
A SQUIRREL BONANZA.

Boys Explore Over One Hundred of the Squirrels on the Potomac River.

The boys near Cumberland, Md., recently had what boys everywhere would call a "bonanza." Somewhere in the mountains above Cumberland the squirrels for some reason, probably lack of food, became discontented with their home and they held a great council of war and decided to migrate to the southward in a body. So they all set out one bright morning and traveled until they reached the Potomac river. Here they all leaped in and swam across. Some boys on the further shore saw them coming in a vast, dark body that nearly choked up the river. At first they were frightened, but when they knew that they were squirrels they lay in wait and caught more than 100 of them. People who saw the migration estimated that there must have been more than 1,000 squirrels in the company. Such migrations are not at all uncommon, although it does not often fall to the lot of boys to be on hand to see them. Rats, lemmings and other small animals migrate in the same way.

Tops and Top-Spinning.

Top-spinning is one of the oldest games in the world. It has been played for thousands of years, and there are few even of the savage nations of Asia and Africa who don't play the game with some sort of top. Long before Columbus sailed for America the Indians knew a good deal about tops and top-spinning. The Sioux whittled them out of bits of wood, something like the one shown in the picture. In Ceylon, Siam and China



THREE QUEER TOPS.

nearly all the tops are so fixed that they whistle or sing when they spin. The ordinary top used by the American boy is probably the most popular in the world. It is extensively used in England and in all of her colonies. The German top is larger and more expensive, and the French top is quite different in shape. None of them will stand the pegging and battering of the stubby little American top.

How Indians Poisoned Their Arrows

On the deserts of Arizona are to be found the most venomous, the largest, most active and most dangerous rattlesnakes in the world. Six feet is an ordinary length for these reptiles. Recovery from their venom is exceedingly rare. In August they become large, yellow, bloated things, and it is at this time of the year that the Apache Indians seek them to obtain poison for their arrows. A deer's liver, smoking hot, is torn out and laid before the reptile. He is punched and angered so that he strikes it again and again, the morsel turning a blue black from the poison even before the snake has finished striking. This delightful morsel is then placed high on a pole to rot and decompose in the sun, after which it is brought down and the arrows stuck into it, they being afterward dried in the sun to retain the poison—a most horrible custom among the worst Indians on the continent.

Busiest Animals at the Zoo.

The busiest of all the park animals in Chicago, are the prairie dogs. The other animals all enjoy aristocratic leisure, with plenty of men to wait on them. They feel no responsibility about earning their living or providing themselves with a comfortable home; but the prairie dogs, which come from the breezy and energetic west, will brook no such laziness. They dig to the bottom of their sand heap, build a big mound above it, and sit proudly on their home for half a day or less, and then they tear down what they have built and dig another home. As soon as it is done, that, too, is destroyed, and they begin on a third. In this way they keep busy night and day, and have all the enjoyment of moving into a new flat every week.

Drive a Needle Through a Copper.

An apparent mechanical impossibility may be accomplished by simple means, using a copper cent, and a cork, with a common cambric needle as accessories. Announce that you will drive a small needle through a coin, and few will be ready to accept your statement, yet it is very simple and any one can do it. Take a copper coin, place it upon two small blocks of wood, leaving a very narrow open space between the blocks. Now, having selected a good, sound cork, force the needle through it until the point just appears at the other end. Break off the portion of the head of the needle showing above the top of the cork. Place the cork upon the coin and strike it a fair, smart blow with a hammer. The needle will be driven entirely through the penny by a single blow.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Auburn.

The funeral of Edward S., infant son of J. D. Long was held at the family home 155 Seymour street, at 4 o'clock Wednesday and it was necessarily private, owing to Mr. Long's illness. The interment was in St. Joseph's cemetery.

Miss Mayme Fitzpatrick, who has been spending the past two months at Glen Haven, was in this city over Sunday.

John White of 49 Orchard street, entertained about fifty friends at his home last Tuesday evening. The evening was spent in games and dancing.

Miss Nellie Lynch of Ithaca, was in Auburn last week.

Geneva.

