INSPEED

Martha? It's all one now. There ain't

no Greenwich any more. It's all just

New York city, so what's the use of pre-

The impatience in the young man's

tone amazed his aunt almost as much

as the sentiment he uttered. Never be-

fore had he failed to show her respect.

On the contrary, the humbleness of his

demeanor had been a grievance to her:

it did not become one of her own blood

The old lady straightened in her

chair; the lines about her mouth stif-

fened and her eyes glistened like her

"Percy Dean! You forget to whom

you are speaking. You forget yourself,

sir, and your good breeding is evident-

ly suffering from the associations you

Percy was frightened. The last time

he had been rebuked in this temper

by his aunt was when he was a boy.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha,"

Mrs. Leveen took her knitting from

the table and worked busily at it till

she was quite calm. She looked up after

every few thrusts of her needle, indig-

nantly at first, then coldly, and finally

the habitual expression of kindness re-

"I dare say you are in a hurry to

go to town, Percy, and I shall not de-

tain vou much longer. You may tell

me something about this young-this

"She is going on 19, Aunt Martha."

"Is she cultivated, educated? Come

"She went through the grammar

school, I think, but she had to work

after that? So she can't play the piano

or sing, but she is a nice girl and can

tend the house and cook, now that her

"That's right; she ought to be able

to manage her husband's household

But tell me more about her. Is her

voice soft, are her manners gentle, is

she modest? Describe her to me, my

Percy was encouraged by the few

"I mean she's a beauty. She's got

blue eyes and blond hair and the nicest,

biggest, reddest cheeks. She ain't what

you would call quiet; she's more lively-

like. You ought to hear her laugh

when we're down on the docks night

with the rest of the crowd. I'll bet you

could hear her across the river in Ho-

boken. And jolly? If she gets a much

as is too fresh she can jolly him along

to beat the band. But she's on the level

too. She does the square thing by her

old man every clip. The housework

has to be done before she's in for the.

game. And she slaves for her little sis-

ters and brothers-just slaves for them,

and yet she does it as willing. But then

she's good to everybody; always ready

to help out with work when neigh-

bors are behind or sick or have com-

pany, and she sticks up for horses and

cats and all like that. You wouldn't be

l'eve she was that way, though, to se

her at a ball or daneing on excursion

boats up the river. She's a good looker

and a good dresser, and when she's out

in full rig-well, say, she's a sight. The

other fellows don't do nothing when

Percy stopped short, Mrs. Leveen

"Why, Aunt Martha!" he exclaimed.

"That's enough, Percy, Thank you.

I see I have been wrong, all wrong, in

this matter from the first. You shall

have your way, for it is right. I con-

"Oh, Aunt Martha!" he cried, spring-

ing up and seizing her hand to kiss. "I

am so glad. But I knew you would

after hearing about her. And say, sunt,

you ought to see her once. You con! In't

help but like her and admire her.

Everybody in the ward does, Why, do

you know what they call her, the men

down at the Grapevine? The way you

looked then made me think of it. They

call her the Pride of Greenwich Vil-

PENNSYLVANIA FOX-HUNTING.

England's Packs and Hunts Have

American Imitators.

While there is a general impression

that Americans do not go in for fox-

hunting as do the Englishmen, it is by

all odds the most popular winter sport

in Pennsylvania, says the New York

Times. There are in the southeastern

counties as fine packs of hounds as can

be shown in England, though fewer in

number, and some horses that hold

their own against the best of English

importations over as "stiff" a country

as that hunted by the famous Quorn

pack, of which the earl of Lonsdale is

master. At a recent run 150 couples of

hounds were out and about 200 riders.

Just now there is consternation among

owners of the Pennsylvania hounds be-

cause of an outbreak of rabies in the

er packs have been bitten, and that an

Why He Died.

in England, died suddenly. He was in-

the directors were talking the matter

over, when Dr. M- appeared, who

was the company's medical referee as

"Ah! now you can tell us the true

"Certainly I can," said the doctor, sol-

Here he paused, and was surprised to

find that his merely preliminary re-

mark was hilariously received as a so-

lution of the whole question.-London

well as Mr. Zea's own physician.

emnly, "because I attended him."

cause of Zea's death."

