The Columbus Journal.

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THE MOON TRAIL.

THE moon trail
shineth across
the sea,
And stretcheth off
to a far coun-
tree
In the realms of the
old, romantic
moon.
Where evening is
morning, and
midnight noon!

Then lovers away on the bright moon
trail,
Each happy two with a tiny sail,
In a silver waste with stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

The great, kind moon, like a sphere of
light,
Swings down to the rim of the sea each
night,
Finding ever some bark with a happy
crew,
Bringing all the world though it brings
but two.
Then lovers away on the bright moon
trail;
Soft breezes are sighing to fill your
sail;
There are stars beneath and stars
above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

The moon trail lighteth the sea of life
For lover and maiden, for lover and
wife,
And it's joy to sail down its shimmery
way,
Just two together, forever and aye.
Then lovers away on the bright moon
trail;
Each happy twain with a tiny sail,
For there's naught so sweet in heaven
above
Or the earth beneath, as to love and
love.

—New York Tribune.

LOST AND FOUND.

Such a mite as it was, to be sure! Such absurd little hands that flew here and there, now after a dancing sunbeam, now clutching the bright, round, brass buttons of the officer's great coat. What eyes, like twin sapphires, that twinkled and gleamed so softly under the brown lashes! How tiny the white-shod feet that kicked against the wide chair, in which the policeman had placed its royal babyship!

"Guess you ain't acquainted with police stations," said the sergeant, "but you seem pretty much at home, just the same."

"Cudga, cudga, cudga," it answered. "Da-da, da-da, dada."

"We hear all sorts of languages here, but we don't seem to understand you," remarked one of the officers. Then, turning to a fellow-policeman, he asked: "Where did you find the kid?"

"I didn't. It found me. I guess its mammy was a-shoppin' and it must have walked out of a store. Anyhow, I never caught sight of it until it trotted out into the street and took hold o' my hand. I waited round with it a long time, hopin' its mammy would come for it, and then I brought it here."

"Blame me, if it ain't the dandiest youngster I ever clapped eyes on!" put in the sergeant, as the absurd little hand patted the silver star on the sergeant's coat.

"Seems to be well togged out, too; ain't no ordinary, everyday kid, judgin' by its clothes."

The object of this conversation now held up its short little arms and wrinkled up its face. The tiny lips began to quiver as no move was made to take it.

"Blamed if I dare hold you!" said the sergeant. "I'd break you somewhere or let you drop and then where'd you be?"

"Da-da, da-da-da, cudga, cudga," it answered. The sergeant stooped and looked into the sapphire eyes. The

FOUND IN THE STREET.

little arms closed around the red, fat neck and the tiny mouth smiled in baby happiness. The sergeant's big awkward hands gathered the bundles of white cashmeres and lace up into a clumsy heap and its babyship cooed happily over the shoulder of the blue-coat.

Half a dozen policemen were now ardent admirers of the precocious lost one, and devoted themselves, with apparent willingness, to entertaining it. They shook their grimy fingers in its pinkish face, for they found that this action brought forth gurgles and grins and evidences of keen enjoyment. Dougherty, the oldest and most dignified man on the force, even went so far as to do an awkward sort of a shuffling jig, which not only amused the child, but set the rest of the officers into a loud and hilarious fit of laughing.

Few lost children (and many were brought there to the dusty, smoky station-house) received so much attention. They usually howled lustily or sat with scared, frightened faces in terrified silence, until they were turned over to the police matron to await the coming of the always frantic parents. But this small, sapphire-eyed, gurgling, cooing bit of humanity was an astonishing exception to the rule. It not only made itself perfectly at home, but recognized that it was among friends, and therefore exhibited its good nature and cunning expressions of happiness and satisfaction. By and by, it had passed from one officer to another until each one had had the honor of seeing the chubby fingers dabble and play with the brass buttons and glittering star.

Old Dougherty was the last one to whose care its babyship was given. He put it on the floor and the white shoes pattered up and down the room while the "goo-goo-goo" continued, as if the babe were anxious to have its entire audience completely aware that while the tongue was not educated, the small feet were accomplished.

"I'll bet my hat," ventured the sergeant, as he looked through his wire cage. "I'll bet my hat it will be a mighty scared woman that comes for this kid."

