flies, and no ague-could keep a person more actively employed in shaking than do these agents in other forms of movement. In short, those who seek for tummer, even though they seek it in the dead of winter, will find the discomforts of summer, as well as its deliable.

as its delights.

But a ter next winter will come next sum

A Summer in the Country.

There were four families in the scheme-

winsome and interesting child. So there

were 12 people to provide for; 8 adults

and 4 children. All the families were inti-

mately associated. The grown people were

friends and the children were playmates,

They would take a country house together

for the summer. The husbands found a place and the wives commended it. It was

a plain and roomy frame house, near a rail-road station, and not too far from the city.

The rent would not be a heavy burden for

four moderate salaries to sustain. And the

Enting Their Quart of Salt.

with the ins and outs of a man's character.

large one.

difference.

a less rosy tint.

A Few Other Troubles.

ning the scales when other people wanted to take naps. Mrs. Jones gave lasting of-

fense by ordering a dinner of corned beet and cabbage, with a side dish of onions.

None of the others could eat a morsel of the dinner, and the smell of it did not get out of

the house i r two days.

The men rendered themselves as obnoxious as the women and the children.

But why continue? The summer is still here, but this promising summer plan is already a thing of the past. And strained relations now exist where before there was

only cordial triendship. The incident may

possibly prevent some unhappiness next

WILL BECOME FARMERS.

Hany Hebrews, if Driven From Russia

Will Form Colonies in America.

Nestled among the rich fruit farms of

Southern New Jersey, about five miles from Vineland, and half that distance from

Norma, on the Central Railroad of New

Jersey, is the colony of Alliance, the most

strange, curious and yet quiet settlement in this part of the United States at least. It

was founded by Hebrews in the spring,

eight years ago, under circumstances very similar to those which now obtain among

the brethren of the settlers in their native

Then, as now, persecution had burst forth

with great tury, and many scenes of vio-lence were witnessed before its rigor had

eased-families separated, property destroyed, women ravished and men mur-

dered by bigoced peasants and mechanics. It is understood the Hebrews of Russia are

already contemplating many similar

Supposin'.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Supposin', ez I'm settin'
Upon this cornfield fence,
The tassels wavin' 'round me,
All budded out immerse,
A clover bank below me
Whar bees are settlin' dense.

Supposin' I should see her

A-steppin' up the road!— Her pooty face a-smilin' Ez cute ez ef she knowed

An' supposin' ez her footfall Kem nigh an' nigher still,

My no-'count pesky speret Should give a pow'ful thrill,

An' set my tongue a-waggin' To speak out what's my will!

'N' how I jest completely
Am sech a jack thet I
Hain't got my wits about me
Whenever she drors nigh,—
I'm like a owl when sun-up
Is yellerin' the skyl

"But, now," I'd say,—supposin'
A binsh should take her cheek,
"I'm growed thet bold an' brassy
A iton 'pears right meek,
An' I ask yeh fer to her me!"—

Law-thet's the way I'd speak!

An' then-but shucks!-what triffin'!

An then—but shucks;—what triffin's
Ef she was here, why shoo!
I'd only blush an' wriggls
An' stammer out, "Thet you?
Why, howdy, Miss Clorindy!"
An' she'd say, "How-dy-do."
—EYA WILDER MCGLASSON.

I like her beaps, but dass Go tell the little toad!

colonies in America.

New York Sun.:

land.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH, ) One bright beautiful winter day Eric sat by the window in the cozy sitting room, watching with sparkling eyes the spow glistening in the sunshine and listening to the merry jingle of the sleigh bells mingled with the gay shouts of the happy riders.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "how beautiful the winter is; the black roo's look so clean and white with their covering of anow, and the trost makes the field and trees shine like diamonds."

"It is, indeed, beautiful," sighed the mother, who for several years had been totally blind; "and I wish I could enjoy the sight with you. But I can remember how it all looks, and the recollections are very pleasant."

The boy's bright face became thoughtful. and he said: "Mother, can nothing be done to restore your sight?"

"Nothing, my dear child," was the reply. "There is but one remedy, and that is beyoud our power."

When Eric wished to know this remedy, his mother told him that a strange physician had once visited her, and had said that near the North Pole grew a flower called the Wonder Flower, with which all blindness might be healed. But no one had ever penetrated this region of snow and ice, and so the flower could not be obtained. Eric thought much of this story, and

sunny lands and blooming fields; then gradually the flowers began to disappear, and the trees became fewer until at last snow covered the ground, and great icebergs were to be seen. Now the mermaids also vanished, and the boat floated to a cold, from a shore, on which stood a band of soldiers arrayed in snowy armor, and wearing shields and swords of crystal ica. Eric and Muckabold stepped ashore and were met by the captain of the company, who said: "No one is allowed to enter the realm of the

snow king; and if you attempt to advance we shall strike you with the sword."

