

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eight men charged with counterfeiting were arrested by United States officers in Paoli, Indiana, on the 4th. George B. Lawton, of East Orange, New Jersey, was arrested on the afternoon of the 5th and lodged in the Essex county jail in default of \$48,000 bail. He was sole executor of the estate of Jane Mull, of Newark, who died in 1879, leaving bequests amounting to \$193,000 to her eight children. It is charged that Lawton, falling to pay the bequests, disappeared, returning to Orange only a few months ago. The amount of his bail is the sum which Jennie Mull Allaine, one of the heirs, claim as her share of the estate.

Carrie Hill, aged 18 years, has been arrested in Topeka, Kansas, for theft. Four weeks ago she got a clerkship in Halmon & Co.'s military and fancy goods store, and since then she has not only robbed them repeatedly, but has carried away with her three wagon loads of goods worth \$2000, which were found in her room and identified by the firm. A year ago she clerked a week or two for Bernheimer & Lewis, and in the search on Saturday several hundred dollars' worth of goods that she had taken from them were found.

Secret Service officers on the 6th captured Isaac Reynolds, John Lucas and J. M. McBride, counterfeiters, near Indianapolis. After the capture, Lucas' house was searched, and found and \$140 in spurious coin were found. The gang has been making \$10 "gold" coins, and a number of them have been put into circulation in Indianapolis, City and Johnson County. McBride made a full confession, saying that they had been engaged in the business for several months and had got rid of a large amount of the stuff in Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois. The names of several other members of the gang have been secured.

In the Circuit Court at Fredrick, Maryland, on the 7th, John Ogle, who had secured \$150 by means of forged checks, was sentenced to the State penitentiary for 15 years.

A heavy rain storm at Bellows Falls, Vermont, on the evening of the 6th, caused the streams in the vicinity to rise so rapidly that a large portion of the abutment of the Vermont end of the toll bridge gave way, sliding into the river and severing communication between Vermont and New Hampshire. A few small bridges on other streams are reported carried away and other damage done by high water.

A severe frost at Burlington, Iowa, on the evening of the 6th, killed most kinds of vegetation. Thin ice formed on standing water in exposed places.

A despatch from Lehigh, Michigan, says that typhoid fever is epidemic in a number of upper Peninsula towns, notably at Negaunee and Ironwood, there being nearly 100 cases in each of these cities. The State Board of Health is making an investigation.

A steam threshing engine on the McAndrew farm, near St. Thomas, Dakota exploded on the morning of the 7th, killing Edward McCaffrey, owner of the machine, William Paul, engineer, and Charles Frazer, and fatally injuring R. P. Daily. At Mount Vernon, Indiana, on the 7th, George T. Rice, the aeronaut with Wallace's circus, made an ascension. As he descended over the river he became entangled in the ropes, was dragged through the water and drowned. This was Rice's 100th ascension. Connecticut on the 7th voted on a prohibitory amendment to her State Constitution and defeated it by a majority of about three to one. The new secret ballot law had its first trial and worked well.

An opera house, in course of erection at Lansford, Penna., suddenly collapsed on the 7th, burying six workmen under the debris. They were all badly hurt, three of them it is feared fatally. The cause of the disaster is unknown.

A steam pipe in the Galaxy Flour Mills in Minneapolis burst on the evening of the 5th, suffocating Frank Banks, engineer, and Joseph Evans, fireman.

The Florence and Casa Grande, Arizona, stage was robbed on the 22 by two Mexicans. All the mail was taken. Officers are in pursuit. Early on the morning of the 6th two masked men attempted to rob the express train on the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Nashville road. They got on the front platform and tried to force the door. A fight ensued with the baggage and express men and the robbers were routed, one of them being wounded. Burglars blew open a safe in Sigler Brothers' jewelry factory in Cleveland, Ohio, on the evening of the 6th, and stole \$1800 worth of watches, rings and stones and \$55 in cash.

Henry Halstein, bookkeeper for Nicol, the tailor, in New York, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$400. It is said that he swindled the firm out of \$2500.

Peter Baker, a colored rough, shot and killed Andrew Glenn, a white town, in a quarrel in a saloon at Owensboro, Kentucky, on the 6th.

A terrible prairie fire threatened Estherville, Iowa, on the 6th. The town was saved, but a number of farm houses with a quantity of grain and hay were destroyed. Four buildings in Swan Lake were consumed.

Charles F. O'Neil, 28 years of age, who lived with his mother, Mrs. Mary King, in the third story of a building in Buffalo, on the morning of the 8th, murdered the old lady by shooting her as she lay sleeping in bed, and then committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He left a note saying: "I should prefer cremation, if possible. I am tired of living, and that is enough. Mother could not get along without me, so I ended her suffering also." The surroundings indicated that O'Neil, after cutting his throat, sat down in an easy chair and smoked a cigarette while his life blood was flowing out. For some time there has been a feud between the boys living on the west banks of the Mississippi river at Brainerd, Minnesota, and the west side boys "declared a war of

extermination" against the others. Armed with small breech-loading rifles, the little ruffians, sheltered by an old saw mill, opened fire on the east side across the stream. The east side, though armed only with toy pistols, stood their ground until four rifle shots were fired at them, the last wounding Bert Tracy, aged 9 years in the groin, and inflicting a wound which is believed to be mortal. The attacking party then dispersed. Their age range from 10 to 12 years. At Barton, Ohio, on the afternoon of the 7th, John Devault, Jr., shot and slightly wounded Miss Lulu Williamson, and then committed suicide. In Skagit county, Washington Territory, on the evening of the 6th, a young son of Henry Kimble taking some peasannts to market was robbed by an Indian of the fowls. His father, hearing the boy's cries, went to the rescue, and gave the Indian a beating. The latter returned about midnight, with several other Indians, and opened fire on Kimble's house. Kimble, aided by a friend named George Lester, returned the fire, killing one of the assailants and wounding another. The rest of the Indians have been captured.

Charles Eldmann, 40 years of age, a lineaman employed by the Manhattan Electric Light Company in New York, was killed on the afternoon of the 8th while repairing a wire on Grand street. He received a shock from a wire which came in contact with his body, and which rendered him senseless, causing him to fall across a string of wires and then to the street, landing on his head and crushing in his skull. He died a few minutes afterward. The pole which he ascended is twenty feet high, and has two cross arms on which a number of wires were strung. Eldmann reached over to roll a piece of insulation around a naked portion of wire, and in doing so his shirt was pulled up and a portion of his back was laid bare. When he resumed his sitting posture a live naked wire touched his back and the current entered his body. The wire burned deep into his flesh, and people in the street saw a blue flame and a grayish smoke arising from the flesh.

In Franklin township, Wright county, Minnesota, on the morning of the 7th, James Dean, a farmer, shot his son, aged 8 years. Dean had been missing poultry, and a short time before daybreak heard a commotion in the hen house. Springing from bed, he seized his shotgun and, running to the door, saw in the darkness something moving about the hen house. He immediately fired, and was horrified when he discovered that he had slain his son. The boy was a somnambulist.

Daniel W. Christy, representing Mulcahy & Co., commission merchants, of Chicago, has disappeared, leaving a "shortage" of \$2700 in his accounts. He used the firm's money in speculations on his own account. This is said to be his third default. He is reported to have been once worth \$100,000 and to have "lost it all on the Board of Trade."

The grand procession of the Knights Templar took place in Washington, on the 8th, and was reviewed by President Harrison and Grand Master Roome. There were nearly fifteen thousand men in line, Pennsylvania having the largest delegation. At the close of the parade the sessions of the Grand Encampment were begun. Mr. Myron M. Parker delivered an address of welcome on the part of the local committee, and introduced Commissioner Douglas, who welcomed the Knights in behalf of the city. To both addresses the Grand Master responded, and this closed the public exercises. The Iowa delegates were excluded from the Encampment.