"I'd give me month's salary," said Dougherty, "be jabers, if Oi had its loike." Then brushing his gray beard against the pink cheek, he took up the bundle of white stuff and carried it to the window, where the sapphire eyes looked out and blinked merrily at the passers-by. The sergeant sniffled and blew his nose vigorously. He had suddenly remembered that, many years ago, Dougherty had lost his three children in some frightful accident.

The plump fingers ran along the window glass and the white-hooded head nodded at the stream of people that hurried by. But no one noticed, and Dougherty was about to plan some new amusement, when a well-dressed man caught sight of the baby's face and then, nervous and excited, ran into the station-house.

"How came this child here?" he demanded, almost fiercely, as he took the little creature into his arms and pressed kisses on the dimpled fists. "I am the child's father. Tell me, quickly, how came she here?"

"Number 746 found it in the middle of the street," answered the sergeant, referring to the register. "It was at the corner of S—— and M——, in the busiest part of the shopping district."

"My God! It's a wonder she wasn't crushed to death by the cars or trampled under horses' hoofs."

There was a hurried opening of the station house door, the rustle of silken skirts, and a white-faced, trembling woman appeared. At the sight of the man and child, she stood as if too bewildered and paralyzed to speak. Then, the bundle of lace and the white hood and the small shoes began to squirm, and, in another moment the baby was running toward its mother, who now was softly weeping. She clasped the child in her arms, and the sergeant noticed that Dougherty drew his rough sleeve over his eyes and then hurriedly left the room.

It seemed strange, thought the sergeant, that the mother and the father of the child appeared so distant. He was still more bewildered when the child's father lifted his hat and said:

"Shall I take Muriel to the carriage?" and the mother answered, half audibly:

"If you will be so kind."

Then they thanked the sergeant for his kindness and passed out into the sunshine.

At the carriage door the man assisted his wife into the vehicle and then handed the baby to her. She nodded her head in silent thanks. He again lifted his hat and was soon lost in the crowd of passers-by.

* * * * * * * *

That night a woman with a heavy, sorrowful heart knelt by the side of her baby's cradle and wept bitterly.

For the first time in several weeks she had been face to face with the man whom she had loved and married; the man whose child she had cared for so tenderly, with true motherly affection and devotion.

Had she but taken the opportunity to bid him return; had she but begged him to end the wretchedness of the past month! Had her lips but obeyed the commands of her heart—could she for once have murdered her pride and extended her hand to him! How different might their future be!

Such thoughts flew through her mind with agonizing, tormenting quickness. There was no world outside her own heavy heart. Her head fell among the down coverlets of the cradle and she sobbed aloud.

She did not hear the soft step behind her. She did not know that some one had entered the room until an arm was about her and a beseeching voice was saying:

"Clare! wife! I have returned to beg forgiveness. Please be friends again; I cannot exist without you—please—please."

"It was such a silly quarrel, wasn't it, dear?" she said, struggling closer to him and raising her wet eyes to his, "and yet we were so stubborn—I'm sure we'll never quarrel again, and even if we do, you won't go away, will you, and we won't wait a whole month to make up, will we?"

The tiny creature in the cradle moved. The small arms reached out and clutched at the silken hangings of the canopy. Two sapphire eyes opened and looked at the man and woman to whom the happiness of renewed love had come.

A Curious Court Scene.

A strange scene was that which took place in a San Francisco court room one day this week. Mrs. Virginia McMullin had brought suit for maintenance against her husband, Thurlow McMullin. They were married in 1871. A son was born to them in 1873 and they separated in 1877. During all these years they have remained apart and the son testified to this effect. His father was seated a few feet from him but the son swore that he had never seen him to know him. "I may have passed him on the street," said the son, "but I never knew it if I did." In the evidence it also came out that the father was employed in Tillman & Bendell's and the son in Baker & Hamilton's, two business houses only a few blocks apart. It seems extraordinary that in a city the size of San Francisco two human beings so closely related as are a father and son should pass twenty years in ignorance of one another's identity.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Too Expensive.

Fond Mother—I am not going to allow our Jennie to come out into society until she can do it well. She must have the best debut or none at all. Father—Well, I'll see how debuts are quoted this morning, but I can tell you this much—this will be the first, last and only debut I'll ever buy for her.—Texas Sifter.