Household Words.

lated for a time.

lage."-N. Y. Post.

before him, tall and white and proud.

we're out-"

words of approval he had won.

"Aunt, she's a beaut', that's-"

"What do you say, a what?"

knocker as she answered:

permit yourself."

he murmured.

He meant no offense.

turned to her face.

mother is dead."

dear. Is she pretty?"

girl. How old is she?"

Perev, tell me all about her."

to manifest the same awe before her

that an ordinary Ninth warder did.

VOLUME XXXI.

נמססס

year for \$2 00 or 6 mo. for \$1.

REQUISITE OF HIGH GRADE

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.

NEW YORK - BOSTON - SAN-FRANCISCO - LONDON - PARIS .-

A Great Magazine Offer.

EMOREST'S MAGAZINE" is by far the best family magazine published; there is

burstion professions to a similar scope and purpose which can compare with it.

DGENLIBRARY" is a monthly magazine of fun, filled with illustrations in cari-

ature and replete with wit and humor. Its contributors are the best of American

EXXYPICTURES is another Lumorous monthly; there is a laugh in every line of it all three of these magazines are handsomely gotten up. You should not miss

Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For the enclosed \$3.00 please, send, send, Demorkst's Family Magazine, Judge's

Unthere and return Coupon properly filled out.

linests is magazine of fun.) and Funny Pictures for one year as per your offer.

= FARMERS!

TAKENOTICE

Having made some extensive im-

OLD SHENKLE MILL

we are now prepared to turn out

FIRST-CLASS WORK on Short

Notice. Soliciting a portion of your

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CONSTRUCTION

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE."

UDGES LIBRARY," AND

"FUNNY PICTURES" is \$3,00.

provements in the

patronage, I remain

very number contains a free pattern coupon.

מממככ

OF WHEELS

"A TRAINING IN CLEANLINESS IS A

FORTUNE." COMPLETE YOUR EDUCATION WITH

SAPOLIO

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1897.

NUMBER 16.

Mr. Craige's grandmother's wedding

present, with gilt monograms and

quaint handles to the cups, all different,

was decorated, carried off by Willie, the

horrible pictures all baked in and then

presented to me for a birthday gift,

could not tell you half, no, not the

twentieth part of the dreadful destruc-

tion. You can see, dear, that the house

is finished inside with oak, to which

not a brush had ever been touched,

but years of rubbing, waxing and pol-

ishing have made like glass. We pride

ourselves, I assure you, upon our oak

"And well you may," I said. "I have

"Then you can imagine my consterna-

tion when I came home, after a fort-

night's visit to my daughter, Marian,

to find Daisy was painting the doors

of the dining-room in panels. Will e

had put on the first coat all over two

doors-white paint, my dear! The

panels were in red, blue, green, yellow

each a different color-and upon each

a different design. Such spiky grass!

such stiff leaves, that looked as if they

were cut out of tin! such wooden birds,

that looked as if their wings were held

apart with a skewer! such staring roses,

" 'Such an altogether!' " I quoted, as

"I groaned in spirit, but consoled my-

self by hoping that some new fancy

would spare my grand old oaken doors,

And my hopes were verified. Daisy

tired of panel painting when the din-

ing-room was finished, and last spring

I had the doors planed down. They

are a little thinner, but will polish up

"But after that day Willie was more

cautious about her undertakings,

though more devoted to her. She had

been with me then nearly three years,

and she had recovered from her first

grief. She was very young, not 20

when Tom died, and looking like a lit-

tle girl. So when she shyly ventured

upon a white dress and some blue rib-

bons, and came down to tea looking

frightened at her own temerity, I said,

"'What a pretty dress, and how pretty

"'You don't think it is forgetting

"'I am quite sure you will never for-

get Tom,' I said, kindly, for she was

trembling all over, but I am as sure that

Tom loved you too well to wish your

young life spent in mourning, even for

him. It is natural for you to be joyous,

dear, and nothing gives me so much

pleasure as to hear you sing or see you

"She had been wearing her blue rib-

bons for some months when the scrap-

picture and card-collecting lunacy

started. I bore my portion of the

martyrdom as valiantly as I could. I

saw a priceless old Chinese jar that was

an heirloom plastered over with butter-

flies and grotesque heads, and var-

nished, and did not faint; I endured

patiently when a costly Japanese vase,

a present from a dear old friend, shared

the same fate; but at last the tradition-

al straw was laid upon the camel's

I looked at the dear old face, lighted

by a half-comical twinkle of the eyes.

