

home until you see it again?"
The contadino took the flowers eagerly enough, but instead of putting them in his coat as directed, he cradled them in the hollow of his hand, as though in fear of damaging their fragile beauty, while ever and anon he raised them to his face to drink in the delicate perfume or to obtain a closer view of leaf and stem.
During the first hour of our journey his attention was divided pretty equally between the flowers, the scenery through which we were passing and my bonnie Margaret herself, but there was nothing in his gaze to which the most rigorous chaplain could have taken exception. She was worth looking at as a picture of happy, healthful youth, and was moreover such a contrast to himself, such an essentially feminine little creature, that I did not wonder at his admiration.
It was evident that our companion possessed his full share of that love of beauty which is characteristic of his race, but for such an intelligent-looking man he was woefully ill-informed, and his "I don't know, signora"—"I can't tell you signora," began to have a monotonous sound in our ears. The explanation came at last when I asked if there was a post van attached to the train, wherein I could deposit the card I had just been writing.
"I can't tell you, signora," said the contadino once more; then looking at us very earnestly with his beautiful eyes—"I am the worst man in the world to give you information about such things," he said slowly, for only yesterday I came out of prison, and this is my first day of liberty for twenty-six years."
It was a shock. We had thought of many tragic explanations, but never of this. A convict! and a convict, too, of the worst order, for twenty-six years meant, committed life sentence, and life sentences are not given for light offenses. It seemed impossible to associate the idea of crime with the face of the man seated opposite, but there was no discrediting his own words. We waited breathlessly to hear the nature of the offense for which he had been committed—to receive assurances that he had been wrongfully accused, and was the most ill-used man.
None came. Neither at that time nor throughout the hours of the journey did he utter a word of excuse or exoneration; but the absence of any attempt to "talk good" or to prove that he had been unjustly sentenced, was more impressive than a hundred protestations, and made us feel that we had been fortunate in our choice of a traveling companion, despite the sins of the past.
It was some time before we could recover from the shock, but while the sad, brown eyes searched our faces, it seemed brutal to show any sign of discomfiture, and Margaret managed to conjure up the ghost of a smile as she asked where he had been during all these years.
"In the convict prison at Porte Ferrario, on Elba, signora. I came out yesterday morning, after having been there for twenty-six years and two months. It is a long time."
"A long time!" echoed Margaret in dismay. "Twenty-six years! Why, it is longer than I have lived—five years longer. I am only 21."
The convict gave a flickering smile. Now that his history was known, and that he had seen that we did not shrink from him in consequence, he seemed to find relief in putting his thoughts into words.
"I was 21 when I went in," he said, "and now I am 47. A half century, to the astonishment of our faces."
"And now I am 47," he said, "and now I am 47. A half century, to the astonishment of our faces."
"I saw my father, and he was my father, and he had come to meet me, but he is dead, and it is I who am old. It seems like a dream, signora, that I was ever young, but it hurt to see myself looking for all these years I have been looking forward and saying, 'I will come! and when I saw my face I knew that it was too late, and that the old life had gone forever. . . . My wife will not know me. We have not seen each other since I was taken away. She is a pretty girl, poor Ninna! fair, like the signora, with the same blue eyes. But I am changed. No one in the village will know Nicolo Cennini now."
"But you are still young. A man of 47 has plenty of time before him. You must not lose heart just when the good time is at hand. You and your wife may have as many happy years together as you have had sad ones apart."
"Ah! who can say?" he sighed. "God only knows; but one always hopes. The bambino, my little girl, she is married. She was too young when I left to remember her father. Ah, signora! and the intolerable pain of the dark eyes once more pierced our hearts. They have lived their lives—they may be that I am not well-remembered. Sometimes I have thought that it would be better if I never returned; but one dies hard, one dies hard, signora! It is not with wishing that the end will come and to stay away when one is free—it is not in nature."
"No, indeed, and it would break their hearts if you did. A woman can never forget her husband, and your wife will have talked about you together, every day of their lives, and now, depend upon it, they are full of happiness and excitement, longing for the hours to pass, so that tomorrow may be here."
"Ah! who can tell?" he repeated again.
"One always hopes. She was a good wife and we loved each other, but—twenty-six years! It is a long time!" He fixed his eyes on Margaret's face as he finished speaking, as if something in her fresh beauty brought back the remembrance of the youthful Ninna whom he had left behind, and who was still, in his thoughts, a pretty girl with golden hair and clear blue eyes. It was easy to see that he was at once longing for and dreading the meeting which lay before him on the morrow, and, perceiving that nervousness was momentarily increasing, we tried to divert his thoughts by calling attention to the beauty of the landscape through which we were passing. He listened politely, but in every instance the answer was the same—"Calla bria was superior."
I pointed out the cattle grazing in the fields—they had a finer breed in Calabria. I prophesied a good harvest from the appearance of the land—the crops were finer in Calabria. We exclaimed at the grandeur of mountain and river—the river higher in Calabria, wider in Calabria, grander, more impressive, until, at last, as the tears sprang suddenly to my eyes, he checked himself to say, with a sigh:
"Ah, well, it is a long time! Perhaps they have all grown in my memory, but I think they are all finer in my old home."
When nightfall came our convict handed down shawls and rugs, and attended to our comfort with anxious care; but whenever I woke from my restless slumbers his own eyes were wide open, and once or twice I saw his lips move, and imagined that I heard the word "Ninna." In the morning light he looked gray and drawn with the fatigue of the long journey and with agitation of the thought of the

