THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Twas a lazy, hazy sort of a day-A Sunday in early September— And Parson Pindar it was that preached— The is, if I rightly remember.
Outside, in the meadow's aftermath The bees droned in the clover. "doice far niente" sort of way. For their summer's work was over.

Inside, the files on the window-pane Buzzed in a sleepy fashion. Too listiess to search out the thin-haired men And tease them into a passi The high-backed paws in the old stone church Were hardly made for doring, But here and there the "pillars" napped, Lulled by the parson's proxing

For in drowsy measure his sing-song tones With the hum of the bees was blended. And old Deacen Badger fell fast asleep Before the "firstly" was ended. From "fourthly" to "fifthly" the parson we

on, His steady way pursuing, With "seventhly," "eighthly, brethren," an The "ninthly" was just reviewing,

When a saucy breeze came over the hill And set the leaves a dancing, And tumbled the clover, then in at the door With mischievous air came prancing It bristled the hair on the dencon's head Till it seemed to be cutting capers; It firted the leaves of the hymn-books old, Next rumpled the parson's papers.

Then out of the wiedow it slipped away, Bent on more merry confusion-Now the parson, his "ninthly" out of the way Had reached at last the conclusion.
"Now, finally, brethren"—slowly he spoke, "Now, finally, fi-nal-ly-oh, dear m To himself he said, as he wiped his "spees," "I just had that 'finally' near me.

Aloft in the gallery, demure and prim. Sat little Patty Carson: Not a word of the sermon had she missed, Or a gesture of the parson.
But now she half rose and leaned o'er the rail. Her eyes on him anxiously bending, as he searched in vain for the missing link, Between the ly's and the ending.

As he stopped perplexed—in a high-cracked

She must either help or hinder—
"Your 'finally, brethren,' parson," she cried,
"Has just blown out of the winder." -Elizabeth Flint Wade, in Good Housekeeping

THE EDITOR.

How He Was Entertained in a Modest Home.

Nell and I were orphans and lived with our brother Tom. Tom was an orphan, too, of course, but then male orphaus are never the recipients of sympathy and motherly advice from every dear old lady in the neighborhood, so that by and by they really forget that they are orphans.

Tom was twenty, and he kept a stationery shop, and we lived in four small rooms in the rear of the shop. This was in one of the new towns that spring up in a night on Puget sound, and although the town itself was rough, bustling and noisy, we were very happy there, for our rooms were within a hundred yards of the opatine waters, and the shore sloped to them, green as

emeralds the whole winter through Nell assisted Tom in the shop, and I. besides being housekeeper, contributed to several magazines, which helped wonderfully in the way of new gowns, ts and all the dainty thing which delighted our souls.

We were quite the noisiest and most

harum-scarum household you can imagine. As I have said, we had only four rooms. In one of these Tom slumbered the dreamy hours away nightly, and it was "the meanest, darkest, smotheriest room in the whole shebang," Tom was given to declaring each time he entered it on slumber bent. Then there was a room wherein Nell and I slept, and from whose window we could see at dawn dear, white Mount Baker towering into the primrose sky. Then the kitchen, and lastly the parlor, which Nell called the drawing-room, and which also served as dining-room. Between the parlor and the shop was a tiny cubby hole of a room, about six feet square and dark as a dangeon, in which Tom kept surplus stock, and in which we like wise smuggled away sundry bags from the greengrocer's, trusting to the friendly darkness to conceal them from the inquisitive eyes of our visitors.

Our parlor was a thing having onee been seen to be remembered. It was eleven feet wide and sixteen feet long, and in it were one stove, one organ, one sewing machine (we made our own gowns), one three-ply carpet, one big, black dog (by the name of Jeff, who was a fixture and the object of our devoted affections), one dictionary and stand, one walnut table, four chairs (more or less broken), one trunk (deceptively cretonned and cushioned up to allure unsuspecting guests into the rashness of sitting upon it), one bookcase, some pictures, and, alas! that I must chronicle it of a parlor! a bureau! "A really and truly bureau in a parlor," as a little girl said once, to the hysterical mirth of ourselves and the speechless mortification of her mother, who had brought her to call. However, the size-or lack of size-of our ett. bed chamber forbade the introduction of a bureau, so into the parlor it went.