"It you do not lead us to your king," said Eric, "I shall strike you with my cane;" and raising his staff he struck the shield and and the contain with such force that and raising his staff he struck the shield and sword of the captain with such force that they broke into a thousand pieces. Alarmed at the sight of such strength, the other soldiers fied, while the captain, with fear and trembling, led the way to the king, who was at first very angry with his men for their lack of courage. But when he had heard Eric's story he said: "You have come for a good cause. The wonder flower grows in the northern part of my kingdom, and in the northern part of my kingdom, and my reindeer shall carry you there." Eric was not long in mounting this strange steed, and with Muckahold clinging

to the horns, he was soon speeding over the frozen snow. A lew hours' ride brought him to the shore of a great take. Here no ice was to be seen, and the clear, placid waters reflected the deep blue of the heaven. even when he went to his room that night the remembrance of it was with him. Just as he was drapping off to sleep a slight noise at the window aroused him, and looking up he saw the sash thrown open, and a boy near his own size, wearing a dazzling white robe, enter the room. He thus spoke On the green banks grew daises and violets

promise that he should tell no one of his

dangers of the return journey. The mer-maids guided their ship, and the little

elves, whose home was in the narrow cave, again provided food and shelter.

There was great joy in Eric's home when, having been welcomed with loving em-braces, he waved the wonder flower three

times before his mother's eyes, and the sight

Muckabold disappeared as suddenly as he

PAYSIE.

had come, and thereafter visited Eric only

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep

Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week

If They Solve Them Correctly-Home

Address communications for this departs

1178-DIMINUTIONS

letter and forming a new word from the letters left. MINNIE SINGER.

1179-CHARADE

Adolphus and Matilda fair,
Were a romantic, happy pair;
They loved each other, but the lad
Had never yet the courage had
To offer her his heart and hand,
Though it was what he oft had planned.
Now they were standing on a mound,
With charming scenery all around;
A rippling streamlet near them ran,
And in the distance they could scan
Mountain peaks, up towering high,
And "touching, as it were, the sky."
Whole peaks, the lover said, were they—
He talked in a poetic way—
"Up to the first see how they rise
And melt away in far-off skies."
The maid was pleased with talk so wise,
Add showed the pleasure in her eyes,
In the word whôle—in last, I mean—
A glimp-e of lover's act was seen.
Then he took courage to confess
His love in words of tendernes,
And ask her hand, and she said, Yes,
Then there was last—there always is
When lover's wooing comes to this.

Then there was lust—there always is When lover's wooing comes to this. NELSONIAN.

1180-NUMERICAL

To rest and dream o'er some quaint scene,

Not ever in my time
Not ever in my time
When curs are thought not to agree
With sketches, prose or rhyme.
BITTER SWEET,

1181-NAMES OF PAPERS. (The names are hidden in the fellowing:) Our son John has just finished his new story,

The magazines do now complete
Each leading article,
So that to eyes it is a treat,
If one can't read at all.

It is a 6, 7, 10, 8, 9, When weary, to sit down— Or in a hammock to recline, And feel depart each frown.

By artist of renown; 6, 1. 2, 3 we unwitting glean Knowledge of men or town.

19, 7, 4, 5, 6'twill be

to E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine,

trip to the North Pole.

in his dreams.

Amusements.



to Eric: "The wonder flower is very easily found by those who wish it. I shall leave this small box for you. Within is a slender stick, which will guide you to the home of

Then the stranger, having placed the box on the table, disappeared, and Eric fell asleep. When the boy awoke the next morning, the first object that met his gaze was the small box. He shouted with de-"Then I was not dreaming; and can really find the one remedy for my dear

Hastening to the breakfast room he cried: "Mother, mother, now you shall see, for I have a guide to the wonder flower."

He then related his adventures of the night before and handed the box to his mother, who felt it carefully and then said: "You have been dreaming, Eric. This is only a pocket compass, whose needle always points to the north."

"But, mother," said Eric, "the boy told me it would guide me to the wonder flower. Please let me go."

At first the mother refused, but finally

unable to resist his earnest pleadings, she promised that if he would wait till spring she would then allow him to begin his search. The remainder of the winter passed very slowly to the impatient boy. But finally spring did really come, and when the fields and trees were again in bloom Eric began to talk of his journey to the North

One night his former visitor appeared to him, and said: "You must start at once in quest of the wonder flower. I shall give you a companion who shall advise and guide you, and also a staff which will help you through many difficulties."

The stranger knocked three times on the floor, and suddenly a score or more of little creatures not more than a loot high entered, carrying a light reed cane, which they placed on Eric's bed. Then all vanished, with the exception of one, who said his name was Muckabold, and he was the companion which was to be sent. Eric arose and has-tily made his preparations to depart. Taking his compass and staff ne hurned to his mother's room, and be ore she had time to utter a word in remonstrance, he had bid-

den her goodby, and was gone.
All that night and the next day Eric and his friend followed the guidings of the com-pass, and in the evening found themselves in a large field in the midst of which stood an old wide-spreading elm tree.

"What do you say to stopping here for the night?" said Muckabold.