A Gentle Hint.

Hubby—How do you suppose the saying "There is nothing new under the sun" ever originated? Wife—Really, I don't know, unless some woman who wore a bonnet like mine said it to her husband.—Household Words.

The human body has 240 bones.

MONSTERS OF JUPITER

SOME WONDERS OF LIFE ON THE GREAT PLANET.

Men Sixty Feet Tall and Heavy in Proportion—Garrett P. Serviss, the Famous Astronomer on the Scientific Phenomena.

WHOEVER lifts up his eyes to the starry heavens these evenings must be struck by the appearance of the great planet Jupiter, outshining all the fixed stars, and glowing with a rich yellow light, high in the southwest, near the twin stars Castor and Pollux, of the constellation Gemini. Happy the man who has a telescope with which to view the giant planet and to behold its immense belts of alternate rosy and golden clouds, and its broad polar regions, shading to the color of blued steel.

Put the earth up there in the place of Jupiter and the naked eye would with difficulty be able to see it. Jupiter is 1,300 times larger than the earth in bulk or volume, and its surface area exceeds that of the earth about 120 times.

It would seem as if the ancients must have had some inkling of the fact that that planet is the largest of all the worlds that revolve around the sun when they bestowed upon it the name of the greatest of the gods.

* * *

We have almost no evidence whatever touching of the nature of the materials of Jupiter. The spectroscope cannot aid us, because Jupiter does not shine by its own light, and the sunlight reflected from it comes from the upper surface of its dense clouds, and consequently makes no revelations concerning what lies beneath.

But the telescope shows that Jupiter is covered with wonderful clouds continually changing in shape, and more or less in color; that these clouds float in an atmosphere of great depth, and that they form perhaps successive layers of varying density, which may be separated by comparatively clear spaces. Appearances have been noticed on Jupiter such as would be produced by the shadows of great clouds, as broad as some of our continents, falling upon other clouds floating hundreds of miles beneath them.

If these appearances are not deceptive Jupiter's clouds evidently float at, proportionally, a far greater elevation than those of the earth. The highest of our clouds are, perhaps, ten miles above the earth; the loftiest clouds on Jupiter may be a thousand miles high.

And these tremendous clouds are swept along by belts of wind that are no less wonderful. Jupiter turns very fast on its axis, notwithstanding its enormous size. It takes less than ten hours to make a complete rotation, while the little earth requires twenty-four hours. On the equator of Jupiter everything is flying around at the rate of 450 miles in a minute! The resulting centrifugal strain is so great that the equatorial parts of the vast planet bulge and swell out thousands of miles. Jupiter is more than 5,000 miles broader through its equator than through its poles!

All things must there experience a powerful and resistless tendency urging them toward the equator. If the planet turned about three times faster than it does, objects would weigh nothing at all along the equator.

The effect of this fearful velocity of rotation is shown by the streaks and lines of clouds that the telescope reveals surrounding Jupiter. At one place in the southern hemisphere there is an immense, mysterious, fiery-looking mass, as large in extent as the whole surface of the earth, which during the past eighteen years has been thrust up among the rushing and tumbling clouds in one of the great trade-wind belts of Jupiter. By actual observation the clouds are hurled against the western end of that mysterious obstacle until they pile up there in vast glowing masses, and are swept past it in gyrating currents and eddies infinitely wilder and grander than the leaping waters in the Niagara whirlpool gorge.

Swifter and swifter fly the streaming clouds as the equator of the planet is approached. Great globe-shaped masses, gleaming in the sunlight, roll and pitch in the mighty onward currents. Through the comparatively clear spaces glimpses are obtained of other cloudlands deep beneath, filled with other strange hurrying shapes, all whirling madly on as if racing for a goal. Whatever else may or may not be said of Jupiter, at any rate, it is preeminently the world of clouds and winds and tempests.

Can we, then, imagine inhabitants in such a world of turmoil and unrest as Jupiter is? It depends entirely upon what we mean by inhabitants. It is evident that such beings as we are could not live there, unless it is true that deep beneath Jupiter's world of clouds and cyclones is hidden another globe resembling the earth. On such a globe, so placed, inhabitants more or less like those of this earth could live.