One autumn evening Tom was in the shop, and Nell and I were making ourselves very comfortable in the parlor, tipped back in our rocking chairs, with cups of chocolate in our hands, and our feet on the low nickel rod that encompassed the stove. We had been sewing, and the room was in the wildest disorder. The machine was in the center of the floor, its box was upside! down, the bureau was littered with of fairly diabolical mirth. "You hid your yards and yards of embroidery, spools, seissors, tape-lines and buttons; there were piles on piles of muslin uncut, it's meandering down right into his and dozens of muslin garments in vari- silk hat!" ous degrees of "cut, basted and sewed" all over the floor, chairs, organ and

trunk. 'We'll have our chocolate," Nell had said, "and then we'll have a cl'ar'n'-up

But suddenly we heard the shop door open, and then a gentleman's voicequently in that rough town. It was The chocolate was really running, not | - London Times.

ment he had introduced himself to Tom as "Mr. Everett, of the 'South African Review.'" I waited to hear no more. leaped to my feet, overturning the footstool and the dog with a dreadful racket; the smile and the chocolate froze on my lips; my heart jumped into

could searcely breathe. I had contributed regularly for some time to the "South African Review," and my correspondence with the editor never, never, in my wildest imaginings had I foreseen such a catastrophe, Nell ings. suggested afterward, as this.

I cast a glance of frenzied, but speechless, appeal at Nell. She nedded, pale as a ghost. She had heard, too.

"Cl'ar up," she whispered, briefly, and then she began to laugh, noiselessly and hysterically. I thought this downright mean of her, but I didn't Tom tell our guest in a very loud tone -for our benefit-that he would show him in just as soon as he had finished a in the shop. This was to give us time, God bless him! And we improved it. The way we did set chairs to their right-abouts and jam things into those bureau drawers! Nell got hold of the muslin and struggled to get it into the trunk, but there was too much of it.

and, as she obeyed, I added: "There's should have given you before. I shall one consolation. He can't hear us, be- tell him how greatly I enjoyed my cause he's as deaf as anything; he told call." And as he bowed himself out me himself."

"Well, that is bliss," responded Nell, apsing into slang in her agitation. We had barely begun to get things to rights, it seemed, however, when we heard them coming, and with hopeless glances into the mirror we sank into Thenour chairs.

Tom pushed aside the portiere and walked in, followed by a tall and fineooking gentleman. With a terrible 'Boo-woo-woo!" in the voice of a lion. Jeff leaped from his own individual corner and made a rush at our guest, and as the latter was just in the act of taking a step, the dog, more astonished than any of us, went straight between the South African ankles and floundered against the wall. As the gentleman recovered his equilibrium and his self-possession, Tom lamely introduced him.

"Speak louder, Tom," said I, concealing the motion of my lips behind my kerchief. "He is awfully deaf; he told me himself."

"Is that so?" said Tom: and then he fairly shouted the introduction.

Nell came forward looking as cool and sweet as a lily and gave him her hand, telling him how really glad she was to welcome him. "O fudge:" said Tom. making a wry

face at her over Mr. Everett's shoulder; "if he's deaf that's all Greek to him. Speak up, my little man." For one dreadful moment I thought Nell was going into one of her convul-

sions of laughter, but she pulled herself together and presented me. "So this is our little contributor," said he, taking my hand and looking at me with kind but amused eyes. I shouted out "yes," but as that sounded

rather flat, and hearing Tom giggle in he showed a preference for a guileless

base deception. "Great guns!" ejaculated Tom. in a tone of exaggerated emotion, while we all stood shivering in agonized suspense. "It's the chair with the broken

looking chair that was at heart one of

Before our guest could seat himself. however, Nell had a happy inspiration. "Do, do take off your overcoat!" she cried, and then in a rapid aside to me:

'And Kate, do substitute another chair while I'm talking sweet to him! Tom, take his cout." For one instant I thought a flash of uncontrollable mirth swept across Mr. Everett's face, almost as if he had heard. But a second glance assured

was sphinx-like. "Now, that I have his cost," put in Tom, with cold irony, while I deftly changed the chairs, "what shall I do with it? Toss it on the trunk?" "Heaven! No!" said I, sternly, "Put

it out in the-in the-' "Cubby-hole," suggested Nell, giving us a brief, innocent glance, and then adroitly continued her conversation with Mr. Everett.