"It is a very good place," said Eric, "but where shall we find food?"

Muckabold only laughed and told him to strike three times on the ground with his cane. When Eric had done this, many of Muckabold's brothers appeared, saying that they were ready to obey orders. Learning that food and shelter were required, the little men led the way to a rock, into which was an entrance so narrow that with great difficulty Eric passe through. But once within, the narrow hall extended into the wide room where stood tables covered with the choicest tood. At first Eric was at a loss to know how he should eat from such small dishes; but his little friends were very attentive, and saw that their guest was well supplied; and after he had satisfied his hunger he was led to a downy couch, where he slept soundly till roused in the morning by Muckabold, who anid it was time to continue their journey.

Again they collowed the guidings of the compans, which led them to the shore of a wide sea.

"Now, what shall we do?" asked Eric, "looking about in vain for a boat; "we certainly cannot swim this great ocean."
"Swim?" laughed Muckabold; "throw your cane in the water and see what hap

Eric did so, and found that the cane, instend of floating away, seemed to grow and widen out until a handsome sailboat rocked before thum on the waves. Scarcely had they taken their places when hundreds of merunaids appeared above the surface of the water, and stretching torth their long white arms, they seized the boat and pulled it along in the direction which the compass inwhich promises to be such a success. His uncle, Conrad Van, centers many hopes on him on account of his journalistic propensities, and declares that he will be another Aldrich. John doesn't seem to be so enthusiastic about his success, but Conrad is patching up his ambition by encouragings words, telling him he will in time stand among the leading literary men of the land. He always has to inquire regarding the progress of the book every time they meet.

Of course we wish him success, and every favorable report, erratic though it may be, gives us great pleasure.

ETHYL.

1182-THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

Tis said that in the Ganges deep and wide, Whose turbid streams unceasing glide, Where thousands come from far to lave, Within the River's sacred wave.
That at a certain season of the year The whole in countless aboals appear—
Just when the one-two ripens on the tree With good success a one may two and three. And had that chosen one of old.
Of whom in Sacred Writ so much is told, Been here when he would, "two d-lassing," He'd not have spent the night in fasting. For he enough of last had caught As soon as he his luck had tried And cast his not on either side.

M. C. WOODFORD 1183-TRANSPOSITION. He was a one, but he was strictly true; And all respected him when him they knew; His efforts for his gain none wished to two, For he was ever prompt to dare and do.

But ah I there came a change plain to th view. When'er this man would like to have his due: And when a debt he was about to sue A horrid plot arose among the crew.

They'd change him to a three; well they might rue,
But he must be a bird: so off he flew,
And when this little bird they wished to woo,
They four a stick which held him fast like
glue.
AIDYL.

1184-THE JUMPING COINS. Place nine coins in a row of ten spaces, 1 2 8 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

How can these be formed into three piles o three coins each, by jumping three coins at a time (as for instance I to 5), no coin being allowed to jump a second time. Two or three coins in one pile of course count as that number in the jumping.

J. H. FEZANDIE.

1185-MISSING RHYME. When John came home the other night
His Mary thought him somewhat tight.
So with some pepper in her speech
Some better manners sought to teach,
But John, as humble as you please,
Owned up his fault upon his knees,
He said. 'Dear Mary,'
And named a beggar wan and gaunt.

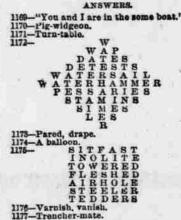
HARRY.

1186-DECAPITATION. Buch beautiful, beautifull all; 'Twas neither dark nor light, But on the maiden fair and tall

My charmed eyes were lost A spell upon my taste.

Bitten Sweet.

1187-ANAGRAM. In a salt-gauge, like cork in jug. A "SNAIL REMOTE" is hidden snug.
NELSOULAR



NAMED AFTER PILATE.

And now Eric, happy in the thought that the blind eves of his mother should be opened, hurried on his way home. Mucka-bold still proved himself a faithful guide, and led his friend safe through all the Curious Legend Which Has Attached Itself to Mount Pilatus.

Lucerne Letter to The Dispatch.] No other mountain in Switzerland has had more fables connected with it than Mount Pilatus. Its original name was Frackmunt, a name, perhaps, bestowed on like or not. Why, in the miraculous proit by some latinizing ecclesiastics, being easily derived from the words mons fractus, signifying its fractured and rugged apsearance. The present name is derived rom no less a personage than the great Pontius Pilate himself, the legend of which runs as follows:

Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judes, who delivered up the Savior to be crucified, was recalled to Rome by the Emperor Tiberius, and thrown into prison. In a fit of despair he killed himself in the dungeon. His body was tossed into the Tiber, but immediately heavy storm broke over the river causing dread ul devastations. The corpse was taken out again and carried to France, taken out again and carried to France, where it was put into the Rhone. But the long journey had not impaired the dead Governor's power for evil, and here, too, a terrific storm arese. The dead man's body was dext transported to Lausanne, but only to repeat its behavior. In order to put an end to the trouble it was decided to convey it into the trouble it was decided to convey i

