An Unfortunate Allusion.

Now, Will," said Mrs. Anglomaniac, "do be careful while we are in America about eating so fast that you will get indigestion. Mr. Gladstone, you know, always gives his steak a hundred bites. He never has any trouble with his food."

"Doesn't he?" answered her husband; "that didn't prevent him from being hit in the eye with a piece of ginger bread."

And Will laughed a slow, sardonic laugh.

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FARMING.

Mother said she never see
A feller half as good as me.
So willin', an' so big, an' strong,
She allus know'd I'd git along.
She wouldn't be surprised one bit
To see me 'lected pres'dent yit—
An' then she asked me if I could
Jes' bring her in a little wood?

"He allus wuz a likely lad.
An' sich a worker," put in Dad:
"But, Mother, did you know that Jim
Could pick more tater buss than him?
Laws, but both are powerful spry.
You orter see 'em make 'em fly!"
An' then to show her, jes' for fun,
'Way we'd go in the blin' sun.

But as the summers came an' went
An' still no chance fer President,
I kind o' wonder if it pays
To work so hard for little praise.
An' then I felt ashamed an' bad
To say sich things of Ma and Dad.
An' vowed as long as I'd an arm
I'd work for them here on the farm.
—T. A. Anderson in Colorado Magazine.

DAWSON'S UMBRELLA.

Patter! patt! patt! The rain was pouring down on the glass portico. A sudden storm had swept up out of a clear sky. Everyone was caught unawares. The stray cabs were seized in a moment, the omnibuses crowded before you could look around. There was actually only one umbrella in the stand by the door of the Cafe de Luxe. I stood, in a new hat and a light-gray frock-coat, and eyed the umbrella speculatively. I knew the owner. He had just gone in to lunch. He was a large and long luncher. I was in a hurry. Perhaps the storm would pass. I could send it back by a commissionaire. I was very apt to take cold, and my appointment was really very important.

Thus prompted of satan, I put forth my hand toward the umbrella. At the moment I perceived, like a stage villain, that I was observed. In fact, I was not alone. A young lady of most attractive appearance stood a few feet from me, also under the portico, gazing wistfully out into the wet. She wore a summer costume. She looked at her watch, then again at the storm, and murmured, disconsolately: "Oh, I shall be late." An instinct of generosity overcame me. Without another thought for my sensitive chest or my light-gray suit, with a firm proprietary air, I laid hold of Dawson's umbrella.

"Allow me," said I, "as cabs seem unattainable, to offer you an umbrella."

A glad light leaped into her eyes. "Oh, I couldn't" she said. "What would you do?"

"I don't mind a wetting," I answered, heroically. "Pray take it. You can send it back here at your leisure." (Dawson could not have much more than finished his soup.)

"I couldn't think of it," she repeated. "You will get soaked through."

A sudden thought struck me. After all, I had no right to lose sight of Dawson's umbrella.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "our roads lie the same way. It's a large umbrella." And I opened it. It was not a very large umbrella; but how could I know that?

"I go this way," said she with a motion of her hand westward.

"My way," I cried. "Come, this is providential."

We started.

"If you wouldn't mind taking my arm," said I, "we should be better sheltered."

"Oh, perhaps we should. Thank you!" and she nestled quite close to me. We walked along talking. My left shoulder got all the drippings, but somehow I was indifferent to that.

"Are you sure you are thoroughly sheltered?" I asked.

"Perfectly," she answered. "But you're not, I'm afraid. You're too kind. Mamma will be so grateful."

I liked this simple friendliness.

"I thought there was no chance of rain to-day. You are more careful, Mr. Dawson."

I could not repress a little start.

"You know my name?"

She laughed merrily.

"It's on the umbrella—half an inch long," she said; "I couldn't help reading it."

There it was—"Joshua Dawson, 4 Calceolaria Villas, West Kensington, W." Somehow the address annoyed me—I myself live in St. James' street.

"A strange way to make acquaintance, isn't it?" she asked, with a coquettish glance.

"Delightful. But you haven't allowed me to make acquaintance with you yet. Haven't you your name anywhere about you?"

"My name is Lydia Lovelock," she said; "don't you like it? It's prettier than yours."

"Certainly prettier than Joshua Dawson," said I, wishing Dawson had chanced to be a duke.

"Joshua Dawson isn't pretty," she observed, with candid eyes; "now, is it?"

"Then you wouldn't take my name instead of yours?" I asked, to keep up the conversation.