The people of Jerome, a small town 14 miles east of Hokomo, Indiana, resolved to have a "gas well display" on the evening of the 7th. To provide a grand torch a 60-foot 4-inch pipe was laid from the mouth of a powerfully flowing well, a 4-foot elbow being attached, and standing with the nozzle upright. Just when the torch was applied this end was packed tight ways on the ground, and the immense pressure hurried the sixty feet of pipe around among the spectators, several of whom were caught. Rev. C. W. Warner was burned to death, and several others were severely injured. One of the latter, John Hogue, is not expected to recover.

On the evening of the 7th, on the Carbon Cut-off Road being built west of Laramie, Wyoming, a work train containing about 15 graders collided with a couple of cars standing on the track. A man named Diamond was instantly killed and William Penn fatally injured. Patrick King had an arm broken. The graders said the accident was the result of the carelessness of the trainmen, and procuring a rope, went after the train crew with the intention of lynching them, but the latter escaped.

Dr. W. B. Madden, a prominent physician, was killed on the 9th at Johnstown, Penna., by an express train while trying to cross the track near the depot.

Heavy rains have prevailed at Quebec for several days, and there are fears of another landslide from Cape Diamond. Small portions of rock have been falling at intervals for two days. An immense piece of rock fell from the cliff at Levis a few days ago, demolishing part of a dwelling, but no lives were lost. Six inches of snow fell at Bay St. Paul, Quebec, on the 4th.

Typhoid fever is epidemic at Aurora, West Virginia, and it is said the country for miles around is infected. "There is scarcely a family without one or more of its members prostrated by the disease, and in some localities there are scarcely enough well persons to nurse the sick."

A freight train on the Missouri Pacific Railway stopped near Astoria, Kansas, for slight repairs on the 8th. The stop was made on an incline and when the engine started off suddenly the train broke in two. The rear part started down grade and crashed into a West-bound passenger train. The caboose and one freight car were pitched over the passenger engine, and caught fire. C. F. Orwan, Mayor of the town of Horace, was asleep in the

caboose and was burned to death. The people in the passenger train had all been warned in time and left the train.

Some weeks ago the town of Lafayette, Ohio, passed a prohibition ordinance and closed all the saloons. A few days ago a saloon keeper of Lima went to Lafayette and opened a place there. He was informed by a committee that "his business was not required there," but he continued, and the town officials sought to stop him by an injunction. The judge, however, decided in his favor. Early on the morning of the 9th the saloon was bombarded by a crowd of several hundred persons, supplied with stones and sledge-hammers. "The doors and windows were broken and the crowd rushed in. The bar was battered down, mirrors broken, the heads of barrels knocked in and the contents wasted. The place was almost torn down and everything ruined."

The steamship City of New York, while entering New York bay on the evening of the 9th, stuck in the mud in Gedney's channel, and was still aground at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 10th. All her passengers were taken off on the 10th by tug, but it may be necessary to lighten her before she can be floated.

The mail carrier on the route from Leaksville, Mississippi, to the State Line, was robbed of two registered pouches by two men on the 9th.

Eugene Sluppey, who has served time in the Eastern Penitentiary for horse stealing, on the evening of the 8th shot and fatally wounded Charles Tannery and Mrs. Bush, at Larrange, Pa. No cause can be assigned for the murderous act, but it is believed that Sluppey was temporarily insane.

George Moss, a machinist, went to his home in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the evening of the 10th, and shot his wife dead. On complaint of his wife he had been sent up to jail a few days ago by the Mayor, in default of bail, to keep the peace. He had been constantly threatening his wife and made her life miserable. On the 10th he secured bail, and as soon as released he purchased a revolver. A customs inspector, named Buckley, on the evening of the 8th, shot and dangerously wounded a Mexican, who, accompanied by two women, was trying to smuggle a bottle of "tonquila" into El Paso, Texas. It is said the smuggler fired at the officer first, but this is denied by the Mexicans, and the authorities of Juarez "speak of making it an international affair."