The great many-storied dome of clouds above them would, perhaps, be just what they needed in order to obtain a comfortable degree of heat in their far-away planet. For we must remember that Jupiter is about five times as far from the sun as the earth is, and that, consequently, the sunlight and the sunheat on Jupiter are twenty-five times less effective than on the earth.

This is because the intensities of light and heat vary inversely as the square of the distance.

With a comparatively open and cloudless atmosphere like ours the heat from the sun would quickly be lost by being radiated away into space, and the inhabitants of Jupiter would shiver and freeze in a worse than Arctic climate.

But with such an atmosphere as they have surrounding them it is not improbable that the effect of the greater distance of the sun may be compensated by the capacity of the atmosphere itself to retain and, so to speak, entrap the heat for the benefit of the inhabitants.

But all this argument proceeds upon the assumption that such inhabitants must be framed of just such materials, possessing just such density as compose our bodies. Manifestly that assumption is purely gratuitous. As we have already seen, the average density of things in Jupiter is much less than upon the earth, and we are not certain that its constituent materials may not be as widely variant in nature from those of our planet.

We have perfect justification, then, for assuming, if we choose, that the inhabitants of Jupiter are shaped from substances very different from, and much more etherial than, those that compose our bodies. That argument would not in any manner affect the spiritual or intellectual side of their nature. There is no demonstrable reason why an intelligent being might not be made out of something else than the water and carbon and other elements comprised in the human frame.

If we accept the view that the spirit of man, which is the real essence of his being, is of a nature and composition so fine as to transcend all the coarser laws that govern the visible world, then is there any reason why upon a planet like Jupiter such a spirit may not be enclosed in a body as tenuous as vapor even, or as light as cork?

Grant that, and it is easy to see that, no matter how much greater the force of gravity may be upon Jupiter than upon the earth, mortal beings could be formed, even out of the range of natural elements known to us, who might be suitably proportioned to gravitation, even though they should attain a comparative stature as gigantic in relation to ours as the stature of Jupiter himself is when placed side by side with the little earth.

Not only is there something far more satisfactory to the imagination in conceiving of gigantic inhabitants dwelling upon so stupendous a world, rather than in thinking of them as mere pigmies, but in thus considering them as giants amid gigantic surroundings, we do less violence to the general order of nature.

Let me, as a kind of apology for thus venturing into the fields of imagination that lie glittering just beyond the farthest outposts of science, quote what one of the founders of modern science has said about the possible inhabitants of another great world, only less in size than Jupiter, and which now also adorns our evening skies, Saturn. These are the words of Sir Huhphrey Davy, in the chapter called "The Vision" in his beautiful "Consolation in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher." Conducted by a guiding Genius he is hovering above the planet Saturn:

"I saw moving on the surface below me immense masses, the forms of which I find it impossible to describe. They had systems for locomotion similar to those of the morse or sea-horse, but I saw with great surprise that they moved from place to place by six extremely thin mebranes, which they used as wings. Their colors were varied and beautiful, but principally azure and rose color.

"I say numerous convolutions of tubes more analogous to the trunk of an elephant than to anything else I can imagine, occupying what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body, and my feeling of astonishment almost became one of disgust from the peculiar character of the organs of these singular beings, and it was with a species of terror that I saw one of them mounting upward, apparently flying towards those opaque clouds which I have before mentioned. 'I know what your feelings are,' said the Genius. 'You want analogies and all the elements of knowledge to comprehend the scene before you. * * * But those beings who appear to you almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoophytes of the polar sea have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth. Each of those tubes which appear like the trunk of an elephant is an organ of pecullar motion or sensation. They have many modes of perception of which you are wholly ignorant and at the same time their sphere of vision is infinitely more extended than yours and their organs of touch far more perfect and exquisite. * * * Their sources of pleasure are of the highest intellectual nature. * * * As I cannot describe to you the organs of these wonderful beings, so neither can I show you their modes of life. But as their highest pleasures depend upon intellectual pursuits, so you may conclude that these modes of life bear the strictest analogy to that which on the earth you would call exalted virtue. * * * If I were to show you the different parts of the surface of this planet you would see marvelous results of the powers possessed by those highly intellectual beings and of the wonderful manner in which they have applied and modified matter.'"