and wondered where such angelic pa-

"One of my boys," said the old lady,

"my Paul, was a surgeon in the navy.

and from every voyage he brought me

treasures that became sacred when he

sailed away and never returned.

Amongst these doubly precious posses-

sions was a sandal-wood table, a mas-

terpiece of carving, with a top polished

like marble. The heavy center-leg

branched off into feet of carved leaves.

supporting the center, which was

carved into exquisite garlands of

flowers, twisted round a tree trunk.

But the beauty of the wood itself was

"The table stood in a small room off

the parlor, that was seldom used, unless

we had company, and I never imagined

it in any danger until, coming rather

unexpectedly from a walk, I saw Wil-

lie's head and Daisy's bent over it. I

hurried into the room. Oh, my dear!

the whole beautiful top was covered

with hideous advertising cards nailed

"'Oh, mother, Daisy eried, 'don't

"'How dare you touch that?" I cried.

and then cried like a baby. 'Paul's

table!' I sobbed. 'You have ruined it!'

"It was the first time I had ever

spoken harshly to her, and she was like

"'Oh, Willie,' she said, 'she is angry

"Willie was equal to the emergency

He took her in his arms, and cried, in

Oh, Daisy, be my wife, and you may nail

scrap pictures on every table in my

"Did you ever hear of such a pro-

posal? Two babies, my dear. But

they have been very happy, and there is

not any aesthetic horror wanting in

their home. Storks on one leg. reeds,

sunflowers, lilies, dadoes and friezes.

But there is a third baby now, nearly a

year old. I expect to hear of that in-

fant in classic costume, with a lyre in

her bands, some day; but I can bear it.

My responsibilities came to an end

when Daisy ceased to be Tom's widow."

A Royal Nurse.

The queen of Portugal kills tedium

and wins popularity by persevering in

her medical vocation. She goes regu-

larly to the dispensary for children

that she founded. On arriving she

dons a nurse's uniform and proceeds

to serious work. The managers are the

Daughters of St. Catherine of Siena.

The queen at first showed herself a

coward when surgical operations were

expected, but has steeled herself to

suffering, and now holds on her knees

little patients while in the surgeon's

"Jacques, how is it you never bring

"Oh, papa, there are such a lot of ue

that when my turn comes there are

any good marks home from school?"

hands.-Albany Argus.

none left."-La Famille,

"'It's a shame! Don't cry, Daisy!

and I thought she would be so pleased.

on with brass-headed tacks.

come in! It is not finished.'

great indignation:

-N. Y. Ledger.

the only ornament of the flat top.

tience could have given way.

Tom, do you?" she asked, with quiver-

flaring with red paint-"

the dear old lady paused.

to the old tone in time.

my Daisy looks in it."

lovingly:

ing lips.

smile '

admired it more than I can tell you."

WAITING.

Cambria

Far away, by the jasper sea, Three forms are walking, side by side, And now and then they bend to gaze

And three of us but walk and pray Beside a dark and boundless sea; We cannot pierce the radiant glow That folds the other three

Waiting till one, at God's command, Shall cross the space that lies between This and the further land And, oh! I long for the years to pass;

And, oh! I cry for the time to be When they who are watching with eage Shall bend and beckon me.

So sang I but few weeks ago, When, through the silence, a message And one of us passed to the distant three,

Four walk now by the jasper sea, Turning earthward their radiant eyes, Where two of us now, with yearning hearts.

Anna B. Bensel, in N. Y. Home Journal.

PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Mrs. Silvester Dean Leveen was polshing her brass knocker. Her long, thin hands rubbed and rubbed till the little white curls on her forehead danced like street children. Yet the labor had no perceptible effect. The metal shone like light, but so it did when she began to clean it. It had shone like that yesterday and the day before, and, indeed, every day for 60 years. There was a smooth circle all around the knocker where her delicate hands had worn into the hard, black wood of the door. Nevertheless the old lady rubbed away just as she had done every morning since the spring of 1833, when she was brought, a bride, into the house. She was the pride of Greenwich village then, and she meant to be still.

On this particular frosty morning Mrs. Leveen tarried longer than usual at her task. After the lion's head was satisfactory even to her sharp eyes, she worked on. But it was evident in the glances she shot across Bank street that her attention was not given wholly to the work of her bands. Neither was it diverted to her customary inspection of the neighbor's knockers. Theirs glistened like hers, and, besides, every time she looked up her eyes turned to but one door, that of the house in front of which stood two sturdy horses and a

Pretty soon the door opened and a young man in a carter's blouse came out. He saw the old lady across the street, though he pretended not to. He busied himself ostentationsly about the borses heads for a moment and then turned back to the truck. Mrs. Leveen had seen him. She bent herself earnestly to the knocker and in a few strokes finis hed it off. Then she faced towards the street and fixed the truckman with her We will send all three to you for one eyes till he had to look up.

"Good morning, Aunt Martha," he said, as he doffed his cap.

She beckoned to him to come to her. sets of our morthiles in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, ashin and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's. There is, in fact, no "Good morning, Percy," she answered pleasantly, as he approached her, cap in hand, "Come in a moment. I wish to speak with you."

The interview he had dreaded for weeks was upon him now. He knew from the first it was inevitable, but day after day he had put it off, omitting his usual calls on his aunt, and avoiding her sight and summons. Now that she had caught him he was glad. As he followed the old lady into her prim, comfortable sitting-room he made a pitiful figure of humility, but in the meekness of his soul there was the cheerfulness of finality.

"Sit down, Percy," she said, in the sweet-toned voice he loved. He took the chair she indicated, and she seated herself in her old rocker.

"Percy, dear," she began, "is this true that I hear; you mean to marry this

"Yes, Aunt Martha. I was going to tell you, but knowing as you were agin it-knowing that you would not like to have me do so-I was afraid to come to you about it."

"Don't twirl your cap, my dear; gentlemen don't do that, you know."

He stuck his cap between his knees. "I am sorry, Percy, you felt that way. It is my intention always to be kind and sympathetic. You should have been quite sure I would have heard your story through with understanding. Now, tell me everything. She is the daughter, I am told, of a German in Hudson street."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and he has made his pile-I mean has made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?" "Going on 25 years. He's almost an old Ninth-warder now. He's some in polities, and his family is right in it."

"Percy! I never knew them." "I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be in-

troduced to them." The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but she did not. She was silent a moment before she pro-

ceeded. "So her father is a grocer?" "Yes; like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough." "Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear.

The misfortunes of his family can never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better." Mrs. Leveen winced. "You might have been a judge, like your father, or a senator, like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter po-

tical life." "Polities is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so,"

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leveen looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed. "I do wish, Percy," she said, gently. "that you could have found some one in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, out where the hog fields were till the-

VAST WATER POWER. immigrants began to settle around us." "But what's the difference, Aunt

Utilization of Great Natural Forces in This Country.

Possibility of Bringing Into Service the Tremendous Energy of Lakes, Rivers and Waterfalls for Industrial Purposes.

light 700 miles of streets with power obtained from its great drainage canal when the waters of Lake Michigan are poured through it into the Illinois river; New York is looking forward to the day when power may be brought down from Niagara or from the Catskills; Boston is within the sphere of the Merrimack falls; Washington can get an abundant supply of power to light every street and public building from the Great falls of the Potomac, where 100,000 horse-power is running to waste; Baltimore and Philadelphia are situated near the tide-water step that runs along the base of the Alleghanies, while Richmond is directly on the step, with 50,-000 horse-power in sight. In fact, few if any, of our great cities are beyond the reach, if we may proceed upon the assumption of Tesla (who says that the power of Niagara may be carried ultimately over any part of the American continent), of the energy of some cataract or storage of water.

