

HOUSE AND HOME.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

Where's the house, the house we love? By field or river, square or street, The house our hearts go dreaming of, That lonely waits our hurrying feet, The house to which we come, we come, To make that happy house our home.

Oh, draw the shades for me, for I store A melody of such curious things, As a wee thrush goes cooing 'o'er, Ere the glad morn of songs and wings, When a small rest makes all her heaven, And a true mate that sings at even.

Up these dim stairs my heart will steal, And quietly through the listening rooms, And I lay in prayerful love will kneel, And in the sweet-straught twilight glooms, Will set a curtain straight, or chair, And dust and order and make fair.

Oh, trying Time, hasten, until You light our hearth-fires, dear and warm, Sit pictures on these walls so chill, And draw our curtains 'gainst the storm, And shut us in together, Time, In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house be new or old We care not; we will drive away From last year's nest its memories cold, And all be gold that once was gray. Oh, dear dream-house, for which we pray, Our feet come slowly up your way!

Mr. Weathercraft's Argument.

The murder of old Mr. Weathercraft created the usual nine days sensation, which died away temporarily at least on the committal of James Thompson, the deceased's butler, to take his trial for the crime. The case could not come on in the ordinary course of events for four or five months at the nearest, so the public having taken the learned opinions of the various newspapers entered a unanimous verdict of guilty against the accused, and turned its attention to other matters. The law officers were to be trusted to do their duty at the appointed time, and the papers would, of course, make things as amusing as possible when that time came, so James Thompson languished in his cell forgotten save by those officially interested in introducing him to the awful majesty of the law.

Vox populi, vox dei! Let us follow the example of the solitary people and leave old James in his solitary cell while we give a short account of Mr. Weathercraft and his melancholy end.

He was a man of 60 or thereabouts, a retired stock broker, rich and of good standing in the community, living in a well-appointed house, with a large staff of servants, much given to quiet hospitality, and since his retirement paying more attention to his kitchen and wine cellar than to the fluctuations of the market and the gambling (save the mark) of bulls and bears. An old housekeeper presided over his establishment, and next to her in importance came the butler, almost as old both in age and time of service, by whom we have just left waiting trial for the murder of his master.

It would have been difficult to point out any peculiarity about Mr. Weathercraft, anything to distinguish him from other hale, genial old bachelors of the same class. He was commonly supposed to have no eccentricities, no hobbies, and few strong opinions; in fact, those who knew him said he was only a crank on one subject.

To be called a crank is the penalty nowadays for holding and airing any opinion in which at least nine-tenths of the community do not concur.

Mr. Weathercraft was what may be called a circumstantial evidence crank. He held indirect evidence in the deepest distrust, and though as firm a believer in hanging for murder as any criminal lawyer on or off the bench, yet held that no evidence save that of reputable eye witnesses should send a man to the gallows.

On this cheerful topic he was much given to after dinner discourse, nor was his rather halting style unknown to the correspondents' columns of the daily papers. He was known to have written a magazine article on the subject, which, however, never saw the light, though it spent a whole year making the rounds of the magazine offices. Such is the blindness of the editorial mind. His "letters to the editor" got him interviewed once or twice when newspapers were very hard up for copy. He enjoyed the process hugely and always asked the reporter to "call again."

When the old man was dead and his butler arrested people said it was a clear case of Nemesis that the evidence against his slayer should be so conclusive and at the same time so purely circumstantial, and some wag of a reporter was heard to wonder whether after Thompson's trial, conviction and execution, old Weathercraft's ghost would address ghostly denunciations to ghostly newspapers from mere force of habit, or would sulk in a corner of ghostland and refuse to be interviewed. The case indeed seemed clear enough. Mr. Weathercraft had gone to bed on the 19th of November well and in good spirits; on the following morning he was found dead, stabbed to the heart. The weapon which was found buried in the old man's heart was an old-fashioned silver skewer, part of the family plate, and had clearly been sharpened for its deadly purpose. The sharpening seemed to have been done with a file or some such rough implement. There was very little external hemorrhage, only a few drops of blood being visible.

The last person who saw his master alive was the accused himself. According to his story he had gone up to Mr. Weathercraft's room with the plate chest, it being the old man's habit to keep the silver in his own room at night, though the key was always left with the housekeeper after the chest had been locked up. This had been the custom in the house for many years. His master was in bed reading a novel and said "good night" in his usual way. Mr. Weathercraft never locked his door at night, as the footman was expected to come in at 8 o'clock in the morning, fill the bath and light the fire.

This was all the accused could or would say beyond denying all knowledge of how his master had come to his death.

The footman on being examined testified to having found the body. He had entered as usual at 8 o'clock, scarcely waiting to knock, and had made arrangements for his master's toilet, thinking him asleep. Mr. Weathercraft was a heavy sleeper, but usually awoke when the bath was being filled. As his master did not move the witness went to the bedside and, to use the poor fellow's own expression, "As I hope for mercy, sir, the face was the face of a dead corpse." This witness further added that the bed was but little disordered, the lamp was out and the novel lay open on its face on the floor. He did not remove the skewer or attempt to do so, but ran and told the housekeeper, who sent him for the police. The housekeeper being summoned identified the skewer as part of the usual contents of the plate chest, which led to the recall of the butler, who, being asked whether he had counted the silver on the night of the murder, answered in the affirmative, but being pressed admitted that he did not often count the silver that was not in everyday use. Then finally, as if diving at length his real position, he broke down, calling on God to strike him dead if he knew anything about his old master's murder, and was led aside after saying it was a judgment on him for "leaving the silver uncounted."

The strongest evidence against the accused was found when a search was made in his room. It looked as if old Thompson must have been almost mad to have left so many mute witnesses against himself. In a tall vase on the mantelpiece was found a cheap file, which, when examined by an expert, proved to have small particles of silver still adhering to it. On a ledge in the chimney was Mr. Weathercraft's purse, containing \$45 in notes and some change. Finally, at the side of the coverlet, rather more than half way down towards the foot of the bed, were discovered three distinct stains, which expert evidence asserted to be blood stains, and seemed to have been left by a human right hand.

If motive were wanted for the crime, Mr. Weathercraft's will seemed to offer it. The will had been drawn up some months previously, and witnessed by the two men servants, the last clause consisting of a bequest of \$10,000 to the accused himself. It seemed possible that Thompson knew of this bequest and that he had perpetrated this awful crime in order to benefit by it the sooner.

It is not surprising, in the face of all the evidence, that James Thompson was fully committed to take his trial for the willful murder of his deceased master, or that public opinion almost unanimously condemned him in advance.

During the four months that elapsed between the arrest and the trial James Thompson sat despairing in his cell. He spoke little, answering his lawyer apathetically, throwing a new light on the case but continuing to deny everything. He seemed like one in a hopeless maze who can't exactly understand how he got there and has given up all hopes of ever getting out. As we have said before, the public was tolerably unanimous in believing him guilty, though strange to say there was one notable exception. His lawyer, a sharp criminal practitioner, who had taken up the case with his eye fixed on the \$10,000, almost believed him innocent, and that was all.

Indeed, there was something pathetic in the puzzled expression which never left the old man's face, and his occasional remark with a melancholy shake of the head, "It was all along of me leaving my siller uncounted." Mr. Sharp, who was practical even in his softer moods, once expressed an opinion to his partner in the privacy of their inner office that "if the old fellow would only get off that tommy rot about the siller to the jury they would bring him in insane without leaving the box."

But if the lawyer believed or half believed his client innocent he found it difficult to offer even to himself any reason for the half faith that was in him, and it was with the worst forebodings that he saw the day of trial dawn at last.

The case was called and Sharp did his best, but there was indeed very little to be done. There is an end to all things, even things legal, an end to challenges, an end to exceptions asked and taken. The Judge delivered his charge and the jury left the box. It is supposed they did this as a compliment to Mr. Sharp, who was always popular with juries; at all events, they soon filed back again with a verdict of "guilty as charged in the indictment." Old Thompson was formally condemned to death.

He was led back to his cell, where his lawyer visited him and tried to cheer him by talking of "stays" and "peals." He recommended him to make himself comfortable, explaining that, by the grace of God and the laws of the State, he had still a couple of years or so to live, unless things went very badly. But the old man shook his head and said "No!" He had been condemned to death, and the sooner he died the better; he didn't want any more palaver about it since it was all along of that siller he had left uncounted. In vain Sharp pointed out that uncounted siller was not a hanging matter; old Thompson was firm, and the lawyer departed not altogether without hope and demanding a commission to inquire into his client's sanity.

The doctors came in due time and examined the prisoner. Then they talked it over among themselves and decided that though he was certainly a little odd he was sane enough to hang satisfactorily and handed in their report in that sense.

So old Thompson was told that he had nothing farther to hope for in this world and sat down to wait through the months which the wisdom rather than the mercy of the law ordains shall elapse between a condemned man's sentence and execution. And here we must leave him while we pay a visit to the office of Mr. Fogey, the late Mr. Weathercraft's lawyer and confidential man of business.

It was a Monday morning just six months after Mr. Weathercraft's death. Mr. Fogey was busy, but when his clerk entered and handed him a card he glanced at it and ordered the visitor to be admitted.

The card bore the name Mr. C. T. Lacey, and underneath, "on business connected with the late George Weathercraft's estate." He was just acquainted with Mr. Lacey and knew him to be a very old friend of his deceased client, but he was at a loss to divine the reason for his visit. The lawyer rose as his visitor entered, and motioning him to a chair asked how he could serve him, to which Mr. Lacey replied by producing a packet from his pocket and laying it on the table in front of Mr. Fogey. Then he sat down and began:

"Mr. Fogey," he said, "I have come here to-day in obedience to a request of poor dear Weathercraft. There is a packet which he gave me some six months or more before he was murdered, asking me to give it to you or your successor exactly six months after his death. The time is up to-day, and here I am."

The lawyer took the packet. It was a tolerably thick one, inclosed in a long business envelope. He turned it over in his hand and then remarked:

"I am not sure, Mr. Lacey, whether in view of his strange and sudden end you should not have had this examined before."

"Probably you are right, from a legal point of view," replied his visitor, "but I promised, you see, and I didn't see any reason in the manner of his death for breaking my promise. If it had been suicide, now, it might have been different, but as it was I thought I had better wait."

"Well, I suppose you are right from your point of view," said Mr. Fogey, as he slit the envelope methodically along the top edge and opened the package. It contained a foolscap wrapper around ten United States notes, each for \$1,000. He counted the notes and laying them down opened the paper and read without comment, while Mr. Lacey listened in silent attention.

16 WASHINGTON AVENUE, April 26, 19--.

DEAR FOGEY: I must begin by apologizing for committing the letter to Lacey's charge rather than to yours, as might have seemed more natural, but I have thought that as a lawyer you might feel it your duty to make its contents known before the appointed time. At all events, you would have found yourself in a trying and difficult position. By obeying me you would possibly, as a lawyer, incur censure; by opening the letter before the time you would defeat all my plans and hopes, so I shall hand this to Lacey in trust for you and beg you to forgive me.

I am confident when you read this I shall have been dead six months, murdered—for so the law has doubtless decided—by old James, my butler, with a skewer, part of the silver committed to his charge.

There will not have been wanting abundant evidence legally conclusive against my murderer or even motive for his deed; I may therefore suppose that by the time you read this he has been condemned and sentenced, but not executed, since the law requires an interval between sentence and execution.

The legacy left him in my will, besides supplying possible motive for his crime and enhancing its heinousness, has probably furnished him means for proper defense on his trial. Yet, in spite of this, he has been convicted and sentenced. Is it not so?

And now to explain everything, to make the dark clear and the crooked straight. On the 19th of November last I committed suicide, having previously arranged that everything should point clearly to the guilt of James, my butler. I secreted the skewer, I sharpened it with a file and placed the file in Thompson's room. I stained his coverlet with blood, my blood, for it came from a cut on my finger. I hid my purse in his chimney, and finally, on the night of November 19th I committed suicide by stabbing myself to the heart.

And now I give my reasons. In taking my own life I have doubtless committed a crime against the laws of God and the State, but I believe that the life of one man is of little value when weighed against even a possible good to the community. If my death fulfils the object I have in view then my life has been well sacrificed; and even if it fails, the intention will absolve me.

Next I have inflicted great anguish of mind on an innocent and virtuous old man; but here again the agony, even if it run to martyrdom of one, must be weighed against the benefit of the many. For James Thompson himself I have endeavored to supply consolation, in my legacy of \$10,000 and the supplementary sum of \$10,000 which I enclose herewith. May he understand and forgive me.

Perhaps even now you scarcely understand what I hope to have accomplished by my death, but I will endeavor to explain. You have heard me speak, you have perhaps read my written words on the use of circumstantial evidence. I am convinced that so long as men are done to death on indirect evidence so long must the constant possibility of judicial murder lie heavy on the conscience of the nation. By my death and Thompson's conviction, I hope to awaken the public conscience to a sense of its shameful burden. If I am successful, then all has been done well.

Here is an innocent old man sentenced to death on circumstantial evidence of the clearest description, and but for this letter his sentence would eventually be executed.

All that I have done to fix my death upon Thompson might have been done by a third party had I been really assassinated.

In conclusion I beg that a copy of this letter be sent to each of the newspapers, and that the inclosure be handed to James Thompson with the assurance of my affection and thanks for his services voluntary and others.

For myself I feel that if this case leads to a revision of the law touching the infliction of the death penalty neither my life nor Thompson's peace of mind will have been vainly sacrificed.

Your affectionate friend,

GEORGE WEATHERCRAFT.

will think of it. I wouldn't have gone through it for a million."

"I doubt if old James would if he had been given a choice," replied the man of law; "not but what \$20,000 is a good round sum for the fellow to earn in six months, though he might have preferred earning it in some other way."

"Do you think it likely to have the desired effect on the minds of our law givers?" asked the other.

"Not the least in the world," replied Mr. Fogey; "rather the reverse I should imagine," he continued with a half smile. People will say that Weathercraft was as mad as a March hare and may even infer that everybody who shares his views is a little cracked too. No, No, No! Weathercraft has thrown his life away, old Thompson is richer by \$20,000, minus his law expenses and plus a vast deal of experience, and the law will remain just as it was before."

"Now good-bye. I'm off to show the letter to the Governor. It's a rank case anyhow."—[Julian de Kestel-Hunkin, in Brooklyn Daily Times.]

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

A PORTABLE ELECTRIC FAN.—The electric fan has come to be such an indispensable element of comfort, if not of existence, during the summer months that new and improved forms are constantly making their appearance. One of these adds the very decided recommendation of economy to that of efficiency. Its first cost, with battery complete, is small, and the cost of operating it afterward is put at two and three-quarter cents an hour. It is claimed that the battery will last ten weeks without renewal at one hour's work daily, or ten days at a steady operation of seven and a half hours per diem. It is designed to be suitable for the parlor or dining table, being both ornamental and noiseless. It will not drop grease on the tablecloth or carpets, for its bearings are self-oiling and carry on their own lubrication without loss of the lubricant. The whole outfit packs up in a small box, and can be carried without inconvenience.

ELECTRIC CAR HEATING.—Said a lecturer in Chicago recently: The electric railway opened up the field for electric heating. Reports from roads operating in Northern Michigan and in other portions of the United States and Canada, where the winters are unusually cold, show that from 1,200 to 1,500 watts is sufficient current to keep the average sixteen-foot car warm in all kinds of weather. It will be seen that, inasmuch as the heaters require no attention whatever, and are practically a fixture of the car, the cost of maintaining and operating the average electric road will be simply the cost of current. Coal stoves take from twenty to forty cents per day to operate, if the least account is taken of time used to keep them in heating condition. The coal stove also takes up room for one or more passengers while it remains in the car, which, on a road doing a good business, is a very important item. Coal stoves, too, on cold days, when being heated unusually warm, become so hot that it is often impossible to stand immediately in front of the stove without burning the clothing of the person standing near.

The electric heaters, being placed under the seats of the way and furnishing a lower temperature, cannot be objected to on this score, and being entirely out of the way of passengers and taking up no space in the car which can be utilized in a dividend, often saves in a day more than the entire cost of the current furnished them for the day's run. There are many times in the spring and fall when the mornings and evenings are cool and the middle of the day warm, when a heated car for a few hours each day would add greatly to the comfort of passengers. With coal stoves this is often impossible, unless the car can be taken out of service long enough to have a fire rebuilt in the stove.

CURVATURE OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.—Generally speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about seven inches to the statute mile; it is exactly 6.99 inches or 7.962 inches for a geographical mile. The effect of the known curvature of our globe may be illustrated in the following manner: Take down your globe, place a book, pane of glass or even a ruler against it, either of the two objects first named being best adapted to such an experiment. You will observe instantly that the book, pane or ruler only touches the miniature representation of the earth at one point, the globe's surface falling away in all directions from the point of contact.

Now, suppose the ocean's surface was calm and frozen and a sheet of glass many miles square laid upon it. At one mile from the place of contact the glass would stand out nearly eight inches (this measurement upon the ocean, the mile is a nautical one)—in fact, will lack but 38-1000 of an inch of being eight inches from the pane; at three miles it will be six feet and at nine miles fifty-four feet, and so on according to the regular ratio. In order to get the whole matter in a nutshell remember that the number of feet of depression is equal to two-thirds of the square of the number of miles for any observable distance. There is, however, an error resulting from refraction which must be cancelled. The commonly used formula for correction is as follows: square the number of miles and take four-sevenths of it for the correction in feet. Thus, if an object is visible at a distance of five miles we may know that its height is at least 14 feet. Or, if the height of a visible object is known—say 100 feet—take one-fourth of that number, or 25, multiply by seven and take the square root of the product and you will have the distance of the object, which is in this case a fraction over 13 miles. A man swimming in the ocean may see a tower 19 miles away, even though it only be 200 feet high, but now elevate that man 100 feet above the surface of the water and he could plainly see a tower only 100 feet high, even though it be 26 miles away.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.—Sergeant (to recruit who has trodden heavily on his foot on alighting from the horizontal bar)—Bomben and Granaten! It is all very well, Schulze, your trying to tread in my footsteps, but you ought, at least, to wait till I have cleared out.—[Westfälische Volksblätter.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

How It Is Done.—The Reservation—A Great Appetite—Would Not Be Labeled—The Irony of Fate, Etc., Etc.

HOW IT IS DONE. "Is it possible to make two out of one?" "Oh, yes; the divorce court does it frequently."

THE RESERVATION. "Do you tell your wife everything?" "Everything about others, but not about myself."—[New York Press.]

A GREAT APPETITE. "I had three invitations to lunch to-day," said Oscar. "Which did you accept?" asked his mother. "All," returned Oscar, proudly.—[Judge.]

WOULD NOT BE LABELED. The Doctor—You are very badly run down, Felix. Do you know that? Felix—By who, doctor? O'll allow no wan't talk behind me back without makin' thim prove every wur-ud that's bin sed, O'll not.—[Judge.]

THE IRONY OF FATE. Sinnick—Did you hear about poor Kindley? Quidey—No. What about him? Sinnick—Why, only twelve months ago he invested all his money in a new invention and built a large factory, and last night a fire broke out and burned it to the ground, walls and all. Quidey—Poor beggar! By the way, what line was he in? Sinnick—Patent fireproof building materials.—[Yankee Blade.]

A PROUD FATHER. Forrester—What's the matter with Jones? He never speaks to a body now. Lancaster—Of course not. Their new baby weighed fifteen pounds.—[Life.]

THE WAY THEY TELL. Mrs. Trimfoot—These shoes don't fit me at all. Mr. Trimfoot—Why, they look all right.

Mrs. Trimfoot—Well, they don't fit, anyway. I've had them on over an hour, and they haven't hurt in the least.—[Puck.]

THE WRONG HINT. Lady (to a gentleman who has the obnoxious habit of putting his mouth close to your face when talking)—You smoke bad tobacco, monsieur! Gent. (astounded and smiling)—I! Why, I never smoke. Lady—Then perhaps you had better.—[Esprit des Autres.]

DIDN'T KNOW IT. "But you were well off before you were married." "Yes; but I didn't know it."—[Life.]

FUNERAL COURTSHIP. Mrs. Church—Do you think the young rector's attentions are serious? Annie Church—Well, I should say so! So serious, indeed, that I feel like crying the whole time I'm talking with him.—[Puck.]

A FORTIORI. Primus—Ben Butler's brain weighed more than Daniel Webster's. I always knew he was a great statesman. Secundus—Yes. By the way, what a pity the two-headed boy doesn't enter politics.—[Judge.]

HE WAS A TENDERFOOT. "Are you fond of music?" he asked. "Sometimes," was the answer. "I have some duets in my trunk. Can any of you sing at sight?" "No, but we can shoot at sight."—[Washington Star.]

A DAY OF ENJOYMENT. Mr. Gabber—Where is Mrs. Gabber? Servant—Somebody told her an important secret this morning and she has been out all day going from house to house visiting her friends.—[New York Press.]

WATCHFUL TO THE END. "I hear the editor died with his boots on!" "Yes, he knew the town too well to pull 'em off."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

ITS HEIGHT. She—How high is that big Ferris wheel at the World's Fair, Henry? He—I don't know exactly, but not anything like the prices in the swell restaurants not far away.—[New York Sun.]

ALL SPOILED. Mrs. Tittle—Did you have a good time at the sewing circle this afternoon? Mrs. Tattle—No, a miserable time. It was awful dull.

Mrs. Tittle—Wasn't anything said about how Mrs. Blazer has been carrying on? Mrs. Tattle—No. She was mean enough to be there herself, and, of course, the pleasure we had all looked forward to was spoiled. Strange how people can be so selfish.—[Boston Transcript.]

A SUMMER SIGN. Though signs of Summer that perplex May often come to hand, The cream sign is one that all The lasses understand.—[Washington Star.]

A COMMON WORD. "Did you ever notice," said Hicks, "how men and women get hold of some single word, which they use on every possible occasion?" "I don't know that I've noticed it," observed Parker. "I have," put in little Johnny Hicks. "Pa and ma have one word they're using all day long." "What word is that?" asked Parker, with a smile. "Dere't," said Johnny.—[Chicago Tribune.]

NO FILIAL AFFECTION AT ALL.

"That carpenter a-workin' on th' new house nex' door is the meanest man I ever saw," said Johnny Makethings to his father, as he came in with a disappointed expression on his face. "What makes you think so?" "W'y, I ast him to lemme his key-hole saw to cut a door in my pigin' house, an' he said he wouldn't lend that saw to his own father to cut his head off with."—[Life.]

EMOLUMENTS OF A POO-HAID.

