

## THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE

EXCITING INCIDENTS AND BRAVE DEEDS ON LAND OR SEA.

**A Judge's Narrow Escapes From Death—A Girl's Thrilling Experience in a Burning Balloon, Etc.**

It was only a few days ago when Judge John W. Henry, of Missouri, was at Willard's Hotel, in Washington. The old Judge, a Kentuckian by birth, has lived in Missouri since the days of Benton. He is one of the best-known men of the State. Among other beliefs which Judge Henry entertains he makes profound subscription to the doctrine of the duello, and holds that everybody should be responsible for his words and acts. He himself is a gamecock, without a white feather on him. His inveterate gameness showed itself in 1885, when John Walker, then Auditor of State, attempted, at Jefferson City, to assassinate Judge Henry, who was at the time a member of the Supreme Court. It was because of some strictures upon Walker by Henry in deciding a case. They met on the street.

"I understand you are circulating rumors about me," observed Walker to Henry as they met. Walker had on a cloak overcoat, and under the cloak he held a Colt's pistol ready to fire.

"No, sir," retorted Henry, "no rumors, John Walker. I said you were a thief and a scoundrel; no rumor about it."

"Bang!" went Walker's pistol. The bullet struck Henry on the hand, plowed along the left arm to the elbow, and when striking him on the left breast glanced off. Before he could fire again, Henry felled Walker with his heavy cane. Henry was then over sixty-five years of age. After the shooting Henry walked to a drug store and had the wound dressed. Walker had to be picked up by the audience. That closed the incidents.

Knowing the old gentleman's mettle a Star reporter asked Judge Henry whether he had ever been frightened.

"Frightened?" said Henry, with such an air of brisk ferocity it almost made one wish the question hadn't been put, "frightened did you say? My son, I've been scared out of my wits. Once long years ago I was young. I went to practice law in Warrensburg, Frank Cockrell's town. There was a lot of squatters about there who didn't own title to their farms. Among them was a queer old critter named Captain Moon. Old Moon was a little man who didn't weigh 100 pounds, and who having been shot in the leg in the War of 1812 walked with a limp. He lived some four miles out of Warrensburg on land he'd squatted. One Saturday Moon was in town. He was an ignorant old fellow, and some of the young lawyers were having fun at his expense. They were telling him that some smart Yankee had taken title to his land and would bring a law suit to throw him off. They had made old Moon pretty hot. Just as I came up one of them said:

"And here comes Mr. Henry, Captain. He is the lawyer for these people, and will bring these suits to put you off the land."

"The old Captain looked at me in a sullen, evil way. He didn't know me very well and believed every word that was told him."

"Well, sah," he said at last, "when you come for my farm, sah, you'd better bring your coffin. You will need it, sah."

"I thought it would be a good thing to scare the old fellow and teach him better manners, so I retorted:

"Well, if there's to be any shooting over this business, Captain, we'd better do it this afternoon."

"Very well, sah," rejoined the Captain, with much dignity, "if I had a weapon, sah, I'd be at your service."

"I told him I had a brace of pistols at my office, and if he'd come down I'd take pleasure in conferring one upon him, and shooting it out then and there."

"That's perfectly agreeable to me, sah," replied the Captain.

"I started for my office, and Captain Moon limped after me. My office opened off the street. It was dark inside, save for a flickering log fire. The old Captain limped in and took a chair. I went to a drawer and took out an old brass barreled pistol, which hadn't smelled powder in the memory of man. Then I turned toward Captain Moon with this in my hand.

"I perceive, Captain," I said, with a tinge of sternness in my tones, "that, now that I'm here, I have but one pistol."

"Well, sah," responded the old Captain, arising from his chair and limping nervously about, "that being the fact, what do you propose to do, sah?"

"Well, sir," I rejoined, "I mean to treat you just as you said you would deal with me if I came out to your farm. I mean to shoot you down like a dog." With that I suddenly leveled the pistol squarely at Moon's breast. Of course, I expected the old pirate to scream and run. He disappointed me. As I clapped the pistol on him the little old fellow seemed to shrink together like a cat. With a move like a flash he reached over his shoulder and took a knife from somewhere, and as the firelight glinted on the blade, it looked a yard long. He did it like lightning. Just as he drew the knife he gritted through his teeth:

"Make a center shot, you villain," and with that knife in his hand he came straight at my neck like a wild cat.

