

BULL MONOTONY IN FOOD.

It will eventually result in banishing Appetite and Gastronomic Comfort. Nowhere do we find more change than in our diet. The law that makes boiled mutton days and rice pudding days of the domestic calendar is the worst of laws. Because it is easier for the cook to know what to expect from the market each morning is no reasonable excuse for clinging to a certain routine in food with the regularity of a state's prison or an alarm clock. A united family is more to be feared than a mad cook. Monotony is dry rust upon interest in any branch of the home, whether it is a matter of furnishing, of diet or of toilet. If interest is gone to the menu and one eats merely to satisfy hunger, loss of appetite and dyspepsia come to the fore. Nutritious food, well cooked food and a variety in food are three necessary adjuncts to gastronomic comfort.

By variety is not meant haphazard products of a large market at every meal. The present elegant simplicity that has descended on the old tangled mass of side dishes from the national board is certainly more dainty and more appetizing than our former profusion. The question is merely one of change. If we breakfast upon crispnettes today, the chief piece of resistance tomorrow at the morning meal should be as far as possible removed from meat balls.

Next to daintiness in serving, mystery is perhaps the most important factor in forcing an appetite. The hungry man who comes from business with his stomach mortgaged to friedness chicken on Monday night, roast beef on Tuesday night and chops on Wednesday night eats his dinner eagerly because he is a hungry man, but he of the fickle appetite is lured ever hopefully to the dining room by the wise housewife who never publishes her bill of fare in advance. The not knowing what is coming and an element of surprise in what does come, if the food is in itself desirable, will do more than anything else can toward putting new life into a listless palate.

Don't serve too many sorts of things at one time, as a superabundance always tends to nauseate and a repudiation of the whole, but avoid as well that popular pitfall, meagerness. And strive to find new ways—good new ways—especially of cooking meat and of making desserts. Many otherwise well regulated households vibrate between eight or ten meat recipes and perhaps a dozen of desserts, whereas both those numbers could easily be multiplied by 100 toothsome changes. If housekeepers were as careful to exchange the specialties of their several cooks as they are to pass about their misdeeds, there would not be so many hungry men stalking our streets—starved not from want, but from monotony.

A laudable zeal in the gastronomic art should not, however, lead the inexperienced housekeeper too far afield. A young wife once tried a newspaper recipe that told her to use a cupful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of sugar instead of the reverse. She obeyed faithfully, but some way her husband didn't like the cake. If one is not natural cook enough to tell from the relative proportions given something about how a mixture will turn out, it is best to resort only to such dishes as have been stamped with reliable approval. But with the vast number of carefully compiled cookbooks, bursting with accurate information, that now flood the market the families that allow themselves to dine upon monotony are willfully blinding their appetites.—Housekeeper.

A Streak of Luck. "The most remarkable streak of good luck I ever knew of in the horse racing business occurred to a prominent merchant in Chicago," said a well known turfman. "A tout induced him to bet \$1,000 even money on a horse called Jim Douglas, and the next day he was greatly worried, as he was not a betting man. At that time \$1,000 was a considerable sum to him. Going to the bookmaker, he explained matters and told him he wanted to know how to get his money back. The bookmaker informed him that the only way he could come out even was to bet another \$1,000 on the field against Jim Douglas. He did this and thanked the man for his advice.

It happened that during that night Captain Sam Brown added his horse Mona to the entries of this race. The race was run the next day, and Mona came in first, with Jim Douglas second. The business man had not only got back his money, but had won \$2,000 besides, for both the bets drew. The fact that Mona had not been entered at the time he placed his money on Douglas made the latter just as good as first, so far as his bet was concerned. Then, Mona having won the race and being the field, secured his second bet. I tell you that is what we horsemen call business man's luck. Such good fortune would not happen to a professional bettor in a thousand years.—Chicago Tribune.

William's Little Plea. "I don't want to injure no man's bust nose," said Wandering William as he entered the barroom and leaned gracefully against the rail, "but I do think that there ought to be an investigation as to the true character of the ingredients used in making alcoholic liquors. I fear that there's adulterants being used. If that is so, some one should let the public know what's in the wine, or to render them free from fear of harm in the other way." He continued, pulling a fat flask out of his pocket, "for these reasons I shall be willing to accept from you a small sample of your best goods for the purpose of subjecting it to analysis and—

"They's ashes on the doorstep," said the bartender kindly as he finished the objection, "but look out for your don't slip on the walk."—Chicago Record.