meeting so near at hand. We fed him with tea and sandwiches, and talked cheerfully, to put courage into his sinking heart but he was slow to respond.
"Twenty-six years, signora!" he kept on repeating. "They have lived their lives. Perhaps they will not care."
As he drew near his destination, Nicolo looked into our faces with an appeal which moved us strangely. We, the acquaintances of a few hours, seemed in reality nearer to him than the dreamlike figures of wife and child. He clung to us, dreading the thought of a separation, and when the train slackened speed at the little country station, he bade us farewell in trembling accents.
"When you first spoke to me I thought it was only right to warn you of my past; but I shall tell my wife that after you knew I was a convict you still spoke to me." He quivered. "It is not many pleasant things I have to tell her of these twenty-six years."
A group of country people were standing on the platform waiting the arrival of the train, and no sooner had it drawn up than carriage doors were thrown open, and the wearied travelers stepped to the ground to stretch their limbs after the long night journey. In a moment all was bustle and confusion, and Nicolo Cennini moved forward with uncertain footsteps, looking anxiously to right and left.
A priest, in shabby, black gown, marked and fro; a group of workmen talked and gesticulated in the foreground; and beside a pillar stood a peasant woman, her arms hanging slack by her side, a white hood fitting closely over her head. Her hair was bent, and her face had the dried, weather-beaten appearance of one who has worked beneath a burning sun, but the lips were set in lines of patient sweetness, and the eyes had an expression which Margaret and I were quick to recognize.
During the months which we had spent in Italy, one of our favorite occupations had been to watch the demeanor of the peasant women in the Virgin's chapels of the dim, dreary shrines. They came in from streets and markets, laying their burdens on the ground while they knelt in prayer before the altar, and when their devotion was finished they withdrew to a short distance to meditate, with folded hands and arms cast down. The painted image of the Virgin looked on them as they sat, and it seemed as if some of her own sweet serenity had been passed into the patient faces of her worshippers. Margaret and I were good Protestants, but we felt many times that these poor women could teach us a lesson, and went away feeling ashamed of our selfish repinings.
This peasant woman cast a glance of kindly unconcern upon Nicolo as he passed and he looked at her too, but only for a brief moment. A group of tourists, who had been blocking the way, moved suddenly to one side, and he found himself face to face with a young woman, whose tall, thin, formed figure stood out conspicuously among the crowd. She was a contadina, but dressed in gala costume, with white bodice, green skirt and large silver pins flashing the plait of her yellow hair. She carried a baby of a few months' old in her full handsome throat, and she scanned the windows of the train with curious eyes.
She was too much engrossed in her scrutiny to note the presence of the tall figure in the homespun suit, but in our promenade along the platform we were in full view of Nicolo's face and could see that it was aflame with joyful recognition. He clasped the girl by the shoulder, calling out her name in trembling accents.
"Ninna! Ninna! Do you know me? It is I—I have come back!"
The girl fell back a pace, and her cheeks flushed. She stared blankly at the gray head, the worn features, then the dark eyes, and told the truth to her heart.
"Pa! he is dead, loudly. 'Paide!' and her voice was full of joyful certainty.
In another moment they would have been clasped in each other's arms, but even as she swayed towards him, the girl checked herself with sudden recollection and, grasping his hand in hers, drew him forward to the spot where the peasant woman stood in waiting dress, turning her patient eyes on each newcomer.
"Mother!" she cried, "he has come! I have brought him to you. Fate is here!"
It was a critical moment, and we held our breath to see what would happen. Nothing in the world could have made the past so real to those two poor souls as the sight of the change in that other self with memory had dealt so tenderly.
During the years of separation one of the fusion had survived in either breast, the image of the girl-wife, the boy-husband, who stood waiting at the end of the weary road. Ninna still saw in imagination Nicolo's crown of ebony curls; while the convict gazed gray within the prison walls, cherished the remembrance of a girl in the bewitching of her charm.
"What would be the result of the awakening? For the woman, one was safe to predict increased tenderness and pity; but for the man? The light died out of Nicolo's eyes as he beheld his wife; his cheek whitened as if some pale ghost had risen between him and the newly-found happiness. His wife! Ninna! He stared in dismay at the bent back, the roughened hands, the scanty locks beneath the hood; but Ninna looked at him and smiled—a wonderful smile, sweet and steadfast, with the stamp of a lifelong loyalty, and at the sight of agony of tenderness contracted the man's features. He threw out his arms and staggered towards her as a child to its mother.
The little, worn woman opened her arms to receive him, and cradled him on her bosom. We could not see her face, for our eyes were dim, but we heard her voice, and the music of it is still in our ears.
"Nicolo mio! It was a long journey. Thou art wearied. Come home and rest!"
As the train moved out of the station we saw Nicolo Cennini pass along the country road towards his home. The child lay in his arms, and the woman who loved him walked either side.—From Longman's Magazine.