Inspired by the enthusiasm of Sir Humphrey may we not imagine that the inhabitants of Jupiter might surpass even those of Saturn on their intellectual side, shedding a spiritual illumination among their aerial mansions, which would be the greatest of all Jupiter's marvels to the wandering visitor from our dim speck, the earth?

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE STRANGE MONSTERS THAT PEOPLE JUPITER AS THEY WOULD LOOK TO THE EARTH PEOPLE IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER—LONG ARMS TO OVERCOME GRAVITY—SEE JUPITER'S FOUR MOONS IN VARIOUS PHASES.

TELLING OYSTERS' AGES.

Ridges That Denote Each Year of the Luscious Bivalve's Existence.

It is just as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is to ascertain the age of a horse by examining his teeth or a tree by inspecting the circles revealed by the ax or saw when it was laid low, says the New York Journal. When the oyster is 6 months old it is as big as a dime. When 1 year old it will cover a half-dollar and when 2 years old will be about the circumference of one of Uncle Sam's depreciated dollars. The oyster, unlike the crab, is not obliged to seek new quarters or build a new house every time he grows appreciably. The bivalve's habitation grows with him, he furnishing the building material. The extensions that he puts onto his house are clearly marked by a well-defined ridge, as appears from an illustration taken from life of a former denizen of Lynn Haven, who was almost completing the fifth year of peaceful existence when ruthlessly brought into the upper world by the oysterman's tongs. Oysters are esteemed to be at their best when between 4 and 5 years of age, and the planters endeavor to protect the beds for that length of time. Conscientious oystermen—that is, men who are not inclined to kill the goose that lays the golden egg—always return to the beds oysters that are too young, but in case a patriarch is brought up over whose shell the tides of eight to twelve winters and summers have ebbed and flowed he is sent to market, where he is put at the bottom of the heap and sold with his younger and more luscious companions. Such an oyster gets into the soup eventually.

Running to Waste.

"The best thing about these new waists," began Dora. Then she discovered David's arm.

"That isn't what I was going to say," she murmured with a blush, "but—but," she added softly, "it will answer."

HINTS FOR WOMEN.

If soot is dropped on a carpet throw down an equal quantity of salt and sweep off all together.

Fruit stains can be eradicated by oxalic acid, and should be seen to at once while the stain is fresh.

Always put the sugar used in a tart in the center of the fruit, not on the top; it makes the crust soiden.

Frying pans should always be scoured with salt directly after they have been used, and wiped clean with a cloth.

Pastry is lighter if mixed with a knife instead of the hand, and rolled with a glass bottle instead of a rolling pin.

When an iron bedstead creaks with each movement of the sleeper take out the laths and wrap the end of each in a newspaper.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of boiling water, gradually heat it till it boils, and then let it as gradually cool.

It is not generally known that rats cannot resist sunflower seeds. A trap baited with these seeds is the most efficacious method of catching rats.

Milk will take out ink stains from boards, cotton and other fabrics if used before dried in. Soak in a little milk and then wash in the ordinary way.

To remove scorch caused by an overheated iron, soak the article at once in cold water for half an hour, then rub gently between the hands and rinse in clean water.

Paint stains on clothing are difficult to remove when once they have dried in but with persistent use of benzine and spirits of turpentine obstinate stains are removed.

Stoves and ranges should be kept free from soot in all compartments. A dirty, clogged hot air passage will prevent any oven from baking well or the water from heating.

GREAT MEN WEAR ARMOR.

Several Prominent European Statesmen Employ Such Safeguards.