Footing the Gas Man. "It's a very funny thing," said a housekeeper the other evening, "how the gas companies regulate their bills. A neighbor of mine cooks her breakfast by gas and doesn't light it again until night comes. Her gas bills average \$5 or \$9 a month. Now, I cook three meals a day and leave a jet burning all night so that I can get hot water to dilute condensed milk for the baby. My gas bills average \$5. I don't know what the difference is, but I suspect my neighbor hasn't got her gas meter from the company, so they know she uses one. They don't know I have one. That must be it."—New York World.

Pat's Reply. The butcher was shoveling a big drift of snow from the walk in front of his shop when Pat came along and asked for the job. The butcher refused. Pat persisted. "No," said the butcher. "How will I get exercise if I let you shove it?" "Eating your meat," rejoined Pat as he considered his shovel and marched on.—Utica Observer.

WASHINGTON'S COLORED 400.

They Have Wealth and Are Aristocratic and Ultra Fashionable. A negro aristocracy! Sounds odd, doesn't it? Yet such an aristocracy exists in Washington, and it is, relatively at least, the equal in wealth, culture and refinement of that of our best cities of white society.

Washington is a colored man's paradise. The term "colored man" is the one they invariably employ in speaking of themselves. They tell you they are not negroes—that negroes are the low blacks, that they are colored people, and that white ladies and gentlemen appreciate that fact and address them accordingly. The standard of gentility among the whites is fixed by their use of these terms. But, call them what you please, Washington is their paradise—the one spot on earth where a part of their number have a social standing, and where they are something more than mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The colored aristocracy of Washington really numbers about 400 all told, and in that respect they stand on an equal footing with Ward McAllister's Four Hundred in the New York metropolis. These Washington colored swells live in fine houses. They are possessed in many cases of large wealth. They keep their own carriages, and they have servants in abundance who minister to their wants. They have everything, in short, that money and good taste can suggest.

In their church worship the colored Four Hundred are quite as exclusive as their white neighbors, and a colored day laborer would hesitate as much to enter one of these sanctuaries as a white man of the same degree would in presenting himself at the portals of Grace church in New York. There are other colored churches there where the poor and the fairly well to do meet on equal terms, but they are not the churches of the Four Hundred.

The swellest colored church in Washington is the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian. On Sunday mornings Fifteenth street in the vicinity of the church is filled with carriages. The church is small and ultra fashionable. The most of the members come from the colored aristocracy. In this respect they are no different from the white aristocracy. In England every gentleman walks to church. He may own a hundred carriages, but he doesn't use them to take him to and from the church. Some of these days Americans will copy this custom from their English cousins, and when the American whites abolish the present fashion of riding to church the Washington colored swells will profit by the object lesson.—Buffalo Commercial.

The Conspiracy Failed. The young attorney was telling the story to a Buffalo Express reporter. "The fellow came into my office," he said, "and he had a long conversation. Finally I said something he didn't like, and he got mad. He said he would make a complaint against me, and I told him he couldn't be too quick about it. Then he asked me how I spelled my name, pretending he wanted to make a note of it in a memorandum book. I told him. He bogged over it for awhile, then passed me the book and asked me to write it. I was glad enough to get rid of him, and I did write it.

"Just as he was going out the thought struck me that perhaps that was only a bluff, and he wanted my name to use for a memorandum book. I was so sure of it that he was mine, and I ran for my life. I caught him just as he was going out of the door. I took him by the shoulder and asked him right out if that wasn't his motive in getting my name as he did. He stammered and stuttered, but I laid him dead to rights, and he finally confessed that he had intended to make a note over the name and get it discounted."

"What did you do?" asked his friend. "Turn him over to the police."

"No," said the young attorney. "I didn't do that. I told him to go on and get the note discounted if he could, but I made him promise he would give me half of what he got out of it."

The Seventy-two Races of Mankind. M. de Quatrefages, the noted French ethnologist, read a paper before the Paris Academy of Sciences on his favorite study. In it he gives an interesting summary of his general conclusions with regard to the origin and distribution of the human species. Omitting minor differences, he estimates that there are no fewer than 72 distinct races of men now inhabiting the earth. All of these, he says, descend or branch off from three fundamental types—the white, the yellow and the black—which had their origin in north central Asia, which is without doubt the primitive Eden, or "cradle of the human race."

A WONDERFUL CURSE.

The Remains of St. Catherine of Bologna Still Endure Intact. Chambers' celebrated work on miracles, wonders, general oddities respecting man, curiosities of vegetable and animal life, etc., which is arranged as a sort of calendar and given the very inappropriate title of "The Book of Days," has, through some odd coincidence, lately made mention of the miracle of the preservation of the relics of St. Catherine. The wonderful story has been a theme of discussion among church folk the world over for 300 or 400 years, yet the above mentioned work, which purports to give an account of everything out of the ordinary, whether vouched for or only reported, has entirely ignored the marvelous narrative, not even remotely alluding to it.

The St. Catherine in question was known in life as well as after her death as "St. Catherine of Bologna." Her remains are now enshrined in a church bearing her name in the city mentioned above, the relics having remained in their present position for upward of 300 years. She sits bolt upright in a chair, her features and form somewhat shrunken, the skin of the face and hands badly discolored—in fact, almost black—yet her countenance remains not in the least decayed. It appears, even to the unbeliever, that the facts have decided to keep her holy body uncorrupted and her form intact until the great day of reckoning. The editor of this article is not a Catholic, nor yet the son of a Catholic, and was never to his knowledge within the walls of a church belonging to that great denomination. Yet facts are facts, and as such are deserving of record, especially in a department of this character, which is entirely given up to discussing the unusual and unaccountable of every thing. The accommodating priest in attendance at the shrine of St. Catherine will, if requested, expose the arm of the mummified saint to the elbow, and moving it back and forth prove to your wonder and astonishment that the joints are as flexible as they were when the good woman trod the streets of the ancient Italian cities 300 years ago. When Pius IX was pope, he frequently visited the shrine of St. Catherine, and while making such visits never failed to pay mass while in the presence of the miraculously preserved remains. On one occasion, while testing the flexibility of her joints, he raised her hand to the level of her head, then replacing it in her lap remarked, "Pulvis autem" (I was too bold).—St. Louis Republic.

They Bode For One Euro. Coming down town on a Fourth avenue car, a woman got on with four small children. The day was noticeable because the conductor had to help on the oldest girl, then the boy with a square cap and long curls, then another little girl and lastly the woman, who carried a child apparently about 10 months old. The young ones were all granded in size and were small for their apparent ages. The mother bestowed them about, some of the men in the car getting up to make room. She got on, and the people were beginning to forget about it, when they heard the conductor say in a voice of shrill astonishment as he looked at the solitary and lone nickel in his hand: "Is none of them over 3, mum?" There was a modest murmur of disclaim from the woman. "Not me of them?" She looked her head. The passengers took an honest gaze, that of a "praying man." The children and not one of them over 3." The conductor sadly. But he rung up the fare and went out on the back platform. He counted on his fingers and multiplied and muttered, and when the woman got off he was still mumbling and multiplying to himself.—New York World.

A Bit of Chalk. Did you ever microscopically examine a tiny bit of powder scraped from a piece of common chalk? "If you never did," as the philosopher told the boatman in the oft repeated story, "you have lost at least one 4 of your life." Not one person in 10,000 knows the least idea of the number and various forms of the minute shells and any thus is brought into plain view. The largest of these shells is not more than the one three-thousandths of an inch in length, yet they are as perfect as the porphyry titans of the bench that are large enough to hold a half gallon of water and which, when empty, roar like a cyclone. Some are shaped like squids and cuttlefishes, others like "sand dollars" or sea urchins, but by far the larger majority will remind you of sea shells that you have seen at one time or another. One very common form of these infinitesimal structures is shaped exactly like the common conch shell, but it has been estimated that at the least calculation it is 3,000,000 times smaller. A careful examination of different samples of any one specimen of chalk will generally show that there are from 300 to 500 species of minute shells in every conceivable shape and form, the very minutest specks among them being as curiously and wonderfully made as those of larger caliber.—St. Louis Republic.

Servants in West Australia. When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices are issued in the papers as to the passengers on board. There will (D. V.) arrive by the Hampshire, due on November 75 Single Women, 29 Married Couples, 50 Single Men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs.—The greatest excitement takes place in Perth and Fremantle when a batch of serving women arrive. Ladies in West Australia are always wanting servants. One lady—no legend but it has a contract with a newspaper to publish the following in every issue: Wanted at end of month, Cook, Housemaid and General Servant.

Servants in the salubrious climate of Western Australia rarely stay in any situation more than a month. They don't like going away from the capital or port. To go far up country they politely decline.—London T. H. B.

Pictures on the Clouds. It has been found possible, says Professor Dollner, by employing large lenses of proper focal length, to project pictures upon the clouds. Probably in a few years, or sooner, one as he rides along the highway on a cloudy day will be able to read overhead how Senator Smith was snatched from the grave by a few doses of Jones' infallible pills.—Loyell Courier.

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