The "Confederate Spy," rendered by the Ogoyago Home Company on St. Patrick's day was a success financially and dramatically. The principal actors were taken by Robert J. Wyatt, J. W. Brennan, Frank Donovan, Misses Jennie Quinn, Carrie Austin, Anna Merrilland, Jeannette Green, everyone of whom deserves much praise for their excellent work. Charles Murphy as a German soldier, made a decided hit, and William Brennan would pass master as a plantation negro anywhere. Charles Sweeney made an excellent dude. On the whole, the acting was an agreeable surprise to all who attended.

William Hennessey has been awarded the contract to clean the streets.

The many friends of Miss Mary Deegan are pleased to see her about again.

Julia Kelcher, formerly of this place, but lately a resident of Rochester, died at that place on Friday. Her funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales church, Geneva, at 9:30 Monday.

At the meeting of the board of Aldermen on Tuesday, Alderman Quinlan's resolution, to award the contract for printing to the offices paying fair wages and using the typographical label, was adopted. Accordingly the Times and Gazette will do the printing hereafter.

Mr. F. B. Hubbel, representing a large amount of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore capital, was in Geneva on Friday in the interest of a company which intends to build an electric line from Penn Yan to Geneva. Mr. Hubbel expects the construction of the line will be under full headway by April 1st.

Seneca Falls.

Mrs. Kate Lynch and daughter Mary, left Friday for Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. Father O'Neill of Phelps, gave a sermon in St. Patrick's church Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Last Saturday which was St. Joseph's day a high mass was said in St. Patrick's church by Rev. Father O'Connor.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in St. Patrick's church with a solemn high mass by Rev. Father Mulligan of Cayuga, subdeacon, Rev. Father Dupont assistant pastor of the church; deacon, Rev. Fabian Ryan of Rochester; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father O'Connor pastor of the church. Father Ryan gave the sermon on "The Life of St. Patrick."

Savannah.

Mrs. Patrick Fitzsimmons has been very ill for the past week.

Miss Josie Lawler called on friends in Clyde, Wednesday.

Frances Sherman of Avon is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. Munson.

Misses Anna Conroy and Mae Burke have accepted positions in Weedsport.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Carrel and daughter spent Thursday in Port Byron.

Mr. Julius Witmerrott of Rochester, kindly assisted the choir at the lenten service Thursday evening.

Mrs. James Conroy is in Lyons attending the forty hours.

Alex. Gregg visited in Skaneatles Falls, this week.

Caledonia.

The entertainment given under the auspices of St. Columbas' Literary Society on St. Patrick's night, was a grand success. It consisted of a lecture and stereopticon views in the Holyland, by the Rev. D. Breen of Rochester, which was substituted by all the most entertaining and instructive lecture ever given here. After the lecture a short musical programme was rendered.

Mr. Richard Keenan will move his family to Hemlock Lake, April 1st, where he will take charge of Bishop McQuaid's farm the ensuing year. Mr. and Mrs. Keenan will be greatly missed in this village where they have resided for the past twenty-eight years and enjoyed the respect and esteem of all. Especially will they be missed in the church circle where they have been faithful and efficient workers.

Word was received here on Friday of the death of Mr. William Kane at Silver Springs, a former well-known resident of this village. He was a brother of Mrs. Peter Callan of this village and leaves a wife and several children.

Dansville.

Miss Katherine and Mayme Loftus spent last week with friends in Rochester.

Many are the expressions of praise for the eloquent address of Mr. Carmody here on St. Patrick's night. After relating the Ireland's conversion by St. Patrick, he spoke of the centuries of prosperity and security and her proud record as a nation. Outlining the chief events of the struggle of '98 and the reasons for its failure he proceeded to pay a glowing tribute to the patriotic self-sacrifice of Emmet. Sullivan was especially white speaking of O'Connell that his flights of oratory were highest, though he expressed sincere admiration for the methods of Grattan and Parnell. The address was interspersed with charming quotations from "The Irish Melodies," "The Deserted Village" and "The Exile of Erin."

[Diocesan News continued on 8th page.]