NICCOLO CENNINI.
Twenty-Six Years After.

When Margaret informed me that she intended to travel third class from Naples to Messina for the purpose of studying human nature and gaining insight into the manners and customs of the Italian peasantry, I agreed at once and remarked that I admired her spirit. A disagreeable person might have associated this reason with a recent purchase of mosaic tiles and pearls, but as no good ever results from being smart at a friend's expense, I made a point of taking Margaret's spasmodic economies seriously, and in this instance resigned myself to the discomfort with what good grace I might.
We booked third class, therefore, and Margaret divided responsibilities by leaving me to wrestle with the baggage, while she strolled down the platform peering into one carriage after another, with the object of choosing the most interesting fellow passengers. Such, at least, was my charitable conclusion; but it would appear that her own comfort was an even more powerful motive, for she passed rapidly from merry, laughing peasants, and reached the end of the train before she beckoned to me with an air of triumph.
"Here we are—the very thing! Two window seats and only one companion; such a nice man!"
I toiled up, laden with possessions, and immediately upon my appearance, the nice, clean man stood up to take one bundle after another from my hand, swing them upward with easy strength and pack them in the rail overhead. I was struck by his quiet, deferential manner, and when we subsided into our respective corners, looked at him with interest, to see what sort of a companion fate had given us for the long night journey.
I saw a respectable looking contadino, dressed in blue homespun, with a vividly white shirt, above which his sunburned face appeared even browner than ever. His hair was gray, his features grave and worn, and I put him down as 60 years of age, or even a little older. We were agreeably impressed by the man's personality, which was more than could be said of his attitude towards ourselves, for his assistance had been given in mechanical fashion, and the moment that we were seated he resumed his steady stare out of the window which had been interrupted by our appearance. He seemed more inclined to silence than the majority of his fellow countrymen, but Margaret was bound to make some pretense of carrying out her purpose, so she coughed gently to attract attention, and remarked in her very best Italian that it was a beautiful evening.
It was a commonplace observation, but we were startled by the intensity of the reply.
"Ah, it is indeed a beautiful evening!" cried the stranger, and the emphasis with which he spoke proved that the words had no common significance in his mind, though fine evenings are by no means rare occurrences in Italy, and the month of May, as he spoke, he turned reluctantly from the window, and we looked into his face with a shock of surprise. The features were stamped with the impress of a great sorrow, but it was the eyes which held us spellbound—brown eyes, liquid and beautiful as Italian eyes can be, but with an expression of such infinite pathos as words cannot describe. His glance wandered from Margaret to myself, and dwelt upon us with the wistful appeal of an animal in pain, longing for sympathy, trembling lest its confidence may be misplaced, while we sat silent, conscious to the bottom of our souls of the gulf which yawned between this man and ourselves—we, with our petty trials and amusements, worrying over imaginary woes, and vastly troubled because, forsooth, the trick did not always fall to our share; he set apart in some desert of experience, branded by a suffering of meaning, which we could not even understand the wave of sympathy, and made up our minds there and then, to do all that was in our power to cheer the poor fellow during the hours which we were to spend together.
"We are starting on a long journey," Margaret explained as a preliminary; "all the way to Sicily. We shall be two nights in the train. I suppose you are not going so far?"
"Not quite; I am for Rosino, a village in the north of Calabria. I shall arrive about ten o'clock to-morrow morning. It is my native place. The signora has been in Calabria perhaps, if she is fond of travel?"
"No, I have never been so far south. We have been staying at Naples, and I am enhanced with the bay. Could anything be more beautiful than Naples on a moonlight night?"
"It is more beautiful in Calabria," he said simply. Then his eyes rested on the bunch of flowers which she had pinned into her belt.
"There are flowers like those growing near my old home, only larger. I used to gather them when I was a boy."
"Then I think we ought to share these now," said Margaret prettily, separating a few blossoms as she spoke, and holding them to him with a smile. "Will you wear these in your buttonhole for the rest of the journey, to remind you of your