From 1885 to the time of his death the late czar of Russia, Alexander III., never appeared outside his bedroom and study without a fine steel suit of mail, which would protect his body, back and front, between his collar bone and his loins, from the dagger of the assassin. Excepting his valet and his wife, says the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, nobody had seen his suit of mail, as it was worn between the underclothes and uniform, but the czar's unwillingness to go even to a cabinet council without it was an open secret in all the courts of Europe. Bismarck at one time wore such a coat, as did also Stambouloff and Crispi. The Italian premier, indeed, as we have before noted, still wears for protection from the assasisn's bullet or knife a light shirt of mail of double thickness over the heart. None of these men, however, resorted to such precaution until repeated attempts at assassination had been made. True it is that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Nicholas II. of Russia has waited for no such attempt on his life. Ever since the last arrests of nihilist students at Odessa he has worn a shirt of nickel and steel, onerous as the garment must be to a man of his inferior physique and lethargic habits. Still stranger stories of his fear and caution have penetrated the walls of the imperial palace and gained credence among the people of his capital. Although no dagger has been laid on his pillow to unnerve him and no warning of death has been put under his dinner plate to plague him, the czar never visits his dinner table or bed without the company of a trusted attendant. At every door of the dining room and bed chamber stand a Cossack guard day and night, and from every dish that is served at the imperial table a special watcher in the court kitchen must eat a mouthful before it is served to prevent any chance of poisoning.

Men and Horses.

To tell the truth, all mankind may, with great clearness, be divided into two parts—those who understand horses and those who do not. There are people who will drive a nag all day, nay, who may own one and use it for years, whose powers of observation are not sufficiently enlisted in the details of the animal to distinguish it from any strange horse in the next stall, unless there be some gross difference in color. Such equestrians will be content to see a fine horse, with nerves, eyes, muscles and possibilities for good or evil cashiered in favor of the dead certainty of a peripatetic steam engine. The second, smaller and—aside from horse dealers—more noble group of individuals cannot so much as enter a fortuitous close cab without taking unconscious note of the stockings, the withers, the size and the facial expression of the creature between the shafts. One whose sympathy with the Houyhnhnm stands this test has felt the thrill imparted by the responsive spring of a glorious saddle horse, has enjoyed mental conversation with the shapely, all-expressive ears of the sensitive creature, has been fairly exalted by mere proximity to the splendid spirit of a hard driven thoroughbred and has quivered with the same beady drink which brilliant frosty mornings have brought to the smoking muzzles of his dancing bays, with their flashing eyes and strong, curved necks—but is it not absurd to defend a good horse from a horseless carriage?—Scribner's.

Tramps.

Four causes are assigned for men becoming tramps: First, the drink habit; second, the love of wandering; third, the evil effects of the indiscriminate huddling together of men and boys in our jails; fourth, this same indiscriminate mixing of country and city boys in our reformatory schools. The number of people leading this wandering life in our country is estimated to be at least twice the size of the standing army.—Rev. Alexander Lewis.

Friend of the Bald Heads.

It is not generally known, although it ought to be, that G. R. Sims of London is the leader of the great anti-bald agitation. It is stated that he reckons to have caused hair to grow on 50,000 bald heads. His recipe is paraffin oil.

Unclaimed Deposits.

It has been stated, but with doubtful authority, that $250,000,000 is lying at this moment in the hands of banks and banking companies in Scotland in the shape of unclaimed deposits.

NEWSY TRIFLES.

The figure of Britannia first appeared on the copper coins in the reign of Charles II.

London society has developed a new craze—midnight cycling excursions into the city

In London a publisher can have a book well illustrated throughout for from $125 to $250.

There is one firm in Birmingham putting out a thousand flint guns every week for the African trade.

Sets in combinations from 5 dozen to 40 dozen individual pieces and seventy odd serving pieces are included among the season's wedding presents.

Cork is the third most important of Spanish exports. In the province of Gerona alone it is estimated that 198,000 acres are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, which produce about 20,000 tons, valued at $8,000,000.

Scotland's Sabbath is losing its sanctity. Driving, cycling and golf on Sunday have now been followed by a vote of the Glasgow corporation throwing open the public bath houses for four hours on Sunday morning.

Fogs are more frequent in October and November than at any other period of the year, because, besides the evaporation from seas, rivers and lakes, there is a constant exhalation from the ground in the form of vapor.

Arabian women, when they are obliged to go into mourning, not only stain their hands and feet with indigo for eight days, but drink no milk during the same period, on the ground that its hue does not harmonize with their mental gloom.

USEFUL ITEMS.

A few drops of tincture of benzoin in a bowl of water is an admirable tonic for the face. The benzoin whitens the skin and prevents it from wrinkling.