"Your umbrella's enough to take for one day," she said, with a blush. As she spoke, she slipped and all but fell on the shining pavement. She gave a little cry: "Oh, my ankle!" and leaned heavily upon me. I held her up.

"I believe I've wrenched it badly," she added. "Oh, what a lot of trouble I'm giving you, Mr. Dawson."

She looked lovely—I give you my word, positively lovely—in her pain and distress. I don't think I said so; but I said something, for she blushed again as she answered:

"That's very nice of you; but how am I to get home?"

"I must come with you," I said.

She shook her head.

"I can manage now."

"But you'll never be able to get out."

"Oh, yes. But—perhaps—the rain's almost stopped—may I keep the umbrella? There are some more steps to mount to our door, and——"

Now, could I do anything else than press Dawson's umbrella upon her? She took it, and, with a last bewitching smile, vanished from my sight. I turned and almost ran back to the Cafe de Luxe, determined to make a clean breast of it to Dawson. When I was fifty yards off, I saw him under the portico. The manager and four waiters stood round him in disconsolate attitudes. One or two of his remarks—he was talking very loud—reached my ears. I changed my mind. I would wait till he was calmer. I turned away; but at that instant Dawson caught sight of me. A second later, he was pouring the story of his wrongs into my ear.

Here came my fatal weakness. I let him go on. He took me by the arm and walked me off. I could not escape him; and all the way he thundered against the thief.

"If it costs me twenty pounds, I'll bring him to justice" he declared. Really, I dared not break it to him just yet.

Suddenly, from round a sharp corner, there came upon us—almost running into us—Lydia Lovelock herself, with Dawson's umbrella in her hand.

He had been narrowly scanning every umbrella we passed. He scanned this one, and cried, darting forward:

"My umbrella!"

With a little scream Lydia turned and fled. Dawson was after her like an arrow. I pursued Dawson. Why, oh, why, did she run away? Surely she must have recognized me.

It was a very quiet street we were running up, and our strange procession attracted little notice. The chase was soon over. I caught Dawson just as he caught Lydia. For a moment we all stood panting. Then Dawson gasped again: "My umbrella! Thief!"

Lydia seemed very agitated. Of course I came to her rescue. Avoiding Dawson's eye, I hastily told my shameful tale. Lydia's face brightened, but still there was apprehension in her looks.

"This lady, believe me," I said, "is entirely blameless. Of course she thought the umbrella was my own. My sole consolation, Dawson, is to think that had you been in my place you would have done the same."

"I don't see," remarked Dawson, rudely, "why it consoles you to think me a thief."

I preserved a dignified silence.

"However," he continued, "if this young lady has quite finished with my property, perhaps she will be good enough to give it me back."

Lydia did not take the hint. She clung to the umbrella.

"If—if you would be so kind," she stammered, "as to lend it to me for to-day—the weather is still threatening—I would return it to-morrow."

"Your request, madam, is a modest one," answered Dawson sarcastically; "but as you observe, the weather is threatening and I want my umbrella. Kindly give it me."

"Really, Dawson, to oblige a lady——" I began.

"Why don't you buy her an umbrella?" sneered Dawson.

"If she would accept it, I should be——" I stopped. To my surprise Lydia laid her hand on my arm and said: "Oh, do, please! And may I keep this till we get to the shop?"

I did not understand her; but we turned round and began to walk, looking for a shop. She was a very strange girl. She lagged behind; I had to wait twice for her. Once she took a turning as though to leave us, and when I called her back she pouted.

Suddenly Dawson looked up.

"It rains," he said.

It did.

"Put up the umbrella," said Dawson, roughly.

"Let the lady have it," said I, indignantly.

"We'll share it," grinned Dawson. "You can get wet."

But Lydia did not put it up.

"The rain's not much," she faltered. It was now pouring. With a muttered oath, Dawson snatched the umbrella from her. Lydia shrieked and ran away like a frightened rabbit—ran at the top of her speed up the street again.

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Stop, my dear Miss Lovelock."

"Holy powers!" exclaimed Dawson.

He had opened the umbrella; as he did so there was a thud on the pavement—two, three thuds. In amaze I looked down. There lay a silver cigarette-case, two purses, and a gold watch. Dawson burst into maniacal laughter as he pointed at Lydia's retreating figure. That girl could run.

For a moment I stood dumfounded. What a revelation! Dawson chuckled in satanic glee. Sadly I stooped down and picked up the purses, the cigarette-case, and the watch.