That Sahara Railroad.

The enforced retirement of Maj. Marchand from Fashoda, on the Nile, by reason of the British-Egyptian opposition, has induced in France a strong revival of sentiment in favor of undertaking the old project of building a railroad through the Sahara. A Parisian paper declares that if such a railroad had existed Maj. Marchand would not have had to leave Fashoda, and this is probably correct. At least he would have been able to have maintained himself for some time there. Reinforcements and supplies could have been sent him which would have put him on more equal footing with the British and Egyptians. The latter were not only in greatly superior force, but had a line of communication and transportation open all the way to Cairo. They could have overwhelmed Marchand or starved him out long before any assistance could have reached him, and this was no doubt a strong factor in his withdrawal from the Sahara. The project of a railroad through the Sahara had been agitated by the French for some years, and a number of explorations and surveys have been made which have supported the idea of its feasibility. They also had a project for flooding the Sahara by letting in the waters of the Mediterranean through a canal, which DeLesseps calculated would cost \$30,000,000 and take five years to build. Only a very small portion of the Sahara, however, would have been flooded by such a canal. A lake would have been formed of about 3,000 square miles in extent, which would have been deep enough to float the largest ships. The creation of such a lake would have rendered fertile a broad belt of desert land to the north, constituting a large part of the interior of Tunis and Algeria. But the greater portion of the Sahara to the south would have been unaffected. It lies considerably above the level, while the portion where the proposed lake would have been is below that level.

The so-called Great Desert of Sahara is not, as many suppose, throughout a great plain covered with a sea of shifting sand. In fact, it possesses many varied characteristics in its topography. Its area is about 2,400,000 square miles. Of this area about 500,000 square miles are covered by dunes or moving sands. The elevation above the sea is estimated at from 1,200 to 1,500 feet. A mountainous region stretches through the desert southeast and northwest, extending from South Algeria to Darfur, dividing the eastern, or Libyan desert from the Central and Western Sahara, and having its backbone in the Tassili and Tibesti mountains. These mountains make a nearly unbroken range 1,100 miles long, culminating in Mt. Tarsu, or Tibesti, about 8,000 feet high. To the west of this range, and connected with it, are the mountain complexes of Ahaggar and Azjer, which occupy the geographic center of the Sahara, with elevations of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet. These, with a series of lower mountains to the north and south, and an elevated band which crosses the Sahara nearly centrally from the Syria, on the north, to Sokoto, on the south. The remainder is much diversified by plains, hills, and valleys, and is furrowed by the beds of streams, generally dry, but having, nevertheless, as well defined basins as in other parts of the world. The flora is comparatively rarely entirely lacking, even in the sandy deserts, and the oases, comprising about 75,000 square miles, are very islands of verdure. Here the chief plants is the date palm. In the mountains are jackals, leopards, antelopes, and sometimes lions and tigers. The birds are few in species and numbers. The reptiles are relatively abundant and permanent waters are stocked with fish and water animals.

At the southern end of the Sahara is Lake Tchad, or Chad, a very large body of water and this is mentioned as the destination of the proposed railroad. Several French expeditions are now making their way to the lake, with a view of establishing their own dominion over it. A German expedition is also directed to the same purpose. The lake is, however, strongly resisted both French and Germans. The French now hold possession of Algeria and Tunis, which embrace much of the northern part of the Sahara. They are also in possession of a large territory on its southwestern side, running east from Senegambia, on the Atlantic, to the south of these latter French possessions along the Nile river, are likely to claim Lake Tchad as within their sphere. The lake is supposed by some to have originally sprung up here, and to have been which it is believed to be the source of a canal connection. A railroad from Fashoda to Lake Tchad through the Sahara would be from 1,500 to 2,000 miles in length, while it is only about 700 miles from the lake to the Atlantic through the British territory. It does not seem likely that the French project will be seriously taken up for many years to come, if ever.