The sudden awakening to a knowledge of an inexhaustible resource of power, and the ability to use it, must result in a great revolution in economic conditions, far greater than that brought about by the introduction of steam. This revolution will be felt in a greatly enhanced production, with cheaper cost to the consumer, together with a large increase and general extension of the comforts of life, such as may be included in transportation, power for domestie purposes, light and heat, including fuel, the cost of which will be considerably reduced. In the cities there will be, one may well believe, a wonderful transformation, and that within the cognizance of the present generation. The use of steam in the thousands of isolated plants will be generally abolished, light and power being delivered through the agency of electricity from central plants situated perhaps 100 or 200 miles distant. (Who dares set the limit?) The dangers of the steam boiler and the furnace in crowded buildings and beneath the sid walks of the city, and the discomforts of the wholesale consumption of conwill be done away with for a cheaper, a safer and a healthier system.

Nor is it to be inferred that because

we have water power we shall have no

more steam and coal. Not at all. But there will be a more rational and eco nomical consumption of coal, neces situted by the cheapness of the power generated by the turbine wheel and transmitted from the dynamo to the motor. It will no longer pay to mine coal and ship it hundreds of miles to the cities by our present cumbersome and wasteful methods (losing 30 to 50 per cent.) when its essence can be better sent by wire. If requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that in the beginning of the next century the coal will be burned at the mine shaft, and every ton brought to the surface will be utilized. The power-plant located at the mine shaft, berning the "run of the mine," either as coal or in the form of gas, can better compete with the cower-plant at the falls than can the furnace and boiler in the city. There had risen suddenly, and she stood erect will be no more black hills of culm at the mines, disfiguring the face of the country and choking the strengs, and no ashes and cinders to worry the city consumer. The copper wire in the un derground conduit will carry the energy safely and economically to the point of consumption, and the railroad or factory engineer, or the housew fe in the home, need but to press a buttor to send the train at 100 miles an hour: to set the spindles or lathes in motion; to heat the house, or to cook the

> The social phases inevitably accompanying this mechanical revolution may be far more beneficial than the economical gains, great as they will doubt less be. The saving to the housekeep er in time and labor will make her : new woman indeed, and the general in troduction of the electric stove may reasonably be expected to cause a decided advance in the health and happiness of the race.

Whether the distribution of power from the falls and the mines will always remain in the hands of corpora tions of capitalists is a problem that the future must decide. There is no denying, however, that the object lesson of the universal public use of natural forces will be a powerful one from a collectivist point of view, and should any state (as Wyoming or ! tah, for ex ample) undertake the distribution of electric power, as cities distribute gas and water, the experiment would be watched with the greatest interest by the whole civilized world,-John T Bramball, in Leslie's Weekly.

Microbes Leap Singara. Prof. Frankland told some very inter-Strafford Hunt kennels, which has necessitated the killing of the entire pack esting things about microbes in water during a recent lecture at the Royal of 25, many of them dogs imported institute. He said that these little orfrom noted English packs. A rabid cur bit one of the hounds a few weeks ago, ganisms sent into the Niagara river from the sewers of Buffalo take and this dog, after a recent run, attacked other occupants of the kennels. the tremendous leap over the great falls, and pass through the fearful tur-So all were killed as a matter of safety. There is fear that other hounds in othmoil of the rapids and whirlpools beneath with little or no horm. But after they have reached the placid waters of outbreak of hydrophobia throughout the hunting district may follow. All Lake Ontario they rapidly perish, and possible precautions to prevent this disalmost entirely disappear. This and aster have been taken, and hounds many other similar facts were adduced which have been exposed are to be isoto show that quiet subsidence in undisturbed water is far more fatal to bacterial life than the most violent agitation in contact with atmospheric air. In 1827 Mr. Zea, Colombian minister Hence Prof. Frankland argues that the storage of water in reservoirs is an exsured in various offices, and rumor said cellent method of freeing it from mihe had shot himself. A meeting of one crobes.-Youth's Companion. of the insurance boards was held, and

In German military maneuvers of this year, dogs will be used in the amadance department. At the command "seek," accompanied by a gesture indicating the direction in which the scarch is to be made, the trained dog goes off to the field, finds the wounded man, returns with a cap, beliet or a piece of clothing, brings this to the ambulance men, and then returns with them to the spot at which the wounded man lies .- Detroit Free Press.