The President of the State Board of Health, of Florida, reports several cases of yellow fever at Key West. Precautions have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

Oscar Schmeidel, aged 12 years, died in Harrisburg, Pa., on the evening of the 10th, from the effects of a shot fired by Newell Moreland, a railroad brakeman. The two, with a lad named Hoover, were napping in the York hills on the 9th and camped out about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th. Moreland was awakened by what he thought was a wild animal in the brush, and, seizing his gun, he fired and hit Schmeidel, who had wandered from the camp.

The boiler of a shingle mill in Lindsay, Ontario, burst on the morning of the 10th leveling the mill and killing John Poles, the engineer. Lack of water is supposed to have caused the explosion. By the premature explosion of a blast in a quarry near Buffalo, on the afternoon of the 9th, John Saller was badly burned and lost the sight of both eyes. Lawrence Rabel lost the sight of one eye.

Robert Branton, in a fit of drunken jealousy, fatally shot his wife and then committed suicide, at Salt Lake, on the evening of the 9th.

Troubles from False Teeth.

Dentists generally hold that false teeth on rubber plates are incapable of causing mouth or throat troubles, such as inflammations, ulcerations and the like. Theoretically well made plates of good rubber ought to be innocent of any harm, but practical experience has taught that they are not invariably so, and, more than that, there is reason to believe that gold plates may in occasional instances cause considerable irritation. Dr. Cutter, of New York, suggests that the harmful effects are the result of a galvanic action. That, he thinks, in the case of rubber plates make the mercury soluble. As for the common gold plates, he states that gold, silver or copper, zinc and platinum enter into their composition, hence they must also be liable to galvanic action under the influence of mouth juices, and substitution of silicon plates is advised. Where they have been tried they have given eminent satisfaction and proved to be entirely free from the objections found in the other plates in common use.

He Got There.

There is a smart little boy of the listener's acquaintance whose memory is a good deal like his trousers pocket—a receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends, which he retained with no little pertinacity, but in more or less picturesque disorder. Things pop up now and then in an odd way. The other night this little boy undertook to say his prayers before going to bed. He began all right—

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should—"

Here he "got stuck" for a moment, and seemed to be groping around for the remainder of the lines. And then, all at once, he steamed ahead:

"If I should chance to fall below
Bunholes, then I pray the Lord
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

Socrates designates beauty as short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the recommendations in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

The Musicians.

The strings of my heart were strung by pleasure. And I laughed when the music fell on my ear: For he and mirth played a joyful measure, And they played so loud that I could not hear. The wailing and moaning of souls a-weary, The strains of sorrow did I sigh around: The notes of my heart sang blithe and cheery, And I heard no other sound.

Mirth and pleasure, the music brothers, Played louder and louder in joyful glee, But sometimes a discord was heard by others, Though only the rhythm was heard by me. Louder and louder and faster and faster, The hands of those brothers played strain on strain, Till all of a sudden a mighty master Swept them aside, and I pain.

Pain, the musician, the soul refiner, Restrung the strings of my quivering heart; And the air that he played was a plaintive minor. So sad that the tear drops were forced to start, Each note was an echo of awful anguish, As shrill as a siren, as sad as a slow And my soul for a season seemed to languish And faint with its weight of "we."

With skillful hands that were never weary, This master of music played merrily & strain; He drew up the strings of my heart again, And I was filled with a vague strange wonder To see that they did not break in two: "They are drawn so tight they will snap assuredly, I thought, but instead they grew."

In the hands of the Master, firmer and stronger, And I could hear on the stillly air, Now my ears were deafened by mirth no longer. To some of sorrow, and grief and despair, My nature grew tender and kind to others; My nature grew sweeter, my mind grew broad, Linked by the chastening rod.

My soul was lifted to God and Heaven, And when on my heart-strings fell again The hands of mirth, and pleasure, even For I in the musician, the soul refiner, Attuned the strings with a master hand, It is always sweet and grand.

HOW SUE TOOK THE ENGINE TO THE JUNCTION.

"Please take me Joe, just this time." "What will the people think Sue, to see you riding on the engine so much. I don't see what you find to amuse you between here and the Junction," answered her brother, waiting with his watch in his hand for the moment when the train must start.

"It isn't that Joe," "but it is so grand to see the engine move as you dictate and like a living thing obedient to your touch, and then as easily subdued as a little child. Let me go Joe?" "Well, jump on then. Time's up. All aboard."

Sue eagerly grasped the rail, and a few minutes later the local train from Redfern to the Junction was on its way. Sue watched narrowly as she always did, the movements of her brother. There were two stations in the run of five miles. After they had left the first, Sue said:

"Joe, let me stop the engine at Rose Bank, will you, I know I can, and I long to control the great creature. I have rung the bell and sounded the whistle every time when it was necessary since we started. Please let me make the stop?" "You can't do it Sue."

"Yes I can. You stand close by and no one will know, and you can easily take my place if there is anything wrong." She already had her hand on the lever that moved the throttle, and when the station was near slowed, up the engine, and brought it to a standstill.

"Now I shall start," she said eagerly, and not waiting for her brother's consent, when the signal was given, she opened the throttle and the liberated steam turned the huge wheels and with a quivering, and almost human movement the engine started. Joe pushed her aside. "You are crazy Sue," he said, "don't try that again."

Sue laughed, and gave up her place. "I have the satisfaction of knowing I can do it," she said. When she reached home that day, her mother took her to task for her exploit. "You are the talk of the village, Sue," she said, "you must stop going to the station with Joe. What business is it of yours; and to see a young woman in a place like that is so absurd."

Sue was silenced, but not satisfied. About two weeks after this, she was standing by an open window in the kitchen of her home which was within sight of the station, when she saw the young man who was the telegraph operator, leave the little station-house and run across the lot toward her. When he was within calling distance, he shouted:

"Where is Dennis, Sue. They have sent from the Junction for the extra engine No. 5 because No. 14 on the Express has broken down."

"Dennis has gone to the woods," exclaimed Sue, "what a pity. What shall we do? Is there no one who can run it down?"

"Not a soul. Even John who used to fire, is up in the country," replied the operator.

"Then I'll do it," exclaimed Sue. "You, gasped" the operator, but he talked to empty air. Sue had thrown aside her apron and seized her hat, and five minutes later was in the locomotive shed lighting the fire under the boiler. She watched breathlessly as the steam gauge showed the increasing pressure, and with a trembling hand she slowly opened the throttle, and the engine obedient to her will, moved out on to the main line.

It must be explained that the little station of Redfern, was the end of a short branch extending five miles from the Junction. There were two stops between and train's ran four times a day between the points. Joe had sent for the extra engine thinking Dennis the fireman could bring it, and Sue knew that Joe's reputation with the railroad company depended upon the

delivery of the engine, at the Junction, to help the disabled express.

"What are you going to do Sue," exclaimed the frightened operator, as the engine moved past the station door. Sue did not answer; she did not see her mother's terrified look from the door of the house, or the bewildered face of the people at the station. She had her eye on the road, and one hand was on the lever while the other grasped the bell rope. With a second's pause to nerve herself for effort, she opened the throttle, and the engine answering her demands, seemed almost to spring forward down the line.

"Ding dong, ding dong," sounded the bell. People hastened to their windows at the sound, at this unusual time, farmers in the field stopped to look, little children in the road-way stared at the flying engine. They saw a young girl with set face and eyes fixed upon the distant line of rail, ringing the bell and holding the lever, while her hair was blowing wildly away from her face, and her form shook with the vibration of the engine, which was doing its best.

One station reached and passed. The station master and the loiterers looked on in stupid wonder, and she was out of sight before they realized who drove the engine. Sweet wild roses bloomed along the roadside, the cows in the fields turned sleepy eyes toward the rushing thing which seemed like something enraged.

The grazing horses started, and tore along the length of their pastures in a vain effort to keep up with the flying monster. The second station was a speck in the distance, came near, was passed, and still the engine kept its speed. Was that something on the track, could she slow up in time, if it was? No, the hand relaxed again for it was but the shadow of a tree moving in the wind. Where was the turnpike for which she must sound the whistle. All there it was, she saw the dust of the road, and after a moment more the whistle sounded shrill and clear, and the engine sprang forward across the public road, where teamsters and their wagons had come to a halt. She did not see the wondering looks that followed. The houses were increasing, they dotted the road on both sides; a great factory with whirring machinery was passed, and a coal yard where a side track ran. Now for a whistle again, and the hand slowly pressed upon the lever, and the great creature, with a trembling desire still to rush on, began to check its mad career.

"Ding, ding," went the bell. They were on the lookout for her. Signals spoke, flags, waved slowly and more slowly moved the mighty force, and quiet as a child who tired with play creeps into its soft couch, the engine halted in front of the Junction.

There stood the waiting express, and all the people, who were so anxious to reach their destinations, and were so eager for the engine, hailed it with delight. Pressing through the crowd, came Joe, and not until she saw his face did Sue's hand drop at her side. It was almost powerless, every nerve had been strained to its utmost.

"Oh, Sue," said Joe tenderly, as he helped her to step upon the station platform, how shall I ever thank you." He had no time for more words. The express passengers would wait no longer, and in three minutes time the delayed train was whistling away down the line drawn by the engine which had made the five mile run.

"Sue Franklin, went down to the Junction on a wild engine." From mouth to mouth, and village to village, went the news, and as news was scarce, and the people all knew each other, it was a seven day's wonder. Some thought it was a daring and unwomanly performance. Her mother said, she was proud of her, but would not live over the agony she suffered, until she heard of her safe arrival, for worlds.

Joe did not say very much, it was not his way; but Sue heard approval in every word he spoke, and saw it in every glance.

About a week later, he came in one night from his last trip, and laid a package in her lap.

"The railroad company has raised my salary Sue," he said; "because I brought the express in on time. I knew I could not have done it but for you, and that splendid engine, so I brought you what we should call a testimonial."

Sue opened the package, and found a tiny watch, the one thing above all others she had desired. She was overjoyed, and thanked Joe again and again. Suddenly she stopped in her wild dance about the room, and said gravely:

"But the engine, Joe? She behaved as well as I. I am going to give her a testimonial too."

No. 5 runs regularly now between Redfern and the Junction, and on the front, at each side, are two silk flags, which are a great addition to its beauty, and which the engine itself seems to enjoy.

Sue put them there "as a testimonial," she said, "to the faithful service performed by No. 5, when it made a five mile run in five minutes."

A Boy's Composition on Girls: "Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They make fun of boys, and then turn around and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely!' This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always now their lessons better boys."

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

A WINDOW GARDEN.

In a recent number of Harper's Bazar Miss Sue Gibbons, tells how she made her window-garden. It cannot fail to be interesting to all those who love to cultivate flowers in the house, and to have them arranged so that the rooms may be made ornamental by the presence of bright blossoms and green leaves through the long winter. She says:

Would you know how I made my window-garden? Fifteen cents is all, even the most exorbitant of merchants will demand for one of the long boxes in which window-shade rollers are shipped to country shops; they are about four feet in length, eight inches in depth, and nine in width, of good heavy material, and well put together.

A morning's search at other stores and among other material found these long boxes by far the most satisfactory. The brackets for support are of heavy iron; the long back, cross-piece on which the box rests, and curved connecting piece are entirely without ornament, just as they should be, strong and of simple form. Twenty-five cents covered their expense as well as that of extra screws, that need to be of the strongest, and must be long ones or the purchase will be insecure.

It takes some thought, as well as an eye for color, to select the decoration for the front and ends of the box. You would call it tile—it is really only oil-cloth, that sometimes can be had for the asking—and it is very amusing to catch the remarks of the passerby, for eyes are sometimes not to be trusted, and it is only one in a hundred who can tell, except by touch the difference. One old gentleman, gony and querulous, who passed every morning, not satisfied with measuring our success by the evidence of two of his senses, essayed a third test, that of striking his cane against every separate panel to see if it would ring. How we blessed him from inside the window, this doubting Thomas, as we heard each separate blow, knowing if he scraped off the paint, the tile in which we gloried would be only a vain delusion!

Choose soft grays, browns, and cream yellows as the main coloring of the oil-cloth, and tile patterns in placed floral ones. There will be plenty of color among the blossoms, and the brilliant scarlets and flame-color of nature do not accord well with the magenta of art. Taste prefers these soft modest Quaker tones for a background, over which trailing vine and pendent blossom look their best.

Cut the panels square, first dividing off the distance to see how many will be required. Seven across the front and two for the ends were used in the box alluded to. Sometimes it will be found that the main figure is not so effective for the purpose as the corner pieces; if so, cut into the oil-cloth accordingly. When all the pieces are prepared, note how they contrast or harmonize, whichever it may be, and change the position with regard to the ends until you have the happiest effect. Three cents paid for the six feet of narrow oaken moulding we found at a sash factory; it is flat on the back—it is called half-inch moulding—and slightly rounded on its upper surface. Strips of it were put vertically between each panel of the oil-cloth, not only for a finish, but to simulate the setting of tile, which is so often done in this manner. Long thin brads, which are only headless nails, secure these strips.

Every country village has at least one store where all the odds and ends so necessary to one's comfort and convenience are gathered together. Here, if nowhere else, we can find moulding for picture-frames of all widths, woods, and prices. Oak is very durable, standing the brunt of rain and sunshine better than most other woods. Select one with plain bevelled surface from one to two inches in outside width; the back being slightly narrower gives the advantage of allowing the corner pieces as well as the narrow division moulding to fit neatly underneath. It will take two short lengths for each outside and one for each of the end corners, making six short strips. For the upper and lower edges of the box cut the corners diagonally, to insure neat fitting, using as few brads as possible to join securely together. It goes without saying, the back part of this window box needs neither panel nor moulding.

Do you know the kalmia, or laurel, whose perfect blossoms of pink and white touch up the woods in early June? It has another beauty, that of the quaint, marbled, far-reaching roots that assume fantastic shapes. Some of them are like carvings, but it has been by nature's hand alone, and each one takes on a different shape. Give the box first two heavy coats of paint, a rich terra-cotta or bronzy green, and fasten these roots on with brads. You will see how they fit in one to another, and the relief the dark background affords them. Put them as closely as possible, so that the color will only appear here and there, not in solid masses. As it is found in nearly all parts of the country, there is little difficulty in obtaining as much as one may desire.

It is better, especially in a northern exposure, to have the plants in pots, in place of filling the box with earth, keeping a sufficient number under the best conditions—plenty of sunlight and moisture—to have the box full of blossoms. To insure constant blooms and large fine heads, give the pots one good soaking every week with ammonia water, using one teaspoonful to every two quarts of water; the effect is magical. Strong constant blooming is also best secured by planting in pots below the usual size; the four-inch size is very good. When large pots are used, the growth inclines to leafage, not blossoms.

I MEAN to take an interest in my fellow-critters, some of 'em, that is, but I don't want to poke my nose through the crack of a door before 'tis opened.

In twenty years the sales of single packages of patent medicines in Great Britain have increased from 6,661,657 to 18,457,990.

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.