Coles for Coming.

Prof. Coles, in his December Storms and Signs says:
"Two meteors are coming earthward at a rapid pace. Another approaching comet can now be sighted just outside of the orbit of Jupiter. Earth is now in the 'house of sickness' and disease epidemics will spring up over the country like magic. The November meteoric shower, which the great astronomers predicted would come on the 14th, is delayed by a 'strong head-wind' Earthquake shocks may shock the whole world. A deep sorrow is now overshadowing America. The earthquake, that we predicted, came in Italy and tore down a whole town, with its terrible consequences. The white wire worms, which we foretold coming last summer, will attack the wheat crop and destroy thousands of acres this winter and next spring. The race war came as we predicted, and will continue to grow in hatred until, perhaps, the men who fought for their freedom will fight for their annihilation."
"Turkeys, chickens and all kinds of fowls, beef, pork and all kinds of meats intended for the Christmas trade or for home use should be killed on the 20th, 21st or 24th; and, for the New Year's trade, on the 29th, 30th or 31st; as all the other days are 'low ebbs' days and all flesh killed at 'low ebbs' is not in proper condition to be eaten by man; and its discoloration caused by quick decomposition destroys its real market value. The 3d, 30th and 31st will be the only really good days during the whole month to make sauer kraut. The 3d, 30th and 31st will be the best days to fish and hunt; and the 21st, 22nd and 27th will be the next best days. The 4th, 6th, 7th and 10th will be bad days for all those troubled with heart disease; and it will be well for all such to refrain from laborious exercises on those days."

How to Postpone Old Age.

Anatomical experiment and investigation show that the chief characteristics of old age are the deposits of earthy matter of a gelatinous, fibrous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. As observation shows, man begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an ossaceous one—soft in infancy, hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification comes on; but, after middle life is passed, a more marked development of the ossific character takes place. Of course, these earthy deposits, which affect all the physical organs—naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter, there is interference with circulation, upon which there is no repair of the body. None of these things interbreed with nutrition and circulation in earlier years. The repair of the physical system, as everyone ought to know, depends on this fine balance. In fact, the whole change is merely a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits come excessive and resist expulsion, they cause the stiffness and dryness of old age. Entire blockage of the functions of the body is then a mere matter of time. The refuse matter deposited by the blood in its constant passage through the system stops the delicate and exquisite machinery which we call life. This is death. It has been proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia, and iron. In the blood itself are thus contained the earth salts. In early life they are thrown off. Age has not the power to do it. Hence, as blood is produced by assimilation of the food we eat, to this food we must look for the earthy accumulations which in time block up the system and bring on old age. Almost everything we eat contains more or less of these elements for destroying life, by means of calcareous salts deposited by the all-nourishing blood. Careful selection, however, can enable us to avoid the worst of them. Earth salts, though seemingly the most innocent of edibles, greatly assist in the deposition of a calcareous matter in our bodies. Nitrogenous food abounds in this element. Hence a diet made up of fruit principally is best for people advancing in years, for the reason that, being deficient in nitrogen, the ossific deposits so much to be dreaded are more likely to be suspended. Moderate eaters have in all cases a much better chance for long life than those addicted to excess of the table. Fruits, fish, poultry, young mutton, and veal contain less of the earthy salts than other articles of food, and are therefore best for people entering the vale of years. Beef and old mutton usually are overcharged with salts, and should be avoided; a diet containing a minimum amount of earthy particles is most suitable to retard old age, by preserving the system from functional blockages. . . . The daily use of distilled water is, after middle life, one of the most important means of preventing secretions and the derangement of health. As to diluted phosphoric acid, it is one of the most powerful influences known to science for shielding the human system from the inconvenience of old age. Daily use of it mixed with distilled water helps to retard the approach of senility. By its affinity for oxygen combining with gelatinous deposits previously alluded to are checked, and their expulsion from the system hastened.
To sum up: Avoid all foods rich in the earthy salts, use much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and take daily two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful. Thus will our days be prolonged, old age delayed, and health insured.

The Great Exposition.

France's next great exposition, which is to be at Paris in 1900, will begin April 15th and end Nov. 5th. Eleven years will have elapsed since the last preceding great fair at Paris, and in that interval industrial and scientific development have been proceeding at a rapid pace. France may be relied upon to celebrate the completion of the nineteenth century—a century remarkable for material progress—in a striking original and appropriate manner. There are things in which other nations excel the French, but in the art of producing novel, spectacular, industrial displays the latter easily distance all competitors. We have had big shows since 1859, in Chicago, Atlanta, Nashville and Omaha, but they were all copies, more or less imperfect, of the great French exposition of the year just mentioned. Experience tells. France organized the first exposition ever held, and the taste and skill of her people are expanded in every successive effort. The coming exposition was authorized by the chamber of deputies as long ago as July, 1892, so that when it arrives it will have had the advantage of eight years of careful preparation. The new century will be ushered in by an adequate review of the inventions and improvements in every art and science that have distinguished the past century.
Some 300 acres will be occupied with the palaces, museums, landscapes and gardens of the exposition grounds. Twenty million dollars are to be devoted to buildings and running expenses. This sum is in addition to the large sums spent by other governments, fifty-four in number, that will participate. The United States has been conceded 230,000 square feet of space, as against the 122,697 feet at the exposition of 1889. Other governments are obtaining even larger proportional allotments, so that it will be seen that the display is to be on a large scale. The "gate money," or receipts from visitors, is estimated to amount, it is estimated, to \$13,000,000, as against the \$4,316,000 of 1889. The price of admission is to be one franc, and the number of paid admissions is expected to be 93,000,000, or three times as many as in 1889. The enterprise is regarded by Frenchmen as a national affair—due to the patriotic sentiment of the nation—but it is also expected to pay. The exposition of 1889 brought to Paris visitors who spent as much, it is estimated, as \$25,000,000. The receipts of French railways were increased by it to the extent of \$15,400,000 and postal and telegraph receipts to the extent of \$1,400,000. These were good results, but the outside receipts in 1900 will, it is believed, be double or triple these figures.
To the American or English mind an exposition is a show and nothing else, but to Frenchmen it is a matter of sentiment also, and, as such, a matter of great political importance. Such enterprises tend to the coming exposition, being in some sort a national fete, will draw men's minds away from the Dreyfus, Picquet, Fashoda and other like disagreeable topics, and so conduce to the restoration of a wholesome state of political feeling. France has recently been supping from a cup of horrors. Sensational incidents have been developing constantly at Paris, each of a kind to demoralize the public. Revelations of corruption in high places have tended to unsettle the faith of the masses in the honesty of the government. The Dreyfus scandal, the Picquet prosecution and the Fashoda episode all bring into question the efficiency, if not the good faith, of the men to whose hands the destinies of France are entrusted. Honest souls are almost in despair. A strong disposition, accordingly, to turn for relief to an exposition. In this at least the nation may feel a legitimate pride, and the liberal thoughts inspired by it may tend to lift France from the morass of miserable suspicions into which she has fallen.

Some Recipes Worth Trying

To make hot tamales, scald a quart of good Southern white cornmeal. Do not make it soft, but moist. Have ready your corn husks and several husks torn into narrow strips like ribbons. Have cooked thoroughly and chopped fine a chicken; add to it a Spanish pepper, chopped fine, and a palatable seasoning of salt. Take the cornmeal in your hand, sort of pat it together, and press it into a cap, full down, put into the corn husk sufficient to roll inches long down the center. Put in a couple of tablespoonfuls of chopped chicken, then roll the husks and the cornmeal over, making a complete roll with the chicken inside. Fold the ends of the corn husks over; tie them with the narrow strips which you have prepared. Put the bones taken from the chicken in the bottom of a kettle; add a sliced onion, three or four cloves, two bay leaves, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Now put your tamales all over the top; the bones will act as a sort of rack, keeping them from being covered by the water; cook continuously for two or three hours; and they will be ready to serve. The rolls are cut into halves. Dish them neatly, so that the ends will be exposed. —Ladies' Home Journal.
Oyster Croquettes. One-half pint raw oysters, chopped fine; one-half pint cooked egg, chopped fine; two tablespoonfuls of butter, solid; three tablespoonfuls cracker meal; two eggs, one-fourth cup cream; one tablespoon onion juice. Soak cracker meal in oyster liquor. Mix all. Let stand two hours; then shape. Roll in egg and cracker meal. Make as soft as possible. Boiling lard sufficient to float.
Whips—Soak a half box of gelatine in a half cup of cold water; pour over one cup of boiling water; add a half cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and, if you use it, four tablespoonfuls of sherry. When this begins to congeal, add the unbeaten whites of two eggs; beat the whole until light and creamy; fill into glass custard cups; cover the top with grated macaroons. Place in the centre a candied cherry or a piece of angelica and serve.
Sponge patties with maroons. Bake a four egg sponge cake in a layer of about one inch. When done, cut it into rounds. Cut the centre from one round; mix the round with white of egg and place it on top of the solid one. Place in this patty one ordinary preserved maroon. Beat three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar until light; add to them a pint of hot milk; cook over the fire until thick; take from the fire, and when cold, add a portion of the syrup that has been drained from the maroons; pour this around the patties, and serve at once. Sponge cake is preferable because it contains no butter.
—John Westfall, living at Inglenook, a summer resort above Duanecon, in the act of lighting his pipe recently, while helping at butchering, fell over dead from heart failure. He was aged 70 years and leaves a wife.

How to Postpone Old Age.

Anatomical experiment and investigation show that the chief characteristics of old age are the deposits of earthy matter of a gelatinous, fibrous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. As observation shows, man begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an ossaceous one—soft in infancy, hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification comes on; but, after middle life is passed, a more marked development of the ossific character takes place. Of course, these earthy deposits, which affect all the physical organs—naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter, there is interference with circulation, upon which there is no repair of the body. None of these things interbreed with nutrition and circulation in earlier years. The repair of the physical system, as everyone ought to know, depends on this fine balance. In fact, the whole change is merely a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits come excessive and resist expulsion, they cause the stiffness and dryness of old age. Entire blockage of the functions of the body is then a mere matter of time. The refuse matter deposited by the blood in its constant passage through the system stops the delicate and exquisite machinery which we call life. This is death. It has been proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia, and iron. In the blood itself are thus contained the earth salts. In early life they are thrown off. Age has not the power to do it. Hence, as blood is produced by assimilation of the food we eat, to this food we must look for the earthy accumulations which in time block up the system and bring on old age. Almost everything we eat contains more or less of these elements for destroying life, by means of calcareous salts deposited by the all-nourishing blood. Careful selection, however, can enable us to avoid the worst of them. Earth salts, though seemingly the most innocent of edibles, greatly assist in the deposition of a calcareous matter in our bodies. Nitrogenous food abounds in this element. Hence a diet made up of fruit principally is best for people advancing in years, for the reason that, being deficient in nitrogen, the ossific deposits so much to be dreaded are more likely to be suspended. Moderate eaters have in all cases a much better chance for long life than those addicted to excess of the table. Fruits, fish, poultry, young mutton, and veal contain less of the earthy salts than other articles of food, and are therefore best for people entering the vale of years. Beef and old mutton usually are overcharged with salts, and should be avoided; a diet containing a minimum amount of earthy particles is most suitable to retard old age, by preserving the system from functional blockages. . . . The daily use of distilled water is, after middle life, one of the most important means of preventing secretions and the derangement of health. As to diluted phosphoric acid, it is one of the most powerful influences known to science for shielding the human system from the inconvenience of old age. Daily use of it mixed with distilled water helps to retard the approach of senility. By its affinity for oxygen combining with gelatinous deposits previously alluded to are checked, and their expulsion from the system hastened.
To sum up: Avoid all foods rich in the earthy salts, use much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and take daily two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful. Thus will our days be prolonged, old age delayed, and health insured.

The Great Exposition.

France's next great exposition, which is to be at Paris in 1900, will begin April 15th and end Nov. 5th. Eleven years will have elapsed since the last preceding great fair at Paris, and in that interval industrial and scientific development have been proceeding at a rapid pace. France may be relied upon to celebrate the completion of the nineteenth century—a century remarkable for material progress—in a striking original and appropriate manner. There are things in which other nations excel the French, but in the art of producing novel, spectacular, industrial displays the latter easily distance all competitors. We have had big shows since 1859, in Chicago, Atlanta, Nashville and Omaha, but they were all copies, more or less imperfect, of the great French exposition of the year just mentioned. Experience tells. France organized the first exposition ever held, and the taste and skill of her people are expanded in every successive effort. The coming exposition was authorized by the chamber of deputies as long ago as July, 1892, so that when it arrives it will have had the advantage of eight years of careful preparation. The new century will be ushered in by an adequate review of the inventions and improvements in every art and science that have distinguished the past century.
Some 300 acres will be occupied with the palaces, museums, landscapes and gardens of the exposition grounds. Twenty million dollars are to be devoted to buildings and running expenses. This sum is in addition to the large sums spent by other governments, fifty-four in number, that will participate. The United States has been conceded 230,000 square feet of space, as against the 122,697 feet at the exposition of 1889. Other governments are obtaining even larger proportional allotments, so that it will be seen that the display is to be on a large scale. The "gate money," or receipts from visitors, is estimated to amount, it is estimated, to \$13,000,000, as against the \$4,316,000 of 1889. The price of admission is to be one franc, and the number of paid admissions is expected to be 93,000,000, or three times as many as in 1889. The enterprise is regarded by Frenchmen as a national affair—due to the patriotic sentiment of the nation—but it is also expected to pay. The exposition of 1889 brought to Paris visitors who spent as much, it is estimated, as \$25,000,000. The receipts of French railways were increased by it to the extent of \$15,400,000 and postal and telegraph receipts to the extent of \$1,400,000. These were good results, but the outside receipts in 1900 will, it is believed, be double or triple these figures.
To the American or English mind an exposition is a show and nothing else, but to Frenchmen it is a matter of sentiment also, and, as such, a matter of great political importance. Such enterprises tend to the coming exposition, being in some sort a national fete, will draw men's minds away from the Dreyfus, Picquet, Fashoda and other like disagreeable topics, and so conduce to the restoration of a wholesome state of political feeling. France has recently been supping from a cup of horrors. Sensational incidents have been developing constantly at Paris, each of a kind to demoralize the public. Revelations of corruption in high places have tended to unsettle the faith of the masses in the honesty of the government. The Dreyfus scandal, the Picquet prosecution and the Fashoda episode all bring into question the efficiency, if not the good faith, of the men to whose hands the destinies of France are entrusted. Honest souls are almost in despair. A strong disposition, accordingly, to turn for relief to an exposition. In this at least the nation may feel a legitimate pride, and the liberal thoughts inspired by it may tend to lift France from the morass of miserable suspicions into which she has fallen.

Some Recipes Worth Trying

To make hot tamales, scald a quart of good Southern white cornmeal. Do not make it soft, but moist. Have ready your corn husks and several husks torn into narrow strips like ribbons. Have cooked thoroughly and chopped fine a chicken; add to it a Spanish pepper, chopped fine, and a palatable seasoning of salt. Take the cornmeal in your hand, sort of pat it together, and press it into a cap, full down, put into the corn husk sufficient to roll inches long down the center. Put in a couple of tablespoonfuls of chopped chicken, then roll the husks and the cornmeal over, making a complete roll with the chicken inside. Fold the ends of the corn husks over; tie them with the narrow strips which you have prepared. Put the bones taken from the chicken in the bottom of a kettle; add a sliced onion, three or four cloves, two bay leaves, a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Now put your tamales all over the top; the bones will act as a sort of rack, keeping them from being covered by the water; cook continuously for two or three hours; and they will be ready to serve. The rolls are cut into halves. Dish them neatly, so that the ends will be exposed. —Ladies' Home Journal.
Oyster Croquettes. One-half pint raw oysters, chopped fine; one-half pint cooked egg, chopped fine; two tablespoonfuls of butter, solid; three tablespoonfuls cracker meal; two eggs, one-fourth cup cream; one tablespoon onion juice. Soak cracker meal in oyster liquor. Mix all. Let stand two hours; then shape. Roll in egg and cracker meal. Make as soft as possible. Boiling lard sufficient to float.
Whips—Soak a half box of gelatine in a half cup of cold water; pour over one cup of boiling water; add a half cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and, if you use it, four tablespoonfuls of sherry. When this begins to congeal, add the unbeaten whites of two eggs; beat the whole until light and creamy; fill into glass custard cups; cover the top with grated macaroons. Place in the centre a candied cherry or a piece of angelica and serve.
Sponge patties with maroons. Bake a four egg sponge cake in a layer of about one inch. When done, cut it into rounds. Cut the centre from one round; mix the round with white of egg and place it on top of the solid one. Place in this patty one ordinary preserved maroon. Beat three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar until light; add to them a pint of hot milk; cook over the fire until thick; take from the fire, and when cold, add a portion of the syrup that has been drained from the maroons; pour this around the patties, and serve at once. Sponge cake is preferable because it contains no butter.
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