TOM'S WIDOW.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

Chicago has it in contemplation to

Tom's widow."

"Oh!" I said, not knowing exactly how to answer, for Mrs. Craige was almost a stranger to me. My husband, who was a missionary preacher, was making a lecturing tour and Mrs. Craige, an influential member of the Evanstown congregation, had invited me to stay with her and rest from much weary travel. I was soon made to feel at home in the dear old lady's motherly eare, but it is easily understood that I could know nothing of herself or her neighbors and family excepting what

she chose to tell me. "You do not know who Tom's widow was, my dear," she said, presently, as I stitched in respectful silence; "how should you? Tom was my son; one of my sons, I should say, for I had nine, and four daughters, though you find me alone. Some are dead, some are married, but all who are living have their own homes and families. Tom went to California and started a business; he married there, and when he died it was natural for me to suppose that his widow would remain in her own home, among her own people. Tom was not 30 when he died, and I knew she was very much younger. But one day when I was grieving, as mothers will, my dear, for my son, there walked in a little mite of a figure that I should have taken for a child but for the heavy widow's raperios. She came straight to me, lifted her veil, and, looking out of a pair of baby blue eyes straight into my face, said:

"'I am Daisy, dear mother, Tom's widow. I am all alone in the world, but Tom said he was sure if I came to you, you would be good to me.'

I was sure it was not, for the dear old lady's voice was full of tenderness.

"It was lonely for her for one thing." said Mrs. Craige, "for her mourning, and it was a deep-hearted sorrow, kept her secluded; and as there was no need for her to employ herself usefully, she began to plan delightful surprises for me. She was possessed by a very demon for fancy work. While she exercised it upon sofa cushions and footstools with distorted dogs and dislocated cats embroidered in Berlin wool upon them, I endured in patience, although my old-fashioned ideas were certainly amazed at the sums Daisy spent on materials. Tom had left her well provided for, and as she had no expense here, her pocket-money was a very handsome income. As I said, I'did not object to the poor little lonely child taking all the pleasure she could find in embroidering hideous designs on canvas, and putting the results in the most conspicuous places in the house, but this mild form of ber mania scon gave place to the desire to excel in every species of work that came up to waste the money and time of idle women. This old house, which was in my husband's family before the revolution, is full of treasures endeared to us by age and association, and our sailors and travelers have added many a relic to the ornaments and furniture. The first piece of vandalism that I was expected to admire, and secretly grouned over, was the potichomanie transformation of a pair of Venetian glass vases that my son Henry brought from Europe for me. They stood in the spare room, and never was a servant allowed to touch them, the exquisite, fragile beauties! Imagine my horror when Daisy exultantly led me to the room and displayed her handiwork. My lovely vases! Inside of each one was pasted a colored landscape cut from paper, over which a garland of leaves was varied by bunches of grapes, currants, cherries, flowers, birds and butterflies. Then the inside was plastered with blue paint. What was on my tongue was never spoken, for the blue eyes danced with delight at my supposed pleasure, and how could I be cross to Tom's widow?" "Could you never get it off?" I asked, pitifully.

"Never. My vases were ruined. The next really dreadful deed, varied by a trocities of minor importance, was Daisy's discovery of my great-grandmother's wedding-dress, a white-brocaded satin that we cherished far more than any old gold, but which Daisy ruthlessly cut into pincushions, embroidering each one and producing them triumphantly for a Christmas surprise. The girls were here-my girls-and my sons and their wives, and there arose such a howl as sent the wee blue-eyed mite to my arms in sheer terror. It was at that party that Willie Norman, whose brother is my Kate's husband, first saw Daisy. Long after the others had forgotten the pincushions, I saw Willie in a corner with Daisy, evidently consoling her. Two babies, together, my dear, though Willie is the dearest fellow! He came over quite often after that (they live at Fernwood, ten miles from here), and was kind enough to discover all sorts of latent talent in Daisy for decorating everything within reach. What I suffered from the decaleomania fever never can be de-

steeman.