The corpse was brought to Lucerne, and conveyed thence up the highest part of the mountain. Here, in a secluded, dismal spot, was a small lake, and in this the uncanny burden was deposited. It behaved here worse than anywhere else. It stirred up the waters, the winds and the rain till down wonder in the smiling valleys the floods, the hail and the tempest destroyed everything. Soon, too, the dead Governor's spirit took possession of all the peaks, and was often seen to fly from one to the other in purpose. The corpse was brought to Lucerne, and was often seen to fly from one to the other in amanca succeeded, by means of a potent expression, in confining it to the mountain lake, where it was doomed hence orth to remain, with permission, however, to all the little list inexpressibly comforting next winter when he is longing for "perpetual summer" and cannot summer because when he is longing for "perpetual summer" and cannot summer because when he will find the little list inexpressibly comforting next winter when he is longing for "perpetual summer" and cannot summer because when he will find the little list inexpressibly comforting next winter when he is longing for "perpetual summer" and cannot summer pleasantnesses. main, with permission, however, to set up a Prætorial throne in the lake once a year (on Good Friday), and take its seat thereon in the robes of office. The rest of the time it kept quiet enough in the mountain as long

as it was let alone.

If disturbed it would wax as furious as ever, dark clouds then collected around the mountains, the lightning flashed, the thun-der rolled and desolation broke over the land. That this was indeed the case, and that the old Roman Governor was still to be feared, was the general belief. Accordingly the Town Council of Lucerne took every precaution to prevent people from ascending the mountain. Severe prohibitory orders were issued in the years 1496, 1564 and were issued in the years 1496, 1564 and 1578. It is said that one poor wretch, who visited the lake in spite of the governmental prohibition, was executed.

THE TUNE THAT CAUGHT.

Affecting Exhibition of Patriotism Brought Out by a Hand-Organ.

Washington Post.] A battered-looking old man wearily turned the crank of a hand-organ on Pennsylvania avenue, between Twelith and Thirteenth streets, last evening. He finished one tune and then began to grind out "Die

retraced her steps until she reached the old man. Then, putting her hand in a dilapidated pocketbook, she took out a nickel and placed it in the little tin cup that stood on the hand-organ. The national song of her country had touched her heart.

ABOUT NEXT WINTER Some Becoming Thoughts for the Closing Days of Summer.

HOW HUMANITY LIKES EXTREMES. Things That in the Distance Look Delightful Don't Prove So.

PITTSBURG DISPATCH,

AN EXPERIMENT IN COUNTRY LIFE

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Now is a good time to decide about next winter. Cold weather is a comfortable topic to consider while the mercury is where it is, Liability to sunstroke may be lessened by meditating upon frost bites. Thunder storms may be less terrilying if we reflect upon blizzards. Therefore at the close of August

blizzards. Therefore at the close of August it is well to dwell upon plans for mitigating the strocities of the frigid season.

A very queer thing about human nature is the abiding disposition to cure one form of discomfort. We always insist that the reaction shall be at least equal to the action. We are not satisfied to let the pendulum drop to the perpendicular; we wish it to swing beyond that to a rount opposite the point it swung from. If point opposite the point it swung from. If ing, and, in the second place, they wanted we have become tired out with walking we want to become tired out with riding. We woman and child. So they evolved their want to become tired out with riding. We woman and child. So they are sure that a felon on the hand would be plan, and this was it. greatly relieved by a bunion on the foot. Last winter there were discontented souls who complained that the season was un kind to them and permitted them no comfort. The snow—what little there was—was
a nuisance. The frost nipped them. The
cold withered them. The wind pierced
their very bones and would not be kept out.
They could not stir from the fireside without "wrapping up," and to wrap up was a sore trouble.

But now, to escape these torrid terrors that environ them, those same people seek out the coldest places they can find to flee to. If they can find some far mountain where ice and snow abound, they rejoice. They write boastful letters to the sweltering friends at home about "how cold it is" in their haven of refuge. They brag about the overcoats they have to wear; the blankets they have to sleep under; the fires they have to sit by; the ice that has formed in their washbasins. It seems very odd when you come to analyze it. Is it any pleasanter, then, to be uncomfortably cold in August than it is in January? If the time of year makes the difference between comfort and discomfort, why not go once for all to the South Temperate Zone where the seasons are reversed? There you can wear over-costs in July, I believe, and go in your

Making Winter Out of Summer.

shirtsleeves in February
But, or course, that is not what makes the
difference. Nothing makes a difference, but the intense sense of contrast which belongs to our national temperament. It the opposite evils, which seem good because forgotten that they are bad. One hundred in the shade is sure to convince us that zero is the most desirable mark on the

But about next winter? Next winter zero will convince us that 100 is the proper figure. Therefore now is the proper and unprejudiced time to consider that matter. If torrid temperature is a thing to flee from now, why is it a thing to covet six months hende? To pant and perspire are not pleasant things to do now; why should they be any pleasanter after awhile? To-day the man who should suggest to us a "per-petual summer" would be smitten hip and thigh. Why, then, should the "perpetual summer" idea be so beguiling later on? Because then we will have lorgotten what it is like, and will be occupied with the dread of perpetual winter.

Files and Mosquitoes,

A few facts, gathered while the summer is present, may be handy for reference some months in the future, when the summer is a thing of dim memory and ardent longing. They will be of especial value and comfort then to the people who cannot get away, but must remain in the grasp of winter whether they cesses of evolution, files should ever have been developed from the all-originating protoplasm, is a thing past finding out. Perhaps they had to exist somewhere, and it was judged that this pleasant world with all the blessings that endow it, could endure them better than any other place. At all events flies exist actively in the world—in summer time. None of us are bald, but some of us have thin places on our heads. Those of us who have can testify whether flies add to the comfort of the season which is their own; whether they do not rather make it a time of torment and of much peril

to souls. Mosquitoes, also! Is there any doubt about mosquitoes? One of them can make life a burden grievous to be borne. To feel the poisoned wound and then to hear the assassin brag about it will make a philosopher frantic, and will cause a stoic to rage. Mosquitoes come with the summer time; and alas! they stay until the going thereof.

These are two of the facts that belong to the gloomy eminence on the shores of the lamber of the summer. They belong to it exclusively, and they belong to it inevitably. Any lambur lamber of the lam

pointment of not having peaches when h

An Immortal Fly.

There are certain reflections which will add greatly to the peace of mind of him who re'ers to the memoranda. Perpetual summer means many things which recurring summer does not mean. It means the con tinuance and accumulation of things which speedily come to an end with us, and have to begin all over again next time. Subtropical evils have the gathered force of a past with all its experiences. Take the sub-tropical fly, for example. Practically he is immortal. He does not die in his early youth, to be succeeded by infant flies which have to learn how before they can do their worst. The brief summer fly we suffer from is bad enough. Think, then, how bad must be the fly with the veteran memories of years to aid him! And they have such long memories, those sub-tropical flies! Experience through many years has fitted then to deal with any sort of emergency, and ne deals with it in a manner to make our infant flies at home objects of contempt.
So of the sub-tropical mosquite. We re-

gard the transient mosquito of New Jersey as having no mean proficiency in his calling. His hind legs curl out behind him, and he rocks back and forth on them, thus giving his stabs much additional force. But even with this great advantage he is Wacht am Rhein."

Half way down the square a German woman, who was evidently almost as poor as the organ grinder, and who had just passed the old man without so much as a passed the old man without so much as a really insignificant by comparison. The sub-tropical insect may not be so well but he knows how better. Through

CELEBRATED DISHES. is hoary with and inquisitive life. is heary with the wicked wisdom of a long

Has Its Compone Receipts For Some That Tickled the There is no malaria in any sub-tropical region that I ever heard of, but if it did Palates of the Great. exist it would be terribly effective. With

no winters to kill the poison, the venom ONE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS' BEST. would go on accumulating and concentrating its strength at a dreadful rate. The result would be that the visitor would be

pained by the spectacle of many people with the chills. But there are fleas and saud A Codfish Chowder That Was the Delight

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A NAME

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR. 1

of Daniel Webster.

The recipes which follow are given not only because they were the special favorites mer. Then the facts and experiences of this summer will still have a value of their own of the celebrated names to whom they owe —if they can be remembered. One lit-tle group of summer refugees will not forget, whatever others may do. With the first hot wave of this summer an inspiration their paternity, but also because each one of them is relatively simple, capable of being produced readily, and is of real worth. The first of them retains its French name of pot-au-feu, a word which in that language accurately and very sufficiently designates it. It means, according to Pierre Blot-"the meat, the vegetables, the seasonings, the spices and the pot or soup kettle itself-that is, thing made use of in making broth." According to the same authority the various articles of food furnished the French army are used in this way, and that daily-and that with bread, wine and fruit, it composes the family dinner of the working classes. The recipe for the pot-au-feu here given is that of Alexander Dumas, the eminent man of letters, and a very Frenchman indeed. He was regarded rightly as one of the finest of amateur cooks. His last literary produc-tion was the "Dictionaire de Cuisine," a four young husbands, four young wives, large work and one of much labor, which was published after his death. and each couple blessed with one especially

> HE HAD HELP. It is said that, with the exception of a small number of dishes, which are as inseparably connected with his name as "The Three Guardsmen" or "The Count of Monte Cristo," he depended for his recipes on an old triend of his, who was the proprietor of a house of entertainment at St. Cloud, a subarb of Paris, Dumas, for this work (regished the aneedets) the goestie. work, furnished the anecdotes, the gossip, and the literary furbishment, but his friend Vuillemot, furnished the recipes.
>
> The French, who were the first of modern people to reduce cooking to a science, have made the fact apparent to all the rest of the

cost of food and tuel would really be less than in the city houses, where four small families must be provided for instead of one world by identi ying the dishes with their own language. One may travel from San Francisco to St. Petersburg and he shall everywhere find the menus of all prominent There would be a saving, also, in the matter of help. At home four servants would draw wages in four households. Under this summer consolidation a housekeeper, with hotels designated by their French names. Thus it is that a high-sounding word is one strong girl to assist her, would give the ladies their summer rest, and there would frequently used to express the name of a very ordinary dish, or otherwise a comonly be two servants to pay instead of four. So these happy discoverers of the art of summer pleasure moved some of their furniture into the house, engaged their "help," laid in their provisions and began to live the life of summer content. pound of very common ingredients. Bouil-labaisse is the name given to what in English means literally fish soup. Sir Henry Thompson, one of the most distinguished of scientific physicians, in his "Food and Feeding," gives the recipe which is here reproduced. What he says about it is also

reproduced. What h well worth repeating.

Now, there is an old saying that you do not properly know a man until you have A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION. eaten a quart of salt with him. It takes "Nutritious and palatable soups may also be made from fish, the cheaper sorts being available for stock, while the better sorts are applicable as garnish. When we (he is speaking of the British isles, but it is applicable some little time to eat a quart of salt, and it takes some little time to become acquainted The same great truth applies with equal force to women, and perhaps with more than as well to America) possess an adequate, and therefore cheap supply—an event which, equal force to children—especially to other people's children, and still more especially with the enormous resources or this country, can only be a question of time-valuable These our children had played together most delightfully on the city sidewalks, or when they visited each other's nurseries in soups and stews of fish and of shell fish, will be available for the poorer classes, whose tastes only require educating in order to appreciate them, doubtless also a work of some little time. I need only to refer to oyster the city homes. But those were other times than these. Now they were members of soups, to the much esteemed bisques, a term usually denoting highly flavored purees of crayfish, and to that delicious dish bouil-labaisse, eaten in perfection at at Marseilles, one household, constantly together. On rainy days four were shut up in the house instead of one, as heretofore. It made a

as among the most agreeable products of culinary art in this direction." And when the little Smith boy tumbled the little Jones girl in the mud one day; and when the little Jones girl pulled the little Brown girl's hair; and when the little Sir Henry also takes occasion to say that Thackeray does not exaggerate the good qual-ities of this soup when in his rhyme he calls Brown girl broke the legs of every quadruit a "noble dish." Thackeray was a great lover of shell fish, especially of oysters, and when he went back to England after his ped in the little Robinson boy's Noah ark; and when the little Robinson boy made the little Smith boy's nose bleed with a basevisit to America, he carried with him the ball bat, the mothers of those infants held most endearing recollections of numberless suppers in which Saddle Backs or Blue Points figured conspicuously. The verse alluded to is from "The Ballads." a symposium. The fathers also were led to compare views; and life altogether took on

ALEXANDEE DUMAS' RECIPE. The basis of a good pot-au-fen is beef. Choose the freshest and juiclest meat you can find; let it be thick: for if thin it will be exhausted in the cooking; do not wash it, or you will rob it of a portion of its juice.

When the meat has been separated from the Then, too, three of the ladies were compelled to wonder why Mrs. Brown's parrot had never before seemed such an exasperating nuisance to them as it had now become. Mrs. Robinson's yelping terrier found three hostile critics in three former triends. Mrs. Smith played beautifully; but it was now discovered that she kept in practice by run-

will rob it of a portion of its juice.

When the meat has been separated from the bones tie it up, so that it may keep its shape, and put it in the pot with a pint of water to every pound of meat.

We have advised you to separate the bones from the meat, not indeed because we banish them from the pot-au-feu; on the contrary, we reserve them for a separate place, only we break them up well with a mallet, because the more they are broken the more effectually is the gelatine extracted from them.

Then we place them in a horsehair bag with any scraps of fowl—rabbit, partridge or roast pigeon—which may be found in the larder; in fact, the remains of yesterday's dinner.

Next, put your pot on the fire; you are doubtless aware that an earthonware pot is preferable to an iron pot; heat it gently; otherwise, if the meat is attacked by too high a temperature the albumen will coagulate in the interior, and the o-mazome will be prevented from becoming dissolved, and the broth will be wanting in flavor.

When the broth has been well skimmed and flavor.

When the broth has been well skimmed and

has begun to boil, put in some salt, and, according to the quantity, three or four carrots, three or four turn.ps, a couple of parsnips, a bunch of ceiery and leeks tied together, and lastly three onlons, one of which should have a head of garlic stuck in it, the other two having a clove each. clove each.

If, following the bent of your caprice or a long established habit, you like to add a piece of mutton or yeal to the ingredients we have named, roast or grill it first (to deprive it of

grease).
Seven hours of gentle and regular boiling are necessary to give the broth all the desired qualities. SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S BOUILLABAISSE.

Take three or four pounds of fish; whiting, sole, small haddock, red mullet, and following the Marseilles receipt strictly throughout, a very small Conger eel or a portion of one. All these are to be cleaned, cut in slices and their bones removed; two dozen of mussels to be added.

Put into a stew pan two onions sliced, two tomatoes peeled, a carrot sliced; then, in a coarse net bag, the following: Two bay leaves, two slices of lemon, half the zest of a Seville orange, two cloves, a little thyme, several sprigs of parsley, a clove of garlie, two red capsicums cut, and a little saffron; add salt and pepper and a little pimento.

Place the pieces of fish over these, pour in six tablespooniuls of oilve oil; add three pints of water, with two or three glasses of white French wine: cover and let all boil well together for half an hoor.

Servethe whole in a soup tureen with slices of toasted bread placed in the tureen before filling.

THACKERAY'S RHYME.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs; red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlie, roach and dace; All these you eat at Jerre's tavern In that one dish of Bouillabaisse, -The Ballads.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S MEAT SAUCE. Throw into a small basin a heaped saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, half the quantity of salt, and a small dessertspoonful of sifted sugar; mix thoroughly; pour in a tablespoonful of the strained juice of a fresh lemon, two of Harvey's sauce, a teaspoonful of the best mushroom catsup and a small wineglassful of port

wine.

Serve it directly it is ready with geese or ducks, reast pork, venison, fawn, a grilled blade-bone or any other broll.

A slight flavor of garlic or eschalot vinegar may be given to it at pleasure.

Some persons eat it with flab. may be given to it at pleasure.
Some persons eat it with fish.
It is good cold, and, if bottled directly it is made, may be stored for several days. It is the better for being mixed some hours before it is

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CHOWDER.

A fresh codfish weighing six pounds forms the basis. To this add four tablespoonfuls of onions previously fried with salt pork, one and a half pounds of sea biscait, broken into bits, one quart of well mashed boiled potatoes, one teaspoonful of thyme and one of summer savory, half a bettie of mushroon catsup, one traccopful of pure cider vinegar, half a nutmeg grated, a little mace tied in a coarsa cioth, with a few cloves and grains of alispice, 25

oysters, a little black pepper and three slices Put all in a granite or enameled kertle; cover with an inch of water, boil gently for one hour, stirring carefully to prevent burning.

MRS. PRANKLIN'S PUMPEIN BREAD. Stew cheese pumpkins as for pies, not quite day.

Stir into the pot in which it was cooked, sugar to sweeten—about as for sweet cornbread—a tesspoonful of salt, and cornment to make it as stiff as you can stir with a spoon. Do this at 9 o'clock in the morning.

Cut a paper to fit the bottom of your bread pan, then butter another to cover bottom and sides.

sides.

Put in the bread mixture, and bake two hours in aslow oven.

When it gets slightly brown cover it.

At the end of two hours keep it at the back of the oven till tea time. To be eaten hot with butter. butter.
Sufficient pumpkins to fill a six-quart kettle
would, when -fewed, make about enough, with
the meal, to fill a four-quart bread pan.

JUDGE PETER'S PUDDING. Three-fourths of a box of gelatine, two oranges, two leanons, two bananas, six figs, and theu English walnus; dissolve the gelatine in one-half pint of cold water, then add one-half pint of boiling water, cut up the lemons, and after squeezing out the juice, put it with the sugar in the gelatine while hot, let it remain a short time, strain and let it stand until it begins to thicken, stir in the fruit cut in small pieces, turn into a mold and let it harden, and serve with whipped cream.

PRANCATELLI'S GINGER CAKES. France: elli, pupil to the celebrated Careme, the greatest cook of modern France and chief cook to the Queen of England, gives the following recipe for ginger cakes: Ingredients—One pound of flour, 12 ounces of fresh butter, 12 ounces of pounded sugar, 2 ounces of Jamaica ginger, 8 yolks of eggs.

Work the whole of the above named ingredients together on a pastry board or slab; and, after having gathered the paste up into a compact mass, separate 15 into four parts, roll these out to the thickness of the sixth of an inch, one after the other, with a tin cutter, either oval or round, cut out as many cakes as the paste will produce, and place them on a slightly-buttered baking sheet, pass a pastebrush over them when they are about half done, shake some sugar over them, and set them back in the oven to finish baking, of a very light color. Franceselli, pupil to the celebrated very light color. PIERRE RLOTS' CORN CAKES.

Mix well in a bowl two eggs with two ounces of melted butter, a pint of cornmeal, salt and

Sugar to taste.

While mixing set milk on the fire, and as soon as it rises, turn it into the mixture, little by little, stirring and mixing the white, till it makes a kind of thick dough. Butter well a shallow bakepan, put the mixture into it, and bake. SHELLEY'S TEA BUNS.

SHELLEY'S TEA BUNS.

One cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of sweet milk: mix the night before, leaving out butter and sugar; have a soft sponge.

In the morning add butter, sugar, and a pinch of sods; let it rise again until very light; knead it very lightly and put into tins.

Let them stand until very light.

Bake in a moderate oven till the tops are brown; while hot rub the tops with butter—this makes the crust tender and smooth.—From Mrs. Southey's Recipe.

JENNY LIND'S RAMOUS SOUP. One-quarter pound of the pearl sage, washed ill the water poured from it is clear; then ster it quite tender in water or broth (it will require about a quart of liquid, which should be poured on it cold and heated very slowly.)

Then mix gradually with it a pint of boiling cream and the yolks of four eggs, and mingle the whole carefully with two quarts of strong yeal or beef stock, which is already boiling.

ELLICE SERENA.

WOPPIE'S STOLEN JOKE.

He Sprung It on His Club Friends and Was Appalled by the Result. WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

"I have a good one this time!" said Woppie Fatwit, as he entered the club. There was a look of incredulity upon the aces of the group by the window.

expectantly waiting for the laughter which never came, one of the group went to a table, got a comic paper and took it to the bewildered Woppie Fatwit. "Here it is, Woppie," he said, pointing out the joke. "You got it wrong, as usual. It was not orse radish, but horse chestaut you mean

But Woppie had disappeared. And some of the group by the window took up a copy of "The Light of Asia" and repeated softly, as in a reverie.

"The dew drop slips into the shining sea." POLK SWAIPS.

LADIES OF WAR.

How Emperor William's Martial Spirit Crops Out in the Fair Sex. New York Tribune.]

Not content with appointing his aged graudmother, Queen Victoria, to the colonelcy of a crack dragoon regiment, and inducing her to have a portrait painted of herself arrayed in the light blue tunic and goldembroidered shoulder straps of the corps, Emperor William has now issued a decree ordering that all the female employes of the postal service shall in future wear a uniform omposed of dark blue tunic with yellowcloth facings, collars and cuffs and adorned by a suitable number of silver-plated butons. As yellow is an exceedingly trying color to the complexion, the various post-mistresses and clerks are reported to be on the verge of a mutiny, which would cer-fainly paralyze the Imperial Mail Service

in more senses than one.

Like his brother monarch of Dahomey, whose bodyguard is entirely composed of amazons, the young sovereign of Germany seems to be bent on endowing Venus with the attributes of Mars, and not only his venerable grandmother, but also his mother, his sisters and various other of his female relatives have been appointed to colonelcies and captaincies in his army, and appear at laced tunies of their respective regiments.

SMOKING UNDER WATER.

The Smart Young Man at the Senshere and His Clever Trick. York Tribune. ] Here comes a smart fellow down the to-

boggan chute, smoking a short eigar as he lides. He has taken occasion to shout to his fellows that he will wager a hat, or "eat his shirt," or "bet his sweet life," that he can continue to smoke the stub under water. Having attracted the amount of attention necessary to his enjoyment of the day, down

With considerable skill, just before he goes under, he whips the lighted end of the stump into his capacious mouth, and when under water expels his breath strongly through the cigar. This blows out a quan-tity of smoke, which ascends through the water, and the smoker follows it, quickly readjusting the eigar, hot end out, as he wipes the water out of his eyes. The trick is well done, and considerable glory accrues o the trickster, chieffy in his own mind.

THE DOUBLE NEGATIVE.

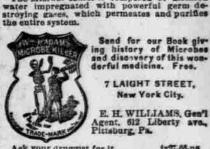
Problem in Plain English for the Logiclass to Wrestle With. Philadelphia Times.

When the editor was at college, the profeasor of Greek was one day talking about the peculiar use of the negatives in that language. In English, as you know, two negatives make an affirmative, but in Greek two negatives strengthen the negation. In illustrating his remarks, the professor re-peated a "catch question" that often purzies those that hear it, especially if it be hurriedly asked. You may have some amusement by trying it on your friends: One or the other of these propositions is true-1. It is raining, or-2. It is not raining. Therefore, if it is raining, it is not raining, and it it is not raining, it is rain-

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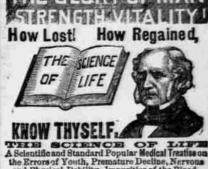
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THE GLORY OF MAN



## JUNTULD MISERIES

"Are you sure?" asked one.

"See if I ain't! I was walking with that brilliant Miss Beane-Baker this afternoon when we met a red-headed girl.

"Where is the white horse?' asked Miss Beane-Baker.

"Come, now, Miss Beane-Baker,' I replied 'that is a horseradish! Hal hal I never heard Miss Beane-Baker laugh so heartily!"

But the group by the window did not laugh. It was as solemn as a Philadelphia back alley at midnight. "What the deuce is he driving at?" asked one of another.

And then, even while yet Woppie stood expectantly waiting for the laughter which never name one of the following the victim for Work, Businesa, the Markey of the Molar pretenders, Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, royal Svo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt, Price, only \$1 by mail, postpaid, connected in plain wapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLO AND JEW-ELED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for this PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and Physical DeBillity. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be considered of THE PEABODY MEDICAL IN-SITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

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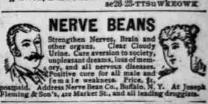
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