"Great——!" I cried; and my hand flew to my waistcoat-pocket.

It was my watch!

I did not prosecute Lydia, because I could not have overtaken her, and for other reasons. It was altogether too sad, too disheartening, too disappointing a discovery. Dawson, however, observed that it seemed to him an excellent example of poetic justice in real life.—St. James' Gazette.

FORTY PILGRIMS PER DAY.

The Number Who Wearily Climb to the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

There is only one St. Paul's, and upon the summit of its dome there is but one ball. At long intervals a Londoner, and more frequently a tourist, climbs to this ball and sticks his head and shoulders inside. Having done this and looked upon the heart of the world from the stone gallery and the golden gallery, and upon the congregation from the whispering gallery, he returns to earth and tells his friends and acquaintances of his feat, and advises them to follow his example. The number of persons who make this pilgrimage averages about forty per day. To reach the ball it is necessary to climb 640 steps of many varieties. The proportions of the gilded globe are in perfect keeping with its surroundings. It has a diameter of six feet, and twelve persons can stand within its walls. It weighs 5,000 pounds. The gilded cross that towers above it is fifteen feet in height. From this ball nearly all London is seen on a clear day. Why there are so many kinds of steps in the cathedral no one pretends to explain. In the opinion of those who have counted them, to climb these steps is equal to covering twenty miles on an ordinary road. It is universally considered, however, that the return journey is equal to a Russian bath. The first steps are of wood. These are succeeded by steps of stone, and these in turn by iron ones. Then there are ladders, some with gentle slant, while others stand so straight that to those who climb they appear to lean backward. The first ladder stands on the crown of the second dome, where an officer gives necessary directions to such men as want to see the ball, for few try to go above the crown of the dome, being content to rest there and watch some exceptionally active sightseer do the rest.

The Mosquito Enters London.

It will be new to many readers that the mosquito is firmly established in London. It is to be found in certain large hotels which are the resort of visitors coming from the continent, and the supply seems to be maintained by constant importations from abroad. Visitors who are familiar with the noise and bite of the mosquito assert that it is the true pest in its worst form, and there is no reason for doubting their experience.

A Musical Inquiry.

"Fashions change very rapidly, don't they?" said Mamie.

"Yes," replied Maud, "they do. What do you think of it?"

"I was just wondering whether the chrysanthemum school of music would be popular next year."

DEBTOR TO DOGS.

The Peculiar Way an Old Campaigner Employed in Catching Votes.

Among the guests in Chicago lately was an old grizzly Tennesseean, who was nightly the central figure of a circle of story-tellers, and the following the Chicago Times thinks is one of the best of the lot:

It seems that a short time after the war there was an attempt to divide the county in which Memphis is situated—Shelby—and the attempt to create a substantial majority against it was so desperate that it became necessary to send to Memphis for a few thousand dollars for judicious distribution. "This cold storage fund was put in my charge," said the old fellow, "and it was not long before I had engaged suitable quarters at the Maxwell house and had stocked a smoking room with some good cigars and a barrel of Robertson county whisky. I had at that time one of the prettiest and cunningest Scotch terriers that had ever been brought to this country, for which I had paid $200.

"Pretty soon after I opened up an honorable legislator from West Tennessee strolled into my sitting-room, took a drink, and lighted a cigar, and then remarked that while it did not make much difference to him, still he had about made up his mind to vote for the division of Shelby county. At this I began to size him up, when the terrier jumped into a chair by the legislator and held out his paw. The honorable member at once saw the nice points of the animal, and said he would give or do anything for such a dog. I just said to him quietly to vote against the division of Shelby county and he should have that dog or one just like it. The bargain was closed in a minute. The transaction gave me an idea. I could promise dogs for votes and carry back the money.

"Well, to make a long story short, I had thirty odd callers who were a little dubious as to how they should vote on the Shelby county division bill, and, as they all fancied my terrier, I promised the dog, or one like it, to each one who should 'vote right' on said bill, taking care to explain pleasantly which was the right side. Well, the bill came up for final action in due time, and the division party was beaten by a very large majority. I returned at once to Memphis with nearly as much money as I had taken away, to the great surprise of those who had collected it, and explained matters by stating that I had paid out no money for votes, but that I owed thirty-four dogs."

THAT WICKED OFFICE BOY.

He Managed to Settle Up an Old Score With the Typewriter.

The office boy and the blonde typewriter had quarreled. It was over a trivial matter, to be sure, but nevertheless they were on the outs.

Both seemed spitefully revengeful, and when one day the office boy played off sick and went to the base ball game the typewriter made known to the employer the youth's sportive proclivities. This, as might be expected, caused trouble, and the wrath of the office boy against the young lady with nimble fingers increased more and more. Days passed, and the lad planned and dreamed of schemes to "get back" at his fair tormentor, who stood so well in the grace of his employer. Now on every typewriter there is a small gong which rings when the end of the line is reached. The office boy knew this, and as he watched the prettily tapered fingers throw back the carriage at each tap of the bell he smiled with fiendish glee.

It was late in the afternoon. The young lady was industriously tapping the keys to finish the firm's correspondence. She had reached the last letter, and remarked to the office boy that her best young man was going to take her to the theater that evening. Hence her hurry. This only made the office boy smile all the more, for he knew that his time had come. His eyes seemed to say, "Revenge is sweet." The young lady slipped the piece of paper into the machine and began at a lightning speed to write from her notes.

The youth watched the carriage sliding to and fro. He took from his pocket a rusty nail, and as the typewriter wrote on unconsciously, he tapped the bell lightly with the nail. The young lady, never thinking, pushed the paper up another line and went on. Again the boy tapped the bell and again the young lady turned the machine. This was kept up until the maiden had written all there was to write.

A small figure had sneaked easily out of the door. The blonde withdrew the sheet from the machine. She looked at it and looked again and saw before her a letter written something after the latter-day step-ladder poetry. Not a single line was properly written. The girl grew thoughtful. She seemed to remember that the bell had rung a trifle oftener than usual. She looked about the room and then she remembered that the office boy had once upon a time gone to a base ball game and had remarked subsequently that he would get even.

All Timekeepers Are Inaccurate.

The capacity of a watch for keeping good time is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior make of machine made watches which are nowadays manufactured and sold for $10, $20, and $30 in such large numbers. The changes of oil, the variation in temperature, the diversity of humidity of atmosphere, all greatly affect the going of a watch. Indeed, it is only the most perfect finish which neutralizes the adverse influence to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time, and even the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ships must be regulated according to tables which are kept to fix the variations to which all watches are liable.—New York Times.

Wedding Anniversaries.

This is given as an accurate classification of the various wedding anniversaries: First, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fourth, book; fifth, wooden; sixth, garnet; seventh, woolen; eighth, bric-a-brac; ninth, topaz; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; thirty-fifth, sapphire; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; seventy-fifth, diamond.

"You know you wrote an editorial tellin' the people to give the new mayor lots of rope?" "I did." "Well, they done it." "Done what?" "Lynched him this mornin' before breakfast?"

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

POULTRY AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF THE FARM.

How to Make It Pay—Clean Grain—Protect Hands and Face in Handling Bees—Small Fruit—Sheep Shearing and Household Helps.

Poultry as a Farm Specialty.

Fowls will pay well on the farm if you will care for them and give them the little attention they require. In the first place you need a person to attend to them, one who will not allow dumb animals under his care to suffer, and who is willing to be tied down a little, for the fowls need to be fed regularly. Select some member of the family who is in sympathy with the poultry, and will take pride in seeing them thrive under his or her care. Next you want a place to keep them in; for this I would recommend a building separate from the regular farm buildings, placed in a sheltered, sunny spot, well drained, in a corner of the orchard, if not too far from the house. The size must vary according to the number of fowls to be kept, and the space or funds available, but no matter how you build, you must keep certain things in view from the beginning.

You want warmth, dryness, ample space, good ventilation and simplicity of the inside arrangements, that they may be easily cleaned and kept free from lice, says the Fanciers' Review. In my own experience I have found that the hens will lay more eggs if they are divided into pens of not more than ten or twelve, and in building would make the house sixteen feet wide and twelve feet long for each twelve hens to be housed; this allows for a four-foot alley on the north side of the building. I have found that a house made with a good solid balloon frame with matched or novelty siding on the outside, with tarred paper between the boards and studs and on the inside another thickness of tarred paper, this covered with matched ceiling, is the cheaper in the end. For the roof I use what is known as clear butt shingles, and for the inside partitions planed hemlock boards for the first three feet from the floor and two inch mesh wire netting from that up to the roof. In the south side put a twelve light window for each eight feet in length. Many people make a great mistake by putting too much glass in their poultry houses, forgetting that it is as good a conductor of cold as of heat. Make the poles six feet high so there will be no bumping of heads in passing about inside. I would make the nests and roosts movable, so that in cleaning they can be taken outside of the house if wished. Provisions should be made for saving the droppings, as they are worth about one-third as much per ton as the average commercial fertilizer.

One must be governed by his markets; if his markets call for eggs, grow eggs. If your customers want brown shells give them brown shells; and if they have the idea that the white shelled are the richer, give them white shells; it's just as easy to grow one as the other. If they want broilers, procure some of the larger, quick-maturing birds and give them broilers.

Do not go in too heavily. Start with fowls you now have on the farm, keep an account with them; ten to one they are paying now, and will pay better the coming year. When you have learned to make these pay, keep more pullets over, and so let the business grow. If you find they are not paying reduce the flock and study to see what the trouble is.

Many who keep 100 fowls cannot make them pay as much per head as they could if they only kept fifty. Don't put too many in too small a place, feed properly, water often, house warmly, cater to your local markets and poultry will be profitable.

Clean Grain.

So long as the quality determines the price it is important to have the grain as clean as possible. In many cases a little care in threshing would be all that would be necessary to have the grain in a good marketable condition, while in others it may be necessary to use the fanning mill and clean thoroughly before marketing. This is work that will always pay and especially when prices are low. When there is a good demand for any particular product the quality is not looked after so closely as when the market is overstocked and prices are low. With small grain it always pays to take considerable pains in threshing to see that the work is done properly.

With dry grain a little care in adjusting the machine will aid materially in doing better and cleaner work. If the grain is wet or is so foul with weeds that the machine will not clean thoroughly it will pay to run the grain through a fanning mill before taking to market. The average farmer can nearly always better afford to do this rather than take the lessened price. The farmer can generally clean grain as economically as the warehouse man or miller, and if they dock for the work of cleaning will always dock sufficiently to make it profitable to them.

When the grain is threshed is the best time to select the grain for seeding the next crop, as with all crops good care should be taken to select the best. It is only by using good care in the selection of the best that it is possible to maintain the quality, as it comes from the machine is a very good time to select what is needed for seed. In a majority of cases it will be best to select more than is really needed so that a second cleaning can be given before sowing. As good seed is one of the essentials necessary to the growing of a good crop it is very important if to be selected from what is grown on the farm to select only the best and to have as clean from foreign substances as possible even if it is necessary to fan two or three times to secure.—N. J. Shepherd, in the Journal of Agriculture.

Hands and Face in Handling Bees.

I visited a farm a few weeks ago, and was interested in watching a colony of bees. They covered the entire front of the hive and some were up on the roof. At a recent visit, I was informed that they swarmed and no attempt was made to hive them. After remaining clustered all night they were compelled to find a home and went off. There were three more colonies on the farm, and they all acted the same way, no attempt being made to retain them, though empty hives were available. These bees are allowed to take care of themselves. The owner would be glad to have the honey they make, but provides no apartment to store it in, the reason being that he is afraid of getting stung. These bees do good work on it is farm, in fertilizing its fruits and clover, and also on the neighboring one. The only reason that they are uncared for is that they sting. Apiary writers have done harm by insisting that no protection is necessary in handling bees.

If a young person is badly stung he will ever afterward be afraid of bees. A person owning a home comprising an acre of ground, purchased three colonies of bees during the past spring, and one of the first things the mother did was to make a wire gauze hat, and sew on cloth to a pair of gloves, making long gauntlets. The bees swarmed when the father was away from home and the daughter hived them though she had never seen a swarm before. When it is known that bees cannot sting greater confidence is felt. Nervousness disappears and nothing will be done to irritate the bees. Do not allow young children around when swarms are being hived. Protect every apiary by means of a good substantial fence, to keep out animals or mischievous children. Allow no hive of bees to stand near a driveway or hitching post. A horse once stung will never forget it, and will be nervous whenever he hears a bee.—Cor. Orange Judd Farmer.

Effect of Poultry Manure.

The droppings from a flock of fifty fowls were saved during the last winter, and last spring were spread thinly over a patch of strawberries and raspberries, says an exchange. Some of the neighbors thought the droppings would prove injurious if applied without mixing with anything else, but they were not injurious in the least, and both crops of berries showed in their thrifty growth and the large crop of fruit they bore, the beneficial effect of the manure applied. The new canes of the raspberries are of extra size, and of the strawberries it may be said that they have outdone themselves. Fifty fowls will produce a barrel of droppings every two weeks, or twenty-six barrels, will add enough to the crop to buy almost as much feed as the fowls would require on a farm.

Cultivation Without Weeds.

When it was said to Adam that weeds, such as thorns and thistles, were to spring up "for man's sake," it is probable that Adam did not appreciate the fact that in destroying those weeds he must necessarily cultivate his land, instead of remaining a lazy, shiftless savage. But modern farmers are beginning to learn that the incentive of weeds is not necessary. We know many farmers who never see a weed in their hoed crops. They cultivate so often and so thoroughly that weeds are destroyed as they germinate and before their leaves show. That is every time the best way to kill a weed.—American Cultivator.

Sheep Shearings.

English flockmasters change pastures frequently regardless of the condition of the grass.

Fifteen cents a month, it is claimed, is a fair price for pasturing a large sheep, when pasture must be hired.

Salt is destructive to the parasites that are found in sheep or other animals, to a certain extent, and that fact suggests the wisdom of supplying it to the flocks.

The Easter lamb is a profitable lamb. If the spring lamb business is attempted at all, every effort should be made to get the lambs into market as early as possible.

It is a mistake to urge all farmers to keep sheep as some writers do. Some farms are not at all suitable for sheep, and the same is true of some farmers. We are not all fitted to follow the same business.

Lambs that are being forced for the market sometimes gorge themselves and die with the staggers. They should not be permitted to do this. If it does happen, however, purge with Epsom salts.

While milk for lambs should be warmed, a writer warns against warming it by placing it over the fire. It may get scorched, and scorched milk will kill lambs. Warm it placing it in a vessel that is surrounded with hot water.

A flock that is so mismanaged as to lose in condition part of the time—thus making weak places in the wool—and the wool is badly cared for after the fleece is off, will never pay anything. There is seldom enough profit in wool—even at the best prices—to warrant slipshod management.

Household Helps.

Ink spots can frequently be taken from white clothes by rubbing on common tallow, leaving it for a day or two, and then washing as usual.

The new patterns in wall paper are designed in very light shades. The figures are small and contrasting colors are easily seen. The borders are deep and the picture mouldings are of oak or walnut.

Graham gems, or rolls, are among the most relishable dishes when properly made. The secret of success in baking anything made of graham flour is to have the oven as hot as possible without burning.

A pretty stove holder can be made from some bright material cut in the shape of a leaf, with a loop of braid by which to hang it up resembling the stem. Why not make such a holder as a surprise for mother, and have it in readiness to use on next ironing day.

Lavender, loosely strewn in bureau drawers and presses, is an excellent preventive of moths. For fans, feathers and other small belongings that need protection the aromatic flowers are especially useful, since they lend a fragrance as well as keep off the destroyer.

A coffee-pot with a strainer of aluminum that will not rust nor corrode, a bread-knife with the cutting edge in reflex curves, that is warranted not to crumble nor crush warm or very light bread, and liquid chocolate in pound cans ready for use in layer cake are some of the new conveniences offered by the shops.

Cloths made about three-fourths of a yard square, out of stout, colored cotton cloth—either domestic gingham or colored shirting being excellent for this use—are far more convenient than the clumsy holder. They will also do more to abolish the careless habit which many cooks have of utilizing dish towels for this purpose than anything I have tried. One or two thicknesses of manilla paper are excellent put inside of ironing holders.

The Mule Knew.

Driver—Can't help swearin', mum. That thar mule knows every time I swear at him.

Old Lady—I noticed he looked sort o' disgusted.—New York Weekly.

Sudden Death to Flies.

"Come inside a minute," said a Fourth avenue dealer in pianos. "I have discovered the greatest fly trap on earth, and I want to show it to you." He led the way to an instrument at the rear of the store on which was a newspaper. At least 1,000 dead flies were lying on the paper, on which had been placed a bunch of sweet peas. "I threw these here by chance," he continued, "and in a moment I noticed that every fly that alighted on the flowers died in a very short time." Even as he spoke a number of the insects which had stopped to suck the deadly sweet toppled over dead. They alighted with their usual buzz, stopped momentarily, quivered in their legs, flapped their wings weakly several times and then gave up the ghost.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Chinese.

Dr. Brewer of Harvard university, making all allowance for the Chinese inventive, lying faculty, allows them to have been acquainted with the properties of the magnetic needle B. C. 1715, while the early French Jesuit priests, who had no interest in supporting any mythical stories in the land of their adoption, belive trade routes and canals to have been in existence about the same period; that a system of regular marriages had been introduced among the people; that weaving was understood; banks and bank notes in existence; gunpowder, a regular calender reformed B. C. 1498; a knowledge of lunar eclipses, and a division of the people into classes, each wearing a dress distinguished by its colors.

The Safest Way to Do It.

Binks—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, now, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct, right to his face, and I called him all the mean names in the dictionary.

Minks—And didn't he try to hit you, Binks?

Binks—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back I just hung the telephone up without a word and walked away.

Caught in the Toils

Of that lurking foe, chills and fever, we often struggle vainly to free ourselves from its clutch. Palliatives there are without number, but if you want a real remedy, as of course you do if afflicted with this abominable malady, hasten to procure and persistently use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If you follow this suggestion, permanent restoration to health will reward you. Every form of malarial disease is permanently eradicated by the Bitters, which is likewise a reliable safeguard against maladies of this type. Not alone on this continent, but throughout the tropics, it is justly regarded as a complete antidote to miasma poison in air or water. No less effective is it for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervousness. No one sojourning in a malarious region, or who is subjected to outdoor exposure in rough weather, or to excessive mental or physical strain, should be without this fine defensive tonic.

How Far Can Thunder Be Heard?

It is believed that lightning is visible for 150 miles, but it is still in controversy how far away thunder can be heard. A French astronomer has made observations on the subject and he declares it impossible for thunder to be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. An English meteorologist has counted up to 130 seconds between the flash and the thunder, which would give a distance of twenty-seven miles.

ONE dose of Beecham's Pills relieves sick headache in 20 minutes. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents a box.

A Sentiment That Was Applauded.

A bevy of pretty girls at the beach were making impressions in the sand with their feet and measuring them to see which had the smallest foot. While thus engaged a bright girl, the daughter of a politician, with a laugh, said: "This is far from interesting. What we need, girls, is men, not measures."

THE MODERN BEAUTY

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

Place a shallow dish of charcoal in the ice chest to keep it sweet.

The clothes will be whitened by putting a teaspoonful of borax in the rinsing water.

The United States Government reports ROYAL a pure cream of tartar baking powder, highest of all in leavening strength.

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public."

Late United States Government Chemist. Dr. H. A. Mott

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Lincoln's Pew.

The New York Avenue Presbyterian church, where the Presbyterian assembly has been sitting, is not only the largest in point of congregation of any Presbyterian church in the national capital, but it ranks near the top in the denomination in this country, there being only seven or eight Presbyterian churches which have a larger roll of membership. There are now over 1,000 regular members, and the limit of growth has by no means been reached. During his administration President Lincoln was an attendant at this church; and President Johnson also had a pew there. The pew occupied by President Lincoln has always been preserved, and it now holds a position in the auditorium of the New York avenue church, where its old-fashioned appearance contrasts strongly with the modern furniture and finishings.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Society Notes.

Wife, at an evening party—Don't you think, dear, that Miss Alice has something manly about her?

Husband, after a glance at the young lady in question, who is sitting in a remote corner of the room in close proximity to a devoted admirer—I perceive nothing except the arm of that dude, Gus De Smith.—Texas Siftings.

The Industrial Legion now has over 400 recruiting officers.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

New Mexico has the lowest death rate from consumption of any state or territory in the union.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A silver dollrr will buy more tea in China than a gold one.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Oranges were first seen in England in 1200

Middle Park, Col.

Middle Park, Colorado, reached by the Union Pacific system, has a general elevation of about eight thousand feet above sea level. It is the sportsman's paradise, as game of all sorts is very plentiful.

A circular city railway is to be constructed in Vienna.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

The largest stationery engine in the world is used to pump out the zinc mines at Friedenville, Pa.

The Gulf Coast of Texas Has the best and cheapest land in the United States and more even climate than California. Rain enough to raise four crops a year. Plenty timber and prairie. Lumber $6 to $7 per thousand. For further information, write to Gulf Coast Land and Improvement Co., 1324 Farnam, St., Omaha, Neb.

The railways in France employ 24,000 women.

Three Harvest Excursions South via the Wabash Railroad.

On Aug. 22nd, Sept. 12th and Oct. 10th the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee (except Memphis), Mississippi and Louisiana (