Soups and gravies must never at any time be left in the stewpans or saucepans; when finished cooking they must be poured into earthen pans or basins.

It takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves and sauces if put in when they begin to cook than it does if the sugar is added after the cooking is done.

Do not put a coat or dress away with dust in the folds or plaits. Shake the garment well and brush with a soft whisk broom, for dust is never so easily removed as at first.

In case of a long illness the back is liable to become chafed; to prevent the skin breaking beat the white of an egg to a strong froth and add two teaspoonfuls of brandy; apply with a feather.

For canker sore mouth one tablespoonful of salt, one of alum, half a teaspoonful of borax and as much blue vitriol, two tablespoonfuls of honey and a pint of strong cider vinegar. Simmer over a slow fire in an earthen vessel, then put into bottles. Use this frequently with a swab.

To Keep the Hair in Curl.—Two ounces of borax, 1 dram of gum arabic, 1 quart hot but not boiling water. Stir together. As soon as all are dissolved add 3 tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. On retiring wet the hair with this liquid and roll in twists of paper. Do not disturb till morning, then untwist.

CULINARY HINTS.

Fried mushrooms.—Select large, fresh mushrooms; remove skin and stems; roll in cracker meal, season with salt; fry in boiling hot butter, and serve hot.

Potato balls.—Mash cold boiled potatoes; season with salt and pepper; make into little balls. Dip first into beaten eggs, then in grated bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat.

Cabbage salad.—Shred one-half head of a small cabbage; cover with strong salted water; let stand one-half hour and drain; put in a salad bowl and pour over plain dressing; garnish with hard-boiled eggs sliced in rings.

Cream Scalloped Fish.—Take cold boiled or baked fish. Boil one pint of milk with half an onion, cut in two; while boiling stir in perfectly smooth one and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of flour; when boiled take out onion and stir in one-half cup butter. Butter a deep earthen dish. Put in first a layer of bread crumbs and a very little cheese if liked. Bake from half to three-quarters of an hour.

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

HOW A METHODIST MINISTER CARRIES HIS YEARS.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than the Rev. William Young, of the Methodist church. Mr. Young holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been an employe for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited but, instead of failing as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. A Times reporter, determined to find out what had made this great change, called upon Mr. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1894 I was all run down and had commenced to think that my time had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same old trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, but the general lassitude which hung over me left me without any ambition, and when I would go to the table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in utter despair. One day, here at the bank, I happened to pick up one of the local papers, and my eye fell on the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I then was, had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not a believer in that kind of doctoring, but concluded as a last resort to try a box of the pills, making up my mind that if they did not help me I certainly would not be injured any. Going to a drug store I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. Very soon after I began to feel better and I saw I had made no mistake in trying the pills, and before the first box was emptied I felt so much improved that I immediately purchased another. I had taken seven boxes of the pills, and at the end of last summer I felt I was entirely cured and discontinued their use, but always keep a box handy if occasion requires. I am now entirely cured. The lassitude has left me, my kidneys are all right and my appetite—well, you should see me at the table. I am a new man again, and instead of feeling like a man of fifty, which is my age, I feel like a youngster of twenty, and I give Pink Pills the full credit for this great change. I have recommended these pills to several of my neighbors and acquaintances, who have been relieved of their complaints."

(Signed) WILLIAM YOUNG.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1895.

BERNARD GALLAGHER,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

U. S. Grant's Caustic Reply.

Gen. Grant, while walking out in the suburbs of Washington, frequently met a butcher driving a horse, to which he took a strong liking. After much negotiation he bought the animal, and had it taken to his stable, where one day Senators Conkling and Jones were invited to look at the new purchase. "Well, gentlemen, how do you like the new horse?" asked Grant, after the animal had been inspected. "How much did you give for him, Mr. President?" asked Conkling. "Four hundred dollars." "I'd rather have the four hundred dollars than the horse," rejoined Conkling. "That's what the butcher thought," coolly remarked Grant, puffing out a cloud of smoke; "put him back into the stall, John."—San Francisco Argonaut.

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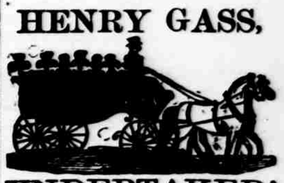

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