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "True; that was my holiday as secretary. I wish to go now as treasurer."—[Tid-Bits.]

A FIELD FOR INVENTION.

Tacklow—I see there is a man in Boston who claims to have invented a fieldglass with which you can see through fog. Backrow—If he could succeed in inventing an opera glass with which you could see through millinery he'd make his fortune.—[Life.]

THE LADY AND THE DRUGGIST.

Old Lady (to druggist)—I want a box of canine pills. Druggist—What is the matter with the dog? Old Lady (indignantly)—I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman. Druggist puts up some canine pills in profound silence.—[Boston Home Journal.]

A KIND-HEARTED WIFE.

"What do you do when your husband is out at the lodge at night, Mrs. Goode?" "I leave the front door off the latch for fear he may not be able to find the keyhole."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

HAD HAD EXPERIENCE.

Landlady—Do have some veal, Mr. Fleecy. You wouldn't know it from spring chicken. Boarder—No, I thank you. I never care for veal unless it is tender.—[Judge.]

EMMA—What's that noise? It sounds as though they were pounding beefsteak. Jane—You guessed right, but we always speak of the performance here as "tendering a banquet."—[Boston Transcript.]

THE BEST GIRL.

The "girl who plays the flute." To bless the world was born; But give us still the girl with skill To blow the dinner horn.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"I don't ask you to work after six o'clock," said the foreman of the foundry, "but I don't see any excuse for your quitting ten minutes before that time." "You don't?" replied the employee. "Well, we do. We've got to keep silent in the place, so that we can hear the whistle blow."—[Washington Star.]

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Wash a colored tablecloth in warm suds, not hot, rise well, and when ready to hang on the line pull the cloth so it will keep its proper shape. Do not iron a red tablecloth.

Miss Archie L.—The stains and discolorations in marble basins can be removed with pulverized chalk. Dip an old nail or tooth brush in water, then in the chalk, and an instant's rubbing will do the work.

MANAGEMENT OF KITCHEN STOVES.—By far the most important belonging of a kitchen is the range, and every housekeeper should thoroughly understand the proper management of her own particular one, for on its perfect working depends not only the success of the cook's most skillful efforts, but no inconsiderable item of kitchen expense. Much fuel is wasted and the best of ranges often ruined by the common practice of filling them too full and leaving the draughts open. And yet it is a matter which the best informed and most careful housewife finds it difficult to control, for the majority of servants resent any hint of ignorance in this respect, and they almost invariably confound economy with stinginess, their respect is lessened for a mistress who attempts to enforce it. A first-class modern range is a decided improvement over those of even ten years ago in the ease with which it is controlled and the quickness with which it responds to the action of the different draughts. But in order to secure the benefit of this, one must study the draughts, and use them properly. In cold weather it is more convenient and economical to keep a fire during the night; but whether one does this or builds it afresh each morning, the draughts should be opened and damper pulled out, to allow the heat and gas to escape up the chimney. Open the top, and brush out the soot from all the cracks and corners and from the damper, and empty the ash pan. With a revolving grate there should be no necessity of sifting ashes, unless by careless management the fire went out with unburned coal in the fire box. Dust the outside of the range, and polish it with a stiff, ordinary scrubbing brush kept for the purpose. If blacking is required, apply it with a paint brush, having the mixture thin, so as not to create a dust. As soon as the blue flames appear on top of the coal, close the dampers, in order to throw the heat around the oven, for a red-hot top invariably means a cool oven.

No definite rules can be given for operating the draughts, as different styles of ranges vary widely in this respect. However, as success in cooking, especially in baking, is very greatly dependent upon a proper degree of heat in the oven, and that which is required for one article of food would ruin another, its management must be thoroughly understood to insure success in the different operations.

When not cooking or baking, close the draughts and economize fuel, as well as increase the durability of your range.—[N. Y. Observer.]

Swine fever is reported to be spreading in Great Britain.