"Sure enough," said Tom, giggling as e went out. "I'll put it on the bag of he went out. "I'll put it on the bag of potatoes. He'll think we have a hundred-dollar hat rack concealed in the darkness.'

Tom, I may say right here, was in his element. A guest who was deaf, and two sisters who had been caught in a dreadful plight! What more could the imp ask? He took the tide at the flood, too. He came back and seated himself in the shadow so he could fire funny remarks at us without the motion of his lips being observed by Mr. Ever-

Nell behaved like an angel. She sat quite close to our guest, and carried on with him an animated conversation in a clear, high, flutelike tone, which seemed to carry every word to him distinctly, as he did not hesitate once in his replies.

Suddenly my alert ear heard something dropping, or to be more accurate, running. Nell gave me a startled, mystified glance.

"My guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone chocolate cup on the organ, didn't you? Well, Miss Brilliancy, it's upset, and

We would have been more than human could we have kept our horrified eyes away from the fatal spot. I even thought poor Mr. Everett gave a startled glance toward the floor, but, of course, I must have been mistaken. The unfortunate man had deposited his hat, with sublime trust in its safety the kind of voice we did not hear fre- worthy a nobler object, behind him. | tled a few years ago at Bourne mouth.

low, quiet, courteous. In another mo- into it, but so close to it that we knew it would be dreadfully spattered. Nell was in the middle of a sentence,

but she broke down flatly with: "So -that-a-" she repeated, absently. "So-that-a-" mimicked Tom, at which I laughed, weakly and helplessly. Nell gave him-both of as, in fact-a mp throat, and thumped there so fast I furious glance, and returned to her charge.

All this time Mr. Everett had behaved admirably. He must have 6bserved our hysterical nervousness, but had grown very friendly, indeed, but I presume he attributed it to the dire confusion and disorder of our surround-

When he arose to take his departure Nell put her kerchief to her lips with a shameless pretense at coughing-she, who had the strongest lungs in the family,-and said, rapidly: "For Heavwipe the chocolate off before he sees Then louder: "I am so sorry we have time to remonstrate. I heard did not know you were coming, so we could have made your visit pleasanter.'

"By jingo," said Tom, making a dash for the embby-hole. "That reminds little matter then claiming his attention | me I'd better be getting his coat before he investigates and finds it between the potatoes and the coal-oil can! My!" he ejaculated, sniffling exaggeratedly, as he returned with it., "it smells of coal-oil!"

"By the way," said Mr. Everett, turning to me kindly, "here is a letter "Put it behind the trunk," I gasped, for you from my brother, which I there dawned upon his face a slow smile of such intense and uncontrollable amusement that it made me feel as if an iev hand was clutching my beart. We all stood transfixed until we heard the door close behind him.

> "His brother," exclaimed Nell, in a low, terrible tone. "Wretched girll Who is his brother?" "I don't know," I faltered, almost in

tears, tearing open the letter. "Ten to one." said Tom, strutting around with his thumbs in his button-

holes, "it's a proposal of marriage." "Or a hundred-dollar check for that last story," said Nell, laughing nervously. They came behind me and looked

over my shoulder, all reading together. It was not a proposal of marriage, but it was a cheek-un effectual one-to our spirits. MY DEAR MISS ORNE: We have long desired

to make your acquaintance, and as one of us must go to your town on business I shall let my brother have that pleasure, denying myself because I am so deaf—as I have told you—that you would find conversation with me embarrassing. My brother is so fortunate to enjoy perfect hearing. I am sure you will like him, although I believe I have never mentioned him to you. He is associate editor of the Review. I am Yours very sincerely.

HUGH A. EVERETE. For a moment that seemed a year there was deadly silence. Then I began to sob childishly, and Nell-1 regret to be compelled to tell it-Nell went into regular hysteries of mirth, and laughed and cried alternately. Nor did she entirely recover for weeks, but would go into convulsions of merriment at the mere remembrance of that evening. Tom neither laughed nor eried. He just sat down on the edge of the organ stool and house. To our consternation, however, to the bag of potatoes and the coal oil can, I imagine he concluded that he could reflect more clearly if alone, for he arose silently and stole into the store, nor did so much as a murmur emerge from him during the remainder of the evening. It was the first and last time in my life that I ever saw

"ROB ROY" MACGREGOR.

Tom completely squelched.—Ella Hig-ginson, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Short Biographical Sketch of a Late English Writer.

Mr. John MacGregor, better known as "Rob Roy" MacGregor, who died at his residence, Lochiel, Boscombe, Bournemouth, lately, was the eldest son of the late Gen. Sir Duncan Muc-Gregor, K. C. B. He was born at me of my mistake, for his expression Gravesend, January 24, 1825, and a few weeks after his birth, his parents, with their infant son, embarked on board the Kent, East Indiaman, which afterward took fire in the Bay of Biscay. Young MacGregor was educated at King's school, Canterbury, and at seven other schools, in consequence of the frequent removals of his father's regiment. Later he was sent to Trinity college, Dublin, and afterward to Trinity college, Cambridge, where he gradnated as R. A. and a wrangler. 1845 Mr. MacGregor wrote and sketched for "Punch," and during the revolution of 1845 he visited Paris. Two years later he made a tour through Europe and the Levant, and also visited Egypt and Palestine. On his return in 1851 he was called to the bar. Being of a restless disposition, however, he soon left for Russia, visiting likewise every other country in Europe, as well as Aigeria and Tunis, and subsequently the United States and Canada. He pub lished an interesting account of his wanderings. In 1865 he undertook his first canoe voyage, and in the ensuing year his memorable log-book appeared. under the title of "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on the Rivers and Lakes of Europe." This work passed through thirteen editions in less than twenty years. It was succeeded by various other accounts of canoe voyages, all of which enjoyed considerable popularity. Mr. Mactiregor was twice elected a member of the London school board, for the division of Greenwich; and he acted as chairman of the industrial schools committee, rendering signal service in that capacity. His leisure he employed in contributing articles on marine propulsion and other subjects to the reports of the British association, and he worked on the committees for erecting various memorial statues to public men. He married in 1875 a daughter of Admiral Sir Richard Caffin. K. C. B. Mr. MacGregor had

been in failing health for some time be-

FLOODS ON THE AMAZON.

Thousands of Square Miles Annually Sab. merged, Only Tall Trees Being Visible. The worst inundations of Louisiana and eastern Arkansas are but spring freshets compared with the monster floods that visit the Amazon valley every year with a regularity equaled by astronomical events and tax collections. The rainfall of northern Brazil is about three times that of the web-footlest counties of Oregon, and in midsummer the thunder showers that drench the woods every afternoon resemble a daily cloudburst.

Rains of that sort are apt to occur day after day for a series of weeks, and their effect on the lowlands can be only imperfectly indicated by the fact that the Amazon river drains an area of more than two million square miles. The Mississippi, too, drains half the eastern slope of a country larger than Brazil, but its largest affluents are dwarfed by the third-class tributaries of the South American father of waters. Not such flowing takes only as the Rio Negro and the Molera, but the Purus, the Yavari, the Quras, the Hingo, the Papajos and dozen of other streams rarely mentioned on this side of the isthmus, enter the main river through a delta miles in width and deep enough for the largest river steamers of the St. Lawrence.

About the middle of summer these streams begin to rise, those from the sonthwest first, those from the northwest and north a few weeks later and a fortnight after the arrival of the see ond supplement the valley of the Amazon becomes a paradise of swamp-loving brates. The tapir, the peccari, the fish otter, celebrate the pienis season of their summer life, and herds of wild deer begin their westward exodus. Near Monte Beira, in the province (now "state") of Matto Frosso, the woods in midsummer get full of game, as a hundred years ngo the foothills of the mouthern Alleghanies swarmed with wild pigeons when the forests of the north were buried in snow. A more than usually sudden rise of the flood cuts off many of these fugitives, who are thus reduced to the alternative of making for the highest accessible ground further east, till every knoll becomes a hill of refuge, crowded with timid brutes, whose survival depends on their escape from the giant cats and boas who may approach their stronghold by swimming if the water should have submerged too large a portion of the continuous forest. About two months after the begin

ning of the rainy season the deluge of the lowlands reaches its maximum. Thousands of square miles are submerged so effectually that canoes can be paddled through forests apparently free from underbrush, since only the taller trees, with their network of climbing vines, rise like islands above the surging waters. The swollen rivers have found new currents, and broad, gurgling streams twist and eddy through the leafy wilderness, tearing off whole groups of trees with all their roots, but making amends by depositing hillocks of driftwood, which soon get covered with tufts of new vegetation The pressure of the surging flood against these mounds of alluvium soon become enormous, but the deep-rooted stems of rising to a little squeak as she proffered the best and really safest chair in the house. To our construction of the best and really safest chair in the the abansonia and the canoho tree may a narrow head deflecting the current left and right, like the wedge-shaped front of a stout bridge pier.

The climbing talent of the great ca saves them the trouble of emigration. The jaguar and the ocelot become entirely aboreal, traveling like monkeys from branch to branch, and making themselves at home in the tree-tops; so much so, indeed, that some of them go to housekeeping and raise a litter of cubs in the cavity of a hollow tree.

A swimming deer in these submerge tangle woods has no chance at all against the pursuit of an enemy that can leap from branch to branch or climb along the viaduct-like cables of the great lians vines, and a jaguar would not begin to regret a phenor deluge till the waters had closed over the tops of the tallest palms.

The Brazilian aut bear survives th rainy season in a peculiar way of his own. His favorite hunting grounds the big ant hills of the underbrush, are soaking under twenty feet of water and tree ants hug the hooks of their dens during the season of constant showers In spite of his big claws their enemy i not prepared to rip big trees in quest of his food and his proficiency in climbing cannot compare with that of the big ents, but his talent for long fasts is unrivaled, even in this era of Tanner reaks. One drink per week will do im for a period of ten or twelve weeks, during which he husbands his vital resources, on the principal of minimum expenditure. With his bush tail coiled about his neck, he dozes away the rainy day under the roof of a fallen tree, while his physical torpor is not apt to be offset by an excess of mental activity.

It has been asserted that an ant bear's forelegs are powerful enough to hug a panther to death, but it is proba ble that a jaguar could break his head at the first blow, and at all events the tyrant of the Brazilian forests must find it much harder to cope with the agility of the tree-climbing monkeys. In daytime they clude the pursuit so casily that they will finish a good meal of wild grapes before deigning to notice his approach, and in the exuberance of his confidence the ring-tailed Capuehin monkey will often turn upon this would-be murderer and follow him for hours with jeers and whoops of de fiance.—San Francisco Chronicie.

An Important Branch.

Bunker-I thought your son, after raduating from college, was going right into business, but I hear now that he is to take a post graduate course.

Hill-Yes: we thought it meessary. Bunker-What is he going to study? Hill-He's going to learn how to spell.-Life.

Quite Probabie. Tonson-What is the motto of the

city of Chicago?

fore his death, and in consequence setbody good."-Pack. POLYGLOT CHINA.

Facts Not Generally Known Concerning the Speech of That Great Empire. It is true that the inhabitants of Pekin, Canton, Shanghal, Futwa, and Amoy speak Chinese. But as to other parts of the country, it is also true that a citizen of the places named cannot understand the inhabitants any more easily than can a Berliner an Englishman, or a Parisian a Dutchman. Thus the position of the Chinaman in his own country, where various so-called dialects are spoken, is rather peculiar. The Chinese dialects have nothing in common with the patois, or conversa-tional forms of language. They are used by the highest and lowest classes the savants and uneducated, the officials and the coolies. The dialect is a language by itself. The various dialect forms, it is true, are related to one another in somewhat the same manner as the Arabic to the Hebrew, Syrian, and other Semitic tongues, or German to English, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, etc. If it is necessary to classify the nu-

merous dialects they may be divided into the Canton, Hakka, Amoy, Swatow, Shanghal, Ningho, the Hainanese and the Mandarin. The youngest of these dialects is the Mandarin. Mandarin, contrary to the general impression, is not the universal language of China. The Canton tongue resembles the ancient Chinese spoken 3,000 years ago more closely than the Mandarin. The Hakka shows also traces of great antiquity. It is much older than the Mandarin; almost equalling in point of age the Canton tongue or Cantonese. The same thing may be said of the Swatow, Amoy and Shanghai dialects. In general we may say that the languages spoken in southeastern China show traces of the ancient Chinese tongue, while the Mandarin tongue is modern.

"In addition to these main divisions," continues the article, "there are many other quasi-dialects, spoken in some instances by thousands of people. But the same word forms, or dialects, are not used by all persons in a single distriet, although the districts-civic divisions-as a rule are much smaller than those in the countries of western Europe. People distant from one another only a few miles often use totally different dialect forms. In some of the larger cities, such as Canton, with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, one often finds several dialect forms in use. The variations in the Chinese tongue are so great, indeed, that it is not too much to say that there are as many dialeet forms in the Flowery Kingdom as days in the year.

"The most widely spread language is the Mandarm. It is used in one form or another in fourteen or fifteen of the nineteen provinces composing China. There are also northern and southern Mandarin tongues. The best northern Mandarin dialect is spoken in Pekin, while the best southern Mandarin is spoken in Nankin. A third marked form of the same tongue is used in west China, especially in Tsien-Kiang. People who speak the various Mandarin dialects, however, can understand one another readily. If we estimate the population of China at 360,000,000 of people, at least 800,000,000 use the Man-darin tongue. All persons, from whatever part of China, who desire to enter political or official life learn this

"The other Chinese languages are spoken by comparative small numbers of people. About 20,000,000, for instance, speak Cantonese in one form or another. It is used in the greater part of the province of Quang-Tong. About one-third of the people of this province use the Hakka tongue. In its northeastern part the Swataw dialect is also heard. Cantonese is also spoken in the Kuangsi province. There are not so many dialectic forms of the Hakka tongue as of the Cantonese. Passing up the coast we find about 8,000,000 people speaking Swatow. In all probability 9,000,000 Chinese use the Amoy dialect, which resembles Swatow about as closely as Portuguese resembles Spanish. Still further up the coast we find the Futwa dialect. It is used in a district about 150 miles long and 800 miles broad, containing a population of 5,000,000. This country is for the most part mountainous, The dialects of Ningho and Shanghai, although only a few miles apart, differ greatly. The Hainanese is spoken by the people of Hainan. It is related to the Amoy and Swatow dialects, slightly resembling the Japanese—and is spoken by about 3,000,000 people. The inhabitants of bout Lutshu, between Japan and

Formosa, also speak Hainanese. "The introduction of a uniform language in China is only a dream. Two hundred years ago the emperor Kang-hi founded schools in the various parts of the empire in the hope of accomplishing that end, but the result was disappoint ing. It may be accomplished in the future when railroads in various parts of the country bring the people closer together. Centuries will pass by before that time, however. Mandarin tongue, if any, will become the universal one in China.—Ostasintischer Lloyd.

Success as a Soldier. Great as is the store Lord Wolseley sets upon courage, he thinks that nerve

is far more important when a man is under fire. It is, indeed, the one thing needful. "You look forward," he says, with eigerness to see what a battle is like. Nerve-nerve is the great thing needed. The wise men who haven't got it give up; the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the other. Nerve, nothing but nerve, tells in the long run." best way to get on in the army is to do your best to get killed. That, said Lord Wolseley, is "the only way." "There is only one way for a young man to get on in the army. He must try and get killed in every way he possibly can. He must be absolutely in-different to life. If he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on Bicehall-I am not sure, but I think -that is, always assuming he has the it is, "It's a poor wind that blows no-; intelligence and the instincts of a soldier."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

-To soften the hands take before re tiring a large pair of gloves, spread mutton tailow all over the inside of them and all over the hands themselves. Wear the gloves all night and wash the hands with olive oil and castile soap next morning. - Detroit Free Press. -Balloon Muffins.-Take one pint of flour, half a pint of water and half a

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

pint of milk; beat thoroughly with an egg beater; have gem from hot, grease and fill them two-thirds fall. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes, or until light and browned. Use no salt or baking powder, Boston Budget. -A suggestion for the disposition of old kid gloves is that they be cut into bits and used for stuffing the abiquitous enshion of the modern house comfort-

able. The bits should be quite fine. similar to the paper cuttings for the same purpose, from which idea doubtless the glove notion has been evolved. -N. Y. Times. -French Toast .- This is always a favorite dish with children, and is made of thin slices cut from a stale loaf, and moistened in milk and eggs-two eggs to a pint of sweet milk-and then fried

and lard. It can be caten with sirup or honey like graddle cakes. - Home. -Cream Cabbage, One-half teacupful each of sugar and vinegar, two eggs. one large spoonful butter, a pinch of salt and a small pinch of cayenne, stir well together, place in a double boiler and bring to a boil. Pour over the cabbage after adding half a teacupful hot

on a griddle with a mixture of butter

cream. -Orange Judd Farmer. -Lemon Jelly.-One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful butter, and the yolks of three eggs (two whole eggs will do), all beaten thoroughly together; add the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and place dish in a kettle of boiling water over the fire, stirring it well until thick. Ice the above cake with milk frosting and it will be very nice .-Housekeener.

-Sout Fait. -Beat the yolks of four eggs to a cream, add half a teacup of milk and three tablespoonfuls of flour, beat until smooth, and strain; flavor with extract of lemon (Dr. Price's is the best and strongest), add the beaten whites of the eggs, turn in a buttered pudding-dish, dredge with powdered sugar and bake in a quick oven over

fifteen minutes.—Home.
—Screens are being used now for a variety of purposes, the latest idea being to employ one as a writing table and toilet table combined. In the two corners formed by the folds of the screen are two three-cornered shelves, held in place by means of hooks. One corner is fitted up as a writing place with various conveniences hung on the panels, and the other corner is arranged n the same way as a dressing-table with three small mirrors, one in front and one on either side. -N. Y. Tribune.

-Chicken Pic.-Boil the chickens in plenty of water until tender, having previously cut them up in pieces suitable for serving. Season with salt, pepper, and butter. Stir in a thickening of two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirred smooth in cold water. Let boil up. Have ready a deep dish lined with a rich baking powder or a soda biscuit dough. Pour in the chicken and part of the gravy, reserving some to serve with it. Cover with the biscuft dough, carefully pressing down the edges. Prick holes in the top or cut sinshes. Bake until the crust is well done .-Housekeeper.

THE MASHER'S DEADLY FOE. A Type of a Girl That is Impervious to His

He was a masher, and when the swell girl got into the street car, he spotted her and began his operations.

He looked at her in evident admiration, and in a minute or two had added a half smile. Soon he made this a full smile, quite tender and fetching and wholly innocent and sweet. Then he gazed awhile fondly, and with a far away you'll-lose-me-if-you-dont-eatchon expression and the girl became nervous.

She tried to conceal her consciousness but it grew into embarrasament instead. and at last she was about to leave the car, when the lorgnettes she carried in her belt came to her rescue.

Then you should have seen her. She took them out, opened them, brushed them with a dainty handkerchief, set them on her haughty nose and turned upon her enemy. He smiled as before, but only once. The steely stare of those insatiate lorgnettes had fastened itself upon him. There was no response in them to his wiles. They were cold, cruel, tyrannical, invincible, irresistible.

He squirmed under their basilisk glassiness and looked out of the window. But they followed him.

They crept over his helpless feet, which seemed to him to extend clear across the car; they followed slowly up the faint gray line of his trousers; they spread out over his cheerful hued vest; they grasped the lappels of his cont and withered the rose in his button hole; they dailled with his new seventyfive-cent cravat; they moved triumph-antly around his collar; they dappled their claws in his mustache; they tweaked his nose; they chilled his eyes: they rumpled his hair; they marched in dreadful monotony around his hat, and then they went slowly to his feet and began their awful work over again.

But human endurance has its limit. and as the torturing lorgactics, with the pretty girl's eyes behind them, came to his face once more, he made a wild impulsive dive for the rear platform and with one horrifled look over his shoulder, only to see them calm and cruel as ever, he dashed from the car and was lost in the crowd.

Then the girl smiled softly and stuck them in her belt again.—Detroit Free Press.

Citimann-I presume you find the country air very bracing.

Friend (who has just moved to the suburbs)—Too bracing; that's the trou-

"Hurt's your lungs?" "No; makes us hungry and we have to come back to the city for something to eat.-N. Y. Weekly.