A little light, a gentle hint That falls upon the page of print, May clear the vision, and reveal The precious treasures doubts conceal, And guide us to an open door Where we new regions may explore,

A little light dispels the gloom That gathers in the shadowed room Where want and sickness find their prey And night seems longer than the day, And hearts with many troubles cope Uncheered by one slight ray of hope.

O! sore the need that some must know While journeying through this vale of wos! Dismayed, disheartened, gone astray, Caught in the thickets by the way, For lack of just a little light To guide their wandering steps aright.

It may be little we can do To help another it is true; But better is a little spark Of kindness, when the way is dark, Than one should miss the road to heaven For lack of light we might have given. -New York Ledger.

MABEL'S TROUBLE.

world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Walter

"No, Mabel; not time yet. You know he only went day before yesterday. Get a

letter to-morrow, maybe. "Do you know, Frank, I am almost wild with curiosity to see his wife? Such at the train this afternoon." an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant done?" weather, I suppose; showed their good sense," said Frank.

"Anyhow, they'll be here in ten days, as soon as his business is arranged," and I can do but invite her to the house." Mabel Hatfield's aimost girlish face And Frank Hatfield looked more like a beamed with delight at the thought, for baited wild animal than ever as he half she almost idolized her "brother Walter," flung himself out of the cell. and had heard wonderful stories of the beauty of his bride.

of countenance which might fairly be chance for mistaking the striking, nervthought to include doubts of his own ous looking beauty, and, in fact, as he

claimed. "What in-well, I might as well go there.'

And so he did, with barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before Why is he not here?" he started. A few minutes of almost ely rapid walking a brief parley with the officials in blue, and Frank Hatfield was admitted to a dingy and this mystery and deception?" dimly lighted cell.

"Frank-" "Good heavens! You here!"

"Hush! Not a word! I gave my name reports that way."

"But how did it happen?" I was so dumbfounded I could not say a the depot, nor had his excited and conword."

"The pocketbook?" when they began to make an outcry. Florence. and that's about all I know about it until

I was nabbed and searched." "But Florence?" said Frank.

counsel and sent for you.' "I didn't get your note till this morning," said Frank.

"Some mistake or other. But here I Florence. am, trapped, and what to do I do not know.

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; all day and I have not seen him." it's an old game of the pickpockets. All Frank's office was in a very busy part I have got to to is to prove who you are, of the city, and both he and Florence and the Judge won't fail to see it," said had their heads too full of exciting Frank.

it would kill Mabel and just about mur- sidewalks. Still, as the carriage pulled der Florence. You don't know how sen- up at the curb Frank remarked: "Good! sitive she is. No; I must be got off and I won't have to go up stairs; there's my acquitted as Harry Taylor, or I'll never partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!" get over it. Now, Frank, old fellow, usual; and I can send a letter to Mabel pression of countenance. dated from home, you know, as if it was

inclosed to you.' "You must take the responsibility of all this deception, then," said Frank; and after a great deal of hesitation the for a moment, but stammered, "H-hthe young lawyer allowed himself to be how?" overpowered into giving the required. promise, but left the station house and up this morning and one of them conreturned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man. He did not like Harry's pocket." deception in any shape and he seriously doubted his capacity for concealing anything from his dear little wife.

And so it was when Frank Hatfield returned home that evening and silently handed Maole an unpostmarked missive, over which her blue eyes glistened and him: which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a the whole evening. In vain he tried to be minute, as he sat in a corner of the cargay, or to make the crowing youngster a riage, trying to recall the color to the clumsy artifices, and then-well, if he comprehended the situation well enough

enough beset now. Of course Frank kept his promise of recreey, but at the expense of a red face frightened, clumsy Frank Hatfield. and a flustered manner. He was not half