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Craige, as we sat sewing in her cozy sewing-room, "most folks notice that tidy."

The tidy in question was a night mare vision, a combination of gaudy colors never to be found excepting in those horrors devised by the economical to use up "odds and ends." It was made of canvas, and bits of zephyr wool, left from more ambitious pieces of work, were sewed in pell-mell, without regard to color, in a set black that was enough to set anybody's teeth on edge. "Do-do you admire it?" I asked,

fearful of giving offense by plain speak-The old lady took off her spectacles, wiped them, put them on again, leaned her head on one side, and said, slowly

and gently, in a voice mild as new milk: "My dear, I think it's the most unutterably hideous object I ever beheld in the whole 70 years of my life. Nobody could have made that tidy but

"I took her straight 'nto my heart, the little, winsome darling, and I loved her as my own. So, my dear, if I tell you of my trials with her, do not think it was from want of love."

"I can imagine it. I had five sisters, and we were all smitten." I said. "What started as a beauty to cover unsightly spots soon became a frenzy! My mother came to the rescue at last and scrubbed away every inch."

"Willie brought her all the designs RECENT INVENTIONS. to be found, and carried the china she decorated (?) to be baked! Oh, my dear! The tea set made in Canton for

column, 6 monti column, 6 monti column, 1 year. l column, 6 monti l column, 6 monti l column, 1 year.

In a recently designed door lock the key its into the end of the doorknob and there is no other keyhole.

Advertising Rates.

The large and relia decirculation of the Camelar Frankan commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 5 times.
1 inch, 5 months.
1 inch, 6 months.
2 inches, 6 months.
2 inches, 6 months.
3 inches, 6 months.
4 inches, 1 year.
5 inches, 1 year.
5 inches, 1 year.
6 column, 6 months.
6 column, 6 months.
1 inches, 1 year.
1 column, 8 months.

Business items, first insertion, ite. per line ubsequent insertions, ic. per line Administrator's and Executor's Notices. 62.65 Auditor's Notices.

A newly-patented penholder consists of a small cap to slip over the end of the forefinger, in the end of which the pen is fastened for use.

To keep the baby cool while riding in his coach a fan is fastened to an upright rod, which is geared to the wheel below. to turn as the coach moves.

Extension leaves for sewing machines are composed of a flat piece of metal or wood, with the edges turned under the drop leaf, on which it slides.

For the prevention of dust on car whodows a V-shaped trough is placed upright in front of each window to catch the dust and cinders, the opening being toward the engine.

A neat thread-cutter for sewing machines that is always in its place consists of a very small pair of seissors fastened to the push plate in the proper position to cut both threads at once.

The newest design in paddle-wheels for steamers can be fully submerged in the water, as the blades are turned with the flat side to the boat as they rise and with the edge to the boat as they descend.

A new car seat which can be used as a berth has the back of each seat in two sections, pivoted at the top and swinging upward to form the upper berth, the seat opening out below to form the lower berth.

A fifth wheel for wagons which will not run dry has its under section hollowed out to hold the oil, the upper section resting in it, and both being curved on a line with the center of the king-

Globular matches for use in an automatic cigar-lighter are little balls of salphur and phosphorus, the lighter seizing one and igniting it when a lever is pressed, an ejector removing the waste portion after use.

A Russian has invented a rivet feeding and driving machine, which is composed of a reservoir for the rivets, a feed chute and a plunger, run by power and controlled by a foot lever, to drive the tacks or rivets and fasten them.

SHE REMEMBERED.

When George Washington Turned Down the Gas.