"It was too rapid for me. I threw down the brass pistol and fled, just in time to keep old Moon from cutting my throat. As I fled I expected to get that bowie knife in my back. But Moon was lame, and I could run twenty feet to his one. That's all that saved me. It took the whole town

two hours to explain to old Captain Moon that the whole affair was a joke."

### A Girl's Thrilling Experience.

In the little town of Gypmie, New South Wales, a short time ago, a crowd of curious sightseers were treated to an exhibition which for the time held them spellbound with hearts that seemed no longer to beat, and which when the terrible tension was relaxed and they knew they were not to be the witnesses of an awful though fascinating fatality, left the strongest men as weak as children and as hysterical as women.

The town and country roads had been billed with flaming posters for weeks before announcing that on the 13th of April Mile. Eastie Viola, the queen of American aeronauts, would give a balloon ascension and a parachute descent. The day came and the expectant little folk of Gypmie gathered with their elders to see the show. The hat was duly passed around, not once, but half a dozen times, as the balloon—an old, well-used, hot-air monster—was swelled. Then Mile. Viola kissed her hands to the crowd and seized hold of the bar of her trapeze as the balloon tugged and strained at its rope.

All was ready and the balloon would the next moment be released in the accustomed way, when the accident occurred. Swinging sideways the fringe of the air bag caught the flame and in startled surprise those who were holding the balloon prisoner until they received the release signal let go their hold. The next moment the great gray bag shot upward, crowned with a vicious sheet of flame.

The aeronaut had been waiting her signal, her hands mechanically holding tight to the slender trapeze bar upon which her midair feats were to be performed. There was a cry of horror as the crowd realized the tragic situation, and 500 pairs of hands were outstretched to grasp the unfortunate performer. It was too late. The balloon rose straight in the air, mounting rapidly, then listed to west and swept with the breeze in that direction, an altitude of fully a mile being reached almost before the horrified crowd of onlookers could realize what they were unwillingly witnessing. The young aeronaut retained all her presence of mind, for she realized that she required it.

The upward flight of the balloon was a series of jumps, and the balloonist, with extreme difficulty, maintained her seat and cast occasional furtive glances upward. The fire she, as well as those below, could see was spreading rapidly, and her mind and hands were busy. Winding one leg about the side rope of the trapeze, she coolly proceeded to unfasten the parachute. Its ropes had become tangled in the escape of the balloon and it seemed that it would be impossible to detach it before the fire completed the destruction of the air bag, which was rapidly losing its buoyancy and threatened to collapse. Standing with one foot on the trapeze bar and the other pointed in space to balance the lithe figure, Mile. Viola lent hands and teeth to the undoing of the knot that defied her hands alone.

It was not before the balloon had actually begun to fall that success crowned her efforts. Then as she abandoned the trapeze and seized the parachute with both hands the crowd below saw that she had risked everything on the parachute and that it was indeed a leap for life. In silence they watched the parachute drop, at first refusing to open, and apparently pushing the woman who clung to it down to a certain and horrible death.

Then it began to open, and even as it did so a second gasp of horror escaped the spectators. It, too, was on fire. Slowly it descended at first, then more slowly, as it caught the air, and was brought nearer and nearer the ground.

The breeze had died away and the debris of the balloon was following the parachute and its passenger straight down. When it neared the earth the girl seemed to draw her limbs together as though preparing for the last act. Then, watching her opportunity, she dropped clear of the burning mass and alighted on the ground absolutely unharmed.

The balloon and the parachute struck the ground almost together. The girl was trembling when the crowd reached her, but there was no sign of hysterical reaction, and her nerves were stronger than those of her manager.

### The Reward of a Hero.

A summer car of the Electric Traction Company was bowling along Tenth street, near Taylor, in Philadelphia, on a recent afternoon, when a three-year-old boy, who had been playing on the sidewalk, started across the sidewalk. The motorman and conductor noticed the little one's danger and the former exerted all his strength in an effort to stop his car. The conductor had run quickly along the narrow platform at the side of the car, and stood beside the motorman. Despite the motorman's efforts the car struck the child and knocked it down. The wheel was dangerously near the baby, when the conductor leaped forward and snatched the child away, just as the reverse lever started the car forward. With the baby in his arms, the conductor stepped down into the crowd and looked about for some one to whom he might turn the youngster over. Somebody told him that the mother lived at No. 916 Taylor street. The conductor went up to the house and found the mother anxiously awaiting him on the step. Some of the spectators had told her all about it. She took her child and kissed it, and then she startled the conductor by kissing him.

## AN IDEAL INDIAN CHIEF.

GENERAL FORSYTH'S GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF ROMAN NOSE.

**A Gigantic Warrior in His Barbaric Feuds—Charging on the Soldiers—A Magnificent Sight.**

ONE of the most interesting chapters in the history of border struggles is the battle of the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, in 1868, when forty United States cavalymen withstood the attack of a thousand Indian warriors. The story of the engagement is told vividly in Harper's by the chief actor, General G. A. Forsyth, who commanded the division. We quote from the General's account as follows:

As Roman Nose dashed gallantly forward, and swept into the open at the head of his superb command, he was the very ideal of an Indian chief. Mounted on a large, clean-limbed chestnut horse, he sat well forward on his barebacked charger, his knees passing under a horse-hair lariat that twice loosely encircled the animal's body. His horse's bridle grasped in his left hand, which was also closely wound in its flowing mane, and at the same time clutched his rifle at the guard, the butt of which lay partially upon and across the animal's neck, while its barrel, crossing diagonally in front of his body, rested slightly against the hollow of his left arm, leaving his right free to direct the course of his men. He was a man over six feet and three inches in height, beautifully formed, and, save for a crimson silk sash knotted around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, perfectly naked. His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black, and his head crowned with a magnificent war bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors, in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see. Turning his face for an instant towards the women and children of the united tribes, who literally by thousands were watching the fight from the crest of the low bluffs back from the river's bank, he raised his right arm and waved his hand with a royal gesture in answer to their wild cries of rage and encouragement as he and his command swept down upon us; and again facing squarely towards where we lay, he drew his body to its full height, and shook his clinched fist defiantly at us; then throwing back his head and glancing skyward, he suddenly struck the palm of his hand across his mouth and gave tongue to a war-cry that I have never yet heard equalled in power and intensity. Scarcely had his echoes reached the river's bank when it was caught up by each and every one of the charging warriors with an energy that baffles description, and answered back with blood-curdling yells of exultation and prospective vengeance by the women and children on the river's bluffs and by the Indians who lay in ambush around us. On they came at a swinging gallop, rending the air with their wild war-whoops, each individual warrior in all his bravery of war-paint and long braided scalp-lock tipped with eagles' feathers, and all stark naked but for their cartridge belts and moccasins, keeping their line almost perfectly, with a front of about sixty men, all riding bareback, with only a loose lariat about their horses' bodies, about a yard apart, and with a depth of six or seven ranks, forming together a compact body of massive fighting strength, and of almost resistless weight. "Boldly they rode, and well," with their horses' bristles in their left hands, while with their right they grasped their rifles at the guard, and held them squarely in front of themselves, resting lightly upon their horses' necks.

Riding about five paces in front of the centre of the line, and twirling his heavy Springfield rifle around his head as if it were a wisp of straw (probably one of those he had captured at the Fort Pattemar massacre), Roman Nose recklessly led the charge with a bravery that could only be equalled but not excelled, while their medicine man, an equally brave but older chief, rode slightly in advance of the left of the charging column. To say that I was surprised at this splendid exhibition of pluck and discipline is to put it mildly, and to say, further, that for an instant or two I was fairly lost in admiration of the glorious charge is simply to state the truth; for it was far and away beyond anything I had heard of, read about, or even imagined regarding Indian warfare.—Harper's Magazine.

### His Prescription.

Commenting on the general tendency of humanity to indulge in fancied diseases, a well-known doctor of Philadelphia says that half his patients were not in the slightest need of medicine. Some of them, he said, were tired and worn out; but all they needed was a little rest, and if he refused to prescribe he would surely be discharged. He has a special remedy for all such cases, and while the prescription looks formidable, the apothecary understands it as a little bread with just enough soap added to give it flavor and to keep the bread in the form of a pill.—Philadelphia Record.

The only monstrosity mentioned in the Bible was the giant who had "six fingers on every hand and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in all." See II, Samuel xxi, 20.

## NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

The Paris Fig calls Mrs. Potter Palmer the "Queen of Chicago."

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Bloomers have become so numerous in the cities that they no longer provoke comment.

In the town of Howard, Kan., is a girl only eleven years old, who is a successful teacher of music.

Some young women are wearing their watches set like a large button on the lapel of their jackets.

Miss Lizzie Buckwalter, of West Lebanon, Ohio, is defendant in slander suits aggregating \$114,000.

Queen Victoria has signed the bill making full woman suffrage in South Australia an accomplished fact.

Among the inventors of trolley fenders is a Brooklyn young woman named Miss Marguerita Maidhof.

Queen Victoria once said of the women of Ireland that every third Irish woman she saw was beautiful.

The Gospel, according to the new woman, seems likely to be one of the latest products of the nineteenth century.

A magenta silk has the flaring skirt adorned with bands of lace insertion, edged with ruffles of narrow black lace.

A certain Peruvian heiress once paid the late M. Worth \$24,000 for a costume, which contained nearly \$23,000 worth of lace.

The Princess of Bulgaria goes to market afoot at Sofia, walking about from stall to stall unattended and laying in her family supplies.

Two illustrious English women who celebrate this year the seventy-fifth anniversary of their birth are Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow.

Twenty bicycle girls, attired in bloomers, turned out the other day with picks and shovels at East Lynn, Conn., and mended the worst places in the roads.

The old Ameer of Afghanistan has been pulled through a serious illness by the medical aid of Miss L. Hamilton, a young woman doctor, from Ayer, Scotland.

The first woman to be graduated from St. Andrew's University, Scotland, is said to be Miss Blackadder, the daughter of a Dundee architect. She is nineteen years old.

The wife of Ho Yen Shing, the Chinese Consul-General to Washington, is an attractive little woman, who, with her maid, attracts great attention when she appears in public.

English women are showing an inclination to bedeck themselves with jewels in daytime, which they admit is bad taste, and to which little failing they have long accused Americans of giving way.

Mary Moore Davis, who became well known in the literary world through her charming story, "Under the Man Fig," is the wife of Major Davis, political editor of the New Orleans Picayune.

Mrs. Frederic T. Greenhalge, the wife of the Massachusetts Governor, is at the head of a committee which is busy getting together an exhibit of historical portraits and relics to send to the Atlanta Exposition.

The "new woman's" bonnet is "a trifle light as air." It is a crownless, stringless, brimless bit of French nothingness and lace, and yet it is gloried in, raved over, paraded, envied, and sells at anywhere from \$7 to \$25.

In Holland the peasant girls who are swainless at fair time hire young men for the occasion. A handsome man, who is a good dancer, has a high value, so much so that sometimes three girls have to club together to hire one young man.

Though the Empress of Austria can procure anything edible that a most fastidious palate can desire she relies mainly for sustenance on milk. Her taste for that seems exacting enough, for she will not take any kind but that furnished by a cow from Corfu.

The extent to which women carry dress-eit cases nowadays was illustrated the other day by a group of three young women who stood at the curbstone in Broadway, New York City, waiting for an opportunity to cross. Each carried a dress-suit case.

Small checked taffeta, plain or with changeable grounds, are being made up into pretty summer gowns. The checks are never over half an inch in size, and usually much smaller, though somewhat larger than the familiar pinhead patterns of other seasons.

Hosiery is changing in fashion. While black remains the standard, there is a decided call for fancy styles of all sorts. Some extremely handsome samples in fancies are shown, and the indications are that costumes will be matched in all shades from black to white.

Miss Philbrook, of Jersey City, N. J., will probably be the first woman in New Jersey to enjoy the privileges of the recent act of Governor Werts, by which women are made eligible for admission to the bar of the State. Miss Philbrook has made a plucky fight for her rights.

One has to guard against the tendency to overtrim which is so very manifest just now. The fashion is reprehensible on the score of extravagance, and is likewise objectionable as tending to vulgar ostentation, without the compensating advantage of improving the appearance of those who wear garments and millinery that are excessively decorated.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**'t Seldom Falls—Effect of Coloring—At the Soda Fountain—A Rude Suggestion—Taken Up, Etc., Etc.**

In order to reduce his weight he purchased him a wheel; before he'd ridden it a week he fell off a good deal.

EFFECT OF COLORING.

Williamson—"They say hair grows after one dies."

Henderson—"That's very strange. My doctor says that's what made mine come out."—Life.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

"One or the other of us," muttered the young man who awaited his beloved in the front parlor, "is going to be turned down to-night!"

And he glanced ferociously at the flickering gas light.—Puck.

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Dr. Pulser—"The action of winking is not without its use; people wink to keep the eyeball moist."

Soda Water Clerk—"Not much they don't! The people who come in here wink to keep their throats moist."

THE PARENTAL VIEW.

Mr. Solidman—"That young Chumley is so soft you could run a tallow candle through him!"

Mr. Hardse—"Tallow candle! Humph! You could throw a custard pie through that fellow and not break it."—Life.

A RUDE SUGGESTION.

"It's strange how England hates to let go of anything," said the man who worries.

"Yes," replied the man of violent prejudices; "the only thing that country seems willing to drop is the letter h."—Washington Star.

HONEST.

"Are these berries just the same at the bottom of the box as they are on top?" asked Mrs. Hunnimune.

"Yes, indeed, 'm," replied the vendor.

And he told the truth. The box was only one layer of berries deep.—Washington Star.

TAKEN UP.

He (at 11.30 p. m.)—"Are you ever troubled with insomnia?"

She (wearily)—"Yes, very often."

He—"I have heard that walking in the open air before retiring is beneficial."

She (hopefully)—"Let's try it! You do the walking and I'll retire."—Life.

A TREMENDOUS DANGER.

"This is a very good story," said a "reader" to a magazine editor, "and I would recommend its acceptance but for one thing."

"Name your objection."

"It is by an entirely unknown writer, and I am afraid if it is published that he will be tempted to tell the world, in another article, how he happened to write it."—Truth.

THE MERITS OF RECIPROcity.

"I thought I would make out your bill, Mr. Sypher," the tailor somewhat apologetically said.

"Ah, thanks, so kind of you, you know," Mr. Sypher answered, as he received the bit of paper; "I will try and do as much for you—though, really, Casimir," he added, looking into the folded sheet, "you are a shocking bad writer."—Rockland Tribune.

COULDN'T TALK TO HIM.

The two deaf and dumb friends stopped for a few minutes' conversation.

"What did your wife say about your being out so late last night?"

"Nothing."

"That's strange. What's the reason?"

"She's got a sore finger."—Washington Star.

AN OBJECTION.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunnimune, "she seemed like a very good-natured and capable servant. But I couldn't keep her."

"Was the work too hard for her?"

"No. She said the place was just for her liking in most respects. There was only one objection."

"What was that?"

"My clothes wouldn't fit her."—Washington Star.

A FULL EXPLANATION.

"I heard, sir, that you said my piano playing sounded part of the time as if I were jumping on the keys with both feet."

"Exactly, madam. I referred to the pianissimo passages. Any one who would stop to think would know that such small and delicate feet as yours could only produce the softest effects."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

DEPRESSED.

He had been silent in thought for some time. At length he heaved a sigh, which moved his friend to inquire what the trouble was.

"This world ain't run right," he answered.

"Why, you ought to be happy. You've been away enjoying yourself, I understand."

"Yes. I've been away, but I don't see much enjoyment; not in a world where the fish are so shy about bitin' an' the mosquitoes so eternally willin'."—Washington Star.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

RULES FOR SERVING VEGETABLES.

The usual rule for serving vegetables is one green vegetable and one starchy vegetable. It a green salad is used this often takes the place of the green vegetable, and at certain seasons of the year it is difficult in many places to get more than one. An excess of starchy vegetables should be avoided, as one also has starch in the form of bread and in potatoes. With fish vegetables of delicate flavor should be used, either potatoes, tomatoes cooked in many ways, cucumbers or green peas. With roast beef one may serve sweet or white potatoes, or in their place boiled rice or hominy, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, tomatoes, onions, okra, young beets, beet greens, green peas and Lima beans. The same vegetables may be served with beefsteak as well as salsify, asparagus or mushrooms. With boiled mutton serve potatoes, cauliflower, young carrots, salsify, onions, spinach or any kind of beans that are green. With boiled mutton serve caper sauce, currant jelly or horseradish.

With veal serve carrots, white turnips, or spinach, lettuce, creamed cabbage, young beets or beet greens. With game serve a sauce and a salad. Stewed celery with a white sauce. With goose when roasted serve apple sauce, onions and squash. When potatoes are served as a vegetable with meat, and only one vegetable can be afforded in addition, it is more appetizing usually to have that one a green vegetable. It is also more healthful, as the potatoes furnish the starch needed for the diet.—New York Post.

### HOW TO TELL GOOD BEEF.

The best beef comes from a heifer or young steer anywhere from three to seven or eight years of age. After this age the animal is known as a cow or an ox, and if it has been well cared for and is well fed it may for two or three years yet furnish fairly good meat, but not the best. According to age the meat becomes coarser, tougher and darker, until it is finally unfit for use on a refined table.

Good beef should be smooth-grained, elastic and juicy, but never wet. To tell whether it is fresh or not, press against it with the finger, and if it is elastic and resumes its place quickly it is fresh; if the dent made by the finger remains, or if it is slippery or wet, avoid it, for it is already in the first stages of decay and is unwholesome. The mistake of getting meat that is too old is often made by those who like what we call a high flavor. As a matter of fact, beef that has a very high flavor has begun to decay, and is not only poisonous and unfit to eat, but the idea of it is disagreeable to people of fastidious tastes, or would be if it were called by its right name.

The color as well as the texture of beef varies with age. A good young beef should have the lean a dark and rather dingy red when first cut, changing in a few minutes to a bright, clear red, as red as a cherry. The older the animal was when killed the darker and less clear the lean meat will be. When it is pale and pinkish it is immature. The fat should be a light straw-color, the suet or kidney fat being somewhat brighter than the fat of the muscles.

The texture of good beef is smooth and close-grained, and when cold should appear marbled with fat. When it is very lean-looking, or stringy, or rough, it is too old. The fat should not be solid and hard like that of mutton, but should be flaky, and the suet fat should be so dry that it will crumble. When the fat is oily or dull in color, the beef is sure to be of bad quality.—Demorest's Magazine.

### RECIPES.

French Mustard—Slice an onion and cover with vinegar and let stand two or three days; pour off the vinegar and add one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoon of salt, one of brown sugar and mustard to thicken, let come to a boil and bottle.

Ginger Nuts—One pound sugar, one and a quarter pounds of butter, one pint of molasses, two and a half pounds of flour, one teaspoonful of strong ginger, one nutmeg, a few cloves, a little cinnamon, four eggs, leaving out one white, one teaspoonful of pearlsh.

Egg Sauce—Make a white sauce with one-half pint of milk, a lump of butter, salt, and flour to thicken. Take three hard boiled eggs, remove the shells and cut them up when the sauce is cooked. Stir in the eggs and serve. This sauce is delicious with boiled fish.

Popovers—Make of equal proportions, say two cups of milk and flour, two eggs, a little salt and butter the size of an egg. Mix the salt into the flour, add the eggs, mix well, melt the butter and add to the other ingredients. Grease and half fill the tins. Bake quickly.

Padding Puffs—Nine tablespoonfuls of flour; pour into that a pint and a half of milk, a little salt, nine eggs well beaten; then butter nine large teaspoons, fill them half full and bake fifteen minutes. Serve with a sauce of butter and sugar beaten together with cinnamon.

French Honey—One pound of sugar; put into a pan the yolks of six eggs and the beaten whites and add the juice of four lemons; grate the rinds of two add one-quarter pound butter. Stir all together over the fire until as thick as honey. Seal it up and you can keep it as long as six months.

### Value of a Giraffe's Hide.

For the hide of a full-grown giraffe, greatly sought after in Africa for whp and sander making, the native hunters get from \$15 to \$25.—Chicago Times-Herald.