a little body as she was loving, with a the rear seat. good deal of that peculiar element of character out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances; and his smoking horses in front of the house. so, though at first she tried not to show it, Mabel was more than a little offended, and Frank, poor fellow, could not help seeing and feeling it. And thus the next day passed and the next, and matters the house, and Frank's latchkey disdown town looked worse and worse and matters at home grew clouder at a rate Frank Hatfield would hardly have thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his wife; and the poor tellow grew gloomier with every glance at the fretful and discontented face that had hitherto been so sunny. Even the baby was compelled to suffer his share of the full traveling costume, and a glance behousehold trouble. In her irritated mood Mabel's thoughts naturally turned to her trunks and traveling bags. brother, and so one day she sat down and wrote him a letter in which she said a great many things that were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no trembling voice said: harm would have come from it if Mabel Mad not mailed the letter with her own hands, without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than anything else, it was opened and read by a young married lady in one of the large

II. It was not the same cell that Frank Hatfield had looked into before, and it At the breakfast table that morning was nearly a week later. The prisoner Frank Hatfield's wife, one of the dearest was the same, however, and with all his lowand most winning of women in the confinement he was hardly as pale as his worried, bothered-looking visitor.

"It's all up, Harry." "What's up, Frank?"

"Why, this wretched secrecy business. Florence is coming.' "Florence? How do you know?"

"Read that telegram. Got to meet her Frank had the better in color now

very decidely. "Oh, Frank, my boy, what is to be

"She must know." "And Mabel?"

"We'll see about that. Don't see what

Frank did not go home to dinner that day or he might have discovered that the Such had been, in part, the talk of the nurse had been left alone with the baby breakfast table, and there had not been and his wife had "gone out," no one in all the city a sunnier face than that knew whither. So, in uncomfortable with which Frank Hatfield had said ignorance of the dangers that beset him, good-bye to his dear little wife and his he went to the depot that afternoon and rosy faced baby boy; but now, half an waited for a lady who should resemble hour later, he sat in his down town office as nearly as possible the miniature likeglowering at a bit of crumpled paper on ness which had been shown him, and he the table before him with an expression found her very readily. There was no advanced to meet her the trembling lips "Oak Street Station House!" he ex- parted sllightly, just enough to say:

"Frank Hatfield?" "And you are Florence?"

you shall soon see him.

tell you as we go." And Frank was determined to keep as Harry Taylor, and it's gone into the his word, though he had almost as soon

have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of all his trouble, how-

shock much better than Frank had ex-"I wrote to her that I was detained in all her nervousness, she was a brave and to a poor miserable tyke, a stranger to New York for a few days by important devoted wife-Florence declared herself business. Then I gave your name as my ready to hurry at once to the "Tombs." "I must stop at my office for a mo-

ment," said Frank. "Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" said

"But it is only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court

thoughts to notice any particular mem-"But I don't want to prove who I am; bers of the hurrying throngs upon the

promise me not to let my name out to been standing on the edge of the walk as at a big profit, and invested the proceeds anybody, least of all to Mabel. Florif waiting for some one and now came in a large farm not far from his old ence's letters will come in your care as forward with a remarkably beaming ex- home.

"Frank, my boy, it's all right."

"What's all right?" "Why, that Harry Taylor's case." Frank Hatfield had to catch his breath

"Why, there was a whole batch sent fessed to putting the pocketbook in

"Well, what did you do?" "Oh, Judge M---- was as good as pie; let him right out, and I've got him

up stairs in the office." A gloved hand was on Frank's shoulder and a trembling voice was trying to ask

"Frank, Frank, isn't that Walter?" "Yes, it's Walter," said Frank Hatcloud on his brow which never left him field; but he was sorry enough the next means of concealing his perturbation, for white and beautiful face of Florence, for the quick eyes of his wife penetrated his she had fainted. As for Brown, he had had been in trouble before he was badly to dash upstairs, and by the time Florence had recovered her senses she was in more tender hands than those of half-

And now the carriage was being sure that his conscience had not caught him in several petty equivocations or well defined fibs. More than that, Mabel was quite well sware that she had not pene-clouded home. He could have no pa-

trated her husband's secret, and she was | tience with either horses or driver, | THE WARLIKE DERVISHES. | the Russian-on the contrary, if they not only a true daughter of Eve as to especially as Florence and Walter looked curiosity, but as self willed and imperious | so provokingly loving and happy upon

> Home was reached at last, however, and the somewhat irate driver reined in Frank sprang to the sidewalk and never dreamed of aiding Walter; but Florence by this time was well able to help herself.

> It was not very late when they entered pensed with bell-ringing and servants. "Wait a moment in the parlor," said Frank, "while I call Mable."

> And so saying, but with a big weight upon his heart, Frank pushed onward toward the sitting-room. As he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady in yond showed him a marvelous array of

> "Mable, my dear-A gloved hand held out toward him a small white envelope, while a husky and

"Good-bye, Frank." "Mable-

"Isn't that Walter's voice? "Oh, Walter, are you here?"

"Yes, Mable; here I am, safe and sound." And Walter himself rushed Pennsylvania towns on the following day. forward, taking hold of his pretty sister as if about ready to swallow her. "Oh, Walter; take me away-take me

home to mother's." "But, Mabel, what is the matter? Frank has been just the best old fel-

"Walter-there she is-I saw her at the depot-the very same woman; and

what does it all mean?" "Mean! Why, Mabel-come here, Florence-Mabel, this is my wife, your sister, Florence. I've been in trouble and Frank has helped me through, like a trump that he is, and you are mad; when you have got the best fellow in the world

for a hus-Mabel gave one look at her brother, another into the wistful face of her new sister, but she caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her hus-

band, and with: "Oh, Frank, forgive me; I've been so

foolish! Frank Hatfield's worry was over.

A Dog's Benevolence.

A dog in the neighborhood of Manchester, England, has been distinguishing itself in a marked degree. This is not a homeless cur, but a dog in easy circumstances, and owned by a kind and indulgent master. Too indulgent, the reader may be disposed to think, when he is told that every morning at lunch time the creature is presented with a penny, which is carried in its mouth to the shop of a baker, and there purchased a biscuit. It happened, however, that the baker, meeting the owner of the dog, mentioned to him that it had not been for its biscuit lately. This was unaccountable, and the more so because the animal's master had "Oh, Frank! Where is my husband? remarked that during the past week or so it had exhibited unusual impatience for "He is safe and well, I assure you, and lunch time, endeavoring by caressing and difficult to connect these nobie looking "But I don't understand! Why is all money before it was due. When it at "I can't explain here," said Frank, off in a hurry, and after a while return the stories you heard from the people "but if you will get into a carriage I will without the coin, seemingly satisfied with around, who still dreaded and hated

its investment. The next morning after the baker had made his communication to the gentleman, the latter, after giving his dog the penny, was curious to watch it. And lo and behold! it never went near the biscuit "I can't tell, Frank. I only know they ever. He had not noticed the veiled fe-found the pocketbook in my pocket, and male form that had followed him into shop! Without an instant's delay it hastened to a tripe seller's, and there fused faculties taken any note of the fact bought and paid for a neat and tempting that the same form sprang lightly into a skewering of "paunch." But it was not for "Yes, it was at the Pennsylvania sta- coupe which drove off rapidly after the its own eating. With cheerful alacrity tion. I had just checked my trunks carriage which contained him and it took the meat in its mouth and made for an empty house, and to the cellar Florence on the whole sustained the thereof, and being closely followed, the benevolent creature was discovered in the pected. In a few moments-for, with act of delivering its precious pennyworth the neighborhood, and apparently of the "tramp" species. Evidently it had been taken ill on the road, and probably would have died in the cellar into which it had crawled for shelter, had it not been for the kind commiseration of the other dog, who probably quite by accident had found it there.

Snatched Fortune From Misfortune.

In 1885 Farmer Stanley's house and farm were ruined by the Cherry Mountain landslide in New Hampshire. He thought that he was a ruined man, but the exhibition of the devastation to sightseers, whom he charged for the sight, brought him enough money with which to buy a small farm in Jefferson. He The gentleman thus addressed had has just sold his farm to a hotel company

A Typical Tragedy.

I said unto my love one day,
"Let's trip a-down this winding way."

The way.

The sylvan glade was sweet and cool; We found a lovely little pool.

The pool. said: "Let's fish from there outbring;

Here are some pieces short, of string.

The string. ———— We knotted knots into that twine Until we had a fishing line. The line,

But soon with fear my love did bawl; From nooks the little snakes did crawl. The little snakes.

And then the rain it downward dashed, And speedy lightning zig-zag flashed. The lightning. ⋈ ≳ N Z € Upon the little pool did float A very fragile little boat. The boat.

Quite wild, she jumpel—the boat did feel Her weight, and wriggled like an eel. The eel. My lovely one did get more wet
Than from the skies—for it upset,
The boat.
When from the pool I pulled my fair,
Her locks, once curled, were straightest hair.
Her hair.

And she no more will walk with me By pool or river, lake or sea. The sea. C

men da Name & F &

MEN WHOM THEY ENSLAVED NOW MEET THEM IN BATTLE.

Soldiers Not Natives-Moslem Fanaticism of the Arabs.

At present the readers of American papers see accounts of contests waged on the hot sands of Egypt between General Grenfell's forces and the dervishes. Just what a dervish may be perhaps very few can tell. A writer in the Saturday Review gives some interesting facts in regard to

England's African foes: "It has been more than once pointed out here," he says, "that the so-called dervishes are no more, or little more dervishes than any other African Moslems. As a fact every follower of Mohammed is a 'dervish' in some sense or other of the word. Your donkey boy in Cairo, or at Girgeh, or at Zagazig, or, in short, anywhere throughout the length of the land, is a dervish, belongs, that is, to some sect or section more or less fanatical, of orthodox Mussulman faith. Some of these sects are more popular in one place than in another. The Rufayeh, for example, are the most common in Lower Egypt, but others are almost equally numerous. An immense multitude of the Sadieh order used to prostrate themselves under the hoofs of their Sheykh's horse, at the annual Doseh, or treading now abolished. Many of these men are waiters at hotels, and servants in private families. The great Ahmedieh order which especially affects the cult of Byumeh, is perhaps the most numerous in now he's brought her here! Walter, all Africa; but new cults, and with them new orders, are constantly invading the old, both in Arabia and Egypt. We hear less now than formerly of the Wahabees, who at one time threatened to overrun not only Arabia, but Persia and even

India.

"The present Mahdist movement is somewhat of the same kind in the tenets of its votaries, but differs essentially from any of the sectarian divisions of Lower Egypt. The Mahdist dervish belongs to a wholly different class from the Saidieh or Rufayeh Egyptian who makes your bed, or minds your horse, or rows your boat. He is an Arab of pure blood, whiter than the average European, handsome to a high degree, with pronounced features, and an air of pride and probity, coupled with a politeness and general superiority at first sight most engaging and deceptive. He is known among the dwellers in the Nile Valley, not as a dervish, but as a jellab—pronounced in Egypt 'gallab'—a term which means a merchant, and, for reasons only too good, has of late years denoted a merchant of one commodity only, namely, slaves. The slaver on the Nile received sad blows and discouragement during the reins of such Viceroys as Baker Pasha and Gordon, and took to honest merchandise, such as ivory, feathers, henna, senna and the hides of antelopes and leopards. During the short but prosperous period indicated the jellabs might have been seen in Nubia or at Assouan with their cargoes, and it was tail-wagging to obtain its luncheon fellows, with their regal manners, their exquisite robes of white cashmere, and last received it it had never failed to run | their scarfs of priceless needle work, with them-stories of craft, oppression, rapine, and cruelty for its own sake, such as would make both a hearer's ears to tingle. These are the men whom the present turn of affairs has rendered desperate. By they own doing they have closed the legitimate market they once enjoyed, and their fanaticism has grown as their wealth has shrunk, while the countless negroes whom under Ismael Pasha they were enabled to carry into Egypt are now at a mature age able to retaliate on their old oppressors and to revenge the woes of

slaughtered fathers and mothers upon the remnants of the hated jellabs. "To speak of these black troops as 'natives' is somewhat incorrect. A few, a mere handful, are of a second generation from those originally imported; but the bulk of the 'Soudanese regiments' are slaves imported by these very Arab traders, and remember personally, or by tradition of their elders, how they came into the Egyptian house of bondage, what hands of these lordly jellabs, and how, finally, after undergoing and surviving, while thousands perished beside them, these horrors, they were seized by con-

ing an example to the fellah soldier. "The great drawback to their employment is their inherent savagery. They are reckless of the lives they have with such difficulty preserved; and when they teem with minute life of all kinds,

had been long enough in Egypt, they cannot but have learned to hate the

Turk. "Their Moslem fanaticism if it has ever existed, had not had time to grow; Whata Dervish Really Is-Egyptian and, unlike the jellabs, the soldiers of the Czar had never injured them. With the soldiers of Sir Francis Grenfell it is different. Their own recollections of early life-what they have heard from their comrades-what has been told to them by the unhappy refugees on Nubian territory of the vengeance wreaked by the 'dervishes' on the unresisting villagers of the Upper Nile after the fall of Khartoum-these and many other considera tions, which it is not very easy for the English traveler to fathom, make the black soldier an implacable foe to the white-faced jellab who murdered his mother and burned his village, and subjected himself to every indignity and bodily torment that the most refined system of cruelty could invent. "

How to Prevent Colds.

The phrase "taking cold" is not found in standard medical works. Physicians regard it as inexact, and, therefore, unscientific. By general use and common consent, however, it has become a part of

our language.

People in all walks of life, and in all climes, take cold. Those who live at a high altitude in the West Indies, where the mercury varies but ten degrees in a year, feel a change of two degrees as nuch as we do a variation of ten times Anything which impairs the nutrition

of the body, the nervous system, or the circulation of the blood renders us more susceptible to the influences which produce colds. First, then, one should see that his diet, exercise, clothing and general hab-

its are such as will keep the bodily health

and strength up to the bighest possible

standard. Given the susceptibility, there are three ways in which people most often take cold: by allowing draughts of cold air to strike the back of the neck, by getting the feet cold or wet, and by becoming suddenly chilled when heated either from exercise or from sitting in a close,

warm room. Doctor Brown-Sequard, of Paris, recognizing these facts, proposes to render the serves of the neck and feet less sensitive o sudden changes of temperature, by blowing cool air on them, and then colder and still colder air day by day, till they can stand air of a very low temperature

without discomfort or injury. But this method has the disadvantage of requiring extensive apparatus. The same beneficial results may be obtained by a much simpler process. Pour rock salt, or, still better, sea salt, into a twoquart fruit jar till it is half full. Fill the jar with water. Let it stand in your bedroom for twenty-four hours, shaking it a few times, and you will have a strong brine in the jar above the salt.

Pour a pint of this brine into a bowl, and bathe the throat and neck thoroughly with it, wiping with a towel. Now follow by rubbing hard with a piece of Serve the feet in the same way. Repeat this night and morning, and you will very soon find that you are less liable than before to take cold.

Add water each time after you have used from the jar, so as to have a quantity of brine in it continually. A person whose circulation is very inactive should both the neck and feet in hot water first, then follow with the cold brine and the

If one will follow the above directions, and protect himself properly, especially his feet, when going out into the open air, he will rarely or never take cold from the first two causes we have named .-Youth's Companion.

A Squirrel That Throws Well.

The gray squirrel in Phalon's tree on Cemetery avenue has been at his old tricks again. He had so much fun the other afternoon that he could not resist the experience, and one afternoon he was practicing sharpshooting once more. The first intimation any one had that he had returned to his perch in the hemlock was when a number of girls who were walkhorrors of torture they underwent at the ing under the tree were struck with several cones. Their shricks attracted the attention of several people in that neighborhood, and the squirrel's delighted chatter quickly informed them as to the nivance of the Egyptian Government, and, cause of the hubbub. A crowd of boys under the name of liberated slaves, were gathered to chase the little animal away, put into training for the army. The and they had a nice time doing it. They supply of these soldiers is not, as some used stones and the squirrel used cones. authorities seem to think, inexhaustible. One of the boys wears a black eye as a Mr. Staney took away with him a goodly proof that the animal can throw accucontingent; another contingent has rately, while there is no record that the perished at Suskin and on the Nile; but squirrel was struck by any of the numerof those that remain it may safely be said ous small quarries that went sailing that for war in so hot a region, and through the branches. After about an especially against the slave dealers (whom hour's sport the frisky little fellow conwe dignify as 'dervishes' above all other cluded that he had had enough, and dervishes), they are most useful, and sk pped from tree to tree to his home in may eventually be of further use as show- the cemetery .- Birmingham (Ala.) Transcripts

Animal Life in the Gulf Stream. The surface waters in the Gulf Stream come hand to hand with their former There the young of larger animals exist, masters the unhappy jellab has but a microscropic in size; and adult animals poor chance. When, at Suakin last which never grow large enough to be autumn, they were ordered to charge a plainly visible to the naked eye occur in trench full of dervishes, they went forward with reckless fury, outstripping silk net behind the vessel, these minute their European officers, and occupying forms are easily taken, and when placed simultaneously both ends of the trench. in glass dishes millions uncounted are literally raked it from end to end with seen swimming backward and forward. their fire, leaving not a single man alive. When looked at through a microscope How far they are to be depended on be- we see young jelly fishes, the young of fore other troops we have no means of barnacles, crabs and shrimps, besides the knowing. The few Egyptian regiments adult microscopic species, which are very who were led to dire defeat by the ex-Khedive's son in the Turkish and Russian these his only food. Rushing through war were largely composed of these black | the water, with mouth wide open, by slaves, then newly imported by the means of his whalebone strainers the jellabs, hastily drilled, led by Turkish or minute forms are separated from the Egyptian officers, and exposed to the water. Swallowing those obtained after one elemental condition of which a short period of straining, he repeats they had previously known the operation. The abundance of this nothing—intense cold. They had been parboiled under the equator and roasted in the desert, but snow and frost were too much for them. They had, moreover, no special grudge against on the surface.—Popular Science Monthly.

A JAPANESE RESTAURANT.

WHERE A HUNGRY AMERICAN CAN DINE IN ORIENTAL STYLE.

Well Cooked Food-Polite Attend-

description of a Japanese restaurant re-

ance-Pretty Table China-Very Moderate Prices-No Water Used. A writer in Harper's Weekly gives this

cently opened in New York city: The dining-room is long, narrow and high-ceiled. A quiet paper covers the walls, which are ornamented here and there with peculiar Chinese banners, Japanese straw hangers, and abominable American chromos. Clumsy chairs and little tables covered with white oil cloth, are arranged on either side of the room. Everything is delightfully cool, clean, and fresh looking. The floor, walls and ceiling are innocent of dust or debris.

The proprietor, cook and waiter are Japanese of the purest type. They dress neatly in American clothes, and wear their hair and sparse beard in regular New York style, but in manners, gait, carriage and opinion are genuine children of the Orient. They speak English fairly well, using the low tones, the half-intonation, and the musical inflection so common to the languages of the East.

The dinner opens with little slices of dried smoked, or salted fish, served with bright colored vegetables. The next dish is a fish soup, which ought to be adopted in our own land for its delicious and wholesome qualities. It is made from a stock like our soups, but with the difference that the Japanese cook makes a stock exclusively from fish, as we do with meat. The cheaper mild flavored fishes are boiled for days, until all the gelatine and soluble elements are extracted by the hot water, and nothing if left but mere skin and bone. These are strained out, leaving a heavy, transparent, yellowish brown fluid of a very grateful flavor and great nutritive power. When served, it is brought on in a bowl in which have been placed a well steamed fillet of blue fish. weak fish, or salmon, two or three boiled tree mushrooms, and such spices and other condiments as the chef may fancy.

The third course is fish, roasted or broiled. It is served unbroken on a handsome platter, and decorated in a manner altogether Eastern. The favorite style in this respect is to fill one corner of the dish with little blocks of omelet, either plain or highly seasoned; a second corner, with a pile of spinach, with which have been cooked minute pieces of radish skin, carrot, or beet, to give a contrast in color; a third corner, with radishes cut into curious shapes that display the crimson of the exterior as well as the white within; and the fourth, with mushroons. ma-tais (an exquisite Eastern esculent), or truffles. This dish when served is a perfect poem in color. The fourth course is an entree, either of fish cooked something like the boullibaisse of Marseilles, of meat, poultry, or game as with us. It is followed by dimutive fish or meat dumplings, of which the enclosing dough is hardly as thick as cardboard, and the spiced filling has been chopped into almost a pulp. The roast that succeeds is very coarse flannel till the skin glows. the ordinary American article, though originally it was a baked stuffed fish. Vegetables accompany the various courses, but in a very empirical way, the waiter forever removing one and bringing on another, without rhyme or reason. Besides those familiar to Western palates, are pickled carrots and soused beets (both of which are charming in appearance, but mawkish if not nauscating in flavor), tree-mushrooms, yams, bamboo tips,

Chinese potatoes, and watermelon seeds. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese in New York serve no alcoholic beverages with their meals. At home the rule is the opposite, the very poorest using the reeking and powerful liquors known as saki and samshui. Like the Chinese, they use no water, employing tea in its stead. This, under the present administration, has attained an excellence as high as that of the finest crops of Oolong and Pekoe.

The tableware deserves especial mention. The knives, forks and spoons are silver plate and of the best American make. It is only thirty years since these articles were almost unknown in Japan, the chopstick and the china spoon being the only tableware employed. The china and porcelain are altogether Oriental in appearance and character. The teacups are wide and shallow, with brims that, instead of being flat, curl up at one point into graceful apex, and on the opposite side sink down into a delicate V-shaped hollow. Both inside and out, beneath the colored glaze, are the whorls made by the potter in "throwing" the cup.

The service of the soup is very furious. The waiter brings a bowl to each guest which is ovid in shape, about six inches in diameter and five inches in height. The top is channeled, and is covered with a closely-fitting lid, almost saucer-like in appearance. The guest removes the cover and lays it alongside the bowl, using it as a receptacle for fish bones, vegetable stems or animal cartilage. When the course is over, the waiter seizes the cover, and with a swift turn of the wrist replaces it on the bowl, throwing into the latter with the same movement the debris

is contains. All of the table china in the Japanese restaurant makes a pleasing contrast to that usually employed by our own race. Its color, shape and decoration vary infinitely, but are always restful and agrees-

ble to the eye Last of all, but of equal interest to the reader, is the fact that the Japanese favor economy and low prices. A superb meal with them costs not more than a quarter of what it would under American or European auspices. From first to last their dinners are good, delightful and very cheap.

The public executioner of Berlin, Germany, has just been tried for his life and acquitted. The homicide which he committed resulted from the machinations of a woman who loved him and was jealous

Good poultry authority estimate that 45,000,000 eggs are used every day in the United States, New York city alone takng 135,000 for her share.