Apropos of Washington, whose birthday has just been celebrated, a quaint story is told concerning an old mammy who was discovered in his native town of Fredicksburg and who could not have been born when the general died. Mrs. Pickett, the widow of Gen. Pickett, of southern fame, told it with a hearty appreciation of its merits: "She was an old woman in a lineey-woolsey petticoat and a bright turban, and we found her in one of our jaunts around the city and took a kodak picture of her. One of the company asked her in fun if she remembered Washington-you see, she was very old. ''Deed and 'deedy I do, miss,' she answered, glibly. 'Perhape you were one of his nurses, mammy?" Dat am jess so, missy-I nussed him when he was a leetle mite er baby.' 'Oh, then, you must have known about the cherry tree?" But she did not, and to was explained to her and she listened with much interest. 'Ise don' know nothin' 'bout no cherry tree, missy, but I 'mebers 'zactly when his maw found him in her room an' de gas a-burate', cause he done turn it on.' 'Did he tell her he turned it on, mammy?" 'Deed an' deedy, he did, foh he nebber tole no lie.' 'But mammy, there wasn't any gas in those days.' 'Yes, dere was, honey; 'members dat, too.' It was decided that old mammy had been the servant of some George Washington, but not our own immortal George, and she was len to enjoy her peculiar delusion undis-

WAYS TO COOK VEGETABLES.

Potato Fritters.-Grate ten largesized potatoes, add three beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and one tablespoonful of salt; mix well. Drop into hot fat.

Potatoe Omelet .- Fry a small onlos. sliced, in a tablespoonful of butter: fill the pan part full of cold, sliced potatoes; salt and pepper; pour over them beaten eggs. Bake until it is a solid cake.

Carrot Fritters.-Beat two small. boiled carrots to a pulp; add four beaten eggs, stir in a balf cupful of flour, moisten with a little cream, salt to taste, and fry by dropping by spoonfuls into bot fat. Cauliflower Omelet,-Take the white

part of a boiled cauliflower; chop h small, mix with it a sufficient quantity of well-beaten egg, and season. Put it into a well-buttered, shallow pan, and bake in a quick oven. Asparagus Omelet.-Boil some tender,

fresh-cut asparagus in a very little water with a small portion of salt; chop it fine; mix it with four well-beaten eggs; add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Fry in hot butter.

Cabbage Pudding.-Boil cabbage until well cooked; set aside to cool and drain. When cold, chop fine; add two

beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, a half cupful of sweet milk, pepper and salt. Stir together, put into a buttered pudding dish and bake brown.-Ladies' Planted by Monks.

At Interlaken, Switzerland, on the deep alluvial soil deposited by the riv-

ers which came down from the great Pernese Oberland, a monastery and nunnery were founded in 1130. The monks planted a grove of walnuts about their buildings and a long avenue counecting the cloister with the neighboring village of Aarmuchle. They had learned from the east and south, no doubt, the value of the rich, fruity of vielded by the walnuts, and to this day it is pressed in quantities here and used as a substitute for olive oil. The walnut trees still survive, hoary with age, picturesqueand venerable, they now line the fashionable promenade, Hoheweg, where the whole world throngs to pay homage to the Jungfrau, crowned with her eternal snows. To-day, within the walls of the old cloister, the present Kries Forester, of Interlaken, has established a little "plant school," where all sorts of seedlings are grown, to be used in the work of protecting the flanks of the mountains against torrents from melted snow. Thus the monks builded better than they know, and, in a certain sense, the modern for-

ester here is their lineal successor.

S. D. LUDWIG, PROPRIETOR. 1849 -VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE ~ 1897 Standard Seed and Plant Catalogue. Contains all that's New and Good. Always Reliable. One packet either Wonderful Branchand Your Choice | ing Aster, New Japan Morning Glory or Pansy Choice mixed for Two packets 25c., three packets 30c. Full Viole No. THE GUIDE Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine which tells 6 now to grow Plants, Flowers and Vegetables, and is up to date on these subjects, for 3 months, the Guide and One packet of Seeds (named above) for 25 cents. Every Tenth Person sending an Order as above will receive a Coupon good for 50 cents' worth of Seeds. JAMES VICK'S SONS, ROCHESTER, N. Y. VICKS ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE